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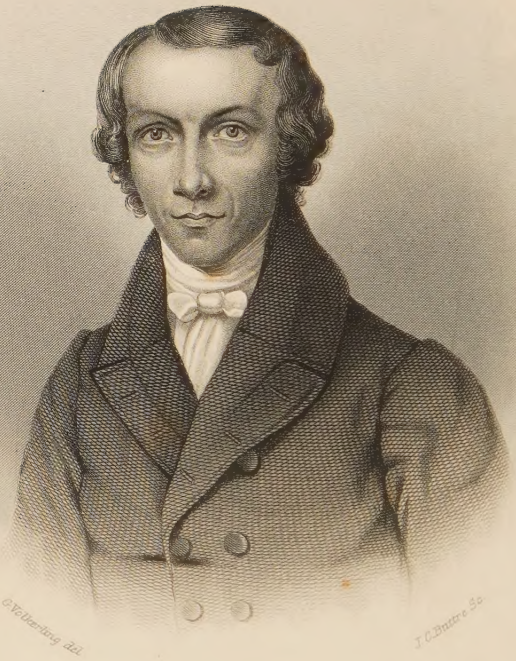

A. Tholuck. D.D.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE

OF

The Nineteenth Century:

BEING SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE HISTORY AND REPOSITORY OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE, DECEASED DIVINES;

AND CONTAINING DISCOURSES OF

EMINENT LIVING MINISTERS

IN

EUROPE AND AMERICA,

WITH

SKETCHES BIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY

REV. HENRY C. FISH

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY EDWARDS A. PARK, D.D.,

ABBOTT PROFESSOR IN ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

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PREFACE.

The publication of this volume completes the original design of the "History and Repository of Pulpit Eloquence." That design was, in brief, to treasure up the acknowledged Masterpieces of the great pulpit orators of other ages, and, by means of historical sketches of preaching, and biographical and critical notices of eminent men, and the introduction of their discourses, to furnish a view of the Christian Pulpit in all ages and countries.

The two preceding volumes, reaching back to the earliest of the "Fathers," brought forward a somewhat connected view of preachers and preaching, up to the beginning of the present century. The active life of few of the men there introduced, fell this side of that period. A fuller exhibition of the pulpit, as it *now stands* among the different nations of the earth, was therefore obviously requisite; and such an exhibition is here given. Taken together, and in their different aspects, it is believed that these volumes embrace the materials for arriving at a fair estimate of the leading features of the ministry and its productions, in the different parts of Christendom, from the days of the apostles until now; besides supplying a large amount of sanctified Christian eloquence, on a great variety of themes.

The already wide circulation of the previous volumes, and the public and private commendations which many of the leaders of public sentiment have been pleased to express, together with the hope that they were, in some small degree, subserving the best of causes, have compensated for the labor involved in their preparation, and led to the publication of this supplementary volume.

Each of the countries where the Christian religion has extensively prevailed, has been as fully represented as the limits of the volume would allow, and each branch of the Evangelical family as well.

In almost every instance, the preacher has been requested to indicate his pleasure as to the discourse to be introduced. The Biographical and Descriptive Sketches are designed to promote acquaintance with ministers in different countries, indicate the peculiarities of their eloquence, and give to the discourses presented additional interest. The facts which are furnished are the result of extensive correspondence, and may be relied upon as authentic.

Many of the discourses found in this volume are now for the first time published. This is especially true of the *American* department, which is exceedingly rich, and will compare favorably with either of the other pulpits represented. Of course, the number of preachers in this department, and indeed in every other, might have been greatly increased, and with an equal display of ability, had the limits of the work permitted. The selections have been made with much deliberation, and in cases admitting of doubt, after proper consultation.

It will be seen that *one third* of all the sermons in the volume (about sixty in number), are from the *foreign languages*. Diligent attention has been bestowed upon the translation of the discourses of this character, and no labor has been withheld to give to them their best possible rendering into the English tongue. Several eminent scholars, announced in connection with the work of translations for the previous volumes, have in this rendered like valuable services. Their names need not be repeated.

The most grateful acknowledgments are due to the various clergymen, at home and abroad, who have been so kind as to forward the interests of this publication. To their cheerful co-operation, counsel, and assistance, much of its present completeness is to be attributed.

In its perfected form, the work is now laid upon the altar of His service, by whose favor its consummation has been reached: and may He cause these volumes still further to subserve the high interests, which it is the office of the Christian ministry especially to promote.

Newark, N. J., April 27, 1857.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PREACHER.

The remark has been often made, that a scholar of but moderate powers can be more certain of a livelihood in the profession of divinity, than in that of law or physic. It is said that men are more willing to intrust the care of their souls, than of their bodies or estates, to incompetent pretenders. In order to attain eminence at the bar, a man must analyze with great care the principles of ethics and jurisprudence, must be familiar with the intricate windings of the human heart, must be well versed in the history of nations as well as individuals, must retain in his memory a multitude of statutes and precedents, must be capable of intense mental application to an individual case for a long time, must be calm amid the excitement of all around him, must think amid noise and confusion, must be ready for emergencies, for sudden rejoinder and repartee, for extemporaneous analysis and invention, as well as unpremeditated speech. But in order to succeed in the ministry, it is said, no more intellectual effort is required than to understand a number of truths in which the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err; to pen homilies in the retirement of the study; to read them without the perils of being interrupted and confused or perhaps refuted by antagonists; to go from house to house, uttering mild and sweet words to men, women and children. Thus has an opinion gone abroad that the clerical profession makes a less imperative demand than the legal, upon the energies of the mind and will. It is recorded of certain men, that "being of a weakly habit," they were set apart for the church. Some eminent politicians have entered upon active life as clergymen, but have abandoned their sacred vocation, because they deemed its sphere of activity too low and small. Young men of promise often turn away from the ministry, because it seems to demand of them a sacrifice of mental excellence. "Marrying and christening machines" have the clergymen of certain churches been called, not without some coloring of truth. "As dull as a sermon," has become a proverbial phrase. In the memoir of an eminent preacher we read the following words, which he addressed in a

letter to a friend: "I am so used to writing sermons, that I have prosed away here most unconsciously." But it was a sagacious remark made by Robert Hall to his fellow-clergymen: "The moment we permit ourselves to think lightly of the Christian ministry, our right arm is withered: nothing but imbecility and relaxation remains. For no man ever excelled in a profession to which he did not feel an attachment bordering on enthusiasm; though what in other professions is enthusiasm, is in ours the dictate of sobriety and truth."

In order to form a proper estimate of the worth and grandeur of the preacher's office, it is well to consider the influence which he exerts upon the community. It is often said, that the effects which he produces afford no argument in favor of the office which he holds; for every man and every event may be the occasion of results which no finite mind is able to comprehend. The genius of Robert Hall received no inconsiderable aid from the conversation of a tailor. A single leaf from Boston's Fourfold State, found and perused by an individual in Virginia, led to the small gathering at "Morris's Reading House," and to the preaching of Robinson in that house, and to the assistance of Samuel Davies in his education for the ministry, and to the subsequent employment of this "*prince of preachers*" in the vicinity of that same reading house, and to the long-continued results of his labors in the region which was first enlightened by a leaf from the "Fourfold State." But from the circumstance that all things are important in their operation upon society, it were singular to infer that the Christian ministry is not important. The agency of many causes is, in the common language, accidental; that of the pulpit is the uniform operation of known laws. It is a prominent agency, attended with consequences peculiarly extensive, and meliorating the state of man more directly than is done by other causes—more uniformly and more radically.

The preacher has an influence upon the *intellect* of his hearers. He presents to it the most enlivening and enlarging thoughts; and nothing takes so deep a hold of the reasoning powers as the series of proofs which he may enforce. The mind is invigorated by grappling with the objections that have been urged against the omniscience and goodness of God, the responsibility of man, the whole scheme of moral government. A sermon, if it be in good faith a sermon, reaches the very elements of the soul, and stirs up its hidden energies; for such a sermon is a message from God; is pregnant with what the mind was made for—the solemn realities of eternity; is prolific, if need be, in stern and skillful argument, holds out a rich reward to man's desire of mental progress, and allures, as well as urges, to an intense love of study. It is a book of mental discipline to its hearers, and its author is a schoolmaster for children of a larger growth. A late professor in one of our universities, who has been

famed throughout the land for his effective eloquence at the bar and on the floor of Congress, says that he first learned how to reason while hearing the sermons of a New England pastor, who began to preach before he had studied a single treatise on style or elocution; and two or three erudite jurists, who dislike the theological opinions of this divine, have recommended his sermons to law students as models of logical argument, and affording a kind of gymnastic exercise to the mind. It is thus that one of the most modest of men, while writing his plain sermons, was exerting a prospective influence over our civil and judicial tribunals. The pulpit of a country village was preparing speeches for the Congress of the nation. The discourses and treatises of such divines as Chillingworth* and Butler have been often kept by lawyers and statesmen, on the same shelf with Euclid and Lacroix. Patrick Henry lived from his eleventh to his twenty-second year in the neighborhood of Samuel Davies, and is said to have been stimulated to his masterly efforts by the discourses of him who has been called the first of American preachers. He often spoke of Davies in terms of enthusiastic praise, and resembled him in some characteristics of his eloquence.†

The minister's influence is upon the *taste*, as well as intellect. There is a kind of mystic union among all the virtues and excellences of the head and heart. A golden chain seems to bind them together, and when one link is gained all the rest are drawn along with it. Thus there is a strange tie between the sense of right and the sense of beauty, between the good and the elegant. The preacher holds out before his congregation the choicest models of all that can please the taste; of that

* Chillingworth is the writer whose works are recommended for the exercitations of the student. Lord Mansfield, than whom there could not be a more competent authority, pronounced him to be a perfect model of argumentation. Archbishop Tillotson calls him "incomparable, the glory of his age and nation." Locke proposes, "for the attainment of right reasoning, the constant reading of Chillingworth; who, by his example," he adds, "will teach both perspicuity and the way of right reasoning, better than any book that I know; and therefore will deserve to be read, upon that account, over and over again; not to say any thing of his arguments." Lord Clarendon, also, who was particularly intimate with him, thus celebrates his rare talents as a disputant: "Mr. Chillingworth was a man of so great subtilty of understanding, and of so rare a temper in debate, that as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument and instances, in which he had a rare facility and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew. He had spent all his younger time in disputation; and had arrived at so great a mastery, as he was inferior to no man in these skirmishes." Chillingworth has been named, for the reasons above assigned, as eminently calculated to subserve the purposes of mental discipline, for the student. He need not, however, be the *only* one: the subtle and profound reasonings of Bishop Butler, the pellucid writings of Paley, the simplicity, strength, and perspicuity of Tillotson, may all be advantageously resorted to by the student anxious about the cultivation of his reasoning faculties."—See *Warren's Law Studies*, §§ 153, 154, 160.

† See Davies' Sermons, vol. i., p. xliv. Stereotyped ed.

spiritual comeliness which is the archetype of whatever is graceful and refined in nature or art. By winning his hearers to what is beautiful and grand in religious truth, he fosters the love of those lower excellences that are but the shadowings forth of the good things in heaven. In many minds he cherishes a taste for the elegances of Addison and Gray and Cowper and Wordsworth, and encourages that sense of honor, that interest in heroic deeds, that reverence for genius and worth, in fine, all those amiable sentiments, which are allied with a due appreciation of the beauties of nature and art.

Working, as the preacher does, upon the mental sensibilities, he of course modifies the *literary character* of a people. Whitefield made so little pretension to scholarship, that men often smile when he is called the pioneer of a great improvement in the literature of Britain. They overlook the masculine and transforming energy of the religious principle, when stirred up, as it was, by his preaching against the pride and indulgences and selfishness of men. They forget that influence often works from the lower classes upward; and that when the mass of men become intellectual, the higher orders must either become so, or must yield their supremacy. Whatever operates deeply on the soul of the humblest mechanic, will modify the character of the popular literature. The sermons of a parish minister are the standard of taste to many in his society; his style is the model for their conversation and writing; his provincial and outlandish terms they adopt and circulate; and his mode of thinking is imitated by the school-teacher and the mother, the merchant and the manufacturer. You can see the effects of his chaste or rude style in the language of the plowboy and the small-talk of the nursery. He has more frequent communion than other literary men with the middle classes of the people, and through these his influence extends to the higher and the lower. He is the guardian of the language and the reading of the most sedate portions of society; and in their families are trained the men of patient thought and accurate scholarship. His influence on the popular vocabulary is often overlooked, and is not always the same; but he often virtually stands at the parish gate, to let in one book and keep out another; to admit certain words and to exclude certain phrases, and to introduce or discard barbarisms, solecisms, impropriety and looseness of speech. The sermons of Leighton, South, Howe, Bates, Atterbury and Paley, show somewhat of the extent to which the literature of England is indebted to her priesthood. When Lord Chatham was asked the secret of his dignified and eloquent style, he replied that he had read twice, from beginning to end, Bayley's Dictionary, and had perused some of Dr. Barrow's sermons so often, that he had learned them by heart. Dryden "attributed his own accurate knowledge of prose writing, to the frequent perusal of Tillotson's works." "Addison regarded them as the chief standard of our language, and actually pro-

jected an English Dictionary to be illustrated with particular phrases to be selected from Tillotson's sermons." "There is a living writer," said Dugald Stewart, "who combines the beauties of Johnson, Addison, and Burke, without their imperfections. It is a dissenting minister of Cambridge, the Rev. Robert Hall. Whoever wishes to see the English language in its perfection, must read his writings." No one can be familiar with the style of Jeremy Taylor and that of several British essayists, without recognizing his influence upon them. The tincture of his phraseology is discernible in the expressions of Charles Lamb even. The character of Herbert's writings is stamped upon those of Izaak Walton, and the insinuating power of Walton upon the English language has not been, nor will it be, inconsiderable. Had not Martin Luther been trained for, and in the pulpit, he had never been so forceful and popular in his written essays. It was in no small degree by his sermons that he woke up his own mind and that of his countrymen. The literature of Germany and of the world has been animated and enriched by the results of his preaching. Who can estimate the intellectual influence of the Bishop of Hippo, upon his own age; upon the Augustinian, and other monastic orders of succeeding ages; upon John Calvin, and through him, upon Switzerland, Holland, and, by the intervention of John Knox, upon Scotland, England and America; upon Schleiermacher and through him upon Germany? It is not too much to say, that Augustine would never have wielded this power over the race, had he not been a preacher; for his sacred calling stirred up the depths of his soul, and gave him a strength and completeness of character, also a venerableness of name, which a mere philosopher, even one like Aristotle, can seldom, if ever, acquire.

The minister's influence is obvious upon the *morals* and *business* of a people. He touches the main-spring of the political machine, and its extremities are quickened. Waking up the intellect, he stimulates to enterprise. Refining the taste, he throws an air of neatness over the parish. He pleads for industry and method, for honest dealing and temperate habits, for good order in the family, and school and State. He preaches from that text which is the mother of friendship and thrift, "Study to be quiet and to do your own business." He infuses new vigor into the counting-room, and new faithfulness over the farm. Where the true preacher is at work, you will see fruits of his labor in even roads and strong walls and thriving arts and a wholesome police; but where the doors of the meeting-house are left unhinged, and the windows broken out, and the pulpit is given up to swallows' nests and the pews to sheep, there you will find a listless yeomanry and ragged farms, thin schools and crowded bar-rooms. The history of a church is often the history of a town; when the one flourishes, the other feels its influence. More than twenty parishes in New England might be mentioned, where

the settlement of a faithful pastor was the prelude to rapid improvements in agriculture and trade, the style of building and of dress, the complexion of politics, and the whole cast of character. What one preacher does for a parish, thousands do for the nation. To the complaint that the ministry is expensive, we may reply in the words of Dr. South: "If there was not a minister in every parish, you would quickly find cause to increase the number of constables; and if the churches were not employed to be places to hear God's law, there would be need of them to be prisons for the breakers of the laws of men."* Is it not as wise an economy to erect houses of worship, as houses of correction; to support religious teachers as to support more watchmen and busier hangmen? Even the history of the name, *clergyman*, illustrates the humane relations that subsist between the ministerial office and the literature, the morals, the penal code of the community. In the books of English law, we often read of criminals convicted with or without the benefit of clergy. This benefit was an exemption from the kind and degree of punishment prescribed for lay offenders, and the exemption was once extended to all criminals who could read and write. Still it retained its instructive name, the benefit of clergy, because nearly all who had any acquaintance with the rudiments of education were clergymen, and an ability to read was a legal sign of the sacred office. Hence clergy, scholars and clerks, were convertible terms in the old English style, and clerk is still the law-term for a preacher of the gospel. When a man was convicted of felony or manslaughter, he was "put to read in a Latin book, of a Gothic black character, and if the ordinary of Newgate said, *legit ut clericus*, *i. e.*, he reads like a *clerk*, he was only burned in the hand and set free; otherwise he suffered death for his crime." It is indeed a sad feature of past ages, that the circumstance of having received a clerk's education, should have released an offender from the punishment which he deserved; still there is a pleasant meaning in the fact that such an education was supposed to be incompatible with the grossest forms of sin, and that the term, clergyman, was regarded as synonymous with the words learned and good.

It must be admitted that atheists are more frequently found in Christian lands than in any other. Where the true religion is known, the despisers of all religion are the most numerous. Even such Pagan philosophers as discarded the popular faith, were unwilling to injure its credit with the mass of men. But among us there are friends of universal education who decry the pulpit, though it is a great educator of the populace; there are fervid philanthropists who ridicule the missionary, though he carries the blessedness of learning to the heathen; and the founder of one of the most splendid colleges in our land has inserted the condition in his will, that no clergyman shall step his foot on the college grounds. When we hear Franklin speak so often in praise of frugality

* Sermon on 1 Kings, xiii. 33, 34.

and industry, and other virtues that derive their chief support from the Bible; when we read his question to an infidel associate, "If men are so wicked with religion what would they be without it?" and his assertion to the same individual, that the great majority of men "need the motives of religion to restrain them from vice;"* we naturally expect to find him a reverential advocate of the preacher's office. But in his letter to Whitefield, he says, "Now-a-days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and that whoever neglects them offends God. I wish to such more humility."† And we, in return, wish more consistency to our great men. Why eulogize the end and sneer at the means? Why praise virtue in the general and contemn it in its brightest particular? Our manufacturers say, that the preaching of the gospel makes better cotton-spinners; our landlords, that it makes better tenants; our physicians for the insane, that it hastens the recovery of the diseased in mind; our friends of temperance and of social reform, that it affords efficient aid in every good work. A political economist may easily perceive, that the want of teachers of the truth in Gomorrah must have diminished the value of houses and lands in that doomed city, and that the kingdoms of ancient times would have been less unquiet and transient, if they had been under the influence of a well read and an instructed priesthood. On the lowest principle, then, of a calculating patriotism, how can a Jefferson allow himself to neglect, still more to deride the pulpit, to which his own country, more than any other, owes her political salvation. How suicidal the policy of Lord Chesterfield, and other devotees of an elegant literature, who delight in sneering at the very office that creates a demand for all of enduring value in their writings, and without which there will remain but little of healthy politeness, or of sound letters in Christendom. As we read of an eminent teacher's being accustomed to remark, "Give me the religion of a country, and I will tell you all the rest;" so we may add, the whole character of a people depends, far more than is commonly recognized, upon the teachings of the pulpit; and the man who aims to undermine rather than regulate the influence of the sacred office, is not, so far forth, an intelligent friend of the State.

The influence of a preacher on the intellect, the taste, the business and morals of a community, is but an illustration of his influence on the *religious character*. We shall not be suspected of implying, what is never true, that he transforms the heart without the special interposition of the Holy Ghost; and yet there is a sense in which a dependent apostle may declare: "I have begotten you through the gospel." It is not *one* soul only that he benefits, nor two, nor twenty, but perhaps a hundred; and

* Franklin's Works, Phil. Ed., vol. vi., p. 244. † Ib., p. 36.

a hundred eternities otherwise spent in the darkness that no light cheers, are now spent in the paradise of God. Of the hundred immortals thus transformed by the means of a single preacher, who knows but some one may be an instrument of interminable good to a hundred more—may be a Fuller, or a Payson, or a Harlan Page, or a Mrs. Judson? Is it not a moderate calculation, that a hundred faithful disciples will exert an influence which God will bless to the spiritual welfare of at least two hundred of their fellow-men, their kindred or friends for whom they toil and pray; each one on an average bringing two additional talents into the sacred treasury? And these two hundred Christians may impart, as parents do impart in a kind of legacy, their religious character to their children; and a thousand of their children's children may labor, each one in his own circle, for the renovation of other souls. Each one in his own circle of friends, and here are a thousand different circles, and each member of each of these circles has a separate band of his own associates, and the influence thus branches out into a new sphere, and will continue to widen and amplify, and to include still other multitudes. It is well to reflect minutely on the manner in which influence is propagated, filling one area after another, transmitted from a few ancestors to a numerous posterity, and flowing on like a stream, broader and deeper, till it becomes a mystery how such great effects can result from a cause so limited. Nor should we confine our view to the gradual and ceaseless propagation of the influence which the minister may have exerted during his life. We should also consider the *new* impressions which are often produced by his printed works long after his death. The trains of moral cause and effect which he started by his living voice, are not only continued for ages, but his published discourses are setting original trains in motion; and as the author of written sermons, he sometimes gives an impulse to more minds than he affected by his spoken words. Many a clergyman never dies. If his name were forgotten, he would still be producing effects of which he is not recognized as the cause; but sometimes a clergyman, like Chrysostom, lives and preaches, generation after generation, among a larger community of readers, than he ever orally addressed; and in addition to the good that flows from the multitude who were benefited by his life, is a still greater good that is constantly springing up in minds conversant with his posthumous sermons. He is still beginning to put in train systems of moral influence which are entirely distinct from the systems originated upon the minds of his contemporaries, and continued, by the natural laws of transmission and expansion, from one age to another of their posterity.

The treatises of John Howe on "Delighting in God," and on the "Blessedness of the Righteous;" of President Edwards on the "History of Redemption;" of George Campbell, on "Miracles;" of John Foster, on the "Evils of Popular Ignorance;" of Dr. Chalmers, on the "Evidences of Christianity" were originally preached as sermons: they were

sermons that did not soon grow old. At the last day, what a throng of witnesses will there be to the effect of John Newton's ministrations. We are now feeling this effect in the hymns of Cowper, in the writings of Buchanan, who owed his religious character to the instrumentality of Newton—writings which are said to have first awakened the missionary spirit of our own Judson; in the works of Dr. Scott, another monument of Newton's fidelity, and a spiritual guide to hundreds of preachers and thousands of laymen; in the words and deeds of Wilberforce, who ascribed a large share of his own usefulness to the example and counsels of the same spiritual father. Edmund Burke, on his death-bed, sent an expression of his thanks to Mr. Wilberforce for writing the "Practical Christianity," a treatise which Burke spent the last two days of his life in perusing, and from which he confessed himself to have derived much profit*—a treatise which has reclaimed hundreds of educated men from irreligion, but which would probably never have been what it now is, had not its author been favored with Newton's advice and sympathy. What shall we predict as the ultimate result of Whitefield's more than eighteen thousand addresses from the pulpit, and of the impulse which he gave to the activity of the whole church, friends and foes, in America and Britain? His power was felt by Hume, Bolingbroke, Foote, Chesterfield, Garrick, Rittenhouse, Franklin, Erskine and Edwards; by the miners and colliers, and fishermen of England, the paupers and slaves, and Indians of America. "Had Whitefield never been at Cambuslang, Buchanan, humanly speaking, might never have been at Malabar." When, too, will cease the influence of Payson's pulpit? For we read that during his ministry of twenty years, interrupted by frequent sicknesses, he admitted to the communion-table more than seven hundred who had never previously separated themselves from the thoughtless multitude. William Jay began to preach the gospel before he was sixteen years old; he delivered nearly a thousand sermons before he had passed his minority; for more than fifty years he was active in the pastoral office at Bath, and was honored there with numerous proofs of his usefulness; among those who have been radically improved by his discourses, are the founder of Spring Hill College, the martyred missionary, Williams, and several living preachers; his practical writings have been the comfort of hundreds of families, morning and evening, on both sides of the Atlantic; and his influence, though it may become less and less apparent, will become, in fact, more and more powerful through all time. If the Christian scholar would meditate often on this diffusive nature of truth and goodness, on the inherent value of even one mind, in its influence over its contemporaries, and still more over succeeding generations, an influence which is inevitable, resulting from our sympathetic nature; if he would follow this widening train of moral causes through time to the judgment, when a single soul shall be revealed as

* See Life of Wilberforce, Amer. ed., p. 183.

the spiritual benefactor of millions, he would then easily explain the words of an old English archbishop and keeper of the seals:* "I have passed through many places of honor and trust, both in Church and State, more than any of my order in England for seventy years before. But were I assured that by my preaching I had converted but one soul to God, I should herein take more comfort than in all the honors and offices that have been bestowed upon me."

The influence of a preacher may be illustrated by the short time which he demands for securing an immense good. In a single discourse, he may put in operation a system of causes which will result in the moral renovation of thousands who never heard his name. On a certain Sabbath about the year 1642, an obscure and unpolished clergyman from the country supplied the pulpit of Edmund Calamy, the noted London divine. When the congregation were apprized that their favorite preacher was not to address them, many of them left the house. There was a young man, a stranger in the metropolis, who had come up to hear Mr. Calamy, and being disappointed in his expectation, was entreated "to go and hear Mr. Jackson, a man of prodigious application as a scholar, and of considerable celebrity as a preacher." But the young man was an invalid, and was unwilling to walk further. He had been for five years in deep despondency of mind; he had at one season avoided almost all intercourse with men for three months; he "could scarcely be induced to speak, and when he did say any thing, it was in so disordered a manner, as rendered him a wonder to many." The discourse of the country clergyman was from the words: Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith? (Matt., viii. 26.) It was a healing balm to this youthful invalid. It was a prominent means of relieving him from his moral, mental and thereby of his corporeal maladies. He began a life of new Christian activity as well as of new confidence and joy; he acquired an extensive influence both in church and State; for five years he held the office of Vice Chancellor in Oxford University, and for nine years the office next to this in literary importance; he numbered among his pupils John Locke, William Penn, Dr. South, Dr. Whitby, Sir Christopher Wren, and Launcelot Addison, father of the celebrated Essayist; he published during his life seven folio volumes, twenty-one quartos, thirty octavos, and is still revered as a kind of prince and oracle among divines. It was John Owen, who thus ascribed his religious health and much of his usefulness to a single sermon. He was never able to find out the residence or even the name of the man, to whose words he owed his freedom from a wasting melancholy. It seemed as if a spirit from a land of mysteries had touched him, and straightway vanished into heaven. But though we can not ascertain who was the instrument of this eventful cure, we know that the word of God healeth all diseases

* John Williams.

of the mind, and a single application of it may revive the spirit of him who is to be the physician of many souls.

One of the most effective discourses noticed by modern historians, was preached at the Kirk of Shotts in 1630, by John Livingston, an ancestor of the well-known family, who bear that surname in our own land. He was at that time chaplain to the Countess of Wigtoun, was licensed but not ordained as a minister, and was only twenty-seven years of age. His discourse is thus alluded to by Rev. Mr. Fleming, of Cambuslang: "I can speak on sure ground, that near five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought in them, of whom most proved to be lively Christians afterwards. It was the sowing of a seed through Clyddisdale, so that some of the most eminent Christians in that country could date either their conversion, or some remarkable confirmation of their case from that day." The religious interest, resulting from this single effort of a youthful licentiate, extended throughout the west of Scotland, and among the inhabitants of the North of Ireland, and terminated in the moral improvement of thousands who, but for the sympathy excited by this discourse, might have remained indifferent to the claims of virtue.

Similar effects were produced by a sermon of President Edwards, preached July 8, 1741, at Enfield, Connecticut. It gave a great impulse to the powerful religious movemnt which began, about that time, to engross the attention of the American churches, and which is supposed to have resulted, in nearly thirty thousand instances of spiritual reformation. During the delivery of the sermon the auditors groaned and shrieked convulsively, and their outcries of distress drowned the preacher's voice, and forced him to make a long pause. His text was, Their foot shall slide in due time (Deut., xxxii. 35); and at a certain instance of his repeating these words, some of the audience seized fast hold of the pillars and braces of the meeting-house, they felt so sensibly that their feet were sliding at the very moment into ruin. A large number of the most influential of the hearers gave themselves no rest, till they had planted their feet on the sure ways of Sion. That discourse, which then alarmed hundreds of the citizens of Enfield and the adjoining towns, has been preached again and again, to the social circle, and the fireside group, in this and other lands, and it is not too much to say, that new monuments of its efficacy are rising up every year.

Nor is it only by a single discourse that such great effects are produced; it is sometimes by a single sentence in that discourse. The very first clause of a sermon may seize the attention of some leading mind, and may never cease its transforming efficacy until that mind becomes an efficient advocate for God. Some plain statement, made without any anticipation of its peculiar consequences, is often referred to by a grateful convert as the point on which his destiny was suspended. Many instances are on record of a permanent transformation, wrought by the remembrance of a word with its accompanying gesture and look. "O,

my hearers, the wrath to come! the wrath to come!"—these were the abrupt clauses that fell from the lips of an eminent orator, and fell in such a way as to sink like lead into the heart of one youth, who could not rest until he had become qualified for a useful station in the Christian ministry. "God only is great," were the words of Massilon, and all his hearers rose and reverently bowed. "O eternity! O eternity! O eternity!" were the closing words of a discourse from M. Bridaine, and they seemed to concentrate into one sudden view the whole subject that had been discussed, and the audience were melted down, and not a few permanently humbled.

If the students of moral history were as watchful as the students of nature, they would often trace the influence of a phrase over such an extent of space and time, that it would excite our wonder and be gazed at like a *lusus naturæ*. As we find the remains of fishes on mountains and deserts, so we may discover the effects of a spoken word where we would almost as soon have looked for the identical breath with which the word was uttered. Botanists have admired the wise provision of nature for the dissemination of seeds. The embryo plant is encircled with gossamer and swept by the wind over streams and wastes, and comes up in a strange land. And so a pithy remark is appended, as it were, to a tuft of down, and brings forth its fruit far away from where it was first uttered. There was a native of Dartmouth, England, a member of the trained band of Charles the First, who was present at the beheading of that monarch, had some acquaintance with Oliver Cromwell, and subsequently found his way to Massachusetts, and lived first in the merchants' service at Marblehead and afterward on a farm in Middleborough. At the age of fifteen years, while yet in his native land, he heard the pious Flavel preach from the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha;" and at the age of a hundred years, while sitting in his field at Middleborough, he recalled the sermon that he had heard eighty-five years before, and the scenes that ensued when Flavel dismissed the auditory. He vividly remembered the solemn appearance of the preacher rising to pronounce the benediction, then pausing, and at length exclaiming with a piteous tone, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is anathema maranatha." This sinner of a hundred years, became at length alarmed by his reminiscence, and particularly by the fact that no minister had ever blessed him. He pondered on that closing remark of Flavel; and at the beginning of the second century of his life, gave evidence to the church that he was worthy to be enrolled among her members. He began to address pious counsel to his children and adorned his profession fifteen years, when he went to receive the benediction of God. His sepulchre remaineth with us, and his dwelling-spot is remembered to this day. The moral of his epitaph is, that a phrase, dropped into the mind of a lad on one continent, and in one cen-

tury, may lie buried long in dust, and then spring up and bear fruit on another continent, and in another century, and be destined to perpetual remembrance. Such instances remind us that a thousand hallowed associations cluster around the preacher; that his words come with power, not as his words, but those of God; that they borrow efficacy from the house, the time, the whole scene of their utterance, and are retained in the memory long after they seem to be lost. A movement of the arm or eye has often a meaning in the pulpit which it has nowhere else; for it is enveloped there with new means of suggestion, and is witnessed by men of excited, quick-moving sensibilities. The preacher stands like one insulated and charged with the electric fluid; the touch is now startling, which a few minutes ago was like the touch of a common man. Or, if we may change the figure, he is like the surgeon operating on the most delicate tissues, and a hair's breadth movement of the knife saves or kills. That is not an office for the indolent, weak, or trifling, in which the causes are for a moment and the effects for eternity; the causes are a short phrase condensing a world of import, or a breath of air making a significant interjection, or a line on the face indicative of a thousand hopes or fears; and the effects are, what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man."

The influence of a preacher is illustrated by the bad effects which he may produce in a very short time. The evil which he sometimes *does*, sets out in bold relief the good which he *ought* to do. That is a man of power who may do much hurt, even if he can never become a positive and decided benefactor. The occupant of the pulpit may benumb the intellect which he ought to arouse and brighten. He may darken the conscience that he ought to illuminate, and may deprave instead of purifying the tastes and affections. As the soul which, with aid from above, he might have allured toward heaven, would never have ceased to gain new capacity for holiness and bliss, so the soul which he now indisposes for a pious life will be perpetually drinking in new sin and new punishment. The sin is just as debasing as the holiness would have been exalting, and the punishment is as refined, and spiritual and keen, as would have been the reward. Nor does this soul go on alone to its ruin. Spirits move in sympathy, and make companions for their gloom if they do not find them. The man whom the preacher hardens in guilt imparts a like hardening influence to at least three or four of his friends, perhaps of his household; and these will not shut up the contagion within their own breasts, but will spread it, perhaps, through nine or twelve of their admirers or dependents; and in this geometrical ratio, the progress of the contamination may not cease in this world till the millennium, nor in the world to come till spirits no longer assimilate with each other. If the tide of virtuous influence flow upward from generation to generation, what shall be the breadth, and depth and bitterness

of that river of death that flows downward! It is not merely from the aggregate of the preacher's life: it is also from one sermon alone, or even from one sentence, that a hearer may start in his course of desperation, and go on diverging further and further from the line of hope. A single unguarded expression has gone from the pulpit, and eased a conscience that had for days been extorting the complaint, "O, wretched man that I am"! A rough remark on the perdition of infants has been known so to shock a hearer, as to make him leave the house of God, and never listen again to an evangelical ministry. A morose appellative on the doctrine of eternal punishment was referred to by an enemy of that doctrine, as the first thing that inflamed his mind against it, and induced him to become a minister of false tidings, proclaiming peace to large assemblies for whom there was no peace, said the Lord. "Though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved;" this was one of the first texts from which Mr. Murray discoursed on his first visit to Boston. "If one should buy a rich cloth, and make it into a garment, and then burn the garment, but save the remnant, what must be thought of him;" this was one of his first sentences. Homely and clumsy as was the argument, it had a strange and sad effect upon a young man of enterprise who heard it; he carried it to his home in one of our inland towns, and made it the means of awakening a curiosity and a prejudice, that terminated in the defection of a large neighborhood from the faith once delivered to the saints. From that neighborhood have gone several lettered men, who have blended the fascinations of learning with the ungainly creed of their childhood; and may it not be a rational fear, that many congregations will be seduced into a ruinous neglect of religion by a train of influences that started from the one witless illustration of John Murray? And well would it be if *all* the evil that flows from the pulpit were the emanation of an unsanctified ministry. Does not much of it come from the imperfect addresses of even pious divines; from their bad utterance, that gives an unkind meaning to goodly words; from their style of composition, that makes a hearer turn away the richest truth coming in such repulsive attire; from their want of forethought and skill; from an undue neglect of prayer and study; from clouded views, low purposes, little faith, obtuse feeling? And, moreover, must it not deepen our sense of the preacher's critical situation to reflect, that he often does not foresee the results of his language? He does good without knowing it, and evil also. A sentence that hastily escapes him, has performed its work as hastily, and has wrought a mischief which a century's discoursing will never repair. God has concealed from us the day of our death, so that every day may be the pivot on which our eternity is seen to depend. There is an apparent indefiniteness and obscurity flung over the works and ways of Jehovah, and therefore the seriousness which might otherwise be confined to a single point, is now diffused through a whole exist-

ence. If the preacher could always determine the moment when his auditory would be most impressible, he might set a double guard upon that moment. If he knew exactly what discourse or what paragraph would happen to seize the peculiar attention of an inquirer or caviler, a bright child, or an inquisitive student, he might lay out his great strength on a few sentences, and feel somewhat secure. He can indeed foresee that some parts of his ministration will require more skill than others; but he will often find a surprising efficacy where he looked for nothing. A discourse of Payson, which he thought little of, and wrote almost entirely at a sitting, was one of the most effective that he ever preached. "I could not but wonder," he says, "to see God work by it." So, too, the sentence which the preacher utters, without even a thought of its power, excites a prejudice or foments an evil passion, from the effects of which the mind will never be restored. The word fell almost unbidden from the pulpit, and it was perverted to the eternal sorrow of one who listened to little beside that word. The critical and momentous character of the preacher's work is therefore spread out over all its parts, even the most minute. He sometimes labors on his arguments, and has no fear for his illustrations; but his illustrations are misunderstood, and more than undo the effect of his reasoning. He neglects to prove his doctrine, and many, from that accident, infer that the doctrine is false. He fails to apply it, and thereby satisfies some with a dead faith. When he raises his hand to enforce a saying, he is like the man of old who drew a bow at a venture, and knew not whom or what he should smite. We have read of navigators, whose hair turned from black to gray while they were steering their bark through a dangerous pass, and feeling that a movement of the helm, even for a single inch, would be for the crew's life or death. But when immortal interests are suspended upon one felicitous or inapposite word from the pulpit, can we be surprised—how can we be surprised—at the remarks of Martin Luther: "I am now an old man, and have been a long time employed in the business of preaching; but I never ascend the pulpit without trembling."

The influence of a preacher may be still further illustrated by the fact, that it becomes the greater and the better, as he becomes the more able and more faithful. If a sermon be grand in its theme, and good in its influence, then the more carefully the theme is studied, so much the more important will be the sermon; the more skillfully the preacher adapts his style to the nature of man, so much the more exuberant is the fruit he may anticipate. True, he is only an instrument, and God is a sovereign and may bless the feeblest agency rather than the strongest. God *may* do so, but commonly does not. If he require means, he thereby requires the best means. If he approve of preaching, then he gives most of his approval to the best, most real preaching. It is generally his sovereign purpose to honor with the greatest success such instruments as are, in

themselves, most wisely fitted to secure the end which he secures by them. He rules the wind and the tide as he pleases; and yet the most cunning mariner will so adjust the sails, and prow, and helm, as to receive the largest share of the blessings coming from absolute sovereignty. The man who is wise in winning souls to Christ will find out what are the laws according to which the decrees of heaven are fulfilled among hearers of the word, and he will strive to shape his discourses so as to meet these laws. And he is the best husbandman in the moral vineyard, who studies most faithfully the nature of the soil and the qualities of the seed, who plants and waters at the hour and in the way which the soundest discretion advises, and moreover is sending up the devoutest and most persevering prayers to heaven, whence alone cometh increase. But what manner of man must he be who is making these intricate observations, and toiling for a perfect conformity to the laws of God's highest workmanship! What agonizing of the inner spirit must he often endure, when selecting and aiming the dart which may save or destroy a hearer dear to him as an own son! If a Christian is the highest style of man, what must a preacher be? If an undevout astronomer is mad, what shall we say of an undevout pastor and bishop? If any man should be one of various learning and severe, protracted study, of generous impulses and painful watchings, of intense longing after improvement, and of daily progress in mental and moral culture, what must be the character and purposes of the consecrated man who stands between the great God and a hostile congregation—who knows that at every opening of his mouth he may so affect his hearers as to make them gems in the crown of his rejoicing, or make himself responsible for their ruin? The homely words that Philip Henry wrote on the day of his ordination over a small people, express the feelings of every true preacher: "I did this day receive *as much honor and work*, as ever I shall be able to know what to do with. Lord Jesus! proportion supplies accordingly." In his "Dying Thoughts," Richard Baxter affirms: "For forty years I have no reason to think that I ever labored in vain." He had toiled in season and out of season, in the study, and in the conference of the learned. During his life he published a hundred and sixty-eight volumes, all of them displaying acumen and an amount of erudition that surprises us; yet, in the conclusion of the whole matter, he thus avows his preference for the preacher's duties above those of the philosopher even: "I have looked over Hutton, Vives, Erasmus, Scaliger, Salmasius, Casaubon, and many other critical grammarians, and all Gruter's critical volumes. I have read almost all the physics and metaphysics I could hear of. I have wasted much of my time among loads of historians, chronologers, and antiquaries. I despise none of their learning; all truth is useful. Mathematics, which I have least of, I find a pretty manlike sport. But if I have no other knowledge than these, what were my understanding worth? What a dreaming dotard should

I be? I have higher thoughts of the schoolmen than Erasmus and our other grammarians had. I much value the method and sobriety of Aquinas, the subtlety of Occam, the plainness of Durandus, the solidity of Arimiensis, the profundity of Bradwardine, the excellent acuteness of many of their followers; of Aureolus, Capreolus, Bannes, Alvarez, Zumel, etc.; of Mayro, Lychetus, Trombeta, Faber, Meurisse, Rada, etc.; of Ruiz, Pennates, Saurez, Vasquez, etc.; of Hurtado, of Albertinus, of Lud á Dola, and many others. But how *loath* should I be to take such sauce for my food, and such recreations for my business. The jingling of too much and false philosophy among them often drowns the noise of Aaron's bells. *I feel myself much better in Herbert's temple.*"

It was with a desire of contributing somewhat to perpetuate this enthusiasm of Baxter in the sacred profession that the writer of this essay formed a plan, many years ago, of publishing in a connected form the most noteworthy sermons of the most exemplary preachers. The tendency of such sermons is to stimulate and strengthen wise men. This plan, however, he cheerfully resigned as soon as he learned that a similar enterprise had been commenced by the author of a premium essay,* which was itself a guaranty that the enterprise would be prosecuted with a good aim and a sound judgment. That author has already paid "a debt to his profession," and has put the clerical profession under a debt to him, by the publication of two massive volumes,† containing many eminent sermons of deceased divines, and excellent models of Christian eloquence. To those inspiriting volumes the present work is a fit appendage, and it needs no higher praise. This volume gives us an enlivening view of ministers who are now on earth, as the previous volumes refreshed us with the words of men who are now in heaven. It affords a cheering proof that amid all the mutations of style, there is one spirit pervading the discourses of evangelical divines in all lands, and this is the spirit which *has* permeated them in all ages. The honored names of many whose discourses enrich the present volume convince us that some of the criticisms which the high priests of letters have pronounced upon modern clergymen, are too sweeping and indiscriminate. "Malignity itself," says an Edinburg Reviewer, "can not accuse our pulpits and theological presses of beguiling us by the witchcraft of genius. They stand clear of the guilt of ministering to the disordered heart the anodynes of wit or fancy. Abstruse and profound sophistries are not in the number of their offenses. It is mere calumny to accuse them of lulling the conscience to repose by any syren songs of imagination. If the bolts of inspired truth are diverted from their aim, it is no longer by

* "Primitive Piety Revived, or the Aggressive Power of the Christian Church. A Premium Essay." From the Press of the Congregational Board of Publication, Boston.

† "History and Repository of Pulpit Eloquence, containing the Master-pieces" of deceased divines, in all ages and lands. From the Press of M. W. Dodd, New York.

enticing words of man's wisdom. Divinity fills up her weekly hour by the grave and gentle excitement of an orthodox discourse, or by toiling through her narrow round of systematic dogmas, or by creeping along some low level of school-boy morality, or by addressing the initiated in mythic phraseology; but she has ceased to employ lips such as those of Chrysostom and Bourdaloue. The sanctity of sacred things is lost in the familiar routine of sacred words. Religion has acquired a technology, and a set of conventional formulas, torpifying those who use and those who hear them." In the present age there are many preachers, as this volume warrants us in believing, who rise, and are raising others, far above the standard which hostile critics have imputed to us.

A standard so low could have been tolerated in times gone by, less unwisely than it can be endured in our times. It can be allowed in other lands with less peril than in our own land. With us the high character of our clergy is our "national establishment." Now, and here, we can not maintain the authority of religious truth, unless it be preached by men to whom all others shall have reason to look *up*. The sermons that were "delivered at Golden Grove to the family and domestics of Lord Carberry, or, at most, to a few gentlemen and ladies of that secluded neighborhood, and to as many of the peasantry of the estate as could understand English"* should be surpassed in excellence by the sermons delivered before a thinking, an inquisitive, a reading, a free people, who have, and who know that they have, much of the civil and ecclesiastical power in their own hands, and who require of their preacher more acumen, more learning, more of moral excellence than has been demanded in other lands and times and churches. Our Sabbath-schools, and Bible-classes, our popular commentaries, our cheap books, our lyceums, yea, and even our railroads, make it needful for the minister to push his investigations over and far beyond the line to which his predecessors advanced, distant as that line may be, and to search for wisdom among treasures yet hidden. For all this expense of energy, his pecuniary emolument is but small; therefore must he be a man of generous philanthropy. He must undertake his labor for the love of it, and the love of its good results. In the best sense of the term, he must be a great man, for self-denial in the service of mankind is true greatness. Let him be animated in his high calling by a faith that the All-wise Mind who instituted the clerical office, and without whose interposing influence the efforts of the wisest men are "foolishness," will not disown the service which he has appointed, nor forget the instrument which he has devised, but will so regulate the influences of the world as to make his earnest ministers speak long after they are dead.

* See Heber's Life of Jeremy Taylor, pp. 189, 190.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY May 5, 1857.

The German Pulpit.

DISCOURSE I.

FRED. AUG. GOT. THOLUCK, D.D.

The University of Halle was founded in 1694, and has embraced, since 1816, that of Wittenberg which was merged into it with its stipends. Formerly each professor lectured in his own house; but in 1834 the king built an imposing edifice for that purpose in the new part of the city. A large library, various museums, an anatomical theater, chemical laboratory, botanical garden, and observatory, complete the literary apparatus. Some of the lectures are still delivered in Latin. The theological department is the most prominent, and is closely interwoven with the history of German Protestantism. It numbers more ordinary theological professorships, and theological students, than any other University. In the winter of 1854 to '55 the whole number of students was six hundred and sixty, of whom three hundred and seventy-eight were theologians. During the former half of the last century Halle was the principal seat of the pietism of Spener and Franke; but from the time of Semler, the father of German Neology, it fell into the hands of Rationalism, as represented by the celebrated Hebrew scholar, Gesenius, and the didactic divine Wegstheider; from which it is now, however, most happily retrieved. And it is here, in this venerable University, that Professor Tholuck has lectured for the last forty years, and won for himself a lofty distinction.

Dr. Frederic Augustus Gottreu Tholuck, was born at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, on the 30th of March, 1799; so that he is now a little short of sixty years of age. Like the great majority of distinguished scholars, he is of poor and humble descent. He labored for some time as a jeweler, in Silesia, an occupation which his father intended he should follow. But some benevolent friends furnished him the means to satisfy his noble ambition and ardent thirst for knowledge, in the gymnasium of his native city, and subsequently in the University of Berlin. He studied day and night to such an excess that he undermined his health, and has had ever since to suffer the bitter consequences. He had naturally a strong inclination to skepticism and pantheism. It is even reported that in a sophomorical college speech, he maintained in a public thesis the superiority of Mohammedanism to Christianity. But the experience of sin and grace in his heart, the intercourse with Neander and other pious men, and the study of the Scriptures saved him from the whirlpool of infidelity. He was awakened in his twentieth year as a student in Berlin, cotemporaneously with his friends, Julius Müller, Rothe, and Olshausen, who became subsequently distinguished divines. He gives, himself, a spirited and interesting account of the internal conflicts through which he passed, in his youthful work, "Sin and the Redeemer" (first published in 1825), which in its various editions has done much good among the students.

The conversion of Tholuck determined his call to the science of theology; and immediately after completing his three years' course at the University of Berlin, he became one of the private teachers, succeeding the celebrated De Wette, with the title of Professor Extraordinarius. At the time of assuming this elevated chair (1819), he was but twenty years of age. Here he devoted himself, at first, with special zeal to the study of oriental languages and literature, and wrote, when quite a youth, from Arabic, Persic, and Turkish manuscripts, a learned volume, *De Sufficismo Persarum*, or the mystic theosophy of the Persians. His mental precosity was remarkable. He was but twenty-two years old, when he published his "Hints for the Study of the Old Testament," and but twenty-three when he wrote his "Treatise on the Nature and Moral Influence of Heathenism;" an article which Gesenius pronounced the ablest which he had ever seen on the subject. He was but twenty-five years of age, when he published his "Commentary on the Romans;" which has passed through several editions in Germany, and has been translated into English, for the "Edinburg Biblical Cabinet." De Wette, though far from evangelical in his sentiments, pronounced this Commentary superior to any that had preceded it on the same Epistle. Besides these works, Professor Tholuck has since published numerous others; some of which are his "Practical Commentaries on the Psalms," "John's Gospel," and the "Epistle to the Hebrews." He has also, from the first, written very largely for the leading religious periodical literature of Germany. In 1839, he was favorably introduced to American scholars, by a sketch of his life, and several sermons, in the "Selections from German Literature," by Professors B. B. Edwards, and Edwards A. Park.

Dr. Knapp, Professor Ordinarius of Theology at Halle, having died in 1825, Tholuck was appointed in 1826, when but twenty-seven years of age, the successor of that distinguished theologian. His appointment was violently opposed by the Rationalists, at that time decidedly the most numerous as well as the strongest party at that seat of learning. He was scouted, hated, and ridiculed as a pietist, mystic, fanatic, radical, etc. But he persevered, and God has most richly blessed his labors. He has remained in his post ever since, with the exception of a short residence at Rome, in the capacity of a chaplain of the Prussian embassy: and mainly through his influence, a revolution has been wrought in Halle, at least as far as theology is concerned. Rationalism has entirely disappeared from the theological faculty, and there is not one among its present ordinary professors (Tholuck, Müller, Moll, Hupfeld, Jacobi), who may not be regarded as orthodox in essential points, and evangelical in sentiment.

In personal appearance, Dr. Tholuck is said to be almost as modest and unprepossessing, although not so original and startling, as the late Dr. Neander. He has a delicate frame, is of middle size, strongly bent forward, meager and emaciated, extremely nervous and irritable, and at times almost blind in consequence of excessive study. Hence he needs always the assistance of an amanuensis in reading and writing. But the formation of his noble forehead, and the expression of his face are highly intellectual and spiritual, and his voice is deep and solemn. He has never had any children. His first wife died of consumption soon after their marriage. His second wife, now living, is the daughter of Baron von Gemmingen, an esteemed nobleman of Stuttgart (originally of Muhlhausen in Baden). One of the most striking and lovely traits of his character is his warm attachment to students. He loves them like a father. He can not live without them. He not only invites them freely to his house and table, but is almost invariably surrounded

by two or three of them on the promenades which he is obliged to take for the benefit of his health, twice a day—before dinner and supper—in spite of rain and mud in muddy Halle. His free conversations in his peripatetic style are often more interesting and suggestive than his lectures. His object is not to make disciples and convert them to a particular system—for he himself can hardly be said to have a system—but to rouse their slumbering faculties, and to put them on the track of independent research. He instructs by his extensive information, entertains by his wit, wins by his affections, and edifies by his piety. Not unfrequently he exercises the students by odd and startling questions on remote and curious topics, in German, French, English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or any other language which they may understand.*

Dr. Tholuck has the reputation of an admirable teacher and lecturer, fresh, interesting, and instructive, and free from that tiresome pedantry and endless "Grundlichkeit," which characterize so many German scholars. He uses notes, and frequently dictates, but branches out into explanatory remarks and happy illustrations from all departments of knowledge and experience. He is also one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of Germany. He preaches every other week to the members of the University of Halle, and occasionally as guest on his vacation trips. His sickly, but spiritual and solemn appearance, the earnestness of his manner, the lightning flashes of his genius, his striking rhetorical transitions, and his deep religious experience, impart to his sermons, of which several volumes have been published, a high dgreee of impressiveness. The chief peculiarities of his discourses, are, a remarkable elevation and richness of evangelical sentiment; an absence of all display of learning, of abstruse thought, and long continued argument (altogether common to the Germans); a liveliness and exuberance of fancy; vigor, sprightliness and boldness of expression; and a peculiar fervor, and tenderness, and childlike simplicity, which warm and attract every pious heart. His sermons are generally written, but not read; trusting to extemporaneous impulse, beyond what he is able to retain by their careful perusal previous to delivery. His pulpit address is said to be animated but not boisterous; neat, but not fastidious.

Application was made to Professor Tholuck to indicate his pleasure in regard to a discourse for this work. He stated, in reply, that it was difficult so far to objectify one's self, as to select wisely from his own productions; but nevertheless, made his specification with sufficient minuteness; which of course, we have been careful to regard. It is translated from Vol. iv., of his Discourses, 2d edition, Halle, 1847; and is the first of a series entitled "Biblische Gemälde," etc.; or "Biblical Pictures" (representations), drawn from Passion and Easter week. The theme is fresh and original, and the discourse contains some fine thoughts. Toward the close especially, the preacher waxes warm, and becomes truly eloquent. Professor Tholuck was also kind enough, at our request, to refer to a likeness taken when in his prime, which has been forwarded from Berlin, and from which the accompanying portrait is engraved.

* For many of these particulars, we are indebted to the Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., to whose published letters on several of the German divines, especial obligations, in the preparation of these sketches, are here acknowledged.

CHRIST THE TOUCHSTONE OF HUMAN HEARTS.

Those of us who have had much acquaintance with Christians, especially with those of the olden time, will have observed how customary it was for them, to confirm remarkable experiences of the spiritual life, with the saying, "Then was again fulfilled what the Scripture saith." Such, too, was the habit of the apostles, and in just this sense did they often refer to the words of the Old Testament. Herein is evinced a deep conviction of the world-wide comprehensiveness of the truth of God's word. Of this broad character is whatever stands on record, respecting the doings of man, or the ways of God, more particularly during the period of our Lord's manifestation on earth; so that along the course of history, are we prompted ever and anon to exclaim, "There has the Scripture been fulfilled." With one such expression will our meditations this day be occupied—with a Scripture saying, which first proved true in the history of Christ, and has again been verified in all subsequent times. I refer to the prophetic exclamation of the aged Simeon, when, in the days of legal purification, the parents brought the child Jesus for the first time into the temple. It is found in Luke, ii. 34, 35. "And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against. Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

Let us first explain the whole passage, and then direct your attention particularly to its last clause. I know not whether we can imagine a more solemn scene bearing the impress of substantial truth, than that into which these words of the Evangelist translate us. The bare thought of that little company, which, as we are told, had gathered about the child Jesus, is enough to move every one deeply. It is said that those had assembled there, who were waiting for the consolation of Israel. These, of course, were but a small portion of the great multitude then in Jerusalem —a select few, in whose hearts there lay this one desire,—"that the Deliverer would come out of Zion, and take away ungodliness from us." There appears not to have been many, and these, perhaps, were aged people. Simeon and Hannah, at least, were far advanced in years. A touching thought is it, also, that they often found themselves collected precisely here in the temple, in order to pray in company. Besides, to Simeon was it expressly promised, that he should not die before he had seen the salvation of the Lord. And now the long-desired divine child approaches, borne upon the arm of its mother. But how shall they recognize it? It is indeed a holy thing, but no glory surrounds its head. It is a king without a diadem. The grace of God nevertheless accomplishes the task. To Simeon is the thing revealed. Under the impulse of the divine Spirit, he now advances, and significantly addresses himself,

not to the father, but to the mother. It is no sweet, flattering speech, no light laughing dream of victory, which he pronounces. Simeon calls the babe a rock; but a rock whereon a part of Israel would be broken. His prophetic eye also discerns the sword, which should ere long pierce the mother's aching heart, in "*order that the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed.*" With these words, which refer particularly to that time when the sword actually pierced the mother's heart, the prophetic speech concludes. We place them at the foundation of our now commencing series of discourses, and derive from them this doctrine:

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST IS THE TOUCHSTONE OF HUMAN HEARTS, THROUGH WHICH IS FIRST REVEALED WHAT IS IN EVERY MAN.

Let us consider this subject, first, as it appears in general, and then more particularly in the history of our Lord's passion.

The manifestation of Christ is the touchstone of human hearts, by which is first revealed what is in every man. There are some, but not many, on whom is conferred the power readily to detect what is in men. Almost every individual knows what is in himself. But what do we mean when we say there is something in a man? This expression strikes deeper than some may imagine. Rarely is it used merely in reference to the talents or gifts which a man may possess. It rather pertains to the manner in which he employs these gifts. We understand by it, not so much what a man has, as what he is. The disposition, the will, is intended. And this is just what the Scripture means, when it says that 'the hearts of men were revealed through Christ.' For, according to the saying of our Lord, it is out of the *heart* that evil thoughts proceed, and of the thoughts and ways of the heart is it affirmed that it is evil from "its youth up." The heart is the seat of affection. The worth of a man is determined by what he loves. We love, indeed, only that with which we have some affinity—in which we find *ourselves* again. That which you love most determines your worth. The incomprehensible good, which is above all other good, because it is the foundation and source of all other good, even God, *he* is above all things worthy of our love. So we confess, with united voice. And who does not confess it? Now, can any one speak hesitatingly on this subject, and argue thus: "Thou lovest him, and thou lovest him not? Is not our love for him as impalpable and hidden as he is himself? Is it not the mystery which every soul performs in its inmost depths, as within closed doors?"

My friends, I will not now stop to show that although the flame of love to God may glow in the heart, deeply concealed, yet its warmth must manifest itself in works. But this only I will ask, can God still be called a hidden, unseen object of love, after that Christ has come into the world? John says, "Whosoever loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him.—No one has seen God at any time.—If we love one another, God dwelleth in us." There you perceive the whole mat-

ter. Although we may a thousand times assure ourselves of a love to the unseen God, so long as we have not a heart for those whom he has begotten again through Christ, and has made to reflect his grace and truth, there is no true love in us—all our professions are empty words. My brethren, you would cry out against the man who should desert the brother in whose veins there flowed the same ancestral blood as in his own. We call such a person a monster, to whom there is nothing sacred in the name or in the memory of *father*. And can we in truth love our Father in heaven, and at the same time withhold our affections from that brother, in whom reigns the same spirit of grace and truth through which we have been begotten anew?

But I go yet further, and say, that our love for a person who may manifest only a livelier religious striving—a moving of the heart toward God—is also a touchstone by which what is in us is revealed. For certain it is, that all contemplation of, and longing after God among men, finds its perfection only in Christ. If this be so, can we regard the yearnings of any human heart which thirsts after light and life from God, in any other aspect than as standing in connection with Christ? "Whosoever is of God, he hears God's voice," says our Lord; and then explains the assertion by affirming that no one finds God, save he in whom God's Spirit is already operating; and no one can come to the Son, save he who is drawn of the Father. There stands the aged John in his eightieth year, and exclaims with all the fire of his youthful ardor: "And we beheld his glory—the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." And again, in his first epistle: "For the Life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal Life which was with the Father, and which was manifested unto us." If it be so with Christ—if Christ is the manifested life of God—if he is the visible Son of the invisible Father, why may I not say, that in the love which we all cherish toward the Son, one may truly detect whether we are sincere in our professions of love to the Father. Yea, indeed, ever since *he* has come into the world, who once could say: "Learn of me, for I am lowly of heart;" and at another time dared to utter that which never yet had passed the lips of mortal: "He that seeth me hath seen the Father also;"—ever since then do we testify, that the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, has been set before us as a touchstone, which is to indicate what there may be in our love to God, and what there may be in ourselves.

We have learned from Simeon a word of prophecy that conveys this thought. Let us receive the same from the very mouth of him who was the lowliest among the children of men. That is a remarkable utterance to which I now refer you. When its meaning for the first time dawned upon me—when, for the first time my soul clearly apprehended its import—with what wonderful power did it seize me! How was I startled as my glance penetrated to the true source of all love to Christ,

and of all alienation from him! And I here speak to your own experience. We read in John: "And the Father himself, which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me. Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape. And ye have not his word abiding in you; for whom he hath sent, him ye believe not. I receive not honor from men. But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you."

The thoughts here are strung together in a loose connection; and it is possible that their real drift may have escaped many of you. What the Lord charged upon the Jews is this: they loved him not, because they had not the love of God in themselves. He asserts that to love God truly—to carry his word in our hearts, and yet not to feel drawn toward him, was an utter impossibility. Such is the doctrine plainly taught us by him, in whom we reverence the archetype of all humility. Besides, these assertions stand not isolated. The same truth rings out in other statements: "If God were your Father, ye would love me; for I proceeded forth and came from God." "Ye neither know me nor my Father. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also."

And had there not been in Christ this perfect inter-penetration of the divine and the human—had he not been the manifestation of God in the flesh—how could we reconcile with his humility the fact, that he exacted this degree of love: "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." What mortal has ever asked to be *so* loved? Accordingly then, supported not only by the word of a Simeon, but also by Christ's *own* words, I dare affirm, with the fullest emphasis, that the degree in which the manifestation of Christ prevails over, attracts, and appropriates a man, measures precisely the degree of his love to God.

But perhaps a distinction will be insisted upon here, on the ground that we have him no more before our eyes. But let me ask, is not the declaration, "We have seen his glory," ever new and fresh upon earth? Has it grown silent since the last eye-witness of Jesus was laid in his grave? It might be so if, with our bodily eyes alone, we had been able to behold his glory. But with these eyes Caiaphas also beheld him. And Christ has affirmed: "They have eyes and see not." Only with the eyes of the spirit can one behold Christ's glory; and with the eyes of the *spirit* we also can behold it. And that we are able to see it now the same as ever—is not this the proof of what we call the inspiration of his evangelists? If the record of the evangelists concerning Christ, impresses believers afresh in each successive age, with the same original power, as did the very things which they formerly, with their own senses, saw and heard; and if he who reads Christ's words now exclaims, precisely as did those who first heard them: "Never man spake like this man;" do ye ask any further proof of the fact, that in spite of all human weaknesses, God's hand was yet guiding the pen of those who have written to us of Christ? If, then, the majestic form of Christ yet

abides upon earth, it is here in the record, and remains here as a touch stone, by which the hearts of men may be revealed for all time to come

But in still another sense is he also present: for he has said that he would yet come again, in order to take up his abode with us. Are not believers his temples, his body, his members? Is Christ not perpetually present in all those who are born of his Spirit? That we are weak members, *this* we indeed confess; but yet, he who is of Christ, must be led by Christ's Spirit. He must have in himself, something of Christ's ways and character. And this is why I say again, Christ is in his followers also, a touchstone of human hearts. He who has true love for Christ, can never hate his followers. He who has no heart for his followers can never love Christ. "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my sayings, they will keep yours also." Thus spake the Saviour, and in this way did he inseparably bind together his own lot and that of his disciples. Weaknesses, individual mistakes, errors, we dare not disavow, for who of us all has them not? May a man, then, hate his own flesh and blood? But he who is of Christ's, is my flesh and blood; yea, more, he is one spirit with me. Indeed, we go yet further. All religious life and striving of humanity is only a striving toward Christ. For, let me ask, is not Christ the crowning point of all religion?—the end and aim of humanity, so far as it is religiously stirred, and longs after God? He has himself intimated that in every man who discovers and lays hold upon him, there must already exist something akin to himself. "He who is of God," he says, "heareth my voice." The man, therefore, who strives after God, however circuitously and erroneously it may be, he is an object of my love; and in all phases of humanity the extent to which any person attracts me, is determined by the earnestness with which he seeks after God, or the devotion with which he clings to him in Christ. All other motives for love are subordinate to this.

And now how is it with us in this regard? How does it stand in respect to our love for Christ, and for all his members, be they never so weak; yea, for all those who, though in the most imperfect manner, still make religion the central object of all their strivings? Have we all attained to such a personal relationship to the glorified Son of God that we are able to say, Christ is the highest object of my affection? I love him as he demands to be loved? I love him more than father and mother? Are those who cleave to Christ with the greatest devotion, however wanting they may be in other worthy human gifts and talents, still the dearest to you among men?—the persons to whom you feel, most of all, closely attached? We will not here ask after your confession of faith. We will accept your love as sufficient. For he who can respond affirmatively to the question "Lovest thou Christ better than father and mother?" need not avow his creed. He to whom Christ is of more worth than any other child of Adam, such as the rest of us are, is, on this ground, truly

a Christian. But O, how are the hearts of the children of this age laid bare, as on the one hand may be seen those to whom adhesion to some one little article of their own favorite creed, is of more weight than the undoubted manifestations of a Christ-loving heart!—and on the other thousands upon thousands who are ever ready to make a great ado when a person goes *too far*—as they term it—in religion, but have not one word of complaint or dissent in respect to the multitudes who do not go far enough! What a touchstone of the human heart have we here? How imperatively does the age demand that all who have only a love for Christ,—that all who are truly in earnest about religion should hold fast to each other. If ever the saying, "He that is not for us is against us," be applicable, it is applicable now—now when Protestant Christendom is beginning to part into two camps—when the contest is no longer about particular articles of faith; but the mooted question is, whether the State shall have a church, Christendom a Saviour, and humanity a God in heaven. Now, verily, is Christ the banner, and all who can kneel in faith before his cross should join hands. Now is Christ once more in every respect, the sign which is everywhere spoken against, and through which the thoughts of many hearts are revealed.

When Simeon spake these words, he had in view the last moments of our Saviour's conflict with the world, and in reference to this scene, we have yet to consider *how Christ was a touchstone of the human heart*, through which was first truly revealed what was in man. Never, at any period, have the contents of the human heart been so exposed by means of action and endurance, as they were through the conduct of men toward him who dared to say, of himself, that in him was manifested what God is,—as they were through their behavior toward the Son of God himself, in his deepest sufferings. What was in man's heart, was then made evident, both as regards his foes and his friends. What was in man's heart was indicated already by this fact alone, that a being like Jesus could have enemies at all,—and *such* enemies! Direct your glance with me a moment to this point. Humanity has passed through many scenes, which are sufficient to undeceive any person, who has known nothing of human nature but its original goodness and excellence. Let me refer you to one. Scarcely fifty years have passed since there was heard in Europe among a cultivated and Christian people, the cry—and whose blood does not curdle in his veins, even now, at the remembrance of it?—"It will never go well with humanity until the last king is throttled with the intestines of the last priest." As we have just said, whose blood does not curdle in his veins at hearing such a hell-cry. And yet this is not so horrible as that which happened to Christ. When men suffer innocently, even the best of men, we yet do not forget that they are, after all, sinners, although a very small portion of their own guilt, be it only a lack of wisdom, may have evidenced itself in the sufferings of the innocent victims. So, too, how often does the burden of the curse, which

remote ancestors had provoked, first fall with crushing weight upon their descendants. And however we may shudder at the monstrous cruelties of the French Revolution,—were not the crying sins of whole generations of bygone kings and priests expiated in that blood-bath? Yet it must be added, sins from which, indeed, the descendants themselves were by no means altogether exempt. See, now, wherein lies the difference between the impression made by the sacrifice of Christ, and that made by all the scaffolds upon which innocent humanity has bled. Here stands one, of whom it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, "he had done no sin, neither was any guile found in his mouth." That being who said, "he that seeth me seeth the unseen Father,"—*him* have men put to death on the cross as a malefactor! Here, then, is the human heart first truly laid open, even unto the inmost depths of that corruption which dwelt in it. If humanity could do this, what is it not capable of perpetrating? But this same humanity which was in the breast of Caiaphas, Judas, and Pilate, is in mine also.

I go yet further. What is in the human heart is revealed to us also amid the circle of Jesus' friends. What an image of weakness and infirmity, even after the sincerest and most ardent protestation, is presented to us in the case of Peter! In respect to that being of whom Peter had testified: "Whither shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life; thou art the Son of the living God;" even in respect to *him*, could this same Peter cry out in the hour of danger, "I know him not!" But it was not Peter's nature alone that was here disclosed by the touchstone. This humanity which dwelt in the breast of Peter the fallen, dwells also in my breast. Besides, Peter stands not alone by the cross, as the only type of human infirmity. Do you not see there the rest of the disciples, how they all crowd timidly together at an equal remove from their Lord? Not one of them has the courage to speak a bold word in behalf of the man of their heart, who hangs near on the cross. If in the critical hour of trial Peter denies his Master, so do the rest all betray fear in like manner.

It is not necessary, however, that I should dwell only on the melancholy disclosures of the human heart called forth by the suffering Saviour. He was not only the touchstone to reveal to us, to what a degree the human heart was capable of obduracy, and shallowness, and inconstancy, but he also shows to us how this same human heart may be rendered teachable and tractable under the influences of divine grace. For in spite of all the disciples' weakness, it was still plain that their faith had a firm foundation on which it fastened. What lay beyond the cross was at this time hardly even surmised by them. When Christ was borne to the grave, then was their *hope* borne to the grave also; but, O blessed experience, their *faith* was not borne with it. See how wonderfully this fact is indicated in the instance of Nicodemus. He who ventured to approach a living Christ only by night, now that he is dead, hesitates

not, as we see, openly to bury him by day; and, when all hope is over, he confesses him publicly before the world. And then, when the grave has opened itself, when the cross, this star with shorn rays, touched with the beams of the Easter morning sun, once more is clothed with radiance, how does the hope that was buried with their Jesus, together with their Jesus again arise! How does the little spark of faith, almost smothered by the burden of the cross, shoot up again heavenward in a flame that was never more to subside. In view of these things, may we not affirm that if one great drama of humanity was being enacted *upon* the cross, there was still another at the same time acted out *beneath* it, of hardly less significance! Thus it happened that *over against* the noblest manifestation of humanity, as well as *in* it and *through* it, is there made known to us what is in man.

We have been able thus far only to sketch our subject in some of its most general features. In our subsequent discourses we will take our stand under the cross, and meditate on such revelations of the human heart as we there shall witness.

If it has been shown that the manifestation of Christ was a touchstone of the hearts of men, O how should our love toward him, and also toward his true believers, kindle with fresh earnestness! for it is according to the measure of our affection for him, that we shall be judged in the end. O thou blessed Saviour, thou hast demanded that we love thee better than father or mother. Thou wouldst not have demanded of us this, had not thy glory, thy grace, and thy truth been indeed deserving of such affection. Reveal thyself to us, then, O thou worshipful Redeemer! Reveal thyself to us in thine incomparable glory and beauty, in order that we may be strengthened to love thee with that all-excluding love which thou requiredst! And fill us anew with love toward thy members on earth! Yea, may all who in this world but confess thy name, and are subject to thee in love and sincere devotion, be also sacred to our hearts; for thou, Lord, art the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth! Amen.

DISCOURSE II.

JULIUS MÜLLER, D.D.

Prominent among the most profound and scientific theologians and eloquent preachers in Germany, stands Professor Müller, the intimate friend and colleague of Dr. Tholuck. He is, like him, a native of Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia; and, contrary to the rule of the German divines, first labored in practical life before entering upon his academic career. Karl Ottfried Müller, the eminent Greek scholar and archæologist, who died in 1840, was a brother of his. In 1825 he became pastor at Schönbrunn, and in 1831 university preacher at Göttingen. In 1835 he received a call to Marburg as professor. Thence he removed to Halle in 1839, where he has since labored as teacher of the various branches of systematic and practical theology, and as member of the Consistory for the province of Magdeburg. It is said that the students call him, humorously, "*Sunden* Müller," with reference to his work on the "Christian Doctrine of *Sin*."

This great work, which will ever remain a sufficient monument of his philosophical and theological learning, was published in its third and perfected edition, in 1849, in two volumes; and is one of the standard publications (though not well translated) of Clark's Foreign Theological Library, Edinburg.

The *British Quarterly Review* held the following language respecting this book: "The most weighty and important contribution to the cause of dogmatic theology which Germany has recently produced. It unites, in a high degree, depth and comprehensiveness, with practical earnestness and clearness. It is profound even to the contentment of a German mind, yet rarely obscure and uninstructive; the author evinces his thorough metaphysical training, and his work is pervaded by the pressure of a shining and disciplined intellect, and the rare mastery of a large and skillfully argumentative grasp." Should the author's life be spared, we may expect from him, by-and-by, a complete exhibition of the system of Christian dogmatics and ethics.

In 1854 this author put forth a book on Evangelical Union: its nature and divine right. Its aim is to unite existing discordant elements. "To unite," he says, "what is internally divided, is an unprofitable work; but to divide what belongs together, is still more unprofitable." Besides these works, he has written many solid and valuable reviews for the *Studien und Kritiken*, and other publications.

Next to Tholuck, Professor Müller forms the chief attraction of the University of Halle; and throughout Germany, owing to his practical wisdom, his piety and great moral worth, he stands a kind of umpire amid the theological conflicts of the day. In personal appearance, he is described as a tall, dignified, fine-looking, earnest, courteous, and amiable Christian gentleman, whom it is impossible not to

love and esteem. By some misfortune he lost one eye long since, and quite recently a shock of apoplexy has injured his memory, and threatens to interfere materially with the prosecution of his labors. His loss or disability would be widely and deeply felt. He is now only 56 years of age.

As a preacher, Professor Müller occupies a high rank. Some ten years since he published a volume of sermons on "Testimony in Relation to Christ, and the Way to Him; for Inquirers." Since then he has published other sermons. None of his discourses have appeared in English. They are often longer and more argumentative than is common with German preachers; but if this be to their disadvantage, it is fully compensated in the polished and tasteful style in which his thoughts are uttered. The arrangement, also, is generally distinct, natural, and happy, and he glides into the several parts of his subject with peculiar ease and gracefulness. The following affords a favorable specimen of the style of his eloquence.

LOVE THE SUBSTANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Thou, O God, who art thyself love, hast called us to love. All thy servants should be one in love to thee, to thy Son, and to one another. But thou, who art acquainted with hearts, knowest how love in us must evermore the struggle with selfish impulses, how, indeed, it often appears as if it were wholly overmastered by them. O be thou near to us with thy Spirit of love. Let not the glimmering wick go out; kindle the spark to a bright flame, which may, more and more, consume all that is ungodly, that thy image may appear in us, ever purer and clearer. Amen.

"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him because he first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also."—1 John, iv. 16–21.

They are simple thoughts, my beloved friends, which our text contains, and they are plainly exhibited. In general he would very much err, who would seek in the Epistles of John a great variety of attractive subjects, elevated by the ingenious connection of the most diverse modes of treatment. Everywhere is it the aim of the apostle to impress deeply upon the hearts of his readers, certain fundamental truths of Christianity—before all, the truth that love is the innermost substance of all Christian feeling and of all Christian life. Therefore, with him the development of thought moves upon a narrow path; he ever seeks to place these truths, from new sides, in the light; from every digressive discussion he quickly comes back to his main points, without being anx-

ious to avoid repetitions. Such a mode of representation will surely gratify him who is convinced of the highest truth and infinite importance of these doctrines; to the other class, they may, indeed, on account of their uniformity, be rather wearisome than affecting. And is not this, after all, everywhere the case with the divine doctrine? He who will be amused and entertained by a graceful change of subjects, seeks not the gratifications of this desire in the divine word and its preaching; it is the earth which, in its unspeakably rich variety, offers him that which he desires. What is revealed to us of God and his will and working, and of the future world, however inexhaustible in its depth, is still, in comparison with that variety, very simple, and confined to a few themes. The lofty beauty of a clear starry night, too, consists not in the fascinating change of objects, and yet its impression upon the soul is the mightiest and most majestic.

As these remarks were suggested by a glance at the text, they should at the same time serve as an introduction, to justify the simple and plain reflections which we will now offer upon it. For so great and lofty is the divine simplicity in the discourse of the apostle, that we must only be fearful of injuring and dissipating its impression, when we seek to adorn its interpretation with rhetorical art. Let us only unfold the holy import of our text and candidly lay it to heart. That great theme of the apostle, love—that love is the substance of the Christian life—this is the kernel of our text; so let it be also the middle point of our meditation. We will try to persuade ourselves that LOVE IS THE BEGINNING, THE PROGRESS, AND THE CONSUMMATION OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I. If an old pious proverb bids every work, even in earthly affairs, to begin with God, surely and most of all must the beginning of our Christian life proceed from God. Our relation to God must, before all, be right, that then, from this strong root, our Christian life may grow.

But when is our relation to God right? When we glanced about us upon the beautifully adorned earth, and looked into the immeasurable depths of the starry world, a thousand voices made known to us the almightiness and omniscience of God, for whose sake all things have their being and subsist in wonderful order. When we observed the divine control in the history of the human race, and then turned back the reflective glance into our own inmost soul, there met us the awful holiness and justice of God, as they adore what is good, and cherish it with approbation, but abhor what is evil and destroy its work. Agitated with mysterious awe, our soul bowed before the inconceivable greatness of its Creator, before the holy loftiness of its lawgiver. The thought of God had become in us a luring one; but from God himself an immeasurable chasm still parted us. The Eternal dwells in a light that no man can approach; no one has beheld him: his nature was hidden from us. The Christian life had not yet begun in us.

Then we heard how the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the

Father, came down to men and was made known to them; that these hidden depths of the nature of God are naught else but love. We now heard the apostle speak out the great word, the solution of the deepest riddle of existence—GOD IS LOVE.

Man can experience, my friends, nothing greater in his life than when he gains this blessed knowledge. God is love. In order that he might communicate to creatures himself and his blessed life, he has called the world into existence; then he has so loved the world, the world sunk in sin, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that all who believe in him, might not perish but have everlasting life. Such a knowledge, when with living power it penetrates the soul, when the soul is able truly to appropriate it to itself, is necessarily the turning-point to a new life; for we see ourselves now in an entirely new relation to God. The unknown God is now known to us, for him who has no name, have we found a name, the sweetest name of *Father*. If before, fear and awe kept us remote from the lofty, the inaccessible One, we can now draw near to him with a childlike confidence and say, "Abba, beloved Father." "See," exclaims John, "what love the Father has shown to us, that we should be called the children of God." In the possession of this holy privilege, a still peace spreads itself over our soul, as it once sank upon the soul of Elias, when the Lord, after the storm, and flame, and earthquake, drew near to him in the still soft breeze. It is in this privilege that we recognize our highest dignity. It allures us with holy pride to announce to the world that God loves us. If before, the thought of God only evoked in us the consciousness of our own nothingness, now it exalts us to the boldest assurance; for we are conscious that God loves us. Now let no one say more, that man can render nothing to God. Is God the subject of this love, he certainly can render him one thing—love; for it lies in the innermost nature of love that it desires love in return.

And this is the second element that belongs to the beginning of the Christian life. The rays of its dawning light beamed forth brightly when we learned that GOD IS LOVE; but the sun of the new day rose, when we said with John, "Let us love him, for he has first loved us"—when the resolve in our soul was strong. Henceforth we will no more live for ourselves, but for him who has loved us, and out of love sent his Son for our reconciliation. To please him, this is our holiest endeavor; his will is the law of our action and omission. My friends, to partial improvement, to the abandonment of single crimes, to the attainment of single good qualities even he may come, whose soul as yet knows nothing of childlike love to God. Placing ourselves upon the stand-point upon which the virtues appear as isolated, we shall in general, seldom find a man who can not show one or another virtue; but a true regeneration and thorough renewing of the whole feeling and life, is only possible when the soul, penetrated by that love which springs from faith,

consecrates and offers himself and his whole being, as a possession, to God. Our life is only truly Christian when its root has become the thankful, reciprocal love to our Father in heaven, who had, who has planned the redemption for our everlasting salvation.

II. If the knowledge of the love of God in Christ and the reciprocal love enkindled by it is the beginning of the Christian life, the inner seed, out of which it unfolds itself, we may also recognize its progressive development in the active love to our neighbor.

Let no one, however, suppose by this, that now, in the further development of the Christian life, love to God is to cease to be active, or to lose its dominion in the heart. Not so; but as the root lives on, although the plant has grown up out of it, and as the fountain does not cease to stream, though it has formed the brook, so too the beginning of the Christian life continues in its further progress. Yea, as plant and brook must at once cease to be if the root is dried and the fountain sealed, so Christian brotherly love ever continues to receive its life from the love to God.

The latter necessarily reveals itself in the former, and the former is the sure preserver of the latter. "Every one," says John, "that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him." The Father's image that he bears in himself, fills him with a deep joy and affection when he beholds it in his brethren. Now he pursues, as the highest good of his endeavor and labor, no more his own fame, his own enjoyment, his own advantage, but the common good of his brethren, the goodly thought of their spiritual and physical life; to foster this, in the wider or narrower sphere in which God had placed him, he recognizes, as his holiest calling, to which he willingly subordinates his own private interests. His activity, however painstaking, however insignificant it may appear to be, now seems to him to be sanctified, because he knows that by it he serves his brethren.

Where you miss the presence of this feeling—where you find a sluggish reluctance to be active for the good of others—when you meet the unsubdued passions of hatred, of envy, of revenge, which are eager to injure a neighbor, or when you come in contact with the cold self-seeking, which sees a brother starving and shuts his heart from him, which unshrinkingly sacrifices the neighbor's welfare, so soon as his own advantage requires it—name all the pretended piety of such an one plain hypocrisy, and all his protestations of love to God mere prattle—sounding brass—tinkling cymbal. For the apostle also says in our text: "If any say, 'I love God,' and hateth his neighbor, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen."

But against this proof of the apostle, doubts and scruples have arisen in the breasts of many thinking readers. "Shall it then be harder," they have asked themselves, "to love the invisible God than the vis-

ible man?" But is the man not deformed by sin, and often in so high a degree, that his whole nature makes a most repulsive and loathsome impression upon us? How shall affection and love not feel themselves checked? For the very reason that we see him before us; because the might of sin confronts us unmistakably, in the distorted features of his countenance, in his repulsive manners and words, in his whole disgustful appearance, it will be hard for us to love him. And then, on the other side, does not our own experience teach us, that our affection for those whom we love, is wont to grow, when we do not see them for a time? When we saw them daily, associated with them daily, our mutual peculiarities and weaknesses often came into disagreeable collision with one another; we thought ourselves injured by them, now in this way, now in that. Sometimes, indeed, love and affection for them were for the moment supplanted by the emotions of provoked self-love, or by the lively feeling of displeasure. Were we, however, for a time separated from them, all these disagreements were forgotten, and a hearty longing for their society gained the mastery over us. And was this longing, so far as this earthly life is concerned, a vain one—were the dear ones torn from us by death—then their image, in our loving remembrance, purified itself from every stain; and so transfigured, we kept it in the still sanctuary of undying affection. How then can we believe that the love to visible men is easier than love to the unseen God?

How, my friends, shall we deny the truth of these remarks? We can not. Or shall we give up the attempt to justify the words of the apostle? Just as little. First think of it. This experience, that by a remarkable principle of our nature, the remote is forbearing, that it only hides the dark stains, but not the beaming features, stands not at all in contradiction with what John says in our text. For this beautiful image of the absent loved ones, which our soul keeps, is still nothing but the effect of our personal intercourse with them, the impression which, purified from some single imperfections, they have left upon us. But in relation to their disturbances of love, springing from sin, let us reflect, that the apostle does not speak of love to rough, vicious men, which, to be sure, has its special difficulties to overcome; but of the Christian brotherly love—of the love to the children of God, to the true disciples of Jesus Christ, in whom he himself has gained a likeness—in whom, by this means, the original human nature, the crown of the earthly creation, the image of God, comes forth purer and clearer in its nobility and in its loveliness.

Yet, how distant still remains the ever-marred image of the inconceivable perfection and glory of the Original! How infinitely more worthy of love is God than the most excellent of his creatures! To whom could it occur to deny this? Surely to the apostle, least of all. But John by no means makes the universal assertion, that it is harder to love God than men, but will only point us to a particular advantage from the love

to the brethren, when he says: "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

But John does not content himself with this ground, but, in order to impress upon the Christian most deeply, how essential the brotherly love is to the Christian life, he reminds them of the express command of God, that whoever loves him should also love his brother. "Thou shalt love God, thy Lord, with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with every power, and thy neighbor as thyself." So had God commanded; and the Son of God had declared that the second part of this command is like the first. Both are most closely connected with one another. Whoever would fulfill the one part of the royal law, can not set aside the other. Whoever is earnest in his love to God, seeks to please him, and directs himself according to his will. But it is his will and command that we should love our brethren, and not the brethren alone, but also our enemies—those men even, who are blinded by selfishness and hatred; who are sunk in sin and delusion—and not with words, nor with the tongue, but with the act and with the truth. And surely, my friends, when love to God has once broken through the iron bands of selfishness, and has made the heart familiar with the holy art of denying itself, and of forgetting itself, in loving self-surrender, then will the beautiful flowers of sympathetic joy and sorrow, as of themselves unfold, and bring forth the refreshing fruits of an active philanthropy.

So is then love to our neighbor that, in which the sincere love to God presents itself—in which the Christian life, in its wider progress, moves, as in its own element.

III. But when it is perfected, it does not come out away from love, as if it had found its goal in something else; but *the perfection of the Christian life is nothing else but the perfection of love.*

"Fear is not in love," says John; "but perfect love casteth out fear." When the apostle now adds, as a reason, "For fear has pain," his opinion can not be other than that love and pain are contradictory in their nature; that with love, joy and blessedness are intimately and inseparably linked; that love is the very essence of blessedness. Then love, when it is perfected, must necessarily appear as blessedness; and without perfect love, on the other hand, no blessedness is conceivable. And this is so true, that God himself, were he without love, could not be happy. But who could so much as think of this contradiction? God is blessed from eternity, as certainly as he is love from eternity. For from eternity the Son is with the Father, participant of his nature—united with the Father in the closest, most blessed communion of love; as the Son himself, on the night before his death, solemnly declared, speaking to the Father: "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Now as God is blessed in his infinite love, so we, my friends, can only be blessed where our love is perfect. The deepest source of all discontent and of all trouble in our earthly life, is selfishness. This is a never-

resting goad, which men, in hate and rage, thrust against each other, and makes one the tormentor of the other. This is a consuming fire within, whose greedy flame is never satisfied—a worm that incessantly gnaws at the noblest seed of life. This is an ever-burning kindler of anxious care, of painful fear. The secret anxiety and disquiet cover themselves, perhaps, under the appearance of equanimity; they drown themselves in the rushing pleasures and in the so-called enjoyment of life; but, nevertheless, they are there. Give him who is hardened in his selfishness what his heart desires, offer to him all the treasures of the world, let all earthly glory gather about him—life is to him a waste, and his existence a burden. Yea; remove that soul, poisoned by hate and envy, into paradise, let it dwell in heavenly radiance, and every disturbance, every suffering remain far from him—paradise itself would become, to him who hates, a hell, and, in the midst of angels and blessed men, he would be his own devil. "Therefore," says John, "he that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." Only he who loves is capable of true happiness of soul. O! if love were to have a perfect sway over us—if we could wholly and forever give ourselves up to the holy will of God; if his approbation were evermore to be before our eyes; if we were to live solely for the weal of our brethren—then should we have the stillest, holiest peace; then would our heart be broad and rich, and our neighbor's fortune and joy would at all times be ours, and his pains would be softer in our sympathies, because our participation would alleviate them; we should then have the holy consciousness that our communion with God is perfect, and every fear of God and of the mysterious future must vanish, and with it, every pain. For he who dwells in love, dwells in God, and God in him. Why, then, should not all earthly disquiet give place to the holy peace of heaven?

But let us confess, my brethren, such *perfect* love will, here on earth, never have an unchangeable home in our heart, but only sometimes come to us as a transient visitor. These are only inspired moments, when our soul is all devotion, and self-denial, and self-sacrifice; when our heart humbles itself in prayer before the God of love, that it may become wholly his; when we are ready to live for our neighbors, even if they, with coldness and enmity, turn away from us. Single beams of heavenly light are they which fall into the dusk of our earthly life, exalting, quickening, strengthening. But we are still too weak, too earthly, to hold them fast in their entire purity and clearness. There is something ever within us, that strives against them; and from without, the want of love, the injustice and the hatred of other men, ever anew awaken selfish impulses in our soul. The power of sin, though broken, is not yet annihilated. Our love is not yet perfect; and so there ever remains in our heart the remnants of selfish fear and sorrow.

Or does the apostle think differently? It almost appears as if he would require and expect from the Christian that the perfect love should mani-

fest itself even within the limits of temporal life, as a permanent state and period; for he says, reprovingly, "Whoever fears is not perfect in love." And well might John so discourse, in the evening of a life so rich in love, consecrated to the service of God and of his brethren. Whatsoever obscures the purity of love, had almost wholly vanished from his heart; the image of the glory of his master which he had once beheld, and which had never after gone from his soul, the image of the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, was reflected more and more purely from his holy life; the consummation lay close before him; then might his hopeful assurance grasp it, as if it were already present, just as the Apostle Paul, when he says: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for me the crown of righteousness."

But let the thought be far from us, that the apostle's word is in conflict with a truth which the consideration of the life of man preaches, no less loudly than the examination of our own hearts; but loudest of all the Christian faith itself, which knows of but a single perfect one upon earth, with the truth that the Christian life gains its true perfection,—that the love, which is its substance, appears in its full blessed might and greatness,—only when the kingdom of God becomes manifest in its everlasting glory. "Therein," says John, "is love perfect in us;"—this "is the precious fruit of true love, which unites Christians to one another,—that they have joy in the day of judgment." They need not tremble before the Son of God, to whom the Father has given all judgment, but with blessed confidence they shall see him appear as Judge of the world. For their conscience gives them the witness, that, as he is the image of the Father, who is love, so they have been in *this* world in their most earnest endeavors,—so *are* they then—in that world, in a more perfect manner. "For it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him"—like him, wholly penetrated with love, as he is. Then only can we see him as he is, when we ourselves are wholly love; and, on the other hand, only when we see him as he is, can our love become perfect. Then will the last vestige of fear and pain have vanished; for perfect love has cast them out. In the most intimate communion with God and his triumphant church, the perfected ones drink, on and on, a blessed life from the stream of love. Far remote is every trouble; no discord of selfishness and hatred can here intrude; as every one is wholly love, and he finds in all others only love—all one in one love, in one blessedness.

My friends, there is something very great in the faith and hope of the Christian; but yet, higher than both stands the *love*. For only in love do faith and hope prove their truth, their divine origin; and they are destined finally to disappear, that only love may remain. If faith be not active through love, it is dead. If hope be any thing else than hoping love—if it have not the perfect revelation of love itself, for its main ob-

ject—it is degraded to a low seeking for reward. Faith, and the knowledge springing from it, will cease when sight comes; hope will cease when its fulfilling comes; but *love* never ceases, as surely as blessedness itself can not cease.

So then the Christian life begins with love to God through Christ, develops itself in love for the neighbor, and is consummated in the perfection of this twofold love. Surely religion justly bears the beautiful name which is sometimes given to it, the name of the *religion of love.* Then may our life, too, deserve to be called a Christian life. May the weight of selfishness and ambition, of cold indifference to the neighbor's weal, and of bitter hatred toward those who injure us, more and more vanish from our heart, and love to God and our brethren gain a stronger and stronger sway within us, so that we also, when ere long the kingdom of love appears in its consummation, may be found worthy to share in its glory! Amen.

DISCOURSE III.

C. A. HARLESS, D.D.

Dr. Harless combines in a remarkable degree the preacher and the scholar, the pulpit orator and the theological instructor. In both these departments he shone with distinction. For many years he was professor at Erlangen, Bavaria; then professor and university preacher at Dresden, where, as preacher, he showed himself a very able defender of the old Lutheran orthodoxy. From this position we believe he was removed by being made court preacher at Dresden, as Rheinhard was before him, for his pulpit eloquence. He was also for several years professor in the university at Leipzig, and at the same time preacher in one of the city churches. His appointment to these positions was considered an important event, from its bearings on the cause of evangelical religion.

Professor Harless, as before intimated, has the reputation of an eminent scholar, while he is also considered one of the most eloquent preachers in the German pulpit of the present day. Many of his sermons are characterized by great fervor, liveliness of imagination, figurative allusion, quickness of thought, and rapid transition from point to point, which is characteristic of the German preachers. He is firm in his attachment to the truths of the gospel, unshrinking in their avowal, and preaches with a decision and a power which it is difficult to resist. He is the author of an elaborate commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, which appeared in 1832. This has been cited, even by German critics, as a model commentary. It is no less distinguished for its orthodox character than for its logical and philological acumen.

In 1842 Dr. Harless published a system of Christian Ethics, which in four months came to a second edition. He has also done much for learning and religion, as editor and writer for able periodicals devoted to the interests of Protestantism and pure Christianity, and in the preparation of a valuable theological Encyclopædia. The sermon found below is from his volume, "*Christi Reich und Christi Kraft*," Zwanzig. Predgtak. Stuttg., 1840. It is the ninth sermon: title "*In Christo Freude allen Volke.*" It is a *Christmas* sermon; and Harless, like many other German preachers, discovers great ingenuity in the choice of texts and themes, and the way of handling, as a kind of necessity, from the fact that the Lutheran Church, prescribes a series of Biblical lessons—a *pericope*—for every Sabbath and religious festival of the year. As will be seen, the style is pure and elevated, while the course of thought is interesting and instructive.

JOY IN CHRIST FOR ALL NATIONS.

"GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." Thus spake the multitude of the heavenly host, and praised God on that night when the child Jesus was born of Mary in Bethlehem. In a manger lay the new-born infant. Little Bethlehem was his birth-place. In despised Palestine was the child born, at a time when the nations of the East and the West bowed before the majesty of Rome's universal empire. Night then wrapped the circle of the earth. But upon the spot where this infant was born, there shone the glory of the Lord. Not one among all the heathen nations then had any apprehension of what was signified by the birth of that poor infant in that despised land. But when, three hundred years afterward, the gods of the empire lay prostrate in the dust before the cross whereon he of Bethlehem had been hung, then was it known wherefore a divine glory had illumined the dark birth-place of this little child. It was not earthly pomp—not earthly power and might which thus constrained the world to homage. Jesus of Nazareth, as he was born in lowliness, so he died in shame. And yet this child, by the simple power of his name, subdued the distant isles; before the brightness of his rising the darkness of the heathen world fled away; and at this day millions in every zone are with us bending their knees, and in company with the heavenly hosts are praising God, and celebrating the birth of this child, who came into the world poor and despised, in order that he might conquer a world with no other weapon than that of his love. Let our hearts exult and be glad! O Lord God we praise thee. We thank thee. Lord God we supplicate thee. Draw near to us with the fullness of thy grace, and bless this day's festival. Help us to think on thy word, and to experience its power in our hearts. Amen.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," etc.—LUKE, ii. 8–11.

The Lord our Saviour, who has appeared on earth, and also is to-day in the midst of us, bless him who speaks, and those who hear, with holy festive joy. Amen.

"Behold I bring to you great joy, which shall be unto all people." Such is the message which the angel announced, and which from thence onward is borne through all lands. Joy to all people—this is the import of the birth of our Lord. For it is: 1. A divine message to the lowly. 2. Consolation to the fearful. 3. A satisfaction for the longing of each individual. 4. A revelation of salvation to the whole world. To these topics, drawn from the words of our text, let us endeavor to direct our attention, looking to God for his gracious assistance and blessing.

I. "*And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.*"

In these words the evangelist records the first announcement which was made to the people of the birth of Christ. An angel of the Lord brings the heavenly tidings, and the glory of a visible manifestation is not wanting to confirm the divine nature of those tidings to the hearers. But to whom are the tidings brought? Scribes and Pharisees were then in the land, sitting in Moses' seat. They made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the borders of their garments; they took the upper seats at the feasts, and in the schools; and were greeted in the streets as Rabbi—as doctors of the law—as the wise of the nation. But the angel of the Lord passed them by. There was Herod, the ruler of the land, arrayed in royal pomp; with him was power; servants bowed to his will; and what he commanded, that was done; but the angel of the Lord passed him by. There were the rich of the land in soft raiment: the Sadducees with their "pride of life," and the wisdom of their schools; but the angel of the Lord passed them by. He passed by the wise, the noble, and the mighty of the land, and came to the poor shepherds upon the field, in order to announce to them the great joy which should be unto all people. But wherefore to so few, when the event concerned all people? And how can that which is proclaimed to a few be a joy to all people?

Why the first proclamation came to so few can not, indeed, be explained from the current opinions of the world. Thus we find that those who lift their heads to the stars, and are wise in their own conceit, believe themselves entitled, before all others, to that hidden wisdom which cometh from above. Here, those who cherish high thoughts deem themselves highly esteemed of God also, and the more presumptuous their thoughts are, the more excellent they judge themselves to be. Had the world, therefore, been permitted to select those to whom God's message should come, it would have brought that message to the rulers of the people—to its sages, and its mighty ones. But God thought not so. He looked upon the lowly in the land, "and the foolish things of the world hath he chosen to confound the wise; and the base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." For the wise of this world rest in their own conceits; they have no regard for that hidden wisdom which consists not in the pomp of words; and being taken up with their own glory, and receiving honor one from another without seeking the honor which cometh from God only, they challenge divine knowledge with the inquiry, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" And the mighty and the insolent, who with contemptuous shrug ask, "What is truth?" these mock the miracles of the living God, and in their self-satisfaction, have no regard for that God from whom alone all good

cometh. Now, what has the message of the Lord to do with these? Living as they do, satiated and secure in the midst of their pleasures, why should it proclaim to them as a thing of joy, that a poor child lay born in a manger. So the angel of the Lord passed by the wise and the mighty, who afterward scorned and crucified the Lord. The rulers of the land, the Pharisees, and the Sadducees, slept in the darkness of the night; but to the poor shepherds of the field the angel comes, and round about *them* shines the glory of the Lord.

But even in this fact, we already perceive why the tidings which the angel brings, are a "joy to all people." For, we are not to infer, that because God sent the angel of his grace only to a few with the joyful tidings, he therefore really meant to open the treasures of his pity only to a few. This inference would be false,—contrary to the whole doctrine of the gospel, to wit, that God wishes all to be saved; it would be a mockery of the statement that the angel proclaimed joy to all people. Nor yet does our text mean that the wise, the mighty, and the rich, are therefore lightly esteemed before God, and that only the mean and the lowly, the ignorant and the weak obtain his favor. For wisdom, and might, and riches, are also the gifts of divine goodness; and we are told that Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews, and Joseph of Arimathea, a rich man, both loved the Lord, and though powerful and wealthy, were loved by him in turn; while the humble of the people sided with the haters of Christ, and, together with the Pharisees and high priests, shouted, "Crucify him, crucify him." But the import of that divine embassy to the poor shepherds, and that which renders it a joy to all people, is this, that no earthly distinctions are regarded by God in his message of salvation; that neither riches, nor might, nor wisdom do qualify a person for receiving the heavenly knowledge; yea, that only such rich, wise, and mighty ones are deemed worthy to hear the news of salvation unto their own joy, who, so far as the angel of God and his message are concerned, have no more, and no less than the poor shepherds had upon the field. It is an indescribable consolation to know that what avails before God is not that which the world prizes most, and which only a few are privileged to obtain; but, on the contrary, that it is something which all can have, be they rich or poor, mighty or humble, learned or ignorant, namely, that simple lowliness of heart, which fears the Lord alone. For this reason is the announcement of the angel a joy unto all people, because it is the divine message unto the lowly, to that lowliness of spirit which may be ound in every condition, and in every measure of spiritual gifts, and which alone is endued with grace, because it alone preserves the heart humble and reverential toward God.

II. But of the shepherds, who heard the message of the angel, it is further said in our text, "*and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*"

So the tidings of great joy first awakened alarm. Not that they were intended to alarm. On the contrary, to the fearful the angel proclaimed joy, and this joy did also afterward pervade the hearts of the shepherds themselves; for we read that "the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." But yet the divine revelation of joy came not without fear; yea, as it would be unnatural for man to listen to God's voice without fear, so the joy which the angel brings to all people, is seen to lie in this very circumstance, that fear in this case does not hinder a participation in the joy awakened by the gospel tidings. But this fear is unlike that which is felt by the worldly-wise and self-righteous at the revelations of God. To such, this divine wisdom is pre-eminently obnoxious, since it puts their wisdom to shame, and preaches that God's thoughts are not like man's thoughts. Furthermore, they are alarmed at the possibility, that what they deny may prove to be true. Such fears are anticipations of the coming judgment, and woe to them whose security, whether occasioned by affectation or stupidity, is interrupted by nothing save the paroxysms of this fear! On the contrary, the alarm which the shepherds experienced, is inseparable from humility and simplicity of heart. Pride scorns to be moved even by high things, but humility is always mindful of its own low estate; and every approach of God fills it with trembling awe. Nor is there always needed for this visible manifestation, some messenger who shall deliver God's commands.

The simple declaration, "God will speak to thee," or, "God has spoken to thee," is of itself sufficient to awaken fear in the sincere and lowly mind; for there is no true humility among men which does not rest fundamentally upon the consciousness of guilt. For those whose hearts have not been hardened by vain and shameless trifling, can not but be startled to learn that God has a word to speak unto them. All who know themselves in true humility, will feel as did our first parents, who, when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, being frightened, hid themselves, under the vivid apprehension of what they had deserved. Accordingly the natural effect which the appearance of the angel had upon the simple-minded shepherds, was not to excite in them a vain conceit of their own importance, in having been honored with such a sight; but they feared and trembled, and their hearts sank down before the holiness of God's presence; and hence it was that their fear offered no hinderance to the reception of the joyful tidings; "for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." God resisteth the proud, but he giveth grace unto the humble; it is the broken heart and the contrite spirit which God does not despise. That which the *world* calls joy and happiness, ever belongs to the proud and lofty spirit, to confident boldness; but the joy which comes from God—the joy which the angels once proclaimed—this joy is vouchsafed to the poor in spirit alone; for their fear is a proof that they still have a sense of their own humility, and of

the holy majesty of the living God. But now there is no man who may not be supposed to have cause for fearing the voice of God; there is none who would not be constrained to bow his face to the earth with trembling, at the assurance that God intends to speak with him; there is none who has not reason to be exceedingly anxious in regard to that which God might purpose to say unto him; but, behold, to the frightened shepherds the angel said, "fear not." And in these words is it announced to all fearful ones, yea, to the whole human race, that there is no ground for fearing their God—that to the timorous and dismayed, consolation is preached, and great joy is proclaimed, which shall be unto all people, because all people have reason to tremble before the messenger of the holy God.

III. But joy has come to all nations in the birth of Christ because, as the angel said, "*Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*" To *you*, he says, he is born, and in this he expresses a truth which is designed to dissipate our fears. The announcement of the angel inspires joy, because it proclaims the fulfillment of a long-cherished desire. To you, the angel said, is the Saviour born, and gives them the news as of something long known and looked for; he calls the new-born by an old familiar name; he designates him by the city, of which the prophet Micah had already long since spoken. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." So the new event came in as the fulfillment of the old longing and hope of Israel—as the realization of that hope of Abraham, concerning which Christ spake when he said, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad;" and in the circumstance that the angel announced the wondrous event in the very language of the old expectation, we have given to us the assurance that in those shepherds there still survived the faith and hope of Abraham. Therefore, were their hearts also gladdened by the words of the angel, and they went with haste, and came, and found the child, upon whose shoulder the dominion sat, and returned, glorifying and praising God. Their humble faith cleaved to the words of the angel and stumbled not at the lowliness of the new-born Lord of glory, but at the very hour of the infant's birth it celebrated the moment when their holy longing passed into fulfillment.

Now, indeed, there lives no more in the hearts of men the same longing, the same desire, which filled the shepherds' hearts. The hope of the heathen is not the revival of Israel's hope under its ancient form; nor are we now educated among the promises of one who is yet to come. Nevertheless, there is felt in every person a longing of some kind; yet a longing oftentimes misunderstood, anxious, and suppressed, for which the only true satisfaction has been proffered in the message of the angel.

So long as man inquires of himself merely, never will he be able rightly to solve the riddle of those ferments and struggles which are ever at work, deeply shut up in his own breast. He feels only the dark stress of a certain disquietude, of a want of enjoyment, of a striving after an unattained end—after a rest not found which he seeks in a thousand ways to satisfy—and after a thousand attempts must still confess that it is all in vain. For this fever of desire springs out of that unrecognized curse which rests upon the sin of man; and so long as man does not perceive this hidden cause of his uneasiness, so long will he be ever seeking rest, and finding none, and sigh for it in vain. But as soon as that word is found which solves the riddle of this anxious struggle; as soon as it is known that it is the curse of sin which rests upon us, that it is the judgment of God whose burden we experience—a judgment from which no man can protect or redeem us; then do we realize what a blessedness it is to hear God's word, saying, "Be of good comfort, for unto you also has a Saviour been born."

But in order to awaken such desires for a Saviour, God has never ceased to sound forth the voice of his law unto each individual; for even among those whom the words of revelation have not reached, there is still to be heard in each person the voice of the law written in the heart, proceeding from God—even the voice of the divine conscience which bears witness to man's apostacy from God—to the guilt which rests upon him, and to that righteous judgment which he has deserved. And even the very curse which God has imposed upon sin in this life, proves a blessing in the fact that all sinful strivings are accompanied by a restless eagerness, and by a sense of dreariness and emptiness which disturbs the sinner, ever and again, even in the midst of seeming repose, and causes him to feel that the gratification of his lusts secures to him any thing but rest. This curse is indeed a messenger from God—the angel with the drawn sword who bars the gates of paradise to sinful man, and drives him out into the wilderness, in order that he there may learn, in the midst of its sorrows and trials, to sigh for his lost paradise, and for that Prince of Peace who shall open again to him the closed portals. But to us who have been born and baptized in the bosom of Christendom; to us does the word of God clearly exhibit the truth, that as we have been united to God by this strong, twofold bond, all the heavenward longings which may be awakened in us, can find their satisfaction only in communion with our Saviour. I say *our* Saviour, for his, indeed, we are through the mystic bond of our baptism. From thence onward, up from the first days of our childhood to the present, is the spirit of our reconciled God ever active in us, convincing us of sin because we believe not in the Son, and of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged; never ceasing to strive with us if so be our eyes might be opened to behold our wretchedness, and our hearts made willing to embrace, with earnest longing, him who left the glory of the Father in

order to become our Saviour, and who became a babe, poor and lowly, in order to lift us out of our poverty and lowliness, and out of the misery of our sin, to heal our inward woe, and to still the secret sighing of the creature with his own everlasting peace. On this account may we, and must we, also this day declare that the message of the angel is joy to all nations inasmuch as in the Saviour, and in that word which testifies of him, not only is the mystery of our sighing explained, but also our homesick yearnings find their perfect satisfaction through the wonderful grace of God.

But whether this longing is felt and recognized by individuals, or not; whether they are drawn to God, and are reconciled to him through Christ, or not, it nevertheless remains true, that there is joy to all nations in Christ, since in him has salvation become perfectly manifest to the whole world. The glory of that birth which we rejoice in, depends not for its luster on the conduct of those for whom this child appeared. Though thousands may resist the drawings of the Spirit, and stifle the true yearnings of their hearts; though the whole world become rebellious and deny Christ, yet the glory of that salvation which has appeared in him will become none the less bright. For whether we requite love with ingratitude and hate, or not, this lessens not in the least the glory of that love itself; for out from the night of our ingratitude and hate it will shine forth only the more radiantly. Now in the incarnation of Christ the eternal love of God has reached such a degree as to have in itself a perfect glory—as to be in itself a salvation for the whole world; for that Being whom the angel proclaimed as the Saviour he also named Christ the Lord. But if he calls the Lord a Saviour—a Deliverer—a Beatifier, then must every thing which belongs to this Lord have part in that salvation which the Lord brings.

But what is there which belongs not to this Lord? for Jesus Christ is he through whom "all things were created, that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him. And he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Now all this has in its proper Lord its Saviour also, and that too, not merely according to the measure in which it turns toward him; rather it found in him a Saviour when as yet it was fearfully hostile to him; even while the shadows of death were still covering the whole world, then was this Saviour, even the Lord and Creator of this whole world, already born into it as a poor child. For he became man for the sake of dying for the world, in order by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him I say whether they be things in earth or things in heaven, having made peace through the blood of his cross. Through himself did Christ become the Saviour of the whole world in that he voluntarily humbled himself, and by suffering for the world turned God's love toward it in himself. For now henceforth the Father loves the whole human race in the incarnate

Saviour. God hath built himself a tabernacle in that Son, in whom the Father is well pleased, and in this he dwells once more with his grace among the children of men. In that Son who sanctified himself for the world is the unholy world atoned for; so that not only do the curse and the judgment of God no more burden the world, but the light of divine grace also shines upon all nations, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same. Therefore may the whole world boast that in that Lord who became a Saviour, heaven and earth have found salvation; that an eternal, unchangeable salvation has been proffered to the world in that child, of whom the Scripture saith: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might have everlasting life." And this salvation for all the world was born in that child, whose birth we this day celebrate, even in Christ, who is a joy unto all people.

Now beloved, consider whether he, who has brought joy unto all people, is indeed the joy of your heart also; for then only have you a part in that salvation which has appeared to all the world in Christ. He only can rejoice in the Saviour who knows his need of a Saviour, and believes from the heart that in Christ *his* Saviour was born unto *him*. But such faith springs only out of the lively recognition of our own poverty, lowliness and corruption; for then we tremble before the holiness of God, yet, at the same time, also, out of our very hearts' depths do we sigh for God, the helping Saviour. Such sighing will surely and effectually be hushed. Do not regret that you can no more go with shepherds and worship at the manger-crib of this babe. For the babe which was born, and died, is now risen to the right hand of the majesty on high. From hence he reigns in power, and is ever present with those who call on his name, not as a poor, weak babe, but as the Saviour of the world clothed with all might. And that fellowship he now holds with his own is not a transient, visible presence, but the abiding communion of his Holy Spirit and glorified body, miraculous in its working and full of spiritual blessing, both for the souls and bodies of his faithful ones. May God grant that, with this child, we too become as children in true spiritual poverty and lowliness, in order that we, with him, may learn to deny ourselves, and live not unto ourselves but unto him; so shall we also obtain, for his sake, the life in him who comes from God; and as the redeemed of the Son, as the members of that body, of which he is the head, shall we be raised to the enjoyment of that eternal glory to which the Son himself returned through poverty, in order that he might introduce thither all who love his appearing!

DISCOURSE IV.

CARL IMMANUEL NITZSCH, D.D.

We have already given some particulars as to the University of Halle (sketch of Tholuck); and, passing over now to Berlin, a few facts here may be of interest. The University of Berlin, although one of the youngest, occupies the first rank, not only in Germany, but in the world. It was founded in 1810, at the time of the deepest humiliation of Prussia, and became one of the means of its intellectual, moral, and national regeneration, which resulted in the victorious emancipation from the yoke of the French conqueror in 1813–14. Frederic William III. assigned for its use a magnificent palace in the finest part of the city, with endowments and many privileges, which his successor, Frederic William IV., an enthusiastic patron of literature and art, greatly increased. It numbers over one hundred and sixty teachers, and nearly two thousand students.

No university was ever favored with such a galaxy of distinguished scholars as Berlin during the last fifty years. The very first masters, in every department of science, have taught there together, or in succession, from the beginning, and are teaching in part to this day. Among the theologians, are the well-known names of Schleiermacher, Neander, Marheineke, De Wette, Twesten, Hengstenberg, Theremin, and Nitzsch. Distinguished among those who now fill the theological chairs, is the last-named professor, who is at Berlin much what Dr. Tholuck is at Halle.

Dr. Nitzsch was born September 21, 1787, two years before Neander and Twesten, and the very year of the adoption of the Federal Constitution of the United States. His father, Carl Ludwig, was General Superintendent and first Director of the Theological Seminary at Wittenberg, the birth-place of the Lutheran Reformation. The son received the thorough classical training for which the schools of Saxony and Prussia are distinguished. His principal theological teacher was, probably, Reinhard. He commenced public life, in 1812, as deacon of that venerable castle-church at whose gates Luther affixed the famous Ninety-five Theses against the indulgences of the Dominican mountebank Tetzel. Subsequently he became superintendent and theological professor of the seminary at Wittenberg. In 1817 he received the degree of Doctor of Theology from the theological faculty in the University at Berlin. In 1820 he became "Propst" at Kemberg; and in 1822 was called to Bonn as professor "ordinarius," and university preacher. Here he spent the years of his manhood, as the acknowledged head of the theological faculties and the chief attraction to the students. He took, at the same time, an active interest in all the practical questions and affairs of the church in the western provinces of Prussia. In 1847, he accepted a call to Berlin to fill the vacancy created in the

theological faculty by the death of Dr. Marheineke. He is now the oldest divine of that university, but as active and energetic as ever. In addition to his lectures, he preaches, once in two weeks, to the professors and students, and attends the sessions of the *Oberkirchenrath*, of which he is a regular member. Quite recently he was elected also Propst (provost) of St. Nicolai.

As a theological author, Nitzsch is best known by his "*System der Christlichen Lehre*," or, System of Christian Doctrine, which appeared first in 1828. It struck out a new path in the line of didactic theology. It gives, with compressed brevity, an exhibition of Christian dogmatics and ethics, as an undivided system of life. He also published, in 1837, a work (yet unfinished) on Practical Theology, besides which he put forth, between the years 1815 and 1848, six collections of sermons. Nitzsch is regarded as one of the ablest champions of Protestantism against the powerful attack of Mohler's Symbolik. His articles on the subject, first published in the "*Studien und Kritiken*," and then in separate book forms, in 1835, enriched by one hundred Protestant theses, greatly extended his reputation. He prepared a similar series of articles against the infidel dogmatics of Strauss. He has also written a number of Latin dissertations, and is one of the founders and frequent contributors to the three theological journals, the "Studien und Kritiken," the "Bonner Monatschrift," and the "Deutsche Zeitschrift fur Christl. Wissenshaft und Christl. Leben."

As a lecturer, Nitzsch has the singular habit of half-buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, and taking snuff at regular intervals. But the sense of ridicule is kept down by his dignified and venerable appearance, and the excellent matter of his lectures on the various branches of systematic and practical theology. He has probably more personal influence upon the students than any of his colleagues. Of all the German divines still living, it is said that there is no one who carries with him so much moral weight in his personal appearance as Dr. Nitzsch. Hengstenberg may surpass in energy and decision of will, but Nitzsch has greater dignity of character, as he is more venerable by age, and more winning by mildness and charity. He is, emphatically, *homo gravis*, and yet very unassuming and plain in address and manner, both in the lecture-room, in the pulpit, and at home. He moves like a patriarch, combining the present generation with the age of Schleiermacher and Neander, among the professors, ministers, and students of Berlin.

The sermons of Professor Nitzsch are not very popular in Germany, probably from the abrupt and obscure manner of expressing his thoughts. His style is at the farthest remove from the plastic and imaginative, and exceedingly involved, and difficult to be rendered into another tongue. But they abound in rich thought from the fountain of truth, and are not destitute of earnestness and depth of feeling. That which is here given, is of his own selection, for this special purpose. Among us it might be called a "*Baccalaureate Discourse*;" having been pronounced at the close of an academical winter semester. We mistake if it is not deemed worthy of the term *magnificent*, which a ripe German scholar applied to it, after a careful perusal. Much labor has been bestowed upon the translation, in order to give it a smooth and transparent rendering, and, at the same time, be just to the original. To be appreciated the discourse needs to be studied.

THE PREACHING OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Beloved Fathers and Brethren—Rapidly has this term of familiar intercourse with the sciences, both in word and life, reached its close. At the commencement, we reflected upon the sowing and the harvest; and not without reason did we inquire what was meant by sowing to the Spirit, and what, by sowing to the flesh; and from the one, to reap life; and from the other, corruption. And now it may be asked, how have we sowed, and what hopes may we entertain respecting a harvest.

At the expiration of our term, when some of us will have finished our academical course forever, and the most of us will be only interrupted in it for a while, in order to give ourselves to recreation, or to retired study, or to social intercourse at the fireside, I feel constrained, my honored and dear brethren, to call your attention, first of all, to that *other* career which suffers no interruption, and which presses on to a termination quite different from the present one. It is a career which admits of no vacation. It allows of no parting one from the other. And the now approaching festivals will proclaim to you, in company with large numbers of fellow-Christian champions, the aim, the help, and the succor which is granted to those who enter upon it.

It devolves upon us to conclude this semester, in the full view of what is here presented before us, and to season and complete whatever disheartening or elevating experiences we have passed through, with that wisdom which is derived from the proclamation of the cross of Christ.

For if we are now about to devote the just commencing days of rest, and separation, and varied reunion at home only to pleasure and vanity, according to our respective humors, then will these solemnities witness against us with their real character, saying, "But we preach only Christ crucified." If we exult over our own works and achievements, or lift ourselves in pride above those around us, then will these again in like manner administer their rebuke, "We believe in Christ the crucified." Again, if we wish to ask after, or be inquired of respecting wisdom, and consent to lightly estimate that which truly moves the hearts of others, for whose sake we should be really wise, then will these again protest against our conduct and assert, "But by us is preached Christ the crucified."

He, who in the name of Christians generally, first introduced this characteristic expression, still ever kept in view that "wisdom" which at Rome, at Corinth, at Athens, throughout all the schools, was esteemed as the more important element in human life; yea, was honored only too much, as the most important object of man's regards.

With this preamble, and by the help of the Spirit of truth and sancti-

fication, let us now proceed to consider the words of the holy Scripture, found in 1 Cor., i. 23, 24:

"But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness. But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

The apostle, whose lot it was to be the first herald of Christ in the chief centers of secular culture, and to the remotest circuits around, insists, for this very reason, all the more strenuously on making Christ crucified the main object of his preaching; and this fact should prompt us, especially in these days, and in such an assembly as this, to contemplate afresh this cardinal doctrine of our profession and worship. With him it seemed not merely a matter of personal experience, but also a deep-felt necessity, that a proclamation of this sort, made at the first, according as persons and occasions offered, should be to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. And now, since in both the Jewish and Greek character there existed something more than national idiosyncracies of thought—since in them there are manifested the common tendencies of the world, and of the natural man everywhere, how can we fail to perceive that from the same causes, like effects will universally follow? But Paul looked also to the divinely elect among both classes, and then was it to him, also, more than a dictate of experience; it was a necessity, penetrating both present and future, that to them Christ would be at once divine power, and divine wisdom. It is an assurance which always abides, indestructible.

Let us bring this statement more fully under contemplation as we explain in their causes:

1. The stumbling-block felt by the Jews, as well as the Greeks, in the preaching of the cross; and

2. The opposite effect of the same upon those who are called.

"But we," says the apostle, "preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." If under the term "Christ," we imagine simply a Jesus of Nazareth, in his holy mildness and innocence, in his wondrous beneficence, in his labors in behalf of the souls of his brethren; if by "crucified" be meant only his unmerited sufferings, and his shameful martyr death; if by "preaching" or proclamation we understand nothing but the description of his person, and the exhibition of such a human life and death as was his, it is not easy to see how, *e. g.*, to those Jews who had taken no part as opposers in his history in Palestine, he could have proved a stumbling-block; and among the Greeks, who had a quick sense for whatever was distinguished and noble, for virtue and spiritual freedom, how he could have experienced nothing but contempt. The former ought to have placed him in the series of their holy prophets; and the latter should have ranked him among their wisest and noblest sons. For the educated and

refined portion of the world he ought to have been an object of attraction and great significance. But now, this crucified one is Christ, a Lord over all; and this Christ is a crucified one; and thus set before us in light or shade, he is not simply exhibited, but preached, *i. e.*, offered to all creatures, to every soul, for believing reception, for penitent embrace, for humble submission; and that, too, in the name of the living God who has made heaven and earth—who has given in him both the law and promise—who has overlooked and forborne with sin, in order now to reveal in him his righteousness from faith to faith. *This* is, indeed, altogether another thing.

Here, in the first place, is disclosed to us the reason why Christ was a stumbling-block to the Jews. By a stumbling-block is meant something which, according to all expectation, ought to have been most holy and most glorious, but which in appearance and reality, proves to be common, unworthy, and injurious. A just anticipation in this case feels itself to have been sadly deceived, and the most earnest longing turns away in hatred and disgust from its object, as it is seen coming forth to contradict every cherished hope. I then hate where I should and would have only loved. I fling stones at that which ought to have been worshiped. For the title, name, and birth-place of the person, the doctrine, and the whole cause have all beguiled me. Here is the stumbling-block. Christ, Messiah, kingdom of heaven, redemption—what attractive, exciting objects these for the Jew, unto whom the ends of the earth were come. But Christ, on the *cross!* a Redeemer delivered over into the hands of the *heathen!* God's Son, and no mustering of heaven and earth! no divine day of judgment and of triumph, ushering in for God's people a supremacy over all the Gentiles—and gathering together the legitimate servants of the Most High! What a contradiction was there in *such* divine blessedness to Jews who felt blessed only in this world! Then did the flesh begin to set promise at strife with promise, and law with law. But surely in vain. The Spirit sealed unto the Crucified his kingdom—in all lands—through all times—even unto this day. Kings and queens bow themselves, and nations are prostrate before his name; and, so far as this has happened, or still happens, does the stumbling-block in a degree vanish away. But yet is the offense rooted in the hearts of men; still it rises and acts itself out, although in various ways and degrees because of that Judaism which still cleaves to our nature throughout the world, even among Christians. An older calling, a diviner promise we can not think to have than—to be happy, to have enjoyments; and, with this, how can we reconcile Good Friday, the cross, and that holy passion which these days commemorate, and into whose fellowship these seek to draw men? I have conducted myself honestly, I will say; I have labored much in behalf of virtue; I therefore am looking for a reward of peace. But I am here bidden to fix my eye upon the token of forgiveness of sin! Very well. I would be-

lieve and tread hopefully over all the obstructions and dangers incident to righteousness and every holy cause; but I behold any thing but the power of the Lord bursting forth upon malefactors and enemies. At the cross all my proud thoughts vanish. I might comfort myself in the thought of being better than others. I might boast of my righteousness and good works. I might even continue to move on in the customary and yet approved paths of life. I might see my own light shining through the shadows which publicans and sinners cast upon it. But there at the cross I behold the type of perfect righteousness, which absorbs all the shadows flung upon it, and eclipses my light, in the form of human suffering—at once full of shame and majesty. I see there all the heathen and all malefactors invited to him, who constrains them to repent, believe and live, and—I myself among them? In this manner did my contemplative soul often meditate upon that touching emblem. But hardly did the word of God unfold to me its full import, when the proud Jewish spirit within revolted and braced itself against the holy cause with all kinds of claims and propositions drawn from my own understanding and righteousness, as if it were nothing holy—as if it were something alien and hostile to me—as if it were a device conceived for the suppression of my natural freedom. And how far does this come short of the stumbling-block over which the Jews fell?

3. Undoubtedly the case was different with the Greeks. With them no Messiah was lost—no divine election injured—no promise destroyed, when they heard the preaching of the Crucified. "Folly upon folly!" was the only reply they were disposed to make. But, as formerly, the scandal on the part of the Jews, and the scorn on the part of the Greeks, led to like results—to wit: no faith, no salvation, and to yet more decided hostility to the truth—so now still, is the *cold* of a repulsive indifference, but slightly diverse in its effects from the *heat* of a bitter opposition. The Greeks, who did not ask after a sign, sought for wisdom, and the response given them from the cross appeared but foolishness. Of course others followed, who, having gone through all the schools without any satisfaction of heart, discovered at last in the acts and words of God, that light which disclosed the hidden evil within, and, consuming it, poured its healing beams over the earth, and upon all mankind, so that they, through faith, got understanding, and learned to raise the reverential inquiries of science to the objects of faith. Then was a wise science no more ashamed of the cross. The preachers of the crucified became the teachers of the world. But, nevertheless, has not the much longer-lived and wide-spread Greekism of the human heart once more gained the upper hand, and felt disposed to cry again, "O folly upon folly," the more truly and vitally the Crucified has been preached? Knowledge, indeed, in itself is not of evil, and wisdom is verily the virtue of knowledge. For, unquestionably, a person is to be called wise only according and in proportion as he receives whatever is eternal,

true or good, for the most certain objects of knowledge, and comprehends and loves and practices it, and intends, with his whole being, what he thus receives. And O, would that the wisdom after the flesh, of which the apostle speaks in the context, were not a mere deceptive imitation of this! So far as the vanity of a self-seeking heart is the spring of inquiry, and furnishes the chief incentive to knowledge, it will lead only to a wisdom which utterly denies this glorious relation between knowledge and life in every point. Under its influence, I gladly recognize only those things which do not overpower and constrain me, as does the truth of God and his ways; and I prefer only what I can master. Knowledge delights me, not because it is one with the truth of love, and with the practice of goodness. By no means; but simply because by it I can escape the fear and the hope which things inspire within me; because it releases me from faith and prayer; yea, even from acting according to right and law. It appears to me to be designed only for the elect few, whose business it is to guide and instruct the ignorant. I leave it for others to practice; to do right; to obey; to serve. They may carry out what I think. They may plague themselves about laws and about ways of salvation. I only live for the spirit. I am free. I occupy an elevation far above these things. Thus did the Greek delight to argue away all religions, and build up only states. So does he still oftentimes.

And must not the preaching of the cross to him seem folly? His hope is, that a person who, like Paul, dares to step forth upon the market-place at Athens, will prove a still further development of human thought. But Paul announces only historic acts and revelations of God! "*Out*, then, with the superstition of the barbarians!" Paul tells how God winked at the times of ignorance; how God loved the world, and redeemed it through the death of his Son; he prays, in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God; he declares the active working of sin unto death, and of righteousness unto life. "O what a *folly* to be thus deceived in regard to the purity of humanity, and the loftiness of human thought! What cowardice and thralldom not to trust more to one's self! What a perversity thus to sink down from those heights of enlightenment where there is no ruffling of the spirit—no law—no sin—into that lower sphere of vulgar God-fearing piety!" Questions and answers like these still emanate from the heart of the natural Greek; and often does it happen, that, with this tendency, he would rather pass over into the state of Jewish scandal and offense, than give honor to Christ.

Nevertheless the preacher of the cross does not withhold his testimony. He knows of a very different result ensuing from his doctrine. To him it proves no stumbling-block that the Jews are offended. For him, what is wisdom, remains wisdom. Every thing depends upon the fitness of the men who hear. For we read, To them who are called, both Jews and Greeks, we preach Christ, the power of God, and

the wisdom of God. The preaching of God the apostle confesses to be folly. But shall the foolishness of God not be wiser than men? The preaching of God is weak, low, humble; but shall the divine weakness not be stronger than men? The whole matter hinges on two points—power and wisdom. Look only for them. Watch them rightly. Let them be truly attested. Then will God, who has threatened to take the wise in their folly, and the strong in their weakness, call you, and set you to trace out his power, and to discern his wisdom.

Glorious is Might—the last, the highest! Why should it not, then, be *Right?* Why should it not be good—be *God?* Glorious is God Almighty! Why should I not ask after his signs? why not seek for them? If I hitherto have been fearing man, alas! too much, why should I now not rejoice to fear God instead?—yea, God alone? The world, and nature's laws, oppress my heart, and I breathe the freer as often as I discern in them the Lord of nature—the world's beginning and end—the eternal One. And yet I am a part of this fleeting world; and, what is worse, I am not free from it—from its spirit and essence; and I tremble before the God who alone can help me! Glorious is God in his judgment of the flesh! In the miracles of history he executeth justice and judgment for all who are oppressed. He lifteth up the needy, and casteth the mighty down from their seats.

But who believes this report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For we act according to our pleasure as before. We defy it and then we waver hesitatingly. We are not overcome; neither yet do we overcome. The suffering might of the Lord—the divine majesty restraining and vailing itself in the deep woes of sin—the love manifested in weakness—the godlike love—this must be the power which achieves all this. Approach hither and die unto yourselves, that ye too may live! Here, and here alone, is the victory of the Spirit over the flesh celebrated. Hence emanates the might which at once destroys and quickens the will. For those who look on the cross, sin is henceforth no more. If the law can not impart to you a love for goodness, then betake yourself to this. Here perish the works of the flesh, for God's power slays them through mortification, and through instruction, and through the forgiveness of the sinner. In the pure ways of God's truth and grace, the might of the Lord penetrates the heart, and precipitates from their thrones the idols of pleasure and of ambition, and drives away the demons of hate and jealousy. Have you never yet suffered under a slaying, but still not quickening law? Here is the end of the law. Do ye never desire a pure—a new heart? Here must the wish become a prayer, a sole cry of need; and here is for you the fulfillment of the prayer and the promise.

Ye who have tried so often to conquer yourselves, and have succeeded, perhaps, but once, and not again—ye who have sought so long for freedom only, freedom from law, from faith, from love, entire freedom from right-

eousness, and, if possible, freedom only for unrighteousness—and have thought to live according to the creed of your own imagination, and yet have again fallen in subjection under the law, sometimes of the spirit and sometimes of the flesh, and from all this have reaped only corruption and death, or only vanishing dreams and bitter slavery, let the foolish, powerless divine Might of the cross once subdue you, and you will be victorious in all things. He who came with blood, will descend on you with his Spirit; he will make you children; he will make you truly men—warriors—victors. "Ye have overcome the wicked one," exclaimed John to the young men; and how could this have been, save in him who, in quiet, spiritual conflicts, binds the strong man as the One stronger than he? If faith is our victory—if he who is born of God overcometh the world—whence do these heroic energies originate save in the Lamb of God, who is also the Lion of the tribe of Judah?

Only too slowly, only too rarely does this energizing of man display itself. Even for the susceptible spirits, where are the true preachers of the cross to be found? For even when the former exist, the latter are often sadly wanting. Why always resort to antiquity, to our church-books and catechisms for that which is to move and sanctify the heart? So, then, the wise bethink themselves of some shorter and more immediate agencies, or devise some fresh novelty. *Wisdom* they will never bid too much for. "Howbeit," exclaims the same apostle, "we speak wisdom among them that are perfect." "If any man thinks he knows any thing, he yet knows nothing as he ought to know it." Those who are called—both Jews and Greeks—have learned, or will learn, from experience, that they are unrighteous, sinful men, who become righteous only through the power and grace of God—that the human will and disposition receive ever anew from God the ability to become good; and should the wise alone experience or confess that he is unwise? In truth, the fullness of wisdom is only to be sought for in the objects of faith—objects which would never have come into the apprehensions of men, had not God revealed them by his glorious deeds. And yet, since the revelation is come, does it partly convert the thinkers into fools, and partly, for centuries past, continue to draw numbers unto itself, that they may become absorbed therein; for no object of science equals in vastness, in height, in depth, the fact, that the word of God became flesh, and that God spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all. Surely that faith is wisdom among the perfect, which, while it leads children, youth, and barbarians to happiness, ceases not to occupy thoughtful and profound minds, even though it leaves to indifference, repels, or alienates, those in the intervening stages of culture.

Yea, verily, that faith is wisdom among the perfect, by which alone we are enabled to perceive the history of God in the history of humanity; and the running threads of a higher guidance in all things; which teaches us to detect the harmony, and the wise adaptations in the separations

and combinations of nations, in their downfall and their continuance, and in their various contributions to the advancement of God's kingdom; while those, upon whom this light has dawned, are evermore prompted to exclaim, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out; for who has known the mind of the Lord?" But we do apprehend it, and yet it is never exhausted. The preaching of the cross announces to us the reconciliation of the great contrast of law and promise, the pause and the advance in the divine judgment, the entire holiness of God in his patience toward sin, and the blending of righteousness and grace in one. All permission of evil is justified; and by means as simple as they are wonderful, all the sins of the world are judged and condemned, in that they are forgiven.

Here is truth to be had—here is the art of living and suffering for every office, and every state in life to be obtained. Not that the wise had apprehended altogether, or were as yet perfect. Only that Jesus Christ has apprehended us—only that we, apprehended by him, forget the things which are behind, be they childish joy or childish innocence, the sins of youth, which insist on continued indulgence, or the attained virtue, which is satisfied with itself, only that we may strive after that which lies before us in our heavenly calling, even amid earthly pursuits, as an inestimable treasure.

Let us now, as the festival-days draw near—Good Friday and Easter—not turn away from the preaching of the cross. Let us enter the congregations wherever we find them assembled, where men, where pilgrims, like ourselves, looking to the close of the Redeemer's life, smite their breasts and repent. From such summits he has kindly promised to draw every one unto himself. Who is of the truth hears his voice. Why should we be eternally talking of perfection, of the culture of the mind and heart; or be thinking and striving after this, and yet neglect the only infallible commencement of the same—the true beginning of all human, Christian, professional cultivation—which is, that we be apprehended by Jesus Christ, with sorrow or joy, from repentance and courage, unto gratitude and striving, in repentance and faith? Without him we can do nothing. Through him, we can do all things; and to him be honor, thanksgiving, and praise, forever and ever! Amen.

DISCOURSE V.

RUDOLF STIER, D.D.

Search has been made in vain in the latest German publications, even of the "Conversations Lexicon," for biographical facts as to Dr. Stier, and our own correspondence has failed; so that but few particulars respecting this distinguished divine can be given. He is best known in Germany and other countries, from his "Words of Jesus," which were published some seventeen years since, and have been incorporated into the issues of "Clarke's Foreign Theological Library." They have taken their place as standard works; evincing minute analysis, and keen investigation into the secret thread and real meaning of the words which fell from the Master's lips.

His method, which is a combination of the critical and the practical, is something unusual among the Germans, but has been received, on the whole, with great favor. To his extensive learning and more than ordinary originality of mind, Dr. Stier adds, also, an entire faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

One great excellence of his commentaries, is their unwearied protest against Rationalism. Besides this great work, Dr. Stier has gained a considerable reputation by the publication of a "Commentary on the Psalms," and his "Epistel Predigten," a large quarto volume of more than a thousand pages, printed at Halle, in 1837, and made up of discourses, etc., on a great variety of topics.

The sermon here given is translated from the above volume, and is a favorable specimen of his discourses. As will be seen, his style is peculiar; and the matter of his sermons is oftentimes little more than a skillful dovetailing together of Scripture texts, which bear upon the special theme; though the remark is not so true of that here furnished. He has been heard to observe, that it is useless to preach polemics against theoretical Rationalism, because it does not exist among the country people generally; and he would bring himself down in preaching, on a level with the common mind. Dr. Stier was for some years pastor in Frankleben. In 1851 he resided at Berlin; but is now Doctor of Theology, chief pastor, and superintendent of Schkeuditz.

THE THREE PILLARS OF OUR FAITH.

"Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures; and that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all, he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."—1 Cor., xv. 1–10.

The Apostle Paul here most earnestly reminds the Christians at Corinth, of that gospel which he had preached unto them. They had at that time "received" it from him, and for the most part still "stood fast" and hoped one day to be saved "thereby." But, upon the one hand, there was no lack of erroneous doctrines among them; so that the apostle was obliged to add: "if ye keep in memory *what I preached unto you*;" while, upon the other, on account of their sensual disposition, he had cause still more sharply to say, "unless ye have believed in vain." Therefore, as at another time he upbraids the faithless Galatians with apostolical zeal, and declares there is no other gospel, and that not even an angel from heaven could preach another, than that preached by him —that he had "not received or learned it from any man, but through the revelation of Jesus Christ;" so here he reminds the Corinthians with great emphasis of the firm and certain foundations of the doctrine in which they had been instructed. He places once more clearly before them the great central feature of Christian faith; that it is faith in Christ—in Christ as him who for us hath died and risen again. He had delivered unto them "*first of all*," not merely the history of Christ's death and burial, but that which he "had received" for his own personal comfort and vivification, that which is the first and highest of the cardinal doctrines—the kernel and center of the gospel, "*that Christ died for our sins!*" Only from the reconciling death of Christ comes our salvation and the glad tidings of salvation—"the word of reconciliation," and "the preaching of the cross." But that Christ *has* died for our sins, is only made sure and certain by his *resurrection*, by which God hath vindicated him as his Son, and given testimony that his offering for the world hath been accepted. This, Paul sets forth in the verses following our text, and rightly maintains, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain—ye are yet in your sins." While here at the commencement of the chapter he shows the firm and

certain ground of his preaching, from the fact that it not only agrees with Scripture, but rests also upon indubitable history, he likewise brings forth with special prominence, the fact that the really accomplished resurrection is beyond a doubt. For this there was *especial* need, inasmuch as the erroneous teachers of Corinth were inclined to attack, and wished to overthrow the doctrine of the resurrection; but it is also true in general that in the words, "the Lord is risen indeed," lies the peculiar proof of the whole gospel, and only on that account holds the apostle so fast to it.

We, also, Christian friends, need to be often reminded of that gospel which is yet preached unto us, for the most part, according to the doctrine of the same apostle. It is even as he says in the eleventh verse, "Whether it were I or they, so we preached, and so ye believed." All apostles preach harmoniously, and all the preachers of Christendom should teach, all Christians believe, nothing otherwise. It is, and abides the same gospel of Christ, who for us hath died and risen again. But even among us also is there an abundance of erroneous doctrines, which would fain overthrow one thing or another, and thereby the whole gospel. Even among us, apart from this, is there abundant danger that many "believe in vain," and fail of salvation through the grace of Christ, because the precious word of grace is to them "in word only," and not "in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Let us, therefore, for the awakening and strengthening of our living and earnest faith, proceed to consider the firmness of the foundations, on which rests our belief in the gospel of Christ. There are three firm grounds here specified in our text: viz., the *account* of Christ which is in perfect agreement with the wonderful, divinely-given *Scriptures;* the *history* of this Christ, who came, according to prophecy, which is most fully confirmed by eye-witnesses; and thirdly, *the power of grace*, which was promised unto believers, and has most gloriously shown itself from the beginning in *its effects*. SCRIPTURE HISTORY, and the EFFECTS OF GRACE, therefore, unite in testimony for the gospel; let us consider them both.

I preached unto you "that Christ died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*," and that he rose again the third day "*according to the Scriptures*." Thus Paul here appeals to the ancient written word with which that newly preached agreed; and thus among Jews or heathen did he ever preach, according to the Scriptures. With the Jews at Thessalonica, as we are told, at one time "he reasoned three Sabbath-days out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom (said he) I preached unto you is the Christ," of whom such things stand written. Before king Agrippa he joyfully vindicated himself, saying, I speak "none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come, that he should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and show light unto the people and

unto the Gentiles." Yea, he refers even the heathen to the same Scriptures, which hitherto had been intrusted only to the Jews, but which now with the gospel, should come unto all people, as we have seen in the case of the Corinthians, who were formerly, for the most part, heathen idolaters. And did the other apostles, among whom Paul reckoned himself only the least, otherwise? We know that the Holy Ghost, as soon as poured out at the beginning, cried out by the mouth of Peter, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel." So "speaketh David" of the resurrection and ascension, which he "saw before." We know that Peter further testified that "all the prophets from Samuel, and those that followed after, as many as have spoken, have likewise foretold of these days;" that Moses had referred to him as the "greatest prophet;" that God promised him unto Abraham. Had not the Risen himself shown to his apostles "all things which were written concerning him in the law of Moses and in the Psalms?" He said unto them, "Thus is it written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day, and," according to these Scriptures, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." In like manner, through the Holy Ghost, did he teach his apostle Paul; for it was the will of God that among all people, Christ should be preached "*according to the Scriptures.*" God "had promised afore by his prophets in the holy Scriptures," the gospel of Jesus Christ "who was made of the seed of David according to the flesh." Supreme wisdom hath wisely ordered, that the glad tidings of salvation should not be proclaimed upon the earth as something wholly new and incredible, and, on this account, as on many others, preparations and prophecies long preceded it. And thus was there pointed out for Israel, a stronger ground for faith at the time of fulfillment. It is all only a fulfillment of your Scriptures—only the completion of the revelations already made to you—only that to which all God's dealings with you have aimed from the beginning. So was it also, even for the heathen, a stronger ground for faith, that the messengers of Christ brought, not a mere novel, oral word, but had at the same time in their hands the ancient Scriptures of Israel, a people whom they well knew; and said, Behold we announce to you precisely what was promised from the beginning. How wonderful is the agreement! Not only do the prophets speak of a future Messiah in general, and of his kingdom; not only does the whole of the Old Testament seem the commencement thereof, without which aim it is wholly purposeless; not only are the great facts of Christ's death and resurrection distinctly foretold, but also many an individual circumstance in the whole history —how the Lord should be rejected, betrayed, sold—how they should "cast lots for his garments," that he should be BURIED with the rich, although it was otherwise determined for him with the wicked*—that he

* Isaiah, liii. 9, correctly translated.—AUTHOR.

would rise upon THE THIRD DAY;—to which Paul also here calls attention—and many other things. Whoever considers the Old Testament with an honest heart and an open understanding, and compares with it the contents of the New, must be convinced that here is a *connection*—here is ONE covenant of God with men prepared of old time, and now completed and established by Jesus of Nazareth—as the promised Messiah.

We have these Scriptures upon whose words, first of all, our faith in Christ rests. We have, moreover, other Scriptures with them—the New Testament—because the account and doctrine of the fulfillment has been written out by the Holy Ghost for our good, that we may bring the two together and compare them. When our preachers appeal thereto, as they all should, when they say, "we preach unto you according to the Scriptures," they mean thereby the word of "the apostles and prophets," on whose "foundation" we "are built." Not *according to reason* is the gospel preached unto us—not according to our reason, nor that of the preacher, nor that of any man, for, truly, high above all human thought, soars that, "without controversy, great mystery—God manifest in the flesh"—that boundless wonder, if one regards it rightly, where the Lord suffers himself to be martyred for his servant—where the true God gives himself even unto death for us lost men. As a new psalmist, of one faith with the old, sings,

"Th' eternal counsel to redeem,
To expiate the guilt of man,
Surpassed my thought; nor did I dream
E'en in thy word lay such a plan!"

But it is God's word which reveals unto us his counsel. What is written, *that* it is which has been determined; and all is one vast, wonderful plan of divine wisdom. The Scriptures harmonize inimitably in all the books which make up the holy book. Though written by wholly different men, in a period of one and a half millennia, it is nevertheless one whole, as if from one, and the first chapter of Moses finds its conclusion only in the last of John's revelation. Search, my beloved, in these Scriptures, that you may strengthen your faith; "the Scripture can not be broken," saith the Lord; for, as Luther says, it is a ring, which, if it break in one place, were never more whole. Know only, that these Scriptures which, in two testaments, testify of Christ, have maintained themselves, for almost two thousand years, against all the wisdom of this world. The unbelief of a modern time, which has now partly past by, is yielding to the new faith of many—it is not for a moment to be thought that all the cunning or learning of men shall overcome the word of God.

Let us then proceed to the second rock-foundation on which, as we have said, our gospel stands. In those Scriptures which most nearly

concern us, in the New Testament, is contained the main fact, the history of the Life and Death, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus Christ. Is not that a sure and certain history above every doubt? Yes, it is; for our faith, like the faith of the first believers, ever rests upon the indisputable testimony of EYE-WITNESSES. Of this we are reminded in our text, for Paul here maintains the certainty, particularly of Christ's resurrection, from such testimony. "He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures, and WAS SEEN," first "of Cephas" or Peter, the disciple who had betrayed him, and whom Christ now hastened to comfort, for his angel commissioned the women at the sepulcher to "tell it to his disciples and [particularly] to Peter." It was reported already in the assembly of the apostles, even before the disciples had seen him at Emmaus. "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." Afterward was he SEEN OF THE TWELVE, even by the later chosen Matthew, who was present at the first appearances—even by Thomas, the stubborn and melancholy doubter, who must needs "put his finger in the prints of the nails, and thrust his hand into the side" of his Lord, in order to believe. Afterward he was seen upon a mountain in Galilee, "where Jesus had appointed them," "BY MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED BRETHREN at once," of whom, Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "the greater part yet lived," so that one could interrogate them; "but some were fallen asleep," and nevertheless continued to testify, for they had fallen asleep in hope, in faith upon the Risen, even as all the apostles and early Christians who preserved their faith unto the end "though dead, yet speak." Afterward he was seen by James, his brother, the subsequent bishop of Jerusalem, whom, according to an old account, he convinced in a similar way as Thomas; after that, to all whom he had ordained to be his apostles and the witnesses of his resurrection; "and, last of all, he was seen" of *Paul* also, for he likewise was "chosen" to "see that Just One, and to hear the voice of his mouth, that he might be a witness unto all men of what he had seen and heard." "For I have appeared unto thee for this purpose," saith the Lord himself to him, "to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee."

But as the resurrection particularly, so still more was the whole life and death of Christ first certified, and still is certified to us, by the writings of *eye-witnesses*. Two of the evangelists could say, "that which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled * * * what we have seen and heard, that declare we unto you." Luke honestly assures us that "he had had a perfect understanding of all things, from the very first," with those "who, from the beginning, were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word." Mark writes as the confidential scholar and attendant of the first apostle, Peter, who was not only the first of men that saw the Arisen, but before that, with only two others, had been with him when he lay in the dust in Gethsemane, and

when he was transfigured upon Tabor, and who, therefore, but just before his death, gave the assurance, "we have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty." What the apostles and evangelists proclaimed of the Lord Jesus, had already a sure foundation for faith, in the public life of the Lord, before all the people of Israel, during three years, from one border of the land to the other, so that Peter, in the beginning, at Jerusalem, could say, "Ye men of Israel, Jesus of Nazareth was a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which he did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." How could the disciples have dared to narrate such great things of their despised and rejected Lord and Master—not long after to write them out into documents—if the history of Jesus, in its essentials, had not been notorious in their time. That which a whole land witnessed, affords surety enough for much else witnessed by but few. There still lived—not merely some hundreds, as Paul mentioned, in reference to the resurrection, but many thousands—witnesses, believers and unbelievers, who had seen and heard this Jesus. Therefore is the height of folly to be explained only by the blindness of carnal men, to say, like some of the present day, "Who knows what may be true in all these histories?" Not merely the history of Jesus, but also the first founding of his church through the testimony of the apostles—the unfaltering faith of so many that the Crucified had risen, and was now enthroned in heaven, was a public matter before the whole world, of which Paul spake to king Agrippa, "this thing was not done in a corner"—just as he appealed to the prophets, with which the whole agreed.

But that the *resurrection*, on which, in *fact*, all hinged, was *true*, although it had not transpired in the presence of all the people, the apostles gave the whole world testimony by their honest and resolute assurances in the very teeth of persecution and ignominy. It was their constant assertion, "We can not but speak the things we have seen and heard." In testimony to this cardinal fact, stands their whole life; for they could not have been what they were, as *apostles*, without the Lord's resurrection, without the power from on high communicated through the Prince of Life. Thus it is written, "We are his witnesses," as honest, credible men; but besides this, "so also is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." By this they did not mean simply the power of performing miracles and signs, before all eyes, in the name of Jesus Christ; but they referred to that greatest of all miracles—the miracle of regeneration wrought in their hearts—but visible in their "godly walk and conversation." This, then, is the *third ground* on which the certainty of the gospel rests, the *results of grace*, by which, from the beginning, weak and sinful men have been transformed into strong heroes and holy children of God. Jesus Christ "is declared to be the Son of God

with power, *according to the Spirit of holiness* by the resurrection from the dead." What would these apostles, these fishermen and publicans of Galilee have been in their weakness? What *were* they in the power of the new life which Christ poured out upon them? Everywhere, those who believed this gospel, whether blind Jews or heathen, sunk in depravity and folly, became, by that faith, holy and righteous, heavenly-minded people, renouncing, yet loving the world, hoping in something beyond, despising all its obloquy. So already, in the apostolic age, stood a many thousandfold testimony before the eyes of the world, the incontrovertible testimony of all those whose confession was, "What we now are, that are we through God's grace in Jesus Christ!" And it is *this* testimony peculiarly which hath first confirmed the Scripture and history, and made Christianity invulnerable on the earth. Particularly were all the apostles such witnesses of the power of the Son, whom they preached. Most extraordinary and wonderful of all, however, stood before the world the life and deeds of him who, in his humility, calls himself "the least among the apostles—not worthy to be called an apostle;" but who, in fact, became the greatest, and labored "more than they all"—*Paul, once a Saul!* He could most properly refer to himself as an incontrovertible proof of his message. He does so here in his Epistle to the Corinthians. He does it elsewhere, when he says he was expressly set "for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on Jesus Christ to life everlasting." He does it again, when he says through this Christ "have I received grace and apostleship." With reference to time, he rightly likens himself unto "one born out of due time," a Christian community, born of the Holy Ghost, being already in existence. But what service, nevertheless, did he render that community!

Consider more narrowly, beloved in the Lord, the history of this Paul, who was once a Saul! He "persecuted the church of God"—was a blind zealot toward God, so that he surpassed many of his equals. What blindness! what perversity! what stubbornness! Ah! with all his knowledge of the Scriptures, how little did he understand them:—those Scriptures which he afterward found to testify of the true Christ, and, according to which he often preached Jesus of Nazareth as the real Messiah—him, of whom, at first, he would not know! With all his Pharisaical righteousness, what sensibility, what human feeling had he for the illustrious innocence and holiness of a Stephen, of the other Christians whom he himself afterward calls "the saints," and complains that he had persecuted them! Yea, he was exceedingly mad against them, so that he persecuted them even unto strange cities, compelling them to blaspheme, and "verily thought with himself, that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." And, nevertheless, as you all know, out of this enemy, the Lord made for himself a "chosen vessel," an apostle, and a witness, above all others! With firm conviction, and with the hottest zeal of an erring conscience, he rushes along

his way, until before the gates of Damascus, the Lord thundered and lightened his I AM HE! WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME? into his soul, and from that hour is he another man. Who will explain the transformation of this man, and of his whole subsequent life, if that is not true, which HE, during his whole life, gave as the reason; if he did not really experience this "heavenly vision?" Who can describe what he, as an apostle was, what he wrought, with what he contended, what he suffered, and all in the name of Jesus Christ the crucified, besides whom he was "determined to know no other?" Ye must yourselves study over more industriously, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of Paul, in order to obtain the whole picture. How must the "love of Christ have constrained" him, that he should count himself "debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise," and long to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Every land which he could but reach in his untiring journeyings, he filled with the sound of the gospel, so that the Jews complained bitterly, "This is the man that teacheth all men, everywhere!" and, when he can not travel thither, sends his epistles; and when in chains and bonds for Christ's sake, still writes without cessation, in order to strengthen the faith of his distant brethren in this Christ.

How much he may have written, of which we know nothing now; and in what we have, what depths of love and divine wisdom! The wisest of earth still search therein with astonishment and wonder. How many Christian churches did he found and strengthen, through preaching in power and in patience, through incessant prayer and individual exhortation; how he interceded for all his children, in Christ especially, as indeed for all his Christian brethren, far and near! How close to his heart he bore them! His salutations at the close of his epistles are a testimony thereof. In what sufferings and afflictions he struggled indefatigably, and barely with his life; of these has he himself told us in two of his epistles. In the holy excess of his zeal, he renounced every thing to which he was entitled—domestic life with a sister in Christ, the due reward of his office, every outward quiet, every temporal comfort and emolument—in order "to spend and be spent" for Christ—in order to give his whole service to the gospel. He even labored for this purpose with his hands. He is inexorably severe with himself, "lest, having preached unto others, he himself should be a castaway." He "counts not himself to have apprehended;" but he unceasingly "follows after, that he may apprehend that for which he was apprehended of Christ." He is full of wisdom, yet humble as a child—full of thunderous power and might of soul, yet mild and loving as a tender mother; yea, he lives in the love which comes from faith, and holds fast his hope until he can cry: "I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT. I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE!"

Was this some natural gift (though such come from God)? was it some native power of soul in this man? It is true, God, who "sepa-

rated him from his mother's womb," and ordained "to reveal his Son in him," loaned great talents to him. But what the most glorious human nature is, while in its blindness and sin, is shown us in his life as *Saul*. That he now stands there a *Paul*, "a servant of Jesus Christ," an apostle of the world—that he has now first come to understand the wisdom of God, and his fiery zeal found its true aim in the love of the Saviour—that is a "WORK OF GRACE," as he himself says. "But by the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace to me is not in vain, for I have labored more than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which is in me." It is the same grace of God for which the publican so anxiously calls: "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and which in Christ became manifest as saving grace, triumphant over all sin. It is the grace for which Saul had not once prayed, but which he had much rather resist, until it seized him, conquered, and ever more glorified him.

The same work of grace, however, which we have seen in the case of Paul, is, in different forms, but ever essentially the same, to be seen in the case of all the other apostles, yea, with all the believers from the apostolic age down to the present. Jesus is a Lord and Saviour as he is preached, for he maketh sinners saints, converts enemies and opposers into faithful servants—makes the old new, the earthly heavenly; this has he done and ever done, praised be his holy name!

Therefore stands his gospel immovably fast upon the triple foundation of which we have spoken. We still have the entire *Scriptures;* the *testimony of the eye-witnesses* still speaks to us; yea, the *history* of the church of Christ is so closely interwoven with the history of the whole world, that either nothing which is told us by our fathers can be true, or the foundation on which the faith of this church stands, is true. Not only are we still "compassed about with the cloud of witnesses," still speaks to us not only the host of the already-redeemed of the Lord, but that host augments with every generation; and from Paul and Cephas, down to the least of all who really believe on the Son of God, sounds forth the confession from every soul: "*By the grace of God, I am what I am!*" Will you not, beloved, unitedly learn this jubilant shout? Will any of you "frustrate the grace of God," by believing the gospel "in vain?" It has been proclaimed to us; we all received it with our baptismal confession; we stand therein as members of Christendom; O, let us all be careful that "*we be saved thereby!*" "The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." How shall we escape "judgment," if we neglect so great salvation, which at first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him—God also bearing them witness with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and with gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to his own will? Nay, let us grasp the grace which is offered us, accept and hold fast the gospel which brings us this grace, and give ourselves up wholly to CHRIST, who has "died for us and rose again." Amen.

DISCOURSE VI.

FRED. WILLIAM KRUMMACHER, D. D.

By common consent the famous author of "Elijah the Tishbite" is considered the most eloquent preacher in Germany, if not indeed in Europe. Certainly there are few men abroad whose names are better known in the Christian world, and more beloved for their "works' sake." The book named above extended widely his popularity, both in Europe and America; and, taken in connection with his "Last Days of Elisha," "The Martyr Lamb," and, more recently, "The Suffering Saviour," it has reared for him a remembrance more enduring than monuments of marble and brass. In some respects, the last-named of the above publications, is superior to any thing else that has come from this great master's pen. The narrative of the last days of our Lord on earth was never given with more thrilling vividness, and pathos, and beauty, by uninspired man.

Dr. Krummacher is now about midway between fifty and sixty years of age. He has the honor of being chaplain to the King of Prussia. His influence with the king is very great, and may go to account for some of the liberal measures which of late reflected honor upon the Prussian court. The sermons of the great preacher in his chaplaincy, are said to be sometimes like earthquakes. Personally, Krummacher is represented as a delightful man. He is thus described as seen by Dr. Abel Stevens, a year or so ago, at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, where he took an active part: "His hair is light, but not gray; it is combed sleekly over his ears; his eyes, peering through bright gold spectacles, are blue, and expressive of mildness of character, notwithstanding the roaring ferocity of his voice. He is in good condition, inclining a little to episcopal dimensions. There is a peculiar blandness and youthfulness about him which recalls to you the title of 'the ever youthful,' which was applied to his great countryman, the poet Klopstock."

Some of Krummacher's peculiarities are well brought out in this additional reminiscence of Dr. Stevens: "When I told him, the other night, at a tea-party, the number of some of the editions of his "Elijah" among us, and that it was read in our log-cabins, in California and Oregon, he seemed hardly to believe me, for the extent of the American press is scarcely known in Europe; and when I assured him that if he would come to New York we could place him in sections of the city where for whole squares he could read German 'signs,' and hear the children playing in German; and if he liked 'lager bier,' drown himself in an ocean of it, he laughed as you might suppose a lion would were it in the habit of that noble creature to laugh at all, his mighty voice ringing into the adjacent apartments. But suppose not that there was any thing peculiarly humorous in my remarks, or uncommon in Krummacher's uproarious outbreaks. It is the 'vocal style' of the man. What the

watchman said of George Whitefield can be said of this great German: 'He preaches like a lion!' He not only preaches but prays so, and makes speeches, and even 'says grace' at the table in the same manner. He introduced our public dinner the other day with a 'grace' in German, which was roared out as if addressed to an army half a mile off. Of course this peculiarity surprises every body at first, but you soon get accustomed to it. Whether it arises from good Gothic heartiness or is a vocal defect I know not."

We are happy in being able to present to American readers, now for the first time, a sermon of Dr. Krummacher's, in which appear to advantage so many of his best qualities as a preacher.

THE INTERVIEW AT JACOB'S WELL.

That is but a miserable life, my brethren, in which there is not a knowledge of Christ. It is a journey in the night, without guide or star—a voyage by sea, without compass or helm—a traveling into a far country, without aim, object, or acquaintance. However outwardly brilliant such a life may appear, it is but a miserable existence—a wretched rejoicing, a melancholy gladness, a pitiable peace, an empty unrefreshing hope. Alas! thou poor and wretched worldling! thou who art destitute of Christ, who standest in thine own strength—thou, who art left to thyself, thrown upon thyself, O! that thou didst but know how poor and miserable thou art; that thou didst but discern the darkness in which thou art dwelling; the storm of eternal ruin that is brooding o'er thine head. Ah! behold, deep floods are gathering around, and there is no pilot to guide thee o'er; vast yawning chasms, and there is no bridge, nor hast thou wings; blazing flames, and there is no water to quench them; waste howling deserts surround thee, full of hissing serpents and rapacious beasts, and there is no way of escape, no conductor near thee; sandy plains without water, deserts without bread or refreshment. An awful judgment-seat, fearful anathemas, the wrath of the Almighty, and none to intercede—no one to hold up the shield before thee, or have mercy upon thee.

Behold an image of thy life in time and in eternity! A gloomy night-piece certainly; nevertheless such is thy state, and thus thou art encompassed *out of Christ*. Far better thou hadst ne'er been born, than thus to live without Christ. Canst thou question this? And where are we to look for Christ? "I am the rose of Sharon," said the Lord. Cant., ii. 1. Yea, a precious rose—one which bloomed before the throne of God ere the foundations of the world were laid; and was the joy and desire of angels and seraphim—a rose which deigned to take root in accursed ground, to blossom among thorns and thistles, and gladden, by its fragrance, a sinful world.

A rose, which, while yet a bud, elevated a Simeon with joy to heaven, and bowed the knees of wise men to the dust. A rose, which, at Golgotha was steeped in its own crimson, and there first opened its calyx to exhale the fullness of its perfume through the world. It blossoms in the *valley*, and he who discovers it finds it not on the tops and heights of his own wisdom and righteousness. Where Christ dwells by his grace, he levels the mountains, and brings down the high hills. "I am the rose of the valley," saith the Lord, and it is in the dark depths of self-annihilation, in the valley of repentance, that the sin-convinced soul finds him.

May our meditation of to-day afford us an opportunity of thus contemplating the Lord Jesus.

"*Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.*" "*Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour.*" "*Then cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink,*" etc., etc.—John, iv. 5–29.

What a history, my brethren! It stands before us as a luxuriant vine, laden with precious grapes. Where shall we commence to draw aside the hiding foliage of words, in order to exhibit the golden fruits concealed beneath them. Truly there is here too much for one meditation, and yet the history can scarcely be divided; for it requires to be considered, weighed, and felt in continuation, without interruption, and in its connection. I feel it thus; therefore be satisfied, my brethren, if, instead of profound exposition, I give but a few weak and passing remarks. Our history is like all the narratives of the Bible—both matter of fact and example. In a particular truth lies the deepest general sense. It is not alone the conversion of the woman of Samaria that we are here called upon to note, but the process which takes place in the conversion of most sinners.

In this twofold view we will consider our text, dividing it into three parts:—*The Preparation*, ver. 4–15. *The Crisis*, ver. 16–27. *The Decision.*

I. The Preparation.—The narrative carries us to Samaria. There, beside the well of Jacob, which is situated nigh to Sychar, sits a stranger. It is he who came into the world not to *find* rest, but to *bestow* it. The world had wearied him by its enmity and malice. Ask not how he, who called himself "the resurrection and the life," could be wearied; but rather ask, my brother, how it was possible that thou, even thou, from thine infancy, could be found wearying, by thy resistance, the most faithful friend of thy soul. "Jesus sat thus on the well; for his disciples were gone away into the city to purchase meat. Then cometh a woman of Samaria from Sychar to draw water." She came at a most appropriate hour, but she came not by accident. The Father

drew the poor sinner to the Son, in order that she might be healed. But she knew it not. She approached with a light spirit; a child of the world like thousands; without thought, without a sense of her necessities; living, but for the present moment, without God in the world, and knowing as little of the solemn responsibilities of life, and the concerns of eternity, as the birds of the air, or the flowers of the fields. She sought to draw water for her household; that was now her sole object; and, doubtless, until this hour, her life had been naught else than the fetching of bread and water to allay the cravings of the flesh. What a state of existence! The woman has arrived at the fountain, and, apparently not heeding the stranger, prepares to replenish her vessel.

The Lord now addressed her, "Give me to drink." In these words we may discern the first cast of the gospel-net for this perishing soul. "Give me to drink." This was not simply the desire of having his necessity supplied, but the out-goings of his spirit for the salvation of a soul. He sought to engage the woman in conversation, in order to lead her thoughts from the things of time and sense to those of life and eternity. His meat and drink was to do the will of him that sent him, and to finish his work; this was indeed the drink he desired at the well of Jacob. "Give me to drink." Yes, with such words as these it still pleases him to begin the work of our salvation. And when he urges upon us those great commands, "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect; be pure of heart; be merciful; love the Lord above all;" and makes the outward law the law of our hearts; come to the soul with "Thou shalt and thou shalt not;" lays upon us the command to serve him willingly and in holiness; calls upon us to present our lives a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in his courts; what is it else but a call of "Give me to drink," to cisterns without water?

But by such "Give me," he seeks to bring us to a knowledge and sense of our own nothingness, that we have nothing, and can do nothing, in order that when, like the woman of Samaria, we are compelled to cry out "Sir, give me of this well," he might give us to drink of his fullness. "Give me to drink." The woman, occupied with earthly things, understood not the meaning of the stranger of Israel. More in jest than in seriousness, she discovers the prejudice of her nation; "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews," adds the Apostle John, "have no dealings with the Samaritans." She sees in him but a common Jew. How could it be otherwise? for in his light only shall we see the light, for he is himself the light. Jesus now proceeds to direct her attention to spiritual things, and gives her to understand that he is something more than a Jew; and that there was likewise nourishment for the soul as well as food for the body. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him; and he would have given thee living water."

Yes; if thou knewest! Truly, all depends upon that: for if thou knewest how to value, how to appreciate him, the great gift of grace to the world, and the waters of his grace, of thy peace—soon wouldst thou have deliverance. But the knowledge of salvation by Christ, the estimate of its nature and value, are not acquired by study, by the instruction of another, in the way of reflection, or by intellectual measuring or weighing. That knowledge ascends from the inmost soul; it comes with the hunger and thirst of the soul, with the cry of a broken spirit. No one can, in the scriptural sense, know Christ and his salvation, even should he be able to discourse of him with the eloquence of an angel of light, if he have not at the same time been taught to know himself, his own nothingness and misery, as a lost and wretched sinner. "If thou knewest"—but the woman of Samaria did not know. She understood not the words that Jesus spoke concerning himself and the water of his grace. She interpreted him literally, in the flesh, and concluded that by living water, he meant the water of a spring, in opposition to the standing water of the well of Jacob. "Sir," saith she, "thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep;" if even there were a spring at the bottom, thou canst not reach it; from whence then hast thou that living water? And how is it possible to be water from a living spring? She continues, in her blindness, "Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?" Yes, yes, woman; he is greater. O, that thou knewest!

The Lord is not wearied; he explains more plainly to her the difference between natural and spiritual water. "Behold," he says, plainly and distinctly, "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him"—the water of my grace, my light, my peace, and my joy—"shall never thirst;" the same hath that which satisfieth his soul and maketh him happy. Yea, the water that I shall give him shall be *in* him a well of water springing up into everlasting life; it shall continue in him, increase and form in him the new life, which never dies—the beginning of that eternal life to be perfected above. The woman could now no longer misunderstand the Lord's meaning. She perceives that he speaks to her heart and addresses himself to her soul. This serious turn was not welcome to her; for as yet, she had no desire for spiritual things. What is the consequence? She turns aside and interrupts the Lord abruptly: "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not; neither come hither to draw." Thus she speaks, anxious to depart. We might conclude from her ignorant and foolish conduct, that she had not yet understood the words which had been spoken unto her; but we are better informed. At the commencement, she certainly understood not the Lord; but now, when she could not fail to perceive his meaning, she willingly closes her eyes, for the love of the world was still strong within.

But who among us will dare to cast the first stone at her? Did we never act thus? When the divine call is made known to man, and thoughts of God, judgment, and eternity are brought home to him, when "one thing is needful" echoes in his heart; and "Set thy house in order," finds him in the bustle of the world; he is disturbed, and the first impulse is to turn aside, and all that is within him cries aloud, "have me excused." Yes, yes, I will be religious some other time; to-day it is not convenient. But the Scripture declares, "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

II. The Crisis.—The preparation for the conversion of the woman of Samaria is made. She has now received the first knowledge of a life that is not of this world, but from above; and has learned something of a higher and eternal destination. The Lord guides her further; and O! what wonders of the inward life do we see unfolding in the progress of our history! It does not escape the searcher of hearts, that the woman had understood him, but did not desire to do so, and was now about to stifle in its germ the conviction of a spiritual destitution which was gradually increasing within her. This must not be. The woman shall now learn to hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Apparently breaking up the conversation and particular train of thoughts, but in reality continuing the delicate and intimate connection, Jesus saith unto her, "Go call thy husband, and come hither." This reaches her heart; it becomes an arrow in her conscience. Dost thou perceive this? She perceives it perfectly, and stands embarrassed, blushing, and disturbed, for the arrow has touched the mark. The manner of the Lord's address must also have increased the inward storm. He had, as it were, named her sin, though not by words; had so expressed himself, that it only remained with her to name her guilt, and pronounce the judgment. If he had said to her, Thou sinner, thou livest in an unlawful state, in forbidden intercourse; probably instead of shame, wrath, bitterness, and defiance would have taken possession of her soul. But he has approached her with gentleness—nevertheless, so bruising a gentleness; a censure concealed, yet so clear and evident—that she has become ashamed and humbled, instead of angry and defying. Can we sufficiently admire the divine wisdom, mercy, and love reflected in the conduct of Christ toward this poor Samaritan?

But how does she escape from the difficulty? In the confusion of the moment she denies, saying, "I have no husband!" Does this avail her? No. A second arrow succeeds to the first. Jesus said unto her, "Thou hast well said, I have no *husband*. For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." Further denial was no longer to be thought of. And what is the result? Rejoice, ye angels of God! The Lord has conquered! The sinner stands with downcast eyes; her deep and rapid breathing sufficiently attesting her inward emotion! She acquiesces in silence; and evidently under the influence

of a godly sorrow and anxiety, adds, "Sir, I perceive thou art a prophet!"

Behold, my brethren, the progress of salvation, through the hell of self-knowledge and repentance. When the gospel has been published to us, the Lord impresses it upon our minds; and by it, discovers to us our manifold transgressions. As lightning from the clouds, comes the conviction to our souls, "Thou hast been guilty of this and that evil in the sight of the Lord." We start, endeavor to throw off the consciousness, deny, excuse, and seek to enter again into rest, but all in vain. The Nathan within us will be heard. He elevates his voice, enumerates our sins, and condemns us more decisively. We resist and endeavor to drive from us the dark and wounding thoughts; but, rooted firmly, they cleave to our souls. The heart still struggles, roars, and becomes darkened, until brought at length to feel and to confess, that we have sinned before God and man, and that it is the Lord who sits within us in judgment. What do we then? Surrender, mourn, confess, and from the inmost soul breaks forth the cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

But let us return to the woman of Samaria. "Our fathers," said she, "worshiped in this mountain, and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." This would seem a turning away from the preceding conversation. Is it not so? But let us contemplate it closer, and we shall discern the most intimate connection in spirit, if not in words. The woman was anxious concerning her sins, and she clearly saw that it must become otherwise with her. She felt thus, I dare not remain; I am fallen from God; I must return; my relation to him must alter. These, no doubt, were the lively and powerful feelings that suggested the question in which so much was implied, that the great Searcher of hearts comprehended her. "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain, and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." "Where," she would have said, "where shall I now find the Lord? How approach him immediately? How shall I serve him?" That the outward service, after the manner of the fathers, was not the true one, her heart had already told her. O, how gloriously does the new life gradually unfold itself in her heart! What progress has she already made! At the commencement she understood naught concerning spiritual things; again, she would not understand them, but denies her sins, then surrenders, confesses, repents, and now sighs after God, and desires to be reconciled to him. How must the Lord have rejoiced!

But the woman is still laboring under an error; this must be corrected. She appears to think that it is in her own power to change her life and return unto the true worship of God! If she but knew how and where to find God, she would be reconciled to him, and be able to serve him in the right way! In order to convince her of her error, Jesus discovers to her in what the true service of God consisted, and how he required to be worshiped. "Woman," saith he, "believe me, the hour cometh

when ye shall, neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father;" that is, the time is coming when the outward worship shall give place to that of the heart. "Ye worship, ye know not what;" your knowledge and worship is not the true one; "but we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews." What salvation did the Lord mean? None other than the worship of himself—the Saviour of the world; he by whom alone we know the Father and are made capable of worshiping him. Jesus continues: "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The woman hearkens, is startled, is silent, and reflects—in *spirit and in truth*, that is, with a *spiritual mind*, true *desire of soul*, an inward *drawing of love*, a pure God-indwelling heart—"In *such* a way have *I* never worshiped the Father—wretched woman! But now will I do so, for such the Father seeks, saith the prophet. But am I able to do thus?—in *spirit and in truth*, with a godly heart and a spiritual mind?" Thus she meditates, and is almost overwhelmed with anxiety and sorrow. At length she bursts forth, like one who has discerned, with joyful surprise, a light amid the darkness of night, "I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things." O! how wonderful, how glorious! how must have throbbed the heart of the great Friend of sinners!

III. Behold the Decision.

This was what he designed to accomplish. This was the true worship of the Father, even the deep consciousness of her sins, and of her utter impotence! And how glorious is his success! Yea, she now apprehends that she is not only sinful and blind, but also poor, wretched, miserable, destitute and spiritually dead! She now feels her distance from God, and that she has no power in herself to be reconciled to him. Arrived at this point, she at once rests all hope upon the promised Christ. To him she flies from the fearful storm. "When he comes he will tell us all things," and he will deliver *even me*. "I know that Messias cometh." Who can tell how long this knowledge had lain buried in the ruined soul? But now is it become spirit and life. "As the king turned," sings the Shulamite, "then my spikenard gave forth its fragrance." O woman! blessed art thou, who seest what kings and prophets desired to see, and died without the sight. The man before whom she stands now looks upon her; that look she may yet remember with joy in heaven!

He opens his mouth, and speaks. How much may have been expressed in the glance which accompanied the words, "I that speak unto thee am he." Who? Christ, the Saviour of the world—*thy* Saviour? What now takes place in the heart of this highly favored woman, who sees herself suddenly on the very brink of the well of redemption and grace, the waters of which satisfy the soul to all eternity? Shall I endeavor

to describe it to you? O my brethren in the Lord, can you not remember the hour when the Saviour withdrew from your groaning and longing souls the blinding scales; when for the first time you could exclaim, with unquestionable certainty, "Truly it is he." When for the first time you sank upon the ground before him; for the first time, with the bold freedom of the child, you wept and implored, and for the first time received out of his fullness pardon, grace, rest and peace. Remember that hour, and you will realize the scene at Sychar, when these words were uttered by the Lord: "I that speak unto thee am he." Enough; the crisis had arrived! The old woman of Samaria died, and there now arose another from her grave. The sinner was pardoned, the impotent strengthened, the darkened enlightened, the mourner comforted, and the estranged one reconciled in Christ, and received to the bosom of the Father.

The disciples are returned from the city, and are marveling at their Master's condescension in entering into conversation with a woman of Samaria. They knew not the greatness, nor the fullness of his love to sinners. They must have had, however, some secret thoughts upon the subject; "for no man said, What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her?" But let us not be interrupted by the disciples; rather let our thoughts rest upon the woman. But where is she now? The water-pot stands beside the well, but she is away, as on the wings of the wind, alike regardless of her household and her water-pot. She remembers only the brethren. "She went her way into the city." She tells of the blessing she has found to all she meets; she calls together the erring, the straying, the weary, and the heavy-laden, that they also may be comforted and refreshed.

Ah! how are we strengthened upon the first entrance of the living Christ into our hearts, upon the first personal acquaintance with the Son of David! He only knows who has experienced it; for it can not be described. Every thing acquires other forms and other colors; we live in a world through which the Friend of sinners invisibly walks; we travel on a journey, and our companion is the Son of God; we dwell within a prison, yet we dwell not alone, for though we discern no one, Jesus is with us. How changed is our position with reference to heaven and earth! How changed our relation to men, to angels, and to devils! How different the views we take of all things in the world! That which the natural man called excellent, the new man calls worthless, and casts from him; that which delighted the one, is now found tedious and wearying to the other. Willingly we abandon the water-pot of earthly pleasure when we have tasted of other waters, and have our springs in thee, thou Rock of our Salvation! Now Mary Magdalene throws aside her ornaments to purchase the precious ointment for the feast of her Lord and Master. The rich young man turns from the bustling scenes of vanity and lust, and erects his dwelling beside the peaceful of the land upon Mount Zion. The ruler Nicodemus seeks no longer eminence and

distinction, but prefers, for the sake of Christ, to suffer reproach with the despised of Israel. Now Paul esteems all that he possessed, even learning and reputation, as dung and dross, that he may win Christ; and Mary sits, satisfied, at the feet of her Master and Friend, and desires naught beside. "Come," cries the woman of Samaria in the streets of Sychar, "come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did!"

She is not ashamed by these words to remind the whole world of her past sins. Her thought is, "The Lord is here; who shall condemn?" She might have foreseen that the whole world would scorn and deride her as an enthusiast, for it will not endure to hear Christ extolled or spoken of with love. He who has gained a prize in the lottery, or succeeded in a speculation, may rejoice and talk of it as much and as long as it pleaseth him—no one will be offended; but speak of *Christ* and *spiritual* enjoyments, and you are immediately put to silence. But what cares the woman of Samaria for the world or the world's judgment? She feels the love of Christ constraining her, and she hastens. "Come," she cries; "come!" and this word, proceeding from the tenderest brotherly love, proves thy faith, O woman, is not vain, but life and truth. And the multitude that heard the woman speak, went out of the city and came to Jesus, and many believed and said unto the woman: "Now we believe; not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Thus she not only blessed herself, but many were brought through her means to enjoy the same blessing. She shone as a light amid the moral darkness, and was as salt amid the world's corruption.

Behold the narrative; may it be blessed to our souls, and, as often as it is repeated, let glory and praise be given. Blessed is the man from whose hands are removed every false dependence and support; that nothing may remain to him than, with Jacob, to hang on the neck of *him* who alone is "the way, the truth, and the life;" and to say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." At such a salvation the world, indeed, may sneer, and shake the head, but *we* will say, "Blessed folly—to despair on the strength and help of a world, and to expect salvation from two crucified hands! Estimable superstition—to abandon self, and to see our salvation and glory in those bleeding wounds! Excellent enthusiasm—to hunger and thirst only after the passover prepared at Calvary! Praiseworthy mysticism—to despair of every thing that is in heaven or on earth, and to hang the hope of a blessed eternity upon the sacrifice of a slain Lamb!" Are we Christians? Then is Christ ours! all is ours! sin, death, Satan, and the world, lie bound and conquered at our feet, and though the combat still endures, the victory is sure; and, in anticipation, we now wave our banner joyfully, and shout cheerfully: "Behold, the eternal hills have become our heritage!" *Amen.*

DISCOURSE VII.

W. HOFFMAN, D.D.

Another distinguished court preacher to his majesty, the King of Prussia, is the subject of this sketch—Dr. Hoffman. He was born on the 30th of October, 1806, at Leonburg, kingdom of Wurtemburg, south of Germany.

His father was a descendant of Protestant martyrs in Silesia, and was a civil officer at Leonburg, but resigned his place in 1819, in order to found, in opposition to the then prevailing neologism, the independent congregation and community of Kornstal, near Stuttgart, one of the central points of the faithful people of Wurtemburg, called Pietists. Tens of thousands owed their salvation to Hoffman, the father, and thousands of children were educated in the different institutions founded by him, in true faith and knowledge of Christ.

As might have been anticipated, he was educated as a member of the Lutheran church of his country. He was prevented by his father's mighty prayers from ever quite falling into the snares of neology. His conversion to true life in Christ was a signal work of grace at the end of his academical career at Tubingen. He refers with interest to a deep sense of the truth, a dangerous sickness when a student at Tubingen, searching in the Scriptures for theological purposes, and the writings of Luther and Calvin, to which he was led by Schleiermacher, as the most prominent means in leading him to Christ.

His education he owes to Leonburg, and to the still-living Professor Klumpf, at Stuttgart; then to the seminary (monastery) of Schoenthal, and to the theological "Stipendium," as it is called, of Tubingen, where his professors were, among others, the late Dr. Steudel, Dr. Keen, and the famous Dr. Baur, head of the negative critical school, to whose views he was always opposed.

After a five years' course in the Stipendium, he was sent, in 1829, to the village of Henmader, as curate under a pious old parson; then he was called as a tutor to the so-called "Stipendium," at Tubingen; afterward as general curate to the churches of Stuttgart.

In 1834, he was installed as second pastor at Winenden, with the pastoral care of the Insane Asylum of Winnenthal. After five years, he accepted a call to the Inspectorate (principalship) of the missionary institution at Basle, where he lived eleven years, during eight of which he was at the same time Professor of Divinity at the Basle University. In 1850, the state of his health forced him to resign that place, when, declining a call to the University of Heidelberg, and to the Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., he went back to Tubingen, where, as principal of the "Stipendium," he read lectures on the Old and New Testaments. In 1852, he accepted

a call of the King of Prussia, as his chaplain at the cathedral. He is now also general superintendent of the Electorate, member of the Consistory, and High Ecclesiastical Censor to the State Council, etc., etc.

Dr. Hoffman has published a work on "Baptism;" a work against "Strauss' Life of Jesus;" "The Basle Missionary Magazine," 1840–51; "On Hindoo Female Educatin;" "Missionary Lectures,' 3 vols.; "Sermons," 7 vols.; and many smaller works in reviews and collections.

It was upon the advice of Professor Nitzsch, that Dr. Hoffman was selected as one of the preachers to represent the German pulpit. The selection of the sermon which follows, was made by one of Dr. Hoffman's own friends in Berlin, who is well acquainted with his discourses. It is the last in his latest volume of sermons, published in Berlin in the year 1854, and was preached on the day of the Reformation festival, in that year.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened; which is *the book* of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."—Rev., xx. 11, 12.

Beloved in the Lord: Be not surprised at this text on this day. It has been selected, not only because in our series of discourses upon the last things we have now come to the consideration of the final judgment, but also because we celebrate to-day the anniversary festival of the Reformation. The final judgment is also a festival—the greatest world-festival alongside that other, when God rested from his works. As the latter was the commencement of all festive life in the creature of God, as the rest of God from creating, and in his creation was the consecration of its existence, and made the rest of the creature in God for the first time possible, so for the world's completion is the last day—the final judgment—a high, glorious world-festival, revealing the justice and truth, the grace and mercy of the triune God. For then, for the first time, when all God's judgments, in the course of human history, shall have been closed up and received their final seal, shall it become evident to all that are in heaven or on earth, or under the earth—evident beyond the possibility of cavil, that Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, to whom the Father hath committed judgment, is the Lord at whose name every knee shall bow. This great festival of the world, even as the first—the rest of God from his works—has reference to all our festivals; ay, it is these divine festivals which first furnish our human ones a basis—they are the fore and after celebrations of ours. For all

our festivals are at the same time judgment-days—days of decision; and upon them it is made manifest who belong to those, who subsist upon the goods of our Father's house—to the children who have their dearest treasure there; on these days is shown what yet remains in us unchild-like, foreign to the paternal mansion.

Especially does this hold good of the festival which we celebrate this day—the festival of the Reformation. It is related to the last day most intimately, as also to the great primal festival of God's rest. To-day we revert to the sharply-defined commencement of the Reformation, when, on the thirty-first of October, 1517, Doctor Martin Luther nailed upon the door of Schloss' church, in Wittenberg, his ninety-five Theses. These ninety-five Theses contained nothing more nor less than the doctrine of Scripture respecting human works in their relation to divine free grace—respecting the forgiveness of sins for the sake of the bloody offering and sufficient merits of Jesus Christ, and not for the sake of the merits of men, be they ever so pious, or, as the world calls them, sainted. They state that man deserves not heaven, but that it is solely of grace when a poor sinful creature, even while here upon earth, is permitted to enter into the rest of God, and to become assured of the perfect rest of the faithful. The anniversary of the Reformation is a judgment-day, and it separates those in the evangelical church who are satisfied with their works and merit, or who go so far as to cherish the daring thought that God must be satisfied with them, from those who, in humility and poverty of spirit, confess that they are unprofitable servants, far too insignificant to become objects of divine mercy and faithfulness, unworthy in themselves of eternal life, but who can boast, "by grace am I saved!" On this day, that which strives within us after self-righteousness and legal merit—that which grows up out of the root of our old carnal nature, and would fain twine round us again and overgrow us, all struggle after salvation and peace in our own strength is separated from that which lays itself all lowly and contrite at the feet of the Lamb. I do not hesitate, therefore, to select, as the subject for our consideration to-day, *the final judgment*, as it is a *judgment of grace*, and a *judgment according to works*.

Lord, thou eternal God and Saviour, thou wilt come again to judge the quick and the dead! Thou who hast ascended into heaven, thou who hast arisen from the dead, thou who hast been crucified, dead, and buried for our sins! O let us, by thy Holy Spirit, contemplate thy second coming for final judgment, with holy earnestness, and with hearts thirsting for grace! Amen.

Grace and works have become watchwords in all Christendom. Not merely has conscious, culpable error elevated the standard of works, but ignorance, indistinctness, uncertainty in the ways of God, ignorance of the holy Scriptures, have also collected thousands around it; not only does one whole church swarm in hoards around this banner of works,

but even in our own evangelical church has the pestiferous doctrine won, and, to this, hour, maintained such wide ground, that we have no occasion, on this festival of our Reformation, to look with contemptuous or hostile eyes upon the condition of those without; much rather have we greatest cause to look about ourselves narrowly—ay, *in* ourselves.

Grace and works: with us, how are these related to each other? That decides our final destiny. The final judgment is a judgment over every individual soul which shall come into judgment—over each which faith in the Son of God has not already passed from death unto life. It is, therefore, a solemn and earnest task which we propose to-day, to represent to ourselves the final judgment of grace. For it is written, "and the books were opened," and each was "judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works." But there was yet "another book" opened, and that is the "book of life;" and whosoever was not found written in that book, was cast into the lake of fire.

This *book of life*, beloved, is *grace*. Here the question is not about works; they stand written in the other books. Here the question is only about *names* which are written in heaven. Souls shall appear before the judgment-seat, which, upon earth, perhaps, unconsciously, cleaved unto the Lord in heaven, honestly sought him here below, without really becoming acquainted with him—souls which, to their astonishment, shall see themselves known of him in their inmost life, and in their almost forgotten deeds—ay, acknowledged as the blessed of the Father. In the final day will Jesus become clear to them as him after whom they groped in dark longingly. He shall be to such precisely the same Saviour as for his own, who were intelligently and freely bound to him by the holy baptism and the blessed Eucharist, by the well-known word of the old and the new covenant, by all the gracious influences of the Holy Ghost. These, his believers on earth, are not the ones of whom it stands written that their name is found written in the book of life, for the first time, at the day of judgment. These are already at home with the Lord, and so many as remain living upon earth when the trumpet of the archangel shall sound, shall be caught up in the air and transformed, that they may be with him forever. But the others are the dead, who were not reanimated in the first resurrection, but who first come forth from their graves at the sound of the trumpet, and stand before his face, and for these is there yet a book of life, and for these he sits upon the throne, whom in life they knew not, but after whom they groped in darkness, and for them the Lord speaks that ineffably precious word of pitying love, which sounds forth to us from his own description of that final judgment, "what ye have done unto one of the least of these, ye have done unto me!"

That is grace! He who shall sit upon the judgment-seat, is, according

to the prophecies of the New Testament prophets, the same who upon the cross bore on his strong soul the burden and blame, death and the condemnation of sin through to completest victory. He is the one who has stood the wrath of God, the fury of holy righteousness, even to the last drop of the bitter cup, the victor over death, hell, and the devil. The very person of the judge announces that it is the judgment of grace which makes blessed those who stand at the right hand—Christ, the God-man—he, of whom the two men in white raiment said, "In like manner as ye have seen him ascend into heaven, so shall he come again to judge"—the God-man is he who shall sit upon the great white throne —it is *his* countenance—the "king immortal"—before which the heavens and earth shall flee away, and no more place be found for them. Grace shall be announced to those who, though unconsciously, and in darkness, have stretched forth the arm of longing toward him—free grace, in the fearful moment, when all bridges shall be torn up behind the yet unrescued of humanity, leaving no path open but to the bar of judgment. There they pass to the right hand, for he places them there. But how comes it? Do they understand why they are placed on the right? Have they yet the remotest presentiment of their rescue? Ah, no! But it is the wonderful mysterious drawing of the communion, which even on earth never rested in their blindly longing hearts; this it is which places them irresistibly upon the side where the Lord will have them; they place themselves upon the right.

I have previously preached upon the resurrection of the righteous—of the resurrection of the wicked, in that place, is nothing said. The judgment-day is also the last day of resurrection, and then shall some come forth unto life, some unto everlasting shame and contempt. The resurrection body of those whom Jesus calls "the blessed," will undeniably announce of itself where they belong. The resurrection of the wicked is an act of judgment, and belongs to the judgment, and all who have not fallen asleep in Jesus need not earlier, nor otherwise rise than on the judgment-day. Then rise also with them, those who have lived already in a still, hidden, unconscious intercourse with him, the omnipresent Saviour, and whose bodies, therefore, are not forms of darkness, but of dawning light. Their position at the right is itself an object of humble astonishment for these pious souls. But now the books are opened—the book of life is unrolled—and lo! their names stand written therein; but not their sins, for these are forgiven and blotted out through the blood of the Lamb!

This it is, my beloved, which we must bring forth into prominence to-day, on the festival of the Reformation; the grace of God in Jesus Christ. The saving grace of God hath appeared unto all men, and to all who do not reject it, it comes near either in this world or the next. But all who do not seize upon the grace of God in Jesus Christ do not experience it; they do not know what grace is! All who stand at the last

day upon the left, are rejecters of grace—are out of Christ—have cut, with their own wanton hand, all the cords of love by which the Lord wished to draw them in their earthly life ; have wished to help themselves, or have desired no help at all. The pardoned, however, know right well that their life, their rescue, their salvation, depends solely upon the word of him who sitteth upon the throne—they know it with appropriate timidity, for they feel their poverty and sin. But they behold shining in his countenance that eternal light, of which a stray beam has fallen into their hearts, and, therefore, they have an exultant hope in their souls, even before the judge hath opened his mouth. And now as he speaks, his first word is itself a proof that their names are written in the book of life ; for he acknowledges all the good which they have done, but makes no mention of their sins. The holy judge, who knows so well every form and kind of sin, has not a word to say of their sins; but addresses them as the blessed of his Father—the heirs of the kingdom prepared for them from the beginning. That melts their hearts. That is inconceivable love toward poor sinners, who had never consciously belonged to Jesus on earth ! In this glow of heavenly love, the last hardness of heart disappears; they softened, and, like all those who have already been in the dust, repented and found their peace in the blood which was shed upon Calvary.

False and worthless, therefore, is the statement that the Lord declared, in his description of the judgment, "Man shall be saved by his works." Nay, all those who are saved in the judgment know nothing of their works, and when he says, "Whatsoever ye have done unto one of the least of these, ye have done unto me," and when he calls them the blessed of his Father, they have no answer to give ; but their hearts sink in wonder at such mercy and glory, prepared for the most unworthy !

Thus, my beloved in the Lord, do we hear the annunciation of the Reformation sound forth to us from the throne of the world's judgment ! This is the banner which our Luther unfurled, and around it we band ourselves together against every foe within or without ! It is grace—free grace for Christ's sake—imparted and announced by the Son of God, even then at the last day—it is free grace that saves ! On the other shore, among the innumerable hosts who sing the song of their redemption, not one can be found who knew of works, who built his own ladder to heaven ; there they speak of but one Deliverer.

> One gentle Lamb, our triumphs gain,
> And THOU, O Lamb, the slain !

Therefore, beloved, rejoice if your names are written in heaven—your guilt blotted out ; rejoice and exult, every soul of you which is able to appropriate that merit of your Saviour's here on earth !

But since the word of God demands it, you must venture to come with me to the contemplation of that picture of horrors—the *judg-*

ment according to works. I return to the judgment-resurrection. "Some," says the prophet Daniel, "shall come forth unto everlasting shame and contempt." But not he alone; in fact, the sages of the heathen had presentiments thereof, when they taught that in the other world those who here on earth had been godless and wanton, blasphemers and violators of holy ordinances, would appear in horrible forms, as wolves and other ravenous beasts. In this doctrine lies a foreboding of what the godless man makes out himself. We, however, go upon the ground of Scripture further. The worldling in his carnal passage through the earthly life, perverts and defaces the original divine image. Think what frightful forms and shapes must be the final expression of the hatefulness of a soul at enmity with God! The perversion of *God's* image can only produce the most opposite, the most frightful, because in itself it is so glorious and noble. And now think of the resurrection of those who have Christ *only* for an inexorable judge, because, as a mediating Saviour, they rejected him! Is it a wonder that they cry, "Mountains, fall on us; ye hills cover us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne?"

They are raised bodily, and their bodies are the visible copies of their souls. Every defacement, every perversion, every distortion, every thing awful, shocking, and loathsome, whatever the inner life of a godless and Christless man can become, will stand there fully, visibly manifest in the eyes of all the world. They shall appear in the shame of their wickedness, for the wholly hidden and secreted sinfulness shall be turned outward: they shall appear even as they are. The irresistible power of their guilt shall of itself hurl them to the left hand; there must they go, and every capricious will to place themselves at the right, were as a powerless straw against the gusts of a storm; for it is the power of the inner judgment, which drives to the side of those whose sentence is, "Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

"The books shall be opened and they shall be judged according to their works." Here stand their works distinctly written; yea, every word; for "by thy words shalt thou be justified;" and "by thy words shalt thou be condemned;" and "thou shalt give an account for every idle word which cometh out of thy mouth"—and even the thoughts of their hearts, the almost unconscious movements of their inmost soul. The picture of their life, with its finest and most delicate shades, shall stand incontestably clear and sharp before them—their hostile, God-resisting, Christ-hating life,—and each will already be judged by a glance at this picture. The glance from this picture to the countenance of Christ, as illumined with grace and mercy, will only reveal to each, thunder-clouds and consuming flames. He, however, the holy judge, will give to each precisely according to his works.

I might almost say, to each is already given according to his works when they appear, and each exhibits outwardly what he *is* inwardly.

His sad fate is already pronounced before the eyes of the world! But no. Still lingers in the soul of the unjudged man the impression of the divine likeness. The untried servant still has the talent in his hands which was intrusted to him. Still are there gifts, talents, powers, even in the ghastly distortion remaining—his endowments as born into this world. Good things are still to be found in him—not his own work, but gifts to him—acquired from education, from society, from the church, from the state, from science and art, certain purer and noble features. The judgment, however, that great divorcement, not only separates *those who* are good from *those who* are evil, but also, inwardly, *the* good from *the* evil. The talent shall be taken from the slothful servant who hid it in a napkin. Every natural good shall be taken away from those upon the left; the little flame which at least occasionally illumined their benighted souls, shall be extinguished; nothing shall remain but the piercing light of the thought, "There is a God, an eternal God, and thou art his creature." All that, which men here on earth so eulogize—good-nature, tender-heartedness, kindliness of disposition, sentiments of honor—all these shall be taken away from them; all knowledge of the truth, all acquaintance therewith—and the man be slung back into what he has made himself. He is purely his own work; and as such, is intrenched in his pitiful poverty, emptiness, blindness and pervertedness, for all eternity!

This, poor, poor soul, who rejectest and spurnest Christ, this shalt thou be—a pure self-perversion, self-distortion; and then shalt thou hear that word "ye cursed!" with whose pronunciation every blessing of God shall be for thee abrogated—the blessings of grace and that primeval blessing which he sent forth of old upon his yet unfallen creation. This is the curse, the only unmitigated curse; for all the divine judgments upon the sins of men were, until the day of judgment, still attended with blessing. Then at last, curse without blessing, the banishment of the soul in her own black and awful shape—*that is judgment according to works.* For not only the single deed stands written there in the books—not merely the total of his evil deeds, but the whole molding of his life; the whole action and passion, the whole development of the man out of his own sinful and perverted self; each bears "his own burden," and none will be able to doubt that his lamentable condition and everlasting destruction is purely his own work, held fast by him with all his might against the striving grace of God in Christ!

And that is the sermon for the festival of the Reformation. For as our loved Reformers brought forth the Bible from the rubbish under which it was hidden, brought it into our churches, and schools, and houses—ah! God grant into our hearts also—as this word repeats a thousand times, that man is not justified by his own merit, but through grace; through the offering of Jesus Christ made upon the cross and completed in eternity, is counted righteous; that justification by faith is

the only way in which man can be saved, even if it first appear on the last day; so the same word also teaches us, and out of it the whole evangelical church also, that each shall answer for his own works, that each must bear his own burden, that no one can lighten the oppressive load a single ounce; that no mother of Christ, no saint, no merit, nor superogatory merit of even the truest of God's servants, who themselves would have shuddered at the thought, can rescue a soul from the terrors of the judgment. These are tatters of well-meant deception laid upon the wounds of souls. These treasures of the church are fictitious; no one helps; thou shalt bear thy own burden. There is but one rescue. If the registry of thy guilt is blotted out with the blood of the Lamb, then are thy works also stricken out, and only *thy name* will be found inscribed in the book of life—the name which the Lord, in his ineffable love, shall there give thee!

Does the Reformation then ignore works? Have they for her no worth at all?

O yes! the Reformation hath somewhat to say of works; for she preaches a *living* faith. Works, true works of love, self-sacrificing deeds of charity to the least of the brethren, done out of love to Jesus—these are the works by which true faith is known. So teaches the evangelical church in accordance with the words of the apostles. She teaches that that faith which is merely a persuasion of the mind, a mere intellectual notion, is a dead faith—in fact no faith at all. She teaches indeed that the works judge the man, but also that, in Christ's own words, all evil works proceed from unbelief. Works of unbelief comprise every evil work, and it is unbelief which condemns, just as it is faith which seizes upon the saving grace.

And now, beloved, let us take one comprehensive glance, and turn our souls to the Lamb of God. We see here upon his altar the appointed emblems of his body and blood—ay, himself, who really administers himself to believing communicants unto eternal life, but who will give himself to the unbelieving unto judgment. We have to-day a summons to works of love—a double summons—a summons for to-day, and another for the coming Sunday—to works of love which should be done unto our brethren with prayer and from faith—to works for the rescue of souls and to works for rescue from bodily wants.*

May the consideration of the final judgment incline us to a new seizure upon our Lord, and sturdy growth with him by means of his holy sacrament. May the summons which reach us from far and from near inspirit and charm us to works of love and self-sacrifice. But the spirit of believing prayer comes only from God. For holy works are only those which the Saviour himself works in us by his Holy Spirit, when we stand back, and only consent thereto.

* These remarks referred to a couple of collections taken for the relief of certain countrymen and Christian brethren in America.—[TR.

Glance forward once more unto the end. God grant that no one of us come before that judgment-seat, but that we all press through unto life while here on earth, and happily enter into the joy of our Lord among the thousands of saints who with him shall hold the judgment! But look well to it; it is possible that one or another among us may be snatched away into eternity before he has made his calling and election sure in Jesus Christ. O I pray you, to-day! now! let not an hour, let not a minute, pass, until, in faith—be it ever so weak—you have seized upon the Lord, who offers you his infinite grace with the forgiveness of sins, that you may triumph over death, the grave, and the judgment—that your resurrection may be a resurrection of life—your name stand written in the Book of Life—that you may receive the new name which he has promised unto those who now come in Jesus Christ! That is—may that be our reformation! Amen.

DISCOURSE VIII.

EMIL W. KRUMMACHER, D.D.

This divine, though little known in America, holds a high place in Germany, and is acting an influential part in ecclesiastical affairs. He is a younger brother of the celebrated court preacher, toward whom he bears, in some respects, a striking resemblance. For a number of years he was stationed at Longeburg; but has now been for some time the acceptable and useful pastor of the German Reformed Church at Duisburg, on the Rhine. He writes with a vigorous pen, and frequently takes part in the prevailing theological discussions through the press, and is the author of several works. In the matter of eloquence, he is not equal to his elder brother, Frederic William (as, indeed, very few are), but he is, nevertheless, a man of decided ability and far more than ordinary pulpit power. There are passages in the following sermon which would be creditable to the chaplain at the Prussian court. Indeed, one may almost imagine while reading it, that he is delightfully following some pathetic and glowing chapter in "The Suffering Saviour." Its perusal can not but awaken a desire for a further acquaintance with the productions of this gifted mind.

THE ABANDONMENT OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land, unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—Matthew, xxvii. 45, 46.

Several times already had the great High Priest opened his mouth upon the cross. First had he turned the eye of his mercy upon those cruel mockers and tormenters, who, in that hour of agony, encompassed him as ravening and roaring lions, and asked for them mercy and forgiveness: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." O! what a glimpse do these words give us into the inconceivable love which glowed in his heart! The next word he addressed to that dying penitent on his right hand, and it was a word of sweetest promise; a word of unutterable consolation: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." And then he turned to his mother and to the disciple whom he loved, who lay in his bosom at the last supper, and bound them both in the

bonds of filial and maternal love. And now was it the sixth hour. It was mid-day, but behold! "there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." For three whole hours the anointed hung upon the cross in unbroken silence; wrapped in darkness, without one single ray of light and peace. The bleeding Creator of the sun itself sees no light; the helper of all must weep without help; but his cry of anguish arrests the course of nature! Surely here is a deep, an unfathomable mystery.

Yes, these terrors of Christ loudly declare that here is holy ground. Only in deepest adoration, only in the abasement of self-condemnation, can we venture to approach and gaze. Praying and trembling, we enter this holy of holies; in deepest reverence, supplicating for grace, we contemplate,

I. In the first place; The forsaken One himself.
II. In the second place; The end of his being thus forsaken.
III. And finally; The fruit of this abandonment.

I. Who is this forsaken One? Behold him, as he hangs upon the ignominious tree! Blood is flowing from his wounds—from his opened veins. The crimson stream flows down from his head, his hands, his feet, his sides. His face is marred more than any man's, and there is none to comfort, none to pity. A great multitude stand around the cross; among them are found the respected, the learned, the noble: chief priests, scribes, and elders; but their lips are like the lips of the rabble, full of bitter mockery and scorn—full of malice and blasphemy. Their cruel hands, indeed, can no longer reach the man of sorrows; but the tongue knows well how to twist the knotted scourge, to send forth the spear and the sharp arrow. One poisoned cup of mockery after another is presented. Unceasing are the torments of his body—inconceivable the agonies of his soul. Forsaken by the whole world—this he might have borne. Deserted by the little band that had "continued with him in his temptation"—this was hard to bear. Alas! what pain even to us, faithless sinners, as we are, when, in the day of need, and of adversity, the friends whom we had fondly deemed true, turn from us coldly and faithlessly! And yet even this sorrow might be endured. But what is told us here? God himself, that God who is love, who said, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" that God who has promised to those that keep his covenant, that he will never leave them nor forsake them; the God of all grace and mercy, forsakes his Son! His Son? His only Son? Him whom he loves? Is it possible? Should not we rather say, that this bleeding one, hanging upon the accursed tree, and crying amid the darkness, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," must be the vilest wretch that ever trod this earth? Is this the last end of the righteous? Is this the reward of innocence and spotless purity? Is this dealing justly to suffer the holy One to die as a felon? The martyrs

counted not their lives to be dear unto them; for the sake of Jesus they joyfully exposed themselves to the most dreadful tortures, and were led to the stake and the pile of burning, rejoicing that they were thought worthy to suffer for his name; and, meek as the lamb before its slayer, they poured out their life-blood under the knife of their enemies. But they were not forsaken of God. We hear them praising him amid the flames. The Father-heart of God is open to them; the everlasting arm of the great Deliverer is beneath them; the Son of God walks with them, even as of old with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the fiery furnace; and though "their heart and their flesh failed them, yet God was the strength of their heart and their portion forever." But here all sources of comfort are dried up; here Satan, the power of darkness, seemed to have free course, and the life of this forsaken One is as the life of those that go down into the pit of inconceivable torment. Is this the fruit of his transgressions? The due reward of his misdeeds? Is the accusation brought against him just? Was he indeed a blasphemer? Was he guilty of death? Was the rod justly broken upon him?

But no! this be far from him. "He knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. He "was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." He glorified his Father; he was always about his Father's business; it was his meat and drink to do the will of his Father; he was in the Father, and the Father in him. His whole life was a life of holiness; never had he, even in thought, transgressed the law of God; "he was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Zeal for the house of the Lord consumed him; he went about doing good; to save, to help, to bless, was the element of his whole earthly life. Perfect was he, and perfect he remained, even as his Father in heaven is perfect.

Such was he; and yet he exclaims in unutterable anguish: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" O, then, wonder not if I shrink in trembling awe from this abandonment by the Father! Blame me not if I own that here is an event which seems to involve in impenetrable obscurity all the attributes and all the dealings of God. Can the God of love thus forsake the Son of his love? Can almighty Justice thus deal with innocence? Does the omnipresent thus depart from him who is faithful even unto death? Is it thus that the covenant-keeping God fulfills his own promise: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee?" Is this his faithfulness, that he yields up the faithful in all things, yea, the only faithful, a prey to the most fearful pains of the most painful death, and wholly withdraws from him his presence, his consolation, the consciousness of his love and his favor? Is not godliness itself a mere dream, when the holy One is thus forsaken? Is not all trust in the covenant-keeping faithfulness of Jehovah a mere delusion, when God withdraws

from his Son his love and his grace? Is not the question, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" a question which, from everlasting to everlasting, must remain an unsolved mystery?

II. No, my beloved; through the mercy of God we have had this mystery revealed to us. In the painful judgment of self-condemnation, the wondrous enigma is solved. When once the blind eye of our spirit is opened, we discern, in the light of grace, the lofty end of the abandonment of the Son of God.

Wherefore, then, was the innocent Lamb of God thus utterly forsaken of God? Wherefore did his heavenly Father hide his face from him? Wherefore must the almighty Jesus be so weak, the visage of the spotless One so marred, the Helper so helpless? Because he, as all the prophets of the old covenant and all the apostles of the new testify, was delivered up for our transgression; because he, constrained by the compassion of his loving heart, suffered in our stead, and bore the punishment our sins deserved in his own body on the tree. And who are we? Are we not all universally rebellious children—"children that are corrupted"—that have forsaken the Lord, the God and Creator of their lives, the supreme good—the only good? O yes! when sin allures, when gold and gain are to be won, when fleshly lusts are to be gratified, and earthly honors to be obtained, then do we eagerly go forward; then is there no road too long, no way too toilsome, no sacrifice too painful; but we inquire not after God: he is not in all our thoughts. Thus we go on in our natural state—God-denying, God-forgetting men—following the dictates of a depraved will, following the counsel of a darkened understanding, speaking our own sinful words, and working our own works of darkness; and we think not that the holy presence of God is, as the air, around us and about us; and we glorify not the God "in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways." Far from our Father's house, cut off from communion with him, excluded from his grace, we are still at ease, and tremble not even for an instant before his awful majesty. Our idols, "the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life," are sufficient for us; we feel no need of reconciliation with God—of reunion with God. Alas! there is not one among us all who has not, like the prodigal son, forsaken his God. Every sin which we commit, is an abandonment of God; and as oft as we have thought, or spoken, or acted, without reference to him, and fellowship with him, so oft have we forsaken him. And even those among us who, through the grace of God, have been born again, created anew in Jesus Christ, even they must acknowledge, in deep self-abasement, that ever since their conversion, they also have, daily and hourly, shamefully forsaken the Lord their God. And this desertion is a transgression that reaches unto the heavens—a sin of deepest dye, that calls for vengeance—an ingratitude so vile, that by it alone we have a thousand times deserved inexorable and everlasting banish-

ment from the presence of the Lord. Is not this forsaking of our God the fruitful parent of all our countless transgressions?

When, therefore, the Son of God, as our surety, exposed himself for us to bear the penalty of God's violated law, he must, when wrestling with death, be forsaken of God. Standing in our stead, he must feel the whole weight of the wrath of God, and in the judgment of God be regarded as one who has departed from God. He that defies the omnipotent God—that will not hear the all-wise God, that cares not for the omnipotent God, that makes the God of truth a liar, "despising the riches of his goodness and mercy," and repaying his love with base ingratitude—surely he well deserves to be forsaken of the everlasting God—to be overwhelmed by the weight of the wrath of God, who "is not mocked." And, as such, did our Lord Jesus Christ, as our representative, stand before God, and therefore was he forsaken of God.

We can not comprehend this desertion by God; it is beyond our every faculty, and every conception. Suffice it to say that the Son of God feels here the enormous weight of all that our sins deserved; the mercy of God is hidden from him; he feels only his wrath, and naught of his grace and loving kindness. Though we comprehend not how it was possible for the holy, undefiled Son of God, thus to be loaded with that abominable sin which he hated, and thus to pay its full penalty, it is yet certain that he was here "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" that "the deep waters" of the terrors of God went even over his soul; that the thick clouds of deepest anguish were heaped up, one above another, till at last all the terrors of eternity, all the pains of hell, all the wrath of divine justice, were concentrated in the agony that forced from him the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Come hither, then, ye sinners, who would make of the living God a weak Eli, winking at the transgressions of his rebellious children! Come hither, ye impenitent sinners, who, with a few prayers and a little almsgiving, would purchase heaven!—come hither, and learn in the abandonment by his Father of Christ on the cross, that the wrath of God, that his holy indignation against sin, is no empty threat! If the great God spared not his own Son, but suffered him to feel the unutterable pangs of his avenging justice, how shall ye escape the threatened damnation of hell?

But come hither, also, ye despisers of God and of his word, who have turned from his ways to walk in your own way—that way whose end is death; come hither and see how ardently the loving heart of God desires the redemption of the most sinful, the most wretched. Behold in the hiding of his face from his beloved, a manifest proof that he is ready to lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and to blot out your unnumbered sins. Does he provide such a sin-offering as abundantly satisfies his justice? O doubt not then his perfect willingness to receive you into the bosom of his compassionate love! Here, in this desertion by

God of the Lord Jesus Christ, beams forth upon us not only the justice of God, but the fullness of his mercy in a divine radiance, sufficient to dispel every shade of doubt as to his desire "to save to the uttermost them that come unto him." Now is the great gulf that separated condemned sinners from a holy God, henceforth and forever so filled up that we may, with joyful hearts, fearlessly pass over it into the arms of a reconciled God—a loving Father.

III. But this leads us to the third point we had proposed for consideration: a still further contemplation of the fruits of this abandonment of Christ.

These fruits are precious above all price; but they are only for the penitent sinner, for believing hearts, for the poor in spirit, for "those that hunger and thirst after righteousness." We speak not now to you, proud sinners, who still turn your backs upon the Lord, and by presumptuous sins are still daily pouring contempt upon God and his laws. To you we must repeat the words of Christ, and may the Spirit of God re-echo them in thunder-tones in your ears: "If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Ye shall not see God, "for your sins," as Isaiah saith, "have hid his face from you." To you it is not said, nor, unless you repent, will it ever be said, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." Alas! to you rather belongs, in all its terrors, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." No; so long as your eyes are still unopened to see how "your iniquities have separated between you and your God," so long as you come not to Jesus, self-condemned, in contrition of heart, and in faith that he alone can save,—he alone deliver,—even *so* long the fruits of this abandonment of Christ belong not to you. Only when we are made to experience somewhat of being forsaken of God, as Christ was; only when we bitterly feel and humbly acknowledge that we well deserve, for our multiplied transgressions, to be forsaken of God; only when, in the conviction of that utter helplessness which self-knowledge brings with it, we turn from the broken cisterns of human consolation, and as wretched, hell-deserving sinners, prostrate ourselves at the lowest step of the throne of God—then only do we become partakers of the glorious fruits of this abandonment of Christ. But to you, who are thus self-condemned as vile sinners, to you, highly-favored souls, who have been given to see in the desertion of Christ your merited curse, and whose heart's conviction, through grace, it is, that only free, unmerited mercy could have plucked you as brands from the burning—to you belong the precious fruits of these death-pangs of our surety. O! lay hold of them joyfully, and suffer neither Satan nor your own evil heart of unbelief to keep you back.

This abandonment of Christ on the cross is a bridge of God's own construction; firm as the rock, never to be destroyed. It is the passage

from the region of the shadow of death, into the abode of everlasting light and everlasting peace. We may tread it with firm step, confident, rejoicing in the name of the Lord; however the waves of our transgressions may roar, and rage, and swell, this bridge defies the roaring torrent and the swelling flood.

The abandonment on the cross is a deep gulf, an unfathomable abyss, into which we may cast all our anxieties, all our cares, all our sins—even those of deepest dye, even those that are grown up into the heavens—and they shall no more be found, but shall be hidden forever and ever.

In this abandonment of Christ, a pledge is given unto us by the eternal God himself, that he will never more abandon those debtors for whom the surety thus paid all the debt. He may indeed, at times, hide his face from us, and appear as though he would never again manifest himself to help and bless. But it is "for a small moment;" with great mercies will he gather us; his bowels are again "troubled for Ephraim," and he will surely have mercy upon him.

Again. This abandonment is a charter of our citizenship in heaven—a passport thither—a privilege which we may plead before the judgment-throne. The effectual power of this abandonment of our surety and propitiation is so infinite, that we may fearlessly stand in the judgment. We shall be judged, but shall not be condemned, for "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." They have already been judged, have already borne the curse, already been forsaken of God in their surety. Therefore, "rejoice greatly, O Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob, ye children of the living God;" to you the great day of the Lord will be a welcome, a blessed day, when you shall pass into the kingdom of God, there forever to see, and love, and praise him.

Still further. The abandonment of Christ on the cross is a key wherewith we may open to ourselves the secret chambers of communion with our God. No longer need we stand like slaves, trembling without; we are no more strangers, no longer afar off, but have been brought nigh to be fellow-citizens with the saints, and to receive the adoption of children. The high and holy One has become our Father, who takes us into his arms, and to his heart, as dear children, and sends "forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

And does any one ask how we dare draw near with such boldness, and hope in him so confidently, and speak to him so freely of all that is in our heart? We point to our crucified Surety, and reply, "Because he was forsaken for me, and in my stead." Here is my peace. "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but the covenant of peace," confirmed by the blood of the Lamb, "shall never be removed," but "standeth fast forever and ever!"

DISCOURSE IX.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

For the last fourteen years, this distinguished German divine has resided in this, the land of his adoption. He was born, Janaury 1, 1819, at Coire, Switzerland, the son of an honest mechanic of the same name, and became early united with the German Reformed Church. His education was received, first in the college at Coire, then in the Institution of Kornthal, the College of Stuttgart, and the Universities of Tubingen, Halle, and Berlin. In his 25th year he was ordained in the German Reformed Church, at Elberfield, by Dr. F. W. Krummacher, Dr. Sander, and other Prussian clergymen. He has never been pastor, but was for a time Professor of Theology at the University of Berlin; and, in the year 1844, was called as Professor of Theology to the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pa., a position which he has honorably filled ever since.

Dr. Schaff, though yet a comparatively young man, has become extensively known as an engaging and solid writer. Some of his best known publications are called: "Sin against the Holy Ghost," 1841 (German); "James, the Brother of the Lord," 1842 (German); "The Principle of Protestantism," 1845 (German and English); "Historical Development," 1846 (English); "History of the Apostolic Church," 1853 (German and English; both editions were reprinted in Europe); "Life and Labors of St. Augustine," 1854 (German and English); "America; its Political, Social, and Religious Condition," 1854, in Berlin, and translated in 1855, in New York. He has also published a number of orations, essays, and articles in American and European journals, and is one of the editors of the "Mercersburg Review." It is understood that he has in preparation a "Manual of Church History," from the beginning to the present time, in three volumes, the first volume of which is now nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Schaff's reputation, however, as a writer, rests mainly upon his "History of the Apostolic Church," which has received, in all quarters, high commendation. Its general estimate is pretty fairly represented in a notice of the "Princeton Review:"

"The book is eminently scholarlike and learned, full of matter, not of crude materials crammed together for the nonce by labor-saving tricks, but of various and well-digested knowledge, the result of systematic training and long-continued study. Beside the evidence of solid learning which the book contains, it bears the impress of an original and vigorous mind, not only in the clear and lively mode of representation, but also in the large and elevated views presented. The author's power of attending both to great and small in due proportion, throws over the details a pleasing air of philosophical reflection, rendered still more attractive by a tinge of poetry, too faint to vitiate the manly prose of history, but strong enough to satisfy that

craving of imaginative beauty which appears to be demanded by the taste of the day, even in historical composition. In point of style, and indeed of literary execution generally, there is no church history in German known to us, excepting that of Hase, that deserves to be compared with that before us. This experimental volume, were its faults and errors far more grave and numerous than we think they are, would still place its author in the highest rank of living or cotemporary church historians."

Dr. Schaff preaches very frequently, if not indeed regularly: sometimes in English, but more frequently in German. Judging by the specimen here given, the same clearness, strength, and elegance of style, the same chaste and manly eloquence, fresh and glowing with thought and lively fancy, must characterize his pulpit productions. The subjoined discourse we have been kindly permitted to translate from the author's manuscript.

JACOB WRESTLING WITH GOD.

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled with him a man," etc.—GEN., xxxii. 24–31.

OUR text carries us back thousands of years to the time of the patriarchs, to those peaceful days of childlike simplicity, and unhesitating confidence in God. Who of us has not felt himself aroused, shamed, and quickened, as he has read of father Abraham, the friend of God, whose life speaks loudly to us of that justifying faith which held fast unwaveringly to the promise of the Lord; or of Isaac, whose days passed noiselessly and soberly away, teaching us that "through quietness and confidence shall be our strength?" or of Jacob and his many storms and conflicts, confirming the apostle's word that, "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God?"

We here meet with Jacob in one of those conjunctures where no human counsel, no natural power, nothing but confidence in God, and prayer, could help him. Such straits the Lord frequently sends to prove the faith of his children, and bind them by his wonderful deliverances, more closely to himself.

The patriarch was now on his return from Mesopotamia, toward Canaan. He had fled away secretly from his uncle Laban, who envied him on account of the wealth which he had acquired. Laban pursued to take vengeance upon him. But God turned Laban's heart in a dream by night, and disposed him to reconciliation; and they parted in peace from each other on Mount Gilead. Hardly, however, had Jacob escaped from this danger, when he was involved in another still more serious. He was now on the borders of the land of Seir, where his brother dwelt. You remember his crafty proceedings when he defrauded Esau of his birthright. You know that the latter, in his anger, threatened to slay his brother. True, Jacob had, at that time escaped, but now he must

needs pass through the land of Esau, and had the worst to fear. Indeed, the messengers whom he had sent forth, returned with the fearful tidings, "we came to thy brother, to Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him."

Thus Jacob stood in doubt of his life; and not only for his own person had he to fear, but also for his herds, his numerous retinue, his wife Leah, the beloved Rachel for whose sake he had served fourteen years in the sweat of his brow, and for his children who were as dear to him as his own life. All this increased his anxiety tenfold. And to this was added finally, the consciousness, that he had, in his youth, dealt treacherously with Esau, and deserved severe punishment. This sense of guilt probably gave the sharpest sting to his anxiety, and made it hard for him to encourage himself with the assistance of Jehovah. "Thus Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed."

And what did he do in this extremity? He at once availed himself of every means which his remarkable prudence suggested to him. First of all he divided his herds and his retinue into two bands, that if Esau should smite one of them, the other might escape. He then sent servants with very valuable presents to his brother, in order, if possible, to turn his heart to kindness. And such providential measures were eminently proper. Trust in God is not sloth nor neglect of the means afforded for defense and help. Understanding, deliberation, energy, and all the powers of the soul and body, are given us to be faithfully and conscientiously used.

But all this was not now sufficient. *Pray* and work—"ora ac labora"—is the injunction of the old proverb. Jacob knew from his own experience, that all human aid, all natural powers, are nothing, without assistance from above; that all blessing and all success depend finally on the free grace of Jehovah. He fled for refuge, therefore, under the wings of the God of his forefathers, and prayed, with firm confidence in his promises, and with an honest heart: "God of my father Abraham, God of my father Isaac, O Lord, who saidst to me, Return to thy country and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee; I am less than all the mercies and all the faithfulness which thou hast shown to thy servant; for I had nothing but this staff when I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands. Deliver me from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau, for I fear him lest he should come and smite me, the mother with the children. And thou hast said, I will surely do thee good and make thy seed as the sand of the sea which can not be numbered for multitude."

Yet not even with this was Jacob content. The necessity of his heart drove him to spend the whole night with God. Then occurred that remarkable struggle which our text describes. This occurrence, like the vision of the heavenly ladder at Bethel, the temptation and transfiguration of Christ, and Paul's being transported to the third heaven, belong

to those mysterious transactions in which man is carried away to a higher sphere of being, and enjoys experiences which far transcend those of ordinary life. The sensible forms in which these experiences clothe themselves, are of a symbolical character, that is, they are significant indications of spiritual states and exercises. They may, doubtless, as in the case before us, by reason of the close connection between soul and body, operate also upon the material frame, and leave their traces in it. But the important matter in regard to them, is that which takes place within the experience of the soul.

Holy Scripture, which always itself best understands and interprets itself, teaches us that this event is not so much a bodily contest as a struggle of the soul with God. The prophet Hosea gives us the key to the understanding of the wonderful occurrence, when he says concerning Jacob, that "with all his strength he strove with God; yea, he strove with the *angel* and prevailed, for he wept and made supplication to him."

We have, therefore, presented to us here, a victorious prayer-strife, which let us more closely consider.

In a certain sense all prayer may be called a struggling with God, as Paul boasts of Epaphras, that "he always struggles for the Colossians in prayers," and calls on the Romans "to strive together with him in prayers to God." But there are cases where this is true in a stricter sense, where the powers of darkness encamp around us, and the doors of God's heart seem to be shut fast against us, where heaven must be stormed, so to speak, with the most strenuous exertion of all the powers of the soul. So did the Saviour strive in the dark night of his agony in Gethsemane, even to bloody sweat. So did the great Reformer storm the citadel of mercy with the prayer of faith, when his friend and fellow-laborer, and with him the hope of the Reformation, lay sick unto death, and all human helps refused their aid. So strives many a pious husband and father when the dearest heart he has on earth, groans under the pains of a dangerous sickness. To such extraordinary supplications belongs the prayer of Jacob.

"*And he remained alone.*" This we can easily comprehend. The lamentations of wives and children over threatening death, disturbed him in his intercourse with God. Gladly, in the depths of its sorrow, does the pious heart seek solitude where the tumult of life reaches not, and no cold listener interrupts the sighs and supplications which rise to him who delivereth out of all troubles. It was night. She spread her black wings over the patriarch, she encompassed him with her dismal gloom. But night is also the time of longing, of homesickness after the eternal fatherland, the time for undisturbed meditation on divine things, of blessed communion with God. The innumerable stars in the firmament reminded him of the promise repeatedly given to him and his fathers, of a like innumerable posterity. The faithful shepherd and keeper of Israel, he sleepeth not nor slumbers; on his arm he who rests, though in the

open field, and surrounded by foes, rests safe and blessed. In his presence we may well forego the intercourse of men. In the light of his countenance, even midnight itself becomes the perfect day.

While Jacob, in his nocturnal solitude, gave himself up to earnest meditation, anxiety, and hopes, "*there wrestled a man with him.*" Who is this stranger who so suddenly grasps the helpless patriarch? From the expression, "Then he saw that he prevailed not against him," we might conclude that he was but a weak person. But immediately afterward we are told that he put Jacob's thigh out of joint; and that indicates superhuman strength. After the struggle was ended, he gives him the name ISRAEL, that is, *God's* combatant. Jacob calls the place PENIEL, and glories in having seen GOD face to face. Now the mysterious antagonist stands with open visor before our eyes; he is no other than Jehovah in the form of the Angel of the Covenant. Hence, Hosea says, also, first, that Jacob strove with God, and again that he strove with the angel. In various forms, under the old covenant, God thus deigned to reveal himself to his servants, according to their needs and their capacities for comprehension, until at last he became man, and so entered into a personal and perpetual union with our nature, that we might no longer need those imperfect methods of revelation.

The contest endured "*till the break of day.*" That was a long prayer; can you boast of any thing like it in your own case? I know well, indeed, that the worth of prayer depends not on its length, but on its substance; not on its quantity, but on its quality. It is the heathen who make many words in prayer, with little feeling in them. The Lord's prayer is short, and yet the best which ever rose to heaven. One sigh from a deeply agitated heart, one homesick glance toward the hills from which cometh our help, one penitent blow on the breast, with the cry, "God be merciful to me a poor sinner!" may be much more precious in God's eyes, and produce a much more blessed result, than many along and most beautifully-worded address to God. But yet there are times when we ought to cultivate intercourse with God, for hours together, especially under spiritual temptations, before important undertakings, in connection with momentous changes in the course of our life, or with public calamities, such as war, pestilence, famine, conflagrations, and floods. The Psalmist, in a time of heavy affliction exclaims, "O, Lord God of my salvation, I cry out day and night before thee." We read concerning the Saviour, that he spent whole nights in prayer to his heavenly Father. Of the first Christians it is said that "they continued *steadfast* in the apostles' doctrine, and in fellowship, and in the breaking of bread, and in *prayer*." And the Apostle Paul, in the beginning of several of his epistles, assures his readers that he *always* offers for them thanksgiving and supplication; nay, he admonishes the Thessalonians and all of us, "Pray *without ceasing*." The whole life of the Christian ought properly to be a continuous prayer of thanks-

giving and petition, a now silent, and now vocal conversation with the Most High. What a holy unction would thus be shed over all our thoughts, and words, and works, and griefs!

But you say, this exceeds the powers of our nature. What! Can you not from early morn to latest eve, run and chase after your earthly business and temporal gains? Can you not watch whole nights by the sick bed of a friend, or spend them in cheerful conversation? And yet you have not the strength to watch even one little hour with the Lord, to whom you owe all that you have and all you are! O! if you knew the love of Jesus in its length, and breadth, and depth, you would be ashamed of your ingratitude and spiritual sloth, and repent of it in sackcloth and ashes! O! if you knew the indescribable blessedness of continued, unremitting prayer, reaching on even into eternity, you would seize this means of grace with holy zeal, and be astonished at your own folly, that you had neglected it so long.

Let me take you to the dying couch of an old man, long acquainted with the privilege of prayer, at his last breath. The blessed man lay several hours with his hands folded on his heart, in blissful contemplation. His ear perceived no longer the tones of his friends who would fain give him the last farewell. He caught the triumphant song of the blessed, which already saluted him from out the heavenly city of God. His eye perceived no more the earthly objects which surrounded him, but, full of silent peace, it was directed upward, and saw the angels and archangels, and that company which no man can number, full of adoration, around the throne of the Lamb. More and more widely spread the compass of his prayer, until, beginning with himself and his family, it embraced the whole human race; higher and still higher rose the flight of his meditation, quite up to the seat of the triune God; more and more devoutly trembled his dying lips, and more peacefully, more mildly glanced his eye, like the rays of the setting sun. Then the unfettered spirit forsook its dying shell, and on the glorified features rested the exaltation of prayer, like a blessed dream.

"*And when he saw that he prevailed not against him.*" What! The almighty One, who holdeth the world in his right hand, as a ball; who commandeth the tempest, and it is still; who calleth to the dead, and they rise out of their graves;—does he not prevail against a man, the work of his fingers, a worm of the dust? Yes, believe me, God must yield to his children when they rest alone on his promises and his grace. He has bound himself by his own word: "I will do thee good;" "I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he should repent and live;" "Call on me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt praise me;" "Ask, and it shall be given thee; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will do it unto you." Of such, and of all the promises of God and his Son, it is said that "they are yea, in him, and in him they are amen."

"He remembereth his covenant forever, the word which he hath promised to a thousand generations." "The word of the Lord is true, and what he hath promised, he holdeth sure." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy on thee."

But consider well that this victory over God in believing prayer, comes not through one's own strength, but depends, rather, on the subjugation of all self-righteousness, and on the complete reliance of the soul on the free, unmerited grace of our Redeemer. That is what is meant by the laming of the hip-joint, in this mysterious contest. "When he saw that he prevailed not against him, *he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him.*" The hip is, so to speak, the framework on which the body rests, so that when it is put out of joint the man can no longer stand on his own feet, but must lean on some other support. Self-love, likewise, and one's own righteousness, are the framework on which the natural life rests, and when this is broken down, the sinner hath nothing left but either to despair or to support himself on the mercy of God, as on a new foundation which not all the powers of heaven and earth can shake. Such a displacement of the hip is naturally attended with bitter pains, and so the soul breaks forth into the new life only through the crushing pangs of repentance and shame. Nay, this mortification of the old man in the Christian's life must be daily renewed, until in heaven he has put off his earthly covering, and escaped from all temptations to evil. We may say that every prayer is a going forth out of self and its merits, and an entering into Christ and his merits; a renunciation of all our own power in order that the power of God may become mighty; that is to say, in the figurative language of our text, an unjointing of the hip. It is the peculiarity of the Christian that in his defeat he conquers, in his weakness he is strong, and through the gates of death he passes into life. Thus our patriarch, after his natural strength was broken, became only the more strong in his soul. For now he clasped the neck of his invisible antagonist with all his might, so that whoever would overcome him must cast that antagonist also to the ground: and who can contend against the almighty God?

Still another trial now presented itself to Jacob before he gained a complete victory. Clinging fast to his antagonist, he lay, with broken hip, on the bosom of Jehovah, or of his angel, till the morning broke. Then the latter commanded him: "Let me go!" And here another question arises: "Could God really wish that his servant Jacob should allow him to depart, and be left to stand again on his own feet, especially now when his hip was lamed?" Certainly not. The demand is, so to speak, an artifice of eternal Love, to try the faith of Jacob, and, by trying, to strengthen it. Often, in the education of his children, does the

all-wise God avail himself of this means: thus he tried Abraham when he desired of him the offering of his son Isaac, that his unquestioning obediece might be manifested before all the world; thus the Saviour repelled the Syrophenician woman with seeming harshness, that she might recognize her unworthiness, and the more pressingly supplicate for help; then he himself exclaimed: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" and her daughter was healed that same hour; thus he proved the disciples from Emmaus on the day of his resurrection, when in the midst of a comforting conversation, which caused their hearts to burn within them for joy, "he made as if he would go further." The disciples, however, would not be parted from him, but constrained him and said: "Tarry with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." And behold the Lord, who merely designed to put their love to the test, "went in to tarry with them," and brake the bread as a token of his gracious presence and indissoluble communion with them.

The patriarch understood this demand perfectly. He had no desire to separate from the mysterious stranger. The opening dawn itself, which might reveal to him the hostile company of Esau, was a fresh reason for cleaving fast to him. "*I will not let thee go except thou bless me!*" was the decided answer which he returned to the demand, "Let me go." Welcome to us should be those words of faithful love and of believing constancy. Let us refresh ourselves with them, and by them let us feel ourselves put to shame. How soon do we become impatient and disheartened, and so begin to complain and murmur if, instead of hearing our prayer at once, he subjects our faith, even for a little, to the fiery trial. Away with this faint faith, this ingratitude, this despicable weakness. Let immovable confidence henceforth be the foundation of our prayer. And when our own flesh tempts us to sin—when the world, with a thousand alluring voices, would lead us astray from the path of heavenly blessedness into the broad way of destruction—when the prince of darkness threatens to let loose against us his most deadly arrows—when the waves of affliction, foaming and raging, dash against our souls—then let us, from full hearts, utter forth unto the Lord, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me. In prosperity and in adversity, in life and in death, I will not let thee go, my delight, my joy, my glory, my everlasting salvation for time and for eternity! No; for naught will I let thee go; sooner will I let go honor, estate, fortune, the world, yea, my own life, than thee, without whom life were death to me, and heaven itself a hell!"

Now Jacob had reached the height of victory. Such a prayer, God, the faithful and true, could not leave unheard: *he blessed him* then, with his spiritual, heavenly blessing, turned aside also the outward danger of death, and gave him a new name. His old, unholy name of Jacob reminded him of the deception which he had practiced upon Esau and

Laban, and was suited to humble him. Now, however, when he had triumphed, not only over man, but from God also had wrested his blessing in prayer, he received the honorable title, Israel, that is, God's combatant. With this, at the same time, was laid on him the duty of contending evermore for God's honor against all his enemies.

And that, my friends, is our calling also on the earth. Our souls ought to strive with the Lord, in tears of bitter penitence, and with the glowing earnestness of faith, till he turns toward us his reconciled countenance, and blesses us in Jesus Christ, his dear Son. Then, when we shall have prevailed with God, what enemy could stand against us? After such a victory, every other victory would be sure. Strive, therefore, with the weapons of the Spirit, of the word, and of prayer, under the banner of Christ, having on the shield of faith and the helmet of hope, against the flesh, the world, and Satan, and rest not nor tire in the holy warfare, until every enemy lies prostrate at your feet. To you also a new name is given, which shines in indelible characters in the Book of Life. God's power will lead you from contest to contest, but also from victory to victory, and, finally, will give you the great universal triumph, and wreathe your brow with the conqueror's crown of eternal life. There is no more sublime spectacle on earth than that of a soul striving in prayer with the covenant-keeping God. The angels in heaven rejoice in the sight, and cry aloud over the head of the suppliant: "Behold he prayeth! Behold he striveth! Behold he prevaileth! and instead of a Jacob has become an Israel!"

Places where we have experienced a gracious visitation from God, become to us exceedingly precious. We would fain set up there a grateful monument, of our Ebenezer, or give the spot a name which might tell even to future generations and centuries, the goodness of the Lord, and awaken in him holy feelings of reverence and thanksgiving. Thus, Jacob named the place on the north bank of the Jabbok, *Peniel*, that is, God's countenance, "for I have seen God face to face, and my soul is preserved." Yes, his soul was preserved from all fear and faintness, from all unbelief and doubt, preserved unto vigorous soundness of his eternal life. What a blessing to behold the face of God! This is promised to us, also, if we, like Jacob, maintain the fight of faith and prayer. Now, indeed, "we see only through a glass, darkly, then face to face. Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known." Yes, we shall see him as he is, our faithful God and Lord revealed in the flesh. Who can describe our blessedness when we shall see him whose heart, through infinite love, was broken for us in death; when we clasp that hand of his which once for our own sin's sake, was outstretched and pierced on the cross of Golgotha, when his transfigured countenance recognizes us as his own, and kindly smiles upon us; when his pure lips, from which flow only the words which "are spirit and life," shall call out to us, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared

for you from before the foundation of the world." Here the pen drops from our hand, and no artist is able to depict this bliss. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love him."

On the wings of faith we have raised ourselves above the bounds of time and space, we have caught a glimpse through the pearly gates of the eternal city of God. There gladly would we rest. Peaceful and homelike is it to us on these pure, heavenly heights.

But the end of our text assures us that we are yet on the earth and surrounded by the tumult of strife. "*And as he passed over Peniel, the sun rose upon him, and he limped on his thigh.*" But could such be the end of this glorious contest? Be not alarmed! The limping was a natural consequence of the dislocation, and even this consequence was not without a deep signification for which we must praise God. After even the most glorious experiences of faith we remain still, so long as we walk on earth, poor, sinful, and fragile creatures, and this we ought never to forget, or else the whole blessing with which God has blessed us is lost, and becomes converted into a curse. Jacob's halting, therefore, was made to him a lasting admonition to humility and submission, without which we can not please God. On the other hand, it was at the same time, a memorial which at every step reminded him of God's power and his great blessing. The feeling of one's own impotence and that of the transcendant power of God go hand in hand; humility and faith are inseparably connected. We have an example altogether similar in the life of the Apostle Paul. He had been transported, in the spirit, into the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words. But lest he should be too much exalted through the extraordinary revelations, there was given him a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him, lest he should be lifted up. And although he thrice besought the Lord that the messenger of Satan might depart from him, still the answer which he received was, "*My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*" "Most gladly, therefore," the apostle proceeds, "will I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

In yonder blissful eternity, indeed, all sin and all weakness will fall away from us, but the remembrance of them will remain, mingling a holy sadness with our felicity, and elevating our gratitude to a higher pitch. Therefore, the king of heaven himself bears still on high the wounds with which our sins pierced him here below, that we may be perpetually mindful with what a precious sacrifice our salvation was purchased.

In hallelujahs
Joy will stream still gushing forth

From mighty depths of sadness, and the ransomed sinner
Never harp will touch, nor sweep a pinion
Through the starry regions, without shedding
Holy, thankful tears, and inward trembling
Of sweet pain, that once in sickness lying,
He to life was healed through dying.

In wealthy places
We shall still our poverty remember,
Still find our souls scarred by the traces
Left by sin and death which naught effaces.

But the same poet adds:

From earthly sorrow
Heavenly gratitude new fire will borrow,
Our passage through death's dread, dividing river,
Joy to our eternal life deliver.

Every Christian has his "thorn in the flesh." With one, it is poverty; with another, it is disease; with another, it is an evil husband or wife; with another, disobedient children; with another, persecution; with another, anxiety or despondency, or whatever the trials and sorrows may be with which God would keep us humble, that we forget not prayer nor forsake the fountain of all comfort, all strength, and all wisdom. But he tries no one beyond his power, and lays no burden on any one without giving him strength likewise to bear it. As Jacob had passed by Peniel, "*the sun rose upon him.*" It lighted and warmed him, and showed him the way to the promised land which flows with milk and honey. And over us, for our comfort and strength, shines the Sun of mercy, shines for us through night and through horror, through depths and heights, even through the valley of the shadow of death, at last, and onward into a blessed eternity where it will set never more!

The French Pulpit.

DISCOURSE X.

J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D.

This eloquent and distinguished historian and preacher was born in the year 1794, on the margin of Lake Leman, Switzerland, where he yet resides. Though a native of Geneva, he is, like many of the inhabitants of that "city of refuge," of French origin. His great-grandfather, John Lewis Merle, emigrated, for the sake of his religion, from Nismes to Geneva, about the epoch of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His son, Francis Merle, in the year 1743, married Elizabeth d'Aubigné, a daughter of Baron George d'Aubigné, a Protestant nobleman who resided in that city, and who was a descendant of the celebrated Chevalier Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, whose memoirs have been recently published in this country; a faithful but poorly-rewarded adherent of Henry IV., a decided Protestant, a brave cavalier, a prolific author; the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon, mistress and wife of Louis XIV.; and in his old age was exiled to Geneva for his religion by the ungrateful race for whose elevation to the throne of France he had spent twenty long years and more in the camp. It is from his paternal grandmother that Dr. Merle derives the addition of D'Aubigné to his name.

His immediate progenitor was Aimé Robert Merle d'Aubigné, born in 1755, the father of three sons, the oldest and youngest of whom are respectable merchants. He was educated at the Academy, or University, as it is somtimes called, of his native city, and was designed for the ministry of the Protestant Church. He was led to embrace evangelical sentiments while a theological student, mainly through the influence of Mr. Haldane, of Scotland, while residing temporarily at Geneva. Having finished his studies at Geneva, M. Merle went to Berlin to hear the lectures of the late distinguished Neander, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of that city. It was while on a visit to Wartburg castle, the scene of Luther's captivity, that he resolved to write the "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century." For several years he was pastor of a French church in Hamburg, and for a longer period occupied a similar position in Brussels, where he was the favorite court preacher of the late king of Holland, who resided much of his time in that city, from 1815 to 1830. In the summer of 1830, M. Merle returned to his native city, where, upon the founding of the new theological school by the "Evangelical Society of Geneva," he was appointed Professor of Church History, a post which he has held and adorned ever since. "We had the pleasure," says the Rev. Dr. Turnbull, "a few years ago, of meeting Dr. Merle, at his residence in Geneva, and at the house of Colonel Tronchin, on the south-western shore of the lake. He is a noble-looking man, with much dignity and affability of manner. He has the appearance of robust health, although, like most other hard students, he frequently suffers from indisposition. His complexion is dark, and somewhat florid; his hair black and massive;

forehead broad and capacious; eyes dark and piercing, overshadowed with immense bushy eyebrows, and his whole countenance indicative of intelligence, decision, and energy. He speaks with rapidity and force, much in the style that he writes, evincing great enthusiasm and imagination. Intermingled with all this, is a vein of sobriety, discrimination, and good sense, exceedingly racy and refreshing. Occasionally, he seems dogmatic, and almost intolerant; but this arises from the clearness and decision of his views, the depth and fervor of his feelings. In his family, and among his friends, he is distinguished by his amenity and kindness. Simple-hearted as a child, he loves his home and his kindred, and takes great delight in long rambles and tours among the mountains. His family is large and interesting; and one of the most pleasing sights that one sees, on entering his house, are the caps, hats, and playthings of the children, hanging in the hall, surmounted by a large and well-used map of the United States."

"It may be added," says Dr. Turnbull, "that Dr. Merle is as much distinguished for the depth of his piety as the splendor of his talents. He is a truly humble, spiritual man. His creed is decidedly Calvinistic. He dwells, with intense relish, on the strong and often picturesque and eloquent language of the old Reformers, and rejoices in their stern and honest advocacy of the grand doctrine of justification by faith alone, the test, as Luther said, of a standing or a falling church."

His first publication consisted of a volume of sermons, printed at Hamburg. He next entered upon his great work, "The History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century." This work has had an immense circulation, especially in Great Britain and the United States. It is remarkable for vivacity, and vigor, and the several qualities of an eloquent style, as well as for its historic treasures. M. Merle is also the author of several volumes of less importance, a "Life of Cromwell," "Germany, Scotland, and England," and many sermons and addresses, of which an interesting collection has been translated into English by the Rev. Charles W. Baird, and published in New York by the Harpers. It is remarkable that one descendant of the great Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon, should have done so much to destroy the Reformation, and that another, at this distant day, should do so much to vindicate and extend it.

The style of Dr. Merle is vivacious and brilliant. His writings generally glow with life, and sparkle with picturesque beauties, fine conceptions, and striking expressions. The following has the reputation of being the ablest of his published discourses. It was delivered at the opening of the session of the Theological Seminary, in October, 1842, and is aimed principally against the innovations of Oxford and Rome. Its very great length, as originally delivered, has made it necessary to drop some of its more local allusions and extended citations; but the train of remark is carefully kept unbroken. It may be added that the portrait here presented, is the only authentic one ever published in America. It has been engraved from a picture in the possession of his son, W. Oswald Merle d'Aubigné, a resident in this country, and under his own supervision. It is pronounced to be exceedingly life-like and expressive.

THE THREE ONLYS.

"To the law and to the testimony."—"By grace ye are saved."—"Born of the Spirit."—ISAIAH, viii. 20; EPH., ii. 5; JOHN, iii. 6.

THERE are three principles which form the essence of Christianity. The first is what we may call its *formal* principle, because it is the means by which this system is formed or constituted; the second is what may be called the *material* principle, because it is the very doctrine which constitutes this religious system; the third I call the *personal* or *moral* principle, because it concerns the application of Christianity to the soul of each individual.

The *formal* principle of Christianity is expressed in few words: THE WORD OF GOD ONLY.

That is to say, the Christian receives the knowledge of the truth only by the word of God, and admits of no other source of religious knowledge.

The *material* principle of Christianity is expressed with equal brevity: THE GRACE OF CHRIST ONLY.

That is to say, the Christian receives salvation only by the grace of Christ, and recognizes no other meritorious cause of eternal life.

The *personal* principle of Christianity may be expressed in the most simple terms: THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT ONLY.

That is to say, there must be in each soul that is saved, a moral and individual work of regeneration wrought by the Spirit of God, and not by the simple concurrence of the church,* and the magic influence of certain ceremonies.

Recall constantly to your minds these three simple truths: *The word of God* ONLY. *The grace of Christ* ONLY. *The work of the Spirit* ONLY; and they will truly be "a lamp to your feet and a light to your paths."

These are the three great beacons which the Holy Spirit has erected in the church. Their effulgence should spread from one end of the world to the other. So long as they shine, the church walks in the light; as soon as they shall become extinct, or even obscured, darkness, like that of Egypt, will settle upon Christendom. As Luther said, "With them the church stands, and without them the church falls." Let us consider them.

I. The *formal* principle of evangelical Christianity is this: THE WORD OF GOD ONLY.

He who would know and possess the truth, in order to be saved, ought to study that revelation of God which is contained in the sacred

* The words which are used in the French are *adjunction de l'Eglise;* and are employed to express that additional or concurrent influence which the church is believed by the Puseyites to exert in regeneration by her ministration.

Scriptures, and to reject every thing which is a mere human addition—every thing which, as the work of man, may be justly suspected of being impressed with a deplorable mixture of error. There is only one source at which the Christian quenches his thirst; it is that stream, clear, limpid, perfectly pure, which flows from the throne of God. He turns away from every other fountain which flows parallel with it, or which would fain mingle itself with it; for he knows that on account of the source whence these streams issue, they all contain troubled, unwholesome, perhaps deadly waters. The sole, the ancient, the eternal stream, is God; the new, ephemeral, failing stream, is Man; and we will quench our thirst but in God alone. God is, in our view, so full of sovereign majesty, that we would regard as an outrage, and even as impiety, the attempt to put any thing by the side of his word.

But this is what the authors of the novelties of Oxford are doing. "The Scriptures," say they, in the *Tracts for the Times*, "are evidently not, according to the principles of the Church of England, the rule of faith. The doctrine or message of the gospel is but indirectly presented in the Scriptures, and in an obscure and concealed manner." "Catholic tradition," says one of the two principal chiefs of the school, "is a divine informer in religious things; it is the unwritten word. These two things (the Bible and Catholic traditions) together form a united rule of faith. Catholic tradition is a divine source of knowledge in all things relating to faith. The Scriptures are only the document of ultimate appeal; Catholic tradition is the authoritative teacher." "Tradition is infallible," says another divine; "the unwritten word of God, of necessity demands of us the same respect which his written word does, and precisely for the same reason, because it is his word." "We demand that the whole of the Catholic traditions should be taught," says a third.

Such is one of the most pestiferous errors which can be disseminated in the church. Whence have Rome and Oxford derived it? Certainly the respect which we entertain for the incontestable learning of these divines shall not prevent our saying that this error can come from no other source than the natural aversion of the heart of fallen man for every thing that the Scriptures teach. It can be nothing else than a depraved will which leads man to put the sacred Scriptures aside. Men first abandon the fountain of living waters, and then hew for themselves, here and there, cisterns which will hold no water. This is a truth which the history of every church teaches in its successive falls and errors, as well as that of every soul in particular. The theologians of Oxford only follow in the way of all flesh.

Behold, then, two established authorities by the side of each other—the Bible and tradition. We do not hesitate as to what we have to do.

"To the Law and to the Testimony!" we cry with the prophet; "if they speak not according to his word, it is because there is no light

in them; and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish; and they shall be driven to darkness." We reject tradition, as it is a species of rationalism which introduces for a rule in Christian doctrine, not the human reason of the present time, but the human reason of times past. We declare, with the churches of the Reformation in their symbolical writings (confessions of faith), that "the sacred Scriptures are the only judge, the only rule of faith; that it is to them, as to a touchstone, that all dogmas ought to be brought; that it is by them that the question should be decided, whether they are pious or impious, true or false."

Without doubt there was originally an oral tradition which was pure; it was the instructions given by the apostles themselves, before the sacred writings of the New Testament existed. However, even then, the apostle and the evangelist, Peter and Barnabas, could not walk uprightly, and, consequently, stumbled in their words. The divinely inspired Scriptures alone are infallible; the word of the Lord endureth forever. But, however pure oral instruction may have been at the time that the apostles quitted the earth, that tradition was necessarily exposed in this world of sin, to be gradually defaced, polluted and corrupted. It is for this cause that the Evangelical church honors and adores, with gratitude and humility, the gracious good pleasure of the Saviour, in virtue of which, that pure, primitive type, that first, apostolic tradition, in all its purity, has been rendered permanent by being written, by the Spirit of God himself, in our sacred books, for all coming time. And now it finds in those writings, as we have just heard, the divine touchstone which it employs for the purpose of trying all the traditions of men.

Nor does it establish, concurrently, as do the doctors of Oxford, and the Council of Trent, the tradition which is *written* and the tradition which is *oral;* but it decidedly renders the latter subordinate to the former, because one can not be sure that this oral tradition is only and truly the apostolical tradition, such as it was in its primitive purity. The knowledge of true Christianity, says the Protestant church, flows only from one source, namely, from the holy Scriptures, or, if you will, from the *apostolic tradition*, such as we find it contained in the writings of the New Testament. The apostles of Jesus Christ—Peter, Paul, John, Matthew, James—perform their functions in the church to-day; no one has the need nor the power to take their place. They perform their functions at Jerusalem, at Geneva, at Corinth, at Berlin, at Paris; they bear testimony in Oxford and in Rome itself. They preach, even to the ends of the world, the remission of sins and the conversion of the soul in the name of the Saviour; they announce the resurrection of the crucified to every creature; they loose and they retain sins; they lay the foundation of the house of God, and they build it; they teach the missionaries and the ministers of the gospel; they regulate the order of the church, and preside in synods which would be Christian. They do all this by the *written word* which they have left us; or, rather, Christ—Christ

himself—does it by that word, since it is the word of Christ, rather than the word of Paul, of Peter, or of James. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Without doubt, as to the number of their words, the apostles spoke more than they wrote: but as to the substance, they said nothing more than what they have left us in their divine books. And if they had, in substance, taught otherwise, or more explicitly than they did by their writings, no one could at this day be able to report to us, with assurance, even one syllable of these instructions. If God did not choose to preserve them in his Bible, no one could come to his aid, and do what God himself would not wish to do, and what he would not have done. If, in the writings, of more or less doubtful authenticity, of the companions of the apostles, or of those fathers who are called apostolical, one should find any doctrine of the apostles, it would be necessary, first of all, to put it to the test, in comparing it with the certain instructions of the apostles, that is, with the canon of the Scriptures.

So much for the tradition of the apostles. Let us pass on from the times when they lived to those which succeeded. Let us come to the tradition of the divines of the first centuries. That tradition is, without doubt, of great value to us; but by the very fact of its being Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Synodical, it is no longer apostolical. And let us suppose (what is not true), that it does not contradict itself; and let us suppose that one father does not overthrow what another father has established (as is often the case, and Abelard has proved it in his famous work entitled the "*Sic et Non*"); let us suppose, for a moment, that one might reduce the tradition of the fathers of the church to a harmony similar to that which the apostolical tradition presents: the canon which might be obtained thus, could in no manner be placed on an equality with the canon of the apostles.

Without doubt, we acknowledge that the declarations of Christian divines merit our attention, if it be the Holy Spirit which speaks in them—that Spirit which is ever living and ever acting in the church. But we will not—we absolutely will not—allow ourselves to be bound by that which, in this tradition, and in these divines, is only the work of man. And how shall we distinguish that which is of God from that which is of men, if not by the holy Scriptures? "It remains," says St. Augustine, "that I judge myself according to this only Master, from whose judgment I desire not to escape." The declarations of the doctors of the church are only the testimonies of the faith which these eminent men had in the doctrines of the Scriptures. They show how these divines received these doctrines. They may, without doubt, be instructive and edifying for us; but there is no authority in them which binds us. All the divines—Greek, Latin, French, Swiss, German, English, American—placed in the presence of the word of God, are only disciples who are receiving instruction. Men of primitive days, and men

of modern times—we are all alike scholars in that divine school; and in the chair of instruction, around which we are humbly assembled, nothing appears, nothing exalts itself but the infallible word of God. I perceive in that vast auditory, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer, Augustine, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Cyprian, by the side of our cotemporaries. We are not "disciples of Cyprian and Ignatius," as the doctors of Oxford call themselves, but of Jesus Christ. "We do not despise the writings of the fathers," we say, with Calvin; "but in making use of them, we remember always, that 'all things are ours;' that they ought to serve, not govern us, and that 'we, we are Christ's,' whom in all things, and without exception, it behooves us to obey."

This the divines of the first centuries are themselves the first to say. They claim for themselves no authority, and only wish that the word which has taught them may teach us also. "Now that I am old," says Augustine, in his "*Retractions*," "I do not expect not to be mistaken in word, or to be perfect in word; how much less when, being young, I commenced writing." "Beware," says he again, "of submitting to my writings, as if they were canonical Scriptures." "Do not esteem as canonical Scriptures the works of catholic and justly honored men," says he elsewhere. "It is allowed for us, without impeaching the honor which is due to them, to reject those things in their writings, should we find such in them, which are contrary to the truth. I regard the writings of others as I would have others regard mine." "All that has been said since the times of the apostles, ought to be disregarded," says Jerome, "and can possess no authority. However holy, however learned, a man may be, who comes after the apostles, let him have no authority."

"Neither antiquity, nor custom," says the Confession of the Reformed Church of France, "ought to be arrayed in opposition to the holy Scriptures; on the contrary, all things ought to be examined, regulated, and reformed according to them." And the Confession of the English Church even says, the doctors of Oxford to the contrary notwithstanding: "The holy Scriptures contain all that is necessary to salvation; so that all that is not found in them, all that can not be proved by them, can not be required of any one as an article of faith, or as necessary to salvation."

Thus the evangelical divines of our times give the hand to the reformers, the reformers to the fathers, the fathers to the apostles; and thus, forming, as it were, a golden chain, the whole church of all ages, and of all people, sings as with one voice to the *God of Truth*, that hymn of one of our greatest poets:

"Speak thou unto my heart; and let no sage's word,
No teacher, thee beside, explain to me thy law;
Let every soul, before thy holy presence, Lord,
Bow down in silent awe,
And let thy voice be heard!"

What, then, is tradition? It is the testimony of history.

There is a historical testimony for the facts of Christian history, as well as for those of any other history. We admit that testimony; only we would discuss it and examine it, as we would all other testimony. The heresy of Rome and of Oxford—and it is that which distinguishes them from us—consists in the fact that they attribute the same infallibility to this testimony as to Scripture itself.

Although we receive the testimony of history as far as it is true, as for example, when it relates to the collection of the writings of the apostles; it by no means results from this, that we should receive this testimony on subjects which are false, as, for instance, on the adoration of Mary, or the celibacy of the priests. The Bible is the faith—holy, authoritative, and truly ancient—of the child of God. Human tradition springs from the love of novelties, and is the faith of ignorance, of superstition, and of a credulous puerility. How deplorable, yet instructive, to see the doctors of a church, which is called to the glorious liberty of the children of God, and which reposes only on God and his word, place themselves under the bondage of human ordinances! And how loudly does that example cry to us: "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

All those errors which we are combating come from a misunderstanding of truths. We, too, believe in the attributes of the church of which they speak so much; but we believe in them according to the meaning which God attaches to it, and our opponents believe in them according to that which men attach to it. Yes, there is *one holy* Catholic church; but it is, as the apostle says, "the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven." *Unity*, as well as holiness, appertains to the invisible church. It behooves us, without doubt, to pray that the visible church should advance daily in the possession of these heavenly attributes; but neither rigorous unity nor universal holiness is a perfection essential to its existence, or a *sine qua non*. To say that the visible church must absolutely be composed of saints only, is the error of the Donatists and fanatics of all ages. So, also, to say that the visible church must of necessity be externally one, is the corresponding error of Rome, of Oxford, and of formalists of all times. Let us guard against preferring the external hierarchy, which consists in certain human forms, to that internal hierarchy which is the kingdom of God itself. Let us not suffer the form, which passes away, to determine the essence of the church; but let us, on the contrary, make the essence of the church, to wit, the Christian life, which emanates from the word and Spirit of God, change and renew the form. *The form has killed the substance.* Here is the whole history of the Papacy and of false Catholicism. *The substance verifies the form.* Here is the whole history of evangelical Christianity and of the true Catholic church of Jesus Christ.

Yes, I admit it; the church is the judge of controversies—*judex controversiarum.* But what is the church? It is not the clergy, it is not the councils; still less is it the Pope. It is the Christian people; it is the faithful. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is said to the children of God, and not to some assembly, or to a certain bishop; and it is they who are constituted, on the part of God, *judges of controversies.* If animals have the instinct which leads them not to eat that which is injurious to them, we can not do less than allow to the Christian this instinct, or, rather, this intelligence, which emanates from the virtue of the Holy Spirit. Every Christian (the word of God declares it) is called upon to reject "every spirit that confesses not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." And this is what is essentially meant when it is said that the church is the *judge of controversies.*

Yes, I believe and confess that there is an authority in the church, and that without that authority the church can not stand. But where is it to be found? Is it with him, whoever he may be, who has the external consecration, whether he possess theological gifts or not, whether he has received grace and justification or not? Rome herself does not yet pretend that orders save and sanctify. Must, then, the children of God go, in many cases, to ask a decision, in things relating to faith, of the children of this world? What! a bishop, from the moment he is seated in his chair, although he may be, perhaps, destitute of science, destitute of the Spirit of God, and although he may, perhaps, have the world and hell in his heart, as had Borgia and so many other bishops, shall he have authority in the assembly of the saints, and do his lips possess always the wisdom and the truth necessary for the church? No. The idea of a knowledge of God, true, but at the same time destitute of holiness, is a gross supernaturalism. "Sanctify them through the truth," says Jesus. There is an authority in the church, but that authority is wholly in the word of God. It is not a man, nor a minister, nor a bishop, descended from Gregory, from Chrysostom, from Augustine, or from Irenæus, who has authority over the soul. It is not with a power so contemptible as that which comes from those men that we, the ministers of God, go forth into the world. It is elsewhere than in that episcopal succession, that we seek that which gives authority to our ministry and validity to our sacraments.

Rejecting these deplorable innovations, we appeal from them to the ancient, sovereign, and divine authority of the word of the Lord. The question which we would ask of the man who would inform himself concerning eternal things, is that which we receive from Jesus himself: "What is written in the law, and how readest thou?" What we say to rebellious spirits is what Abraham said from heaven to the rich man: "You have Moses and the prophets; hear them." That which we ask of all is to imitate the Bereans, who "searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." "We ought to obey God rather than

men," even the most excellent of men. Behold the true authority, the true hierarchy, the true polity! The churches which are made by men possess human authority—this is natural—but the church of God possesses the authority of God, and she will not receive it from others. Such is the *formal* principle of Christianity.

II. Let us come now to its *material* principle, that is to say, to the body, the very substance of religion. We have announced it in these terms: THE GRACE OF CHRIST ONLY.

"Ye are saved by grace, through faith," says the Scripture, "and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast."

Evangelical Christianity not only seeks complete salvation in Christ, but seeks it *in Christ only;* thus excluding, as a cause of salvation, all human works, all merit, all co-operation of man or of the church. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which we can build the hope of our salvation, but the *free and unmerited grace of God*, which is given to us *in Christ*, and communicated to us *by faith.*

Now, this second great foundation of evangelical Christianity is likewise overthrown by the modern ecclesiastical Catholicism. The school of Oxford pretends, with Rome and the Council of Trent, "that justification is the indwelling in us of God the Father and of the incarnate word, by the Holy Spirit, and that the two acts, distinguished from each other by the Bible and our theologians, form only one." What then? 1. God remits to the sinner the penalty of sin; he absolves him; he pardons him. 2. He delivers him from sin itself; he renews him; he sanctifies him.

Are not these two different things? Would not the pardon of sin, on the part of God, be just nothing at all? Would it not be simply an image of sanctification? Or should we say that the pardon which is granted to faith, and which produces in the heart the sentiment of reconciliation, of adoption, and of peace, is something too external to be taken into account?

Such is the grand difference between us and the Oxford school. *We* believe in sanctification through *justification*, and the Oxford school believes in justification *through sanctification.* With *us* justification is the cause, and sanctification is the effect. With these doctors, on the contrary, sanctification is the *cause*, and justification the *effect.* And these are not things indifferent, and vain distinctions. They are the *sic* and the *non;* the yes and the no. While our creed establishes in all their rights these two works, the creed of Oxford compromises and annihilates them both. Justification exists no more, if it depends on man's sanctification, and not on the grace of God: for "the heavens," says the Scripture, "are not clean in his sight," "and his eyes are too pure to behold iniquity;" but, on the other hand, sanctification itself can

not be accomplished; for how could you expect the effect to be produced, when you begin by taking away the cause? "Herein is love," says St. John, "not that we loved God, but that he loved us; we love him, because he first loved us." If I might use a vulgar expression, I should say that Oxford *puts the cart before the horse*, in placing sanctification before justification. In this way neither the cart nor the horse will advance. In order that the work should go on, it is necessary that that which draws should be placed before that which is drawn. There is not a system more contrary to true sanctification than that; and, to employ the language of the *British Critic*, there is not, consequently, a system more monstrous and immoral. What! shall your justification depend, not upon the work which Christ accomplished on the cross, but upon that which is accomplished in your hearts? Is it, not to Christ, to his grace, that you ought to look in order to be justified, but to yourselves, to the righteousness which is in you, to your spiritual gifts?

From this, result two great evils. Either you will deceive yourselves, in believing that there is a work in you sufficiently good to justify you before God; and then you will be inflated with pride, that pride which the Scriptures say "goeth before a fall;" or you will not deceive yourselves; you will see, as the Saviour says, that you are poor, and wretched, and blind, and naked; and then you will fall into despair. The heights of pride, and the depths of depair; such are the alternatives which the doctrine of Oxford and of Rome bequeaths to us.

The Christian doctrine, on the contrary, places man in perfect humility, for it is another who justifies him; and yet it gives him abundant peace, for his justification—a fruit of the "righteousness of God"—is complete, assured, eternal.

III. Finally, we define the *personal* or *moral* principle of Christianity We have announced it in these words, THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT ONLY.

Christianity is an individual work; the grace of God converts soul by soul. Each soul is a world, in which a creation peculiar to itself must be accomplished. The church is but the assembly of all the souls in whom this work is wrought, and who are now united because they have but "one Spirit, one Lord, one Father."

And what is the nature of this work? It is essentially moral. Christianity operates upon the will of man and changes it. Conversion comes from the action of the Spirit of God, and not from the magic action of certain ceremonies, which, rendering faith on the part of man vain and useless, would regenerate him by their own inherent virtue. "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but [to be] a new creature;" "If through the Spirit ye do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Now, the Oxford divines, although there is a great difference among them on this point, as well as some others (going by no means as far as

others), put immense obstacles in the way of this individual regeneration. Nothing inspires them with greater repugnance than Christian individualism. They proceed by synthesis, not by analysis. They do not set out with the principle laid down by the Saviour: "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom God;" but they set out with the opposite principle: "All those who have participated in the ordinances of the church are born again." And while the Saviour, in all his discourses, excites the efforts of each individual, saying, "Seek, ask, knock, strive to enter in at the strait gate: it is only the violent who take it by force;" the Oxford divines say, on the contrary, "The idea of obtaining religious truth ourselves, and by our private inquiry, whether by reading, or by thinking, or by studying the Scriptures, or other books; ... is no where authorized in the Scriptures. The great question which ought to be placed before every mind, is this: 'What voice should be heard like that of the holy Catholic and Apostolic church?'"*

And how shall this individual regeneration by the Holy Spirit be accomplished, since the first task of Puseyism is to say to all, that it is already accomplished; that all who have been baptized have thereby been rendered partakers of the divine nature; and that to preach conversion again to them is contrary to the truth? "It is baptism and not faith," says one of these divines, "that is the primary instrument of justification;"† and we know that with them justification and conversion are one and the same work. To prevent the wretched from escaping from the miserable state in which they are, would not the best means be to persuade a poor man that he possesses a large fortune, or an ignorant man that he has great science, or a sick man that he has perfect health? The evil one could not invent a stratagem more fit to prevent conversion than this idea, that all men who have been baptized by water are regenerated.

Still more, these doctors extend to the holy supper this same magic virtue. "It is now almost universally believed," say they, in speaking of their church, "that God communicates grace only through faith, prayer, spiritual contemplation, communion with God: while it is the church and her sacraments which are *the* ordained, direct, visible means for conveying to the soul that which is invisible and supernatural. It is said, for example, that to administer the supper to infants, to dying persons apparently deprived of their senses, however pious they may have been, is a superstition; and yet these practices are sanctioned by authority. The essence of the sectarian doctrine is to consider *faith*, and not the *sacraments*, as the means of justification and other evangelical gifts."‡

What then? Shall a child who does not possess reason, and does not even know how to speak; shall a sick man whom the approach of death

* British Critic. † Newman, on Justification.

‡ Tracts for the Times. Advertisement in Vol. ii.

has deprived of perception and intelligence, receive grace purely by external application of the sacraments? Have the will, the affections of the heart, no need to be touched in order that man may be sanctified? What a degradation of man, and of the religion of Jesus Christ! Is there a great difference between such ceremonies and the mummeries and charms of the debased Hindoos, or of the African savages!

If the first error of Oxford deprives the church of light, if the second deprives her of salvation, the third deprives her of all real sanctification. Without doubt, we believe that the sacraments are means of grace; but they are only so when faith accompanies their use. To put faith and the sacraments in opposition, as the Oxford doctors do, is to annihilate the efficacy of the sacraments themselves.

The church will rise up against such fatal errors. There is a work of renovation which must be wrought in man, a personal or individual work; and it is God who performs it. "A new heart," saith the Lord, "will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." By what right would they thus put the church in the place of God, and establish her clergy as the dispensers of divine life? * * *

I repeat again, in closing, the three great principles of Christianity are these: *The word of God* ONLY; *The grace of God* ONLY; *The work of the Spirit* ONLY.

I come now to ask you henceforth to apply to yourselves more and more these principles, and let them reign supremely over your hearts and lives.

And why? Because every thing that places our souls in immediate communication with God is salutary, and every thing that interposes between God and our souls is injurious and ruinous. If a thick cloud should pass between you and the sun, you would no longer feel its genial warmth, and might, perhaps, be seized with a chill. So if you place between yourselves and the word of God the tradition and authority of the church, you will no longer have to do with the word of God, that is to say, with a divine, and, consequently, a powerful and perfect instrument, but with the word of man; that is to say, with a human, and, consequently, a weak and defective instrument; it will have lost that power which translates from darkness to light.

Or, if you place before the grace of God and yourselves the ordinances of the church, the episcopal priesthood, the dispositions of the heart, works, *grace will then be no more grace*, as St. Paul says. The instrument of God will have been broken, and we shall no longer be able to say, that "charity proceeds from faith unfeigned," that "faith worketh by love," "that our souls are purified in obeying the truth," "that Christ dwells in our hearts by faith."

Man always seeks to return, in some way or other, to a human salvation; this is the source of the innovations of Rome and of Oxford. The substitution of the church for Jesus Christ, is that which essentially char-

acterizes these opinions. It is no longer Christ who enlightens, Christ who saves, Christ who forgives, Christ who commands, Christ who judges; it is the church, and always the church, that is to say, an assembly of sinful men, as weak and prone to err as ourselves. "They have taken away the Lord, and we know not where they have laid him." * * *

There are two ways of destroying Christianity: one is to deny it, the other to displace it. To put the church above Christianity, the hierarchy above the word of God; to ask a man, not whether he has received the Holy Ghost, but whether he has received baptism from the hands of those who are termed successors of the apostles and their delegates; all this may doubtless flatter the pride of the natural man, but is fundamentally opposed to the Bible, and aims a fatal blow at the religion of Jesus Christ. If God had intended that Christianity should, like the Mosaic system, be chiefly an ecclesiastical, sacerdotal, and hierarchical system, he would have ordered and established it in the New Testament, as he did in the Old. But there is nothing like this in the New Testament. All the declarations of our Lord and of his apostles tend to prove that the new religion given to the world, is "life and spirit," and not a new system of priesthood and ordinances. "The kingdom of God," saith Jesus, "cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, 'Lo, here!' or, 'Lo there!' for behold, the kingdom of God is within you." "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Let us, then, attribute a divine institution and a divine authority to the essence of the church, but by no means to its *form*. God has undoubtedly established the ministry of the word and sacraments, that is to say, general forms, which are adapted to the universal church; but it is a narrow and dangerous bigotry which would attribute more importance to the particular forms of each sect than to the spirit of Christianity. This evil has long prevailed in the Eastern Church (Greek), and has rendered it barren. It is the essence of the Church of Rome, and it is destroying it. It is endeavoring to insinuate itself into every church; it appears in England in the Established Church; in Germany in the Lutheran, and even in the Reformed and Presbyterian Church. It is that mystery of iniquity which already began to work in the time of the apostles. Let us reject and oppose this deadly principle wherever it is found. We are men before we are Swiss, French, English, or German; let us also remember that we are also Christians before we are Episcopalians, Lutherans, Reformed, or Dissenters. These different forms of the church are like the different costumes, different features, and different characters of nations; that which constitutes the man is not found in these accessories. We must seek for it in the heart which beats under this exterior, in the conscience which is seated there, in the intelligence which shines there, in the will which acts there. If we assign more importance to the church than to Christianity, to the form than to the life, we shall infallibly

reap that which we have sown; we shall soon have a church composed of skeletons, clothed, it may be, in brilliant garments, and ranged, I admit, in a most imposing order to the eye, but as cold, stiff, and immovable as a pale legion of the dead. If Puseyism (and, unfortunately, some of the doctrines which it promulgates are not, in England, confined to that school), if Puseyism should make progress in the Established Church, it will, in a few years, dry up all its springs of life. The feverish excitement which disease at first produces, will soon give place to languor; the blood will be congealed, the muscles stiffened, and that church will be only a dead body, around which the eagles will gather together.

All forms, whether papal, patriarchal, episcopal, consistorial, or presbyterian, possess only a human value and authority. Let us not esteem the bark above the sap, the body above the soul, the form above the life, the visible church above the invisible, the priest above the Holy Spirit. Let us hate all sectarian, ecclesiastical, national, or dissenting spirit; but let us love Jesus Christ in all sects, whether ecclesiastical, national, or dissenting. The true catholicity which we have lost, and which we must seek to recover, is that of "holding the truth in love." A renovation of the church is necessary; I know it; I feel it; I pray for it from the bottom of my soul; only let us seek for it in the right way. Forms, ecclesiastical constitutions, the organization of churches, are important, very important. "But let us seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto us."

Let us then, be firm and decided in the truth; and while we love the erring, let us boldly attack the error. Let us stand upon the Rock of ages—the word of God; and let the vain opinions and state innovations which are constantly springing up and dying in the world, break powerless at our feet. "Two systems of doctrine," says Dr. Pusey, "are now, and probably for the last time, in conflict: the system of Geneva, and the Catholic system." We accept this definition. One of the men who have most powerfully resisted these errors, the Rev. W. Goode, seems to think that by the Genevan system, Dr. Pusey intends to designate the Unitarian, Pelagian, Latitudinarian system, which has laid waste the church, not only in Geneva, but throughout Christendom. "According to Romish tactics," says Mr. Goode, "the adversaries of the Oxford school are classed together under the name that will render them most odious; they belong, it is said, to the *Genevan school.*

Certainly, if the Unitarian school of England and Geneva were called upon to struggle with the semi-papal school of Oxford, we should much fear the issue. But these divines will meet with other opponents in England, Scotland, Ireland, on the continent, and, if need be, even in our little and humble Geneva. Yes, we acknowledge that it is the system of Geneva which is now struggling with the Catholic system; but it is the system of ancient Geneva; it is the system of Calvin and Beza, the system of the gospel and the Reformation. The opprobrium they would

cast upon us we receive as an honor. Three centuries ago, Geneva arose against Rome; let Geneva now rise against Oxford. "I should like," said one of the Oxford divines, "to see the Patriarch of Constantinople and our Archbishop of Canterbury go barefoot to Rome, throw their arms round the Pope, kiss him, and not let him go till they had persuaded him to be more reasonable;" that is to say, doubtless, until he had extended his hand to them, and ceased to proclaim them heretics and schismatics.

Evangelical Christians of Geneva, England, and all other countries! It is not to Rome that you must drag yourselves, "to those seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations;" the pilgrimage that you must make is to that excellent and perfect tabernacle "not made with hands;" that "throne of grace, where we find grace to help in time of need." It is not upon the neck of the "man of sin" that you must cast yourselves, covering him with your kisses and your tears; but upon the neck of him with whom "Jacob wrestled, until the breaking of the day;" of him "who is seated at the right hand of God, in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."

Yes, let the children of God in the east and in the west arise; let them, understanding the signs of the times, and seeing that the destinies of the church depend upon the issue of the present conflicts, conflicts so numerous, so different, and so powerful, form a sacred brotherhood, and with one heart and one soul, exclaim, as Moses did when the ark set forward, "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate thee flee before thee."

DISCOURSE XI.

S. R. L. GAUSSEN, D.D.

Dr. Gaussen is Professor of Systematic Theology, in connection with Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, in the Evangelical School at Geneva. He is a native either of the Canton or of the city of Geneva, and about sixty years of age. Educated in his native city, he was first settled as pastor in the beautiful rural parish of Santigny. This was about the year 1815, when few of the pastors belonging to the Canton were decidedly evangelical in their views. It was during his connection with this church, according to his own account, that he first became a true Christian. He preached with great simplicity and earnestness, and his flock looked up to him with much reverence and affection. In his teachings among his parishioners, he became dissatisfied with the catechism imposed for instruction by the national church, chiefly because it contained no recognition of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. On this account, he laid it aside, and began to teach the children and candidates for communion in his own way, using for a text-book nothing but the sacred Scriptures. For this he was arraigned before the "Venerable Company of Pastors," by whom he was censured, and finally suspended, for a year, from his right to sit in the Company.

But Gaussen, D'Aubigné and others, "in nothing terrified by their adversaries," proceeded yet further, and formed the Evangelical Society of Geneva, established a new theological seminary, and took measures to preach the gospel in the city of Geneva. In consequence of this, Mr. Gaussen was ejected by the Company of Pastors from the church of Santigny, and forbidden to exercise the functions of the ministry in any of the churches or chapels of the Canton. A similar interdict was laid upon the ministry of Merle D'Aubigné, Galland, and others. But these noble and self-denying men rejoiced in their freedom, went forward with their plans, and to-day are rejoicing in the progress of truth and liberty, not only in Geneva, but throughout the world.

Dr. Gaussen not only performs the duties of his professorship, but officiates as pastor at "The Oratoire." Deeply interested in the young, and possessing peculiar tact in addressing them, he has taken the children and youth connected with the church in "The Oratoire" under his special care; and every Sabbath, at eleven o'clock in the morning, conducts a catechetical exercise, for their benefit. This exercise is attractive, not only to the young, but to their parents and others, being frequently attended by citizens and strangers.

Some particulars as to personal appearance, etc., are thus given by Dr. Turnbull:* "In stature he is rather short, and slightly made, and possesses much dignity

* See "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland;" to which we are largely indebted in the preparation of this sketch.

and urbanity of manners. His countenance is expressive of great amiableness and refinement of character. He is justly esteemed for his fine literary attainments, and his profound, but radiant and cheerful piety. No one combines in a higher degree manly energy with delicacy and fervor of feeling. He is a great lover of nature, and lives in a charming rural retreat, just beyond the city walls, and on the way to Ferney, the former residence of Voltaire, commanding a magnificent view of the Alps, and the surrounding scenery." Dr. Cheever, who knows him well, says, "His countenance is full of life, frankness, and intelligence. There is a pleasing combination of energy and suavity in his manners, indicating, perhaps, the characteristics of his mind; for he is a man of learning in action, and of solid accomplishments gracefully employed. His style is admirable for its united richness and vivacity. There is the same interest and life in his conversation as in his writings, with the great charm of a simplicity and friendliness of character as open as the sun, and a most attractive warmth and enthusiasm of Christian thought and feeling. His mind kindles and glows, especially on the preciousness of the word of God, the advancing kingdom of the Redeemer, and the nature of the enmity which the church of Christ in Europe must now encounter."

The work of Dr. Gaussen, which has gained for him his principal reputation as an author, is a very ingenious and able treatise on "The Inspiration of the Bible." He has also published one or two volumes of discourses. These have been widely circulated by the Society for publishing Christian books, stationed at Toulouse, in France. They abound in fine thoughts and lively appeals. The style of Gaussen is easy and flowing, much resembling that of Fénélon—rather diffuse and redundant, but sparkling with a quiet beauty, and often rising to a high degree of eloquence.

We have met with no discourse that gives a fairer idea of Dr. Gaussen's preaching than the one published below. It is translated from his "Ten Sermons," printed at Toulouse in 1842. A single local allusion at the close is omitted.

THE FALL OF CHARLES THE TENTH.*

"Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev., iii. 11

One of the greatest events of history has just happened in our sight. It shakes Europe; it astonishes the world; and the fame of it will, for a long time, resound to the extremities of the earth. The descendant of forty kings, the powerful monarch of France, who, but within the past week, was seated upon his throne in all the greatness of his power, has in the space of four days been overthrown, and three generations of kings, with him fallen from this ancient seat, have also lost their crown. It is on this occasion that I would have you listen to the words of the King of kings: "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

God grant that no minister of the gospel should, in this pulpit, turn

* Preached on the Sunday which followed this event.

away religious thought to occupy your attention with the politics of nations, and present a dangerous aliment to the passions, or even to the curiosity, of those who listen to him. I have graver interests to recall to you, my brethren. I have things much greater and more enduring to say to you in this temple; and since the Christian should make it his constant study to apply all the events of this life to the teachings of the divine word, and the condition of his soul before God, it has seemed to me that, without pretending here to judge either of people or of kings, we may draw useful reflections from so great a catastrophe. The hand of God, in this, appears so manifest, that one may now say, as in the revolt of the ten tribes against Rehoboam: "This thing is done of me," said the Lord; and I have thought that if the unexpected fall of a great prince may be a lesson for kings, it may also be a lesson for each one of us. It cries to all, in the exhortation of my text: *And thou also, hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.*

This monarch has fallen by a fault, which some would call imprudence, others unfaithfulness; but thou, O my soul! while thou reignest, I would say, while thou dost pass through this short life, take care that by thy imprudence and unfaithfulness thou dost not lose "thy crown."

Thus, by very simple reflections, I will apply to you the text selected for this day, in connection with the great event which, doubtless, still occupies the thoughts of most of you.

I will recall to you:

First. That you, also, have a crown either to acquire or to preserve: "Take care that no man take from thee thy crown."

Second. That you, also, have received recent and numerous warnings to avoid so great an evil: "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Third. That you also have an appointed time, a time of trial, a time given that your name may be honorably recorded upon the pages of that history which is being written in heaven; but the time is short: "Behold," says the Lord, "behold, I come quickly."

Fourth. Finally, that you, also, to obtain this, have something to do: "Hold that fast which thou hast."

In a word, my brethren, may the subjects of conversation, which, for eight days, have occupied every mind, bring to you useful and holy thoughts! May politics recall you to the gospel; the movements of the present time to the repose of eternity; the kingdoms of the earth to the kingdom of heaven; and the fall of a powerful monarch to the fall, much more dreadful, of a soul cast into the pit of despair—to the solemn remembrance of your relation to God, of your rapid course toward the invisible world, and of the great end of your existence!

Oh, my God! we ask thine assistance upon these warnings of thy word and thy providence, that their double lesson may this day be blessed to each of us.

I will then commence by recalling to the minds of all who hear me the solemn truth, that Jesus Christ having come into the world to gain for us the *crown of life*, it is the duty of each one of you, either to obtain it or to preserve it; and, in view of this, I address to every one the exhortation of the Lord: "Oh, let no man take from thee thy crown!"

A crown, you know, is the emblem of peace and joy, of happiness and glory. Now, I am charged by the word of God to announce to you here, from the King of kings, the good news of peace and joy, of happiness and glory. This is the gospel. As long as my ministry among you shall endure, it will be my task, as well as my happiness, to repeat to you, as often as I enter this pulpit, that though in yourselves you are destitute of the favor of God, deprived of his glory, removed, and justly removed, far from him, by reason of your transgressions, and the alienation from holiness which manifests itself naturally in every heart; notwithstanding all this, "God has so loved the world, that he has given his only Son, so that he might save by grace, through faith, all those who believe on him; that they shall not perish, but have eternal life:" "For there remaineth a rest to the people of God; and it is thus, through his great mercy, God regenerates his elect, in the lively hope of obtaining, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved for them in heaven."

Then shall he dwell with them; they shall be his people and he will be their God. He will console them with his powerful hand; he will wipe away all tears from their eyes; death shall be destroyed, and there shall be no more mourning, nor crying, nor labor; for the former things shall have passed away, and eternal joy shall rest upon their heads.

Such is *the crown* spoken of in our text; the crown which we must gain—which, at whatever price, we must keep; the crown which the Scripture calls a crown of righteousness, "a crown incorruptible," "a crown of glory," "a crown of life."

It is then righteousness, life, glory, reconciliation with God; it is the help of God; it is happiness; it is everlasting consolation; it is joy eternal in the heavens.

And this crown is offered to all who now hear me—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the rich as to the poor; to the young and to the old; to the king and to the peasant. It is the crown which awaited poor Lazarus, after a life passed in suffering and beggary. It is the crown which was found by the poor widow of Jerusalem after a life of great privation. It is the crown received by the humble and gentle Dorcas, after a life spent among the poor in the blessed occupations of charity. It is the crown which is offered to every one of you, after the passage through this life of trial. It is the crown which you should take heed not to have lost, when in a few years—in eight, in ten years, who can know? in time, still shorter—you may quit this earth, to pass into that unknown eternity.

When the subject of a monarch, who, this very week, has, by his own fault, lost his crown, again occurs to you, I intreat each one of you to say to himself, in the presence of God: "And thou, O my soul, how is it with thee? Hast thou been careful to make sure to thee the crown of life? Art thou more occupied (so it should be), a thousand times more occupied with this concern, than with the occurrences of the year with the events of the day, or the passing debates of politics? Hast thou considered that 'it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God?' And hast thou earnestly inquired, 'what will become of thee shouldst thou neglect this great salvation?'"

After holding converse with each other on the sad fate of this king—fallen from his throne, flying his kingdom, abandoned by all, not knowing where to find an asylum, in which to weep for his crown and his glory—I intreat of you to enter into serious communion with yourselves, to place before your minds this thought: "What shall be in eternity? What shall soon be the frightful condition of those who lose the crown of life, and find themselves cast out into darkness." I intreat you to ask yourselves what, in this approaching eternity, will be the condition of an immortal being, who must say: "I might have obtained the crown of life, but by my own fault have lost it! I might have been admitted to the right hand of God. I might have been happy, happy forever, and I have chosen to remain 'a child of the devil, under wrath; far from blessedness, far from my God, with the devil and his angels.'"

"It is then," said our Lord, "that there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when you shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, all the just and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves cast without!" It is then that "the righteous shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

For, after all, what is a kingdom of this world? What is one of these crowns for which men sigh, and for which so many efforts, so many labors, and, often, so many crimes, procure so little? What is one of these crowns, compared to the crown of life?

Ah! my brethren, to all the wealth of this world, to all the crowns of this life, two things are wanting: First. They confer not happiness, because they procure no reconciliation with God; they bestow no holiness; they give no peace; they encircle but too often the brow of an enemy to God—loaded with cares, watered with tears; they crown nothing but sorrow.

Secondly. Another thing is wanting: it is duration. Should the possession of a crown bestow happiness, its continuance might be for thirty years; it might be but for three days! After the most glorious reign, the crown, the scepter, and the sword repose upon the coffin; they ornament nothing but a corpse! But the crown which I am sent to announce, is offered on the part of God, through Jesus Christ; it is offered to the child as well as to the aged; to the poor as to the rich.

Ah! that crown is the real one; for that alone bears the characters which are wanting to all the crowns upon earth. First, it gives happiness—it is happiness in itself; it is called by Saint Paul, the "crown of righteousness," by David, the crown of "grace and compassion," by a prophet, the "crown of joy;" and secondly, this crown is immortal; it is in itself a blessed immortality; it is the crown of life, and, by the apostles, is called the "incorruptible crown of glory."

My brethren, *take care, then, that no one take from you this crown.* This is the first reflection which I had much at heart that you should draw from my subject.

The second is this:

That which, without doubt, must aggravate and much embitter the pain of the unfortunate monarch of France, and of his family, in view of their fall, and of the blood which it has caused to flow, is the numerous warnings so vainly received by them during the past year—the last week still, and even the day preceding the one which consummated their ruin. How often might he have arrested the steps which ruined him, and have pursued a career of peace, as one of the most happy and powerful sovereigns of our age! How often have his honor and happiness been placed in his own hands, and he incapable of retaining them! How many reflections will come to him in his sad exile, bearing the reproach, like that which God formerly addressed to his people: "Thou hast destroyed thyself, O Israel!"

Let us each one apply this example to himself.

How many times, my brethren, have you been warned by God. On how many occasions has he said to you—now; to-day; on this Sabbath-day; at this communion season; on this bed of sickness; in these days of mourning—"Poor child; give me thy heart! Wilt thou not come to me that thou mayest have life?" How often in the strength and clearness of these warnings have they not seemed to say to you, as to Jerusalem, "Oh, if at least, in this thy day, thou wouldst have listened to the things that belonged to thy peace! My people, my people! Oh, if thou couldst have listened to me!" How often has it been asked whether you were in Christ! How often has it been repeated that there is salvation in none other. And with what truth may it be said to you, as Paul said to the church at Miletus, "I am pure from the blood of all men."

Know, then, that the kingdom of God has come nigh to you; that you have been warned. Deceive not yourselves; for "God will not be mocked." "That which a man soweth shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; and he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

And certainly one of the greatest torments endured by those who, at the last day, shall stand at the left hand, will be the thought of all these despised warnings, of all these neglected appeals, of all these

invitations of divine goodness, received with indifference, and repulsed with such carelessness, with even so much contempt. "Because I have called," said divine Wisdom, "and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

You, also, have received warnings to avoid the greatest of all miseries —the loss of the crown of life, an irreparable misfortune; the ruin of your soul—eternal ruin! This is our second reflection.

The third, is, that with which we would stir up the depths of your conscience, whenever the intercourse you hold with each other, this week, shall lead you to the subject of that event which, but a few days ago, overthrew the son of a long race of kings.

Like him, you have *a time given and determined;* a time, after which, "it will be too late," an extremely short time. "Behold I come," saith the Lord; "behold, I come quickly!"

There is a reflection which often strikes me in reading the Bible, when, in the books of Chronicles, I meet the history of the kings of Israel and of Judah. In considering the judgment, which in a few lines the Holy Spirit passes upon each of these princes, also the short recital of their course upon earth, always ending with these words, so simple, yet so solemn: *and he died.* He walked in the steps of David, to do right; *and he died.* He walked in the ways of Jeroboam, to do evil; *then he died.* Perusing, I say, these short but solemn biographies, I ask myself, And if my name had also been written upon this list, what, by the Spirit of God, would have been inscribed of me? He walked in the ways of ——; and he died! And in whose ways, O my God?

And now, my brethren, in presence of this king, who so suddenly has ended his reign, put this question to yourselves. You, indeed, bear not a scepter, but you have no less a task to fulfill in the sight of God. Whatever instrument he has been pleased to put in our hands for his service, whether the hoe of the laborer, or the scepter of the king, it is, that we may study to glorify him in our short passage through this world. O, how important then are the days that flow along so rapidly! How solemn to us are the hours! This is the year in which our history progresses; this is the time in which it is written in the book of remembrance kept before God, and the page will soon finish with these inevitable words, "*and he died.*"

O ye, who still enjoy a happy and peaceful existence upon earth, whom the sun still enlightens with his beams, within whose grasp is life eternal, be not, I conjure you, turned away from your high destiny, from your everlasting kingdom, from your inheritance in the heavens, by the

comparatively puerile events of public affairs, by the movements of nations, by the noisy waves of the multitude! Ah, of what importance to you is this or that kingdom, or its king? Above all, let your concern be about the kingdom of heaven, and your eternal interest. Those around you are much concerned about the news of the day; let your chief inquiry be after the state of your soul. The monarch of France, as a king, has just ended his probation, as David, Solomon, Rehoboam, and so many others, have ended theirs; as you yourselves soon, bearing the name of Christians, will end yours. This king had but one space of time; that time is passed; you have but one space of time; this time will pass. His reign is finished; he can alter nothing, can mend nothing; he can take nothing from it, he can add nothing to it. All his days, to the last hours of his fall, are registered in the history of France, and in the more exact history which is written in heaven. He can not revoke a single one of his acts; "the past is engraven upon a table of steel with the point of a diamond," thus speaks Jeremiah. It is immutable; the time of warning is past. Now, it is too late.

Christians, profit by this reflection; think of yourselves; take hold upon eternal life. Soon your career will be ended; soon you will be able to change nothing, to correct nothing. You will be unable to retrench any thing, or to add any thing. See, the Lord cometh! "Behold, I come quickly," he cries. He will arrive at midnight, the hour most unexpected. This time, this day, is for you in the sight of God, as was that at the beginning of the last week, the 26th and 27th of July, for the unhappy prince whose reign is just ended. This is then a solemn, an inestimable time. Think of your soul! Let your history be that of a Christian. It is now the time to write it. O let it be well written. Be not enticed by the tumult and illusion of visible objects, which will vanish as a dream of the morning. For you there is business more pressing, news more serious, an event more important than all the revolutions of empires—the coming of Jesus Christ; the end of time; the beginning of eternity; your appearance before the King of kings; the solemn erection in the heavens "of the great white throne upon which the King will seat himself, before whom shall fly the heavens and the earth, before whom the books shall be opened, and the dead, both great and small, shall appear, to be judged according to what is written in these books."

This is our third reflection. Jesus Christ will come quickly—the time is short—soon it will be too late. "Behold," says the Lord, "behold I come quickly." This, I say, is our third reflection; and here is the last.

It is contained in these words, "*Hold that fast which thou hast.*"

If the unhappy prince, whose fall now serves for our instruction, had held fast the contract which united him to his people, it is believed that he would still retain his crown; this, at least, is certain, that if you do not remain faithful to the covenant of Jesus Christ, you will lose the

crown of life. This is the meaning of the words, "*Hold that fast which thou hast.*"

And now, at the close, it is important that these words, be well understood. They are addressed to men who have already received the gospel of Jesus Christ; they press such to attach themselves to it with fervency, and to persevere in it with firmness. "*Take heed, hold that fast which thou hast.*"

And what is the secret of *preserving the crown?* It is to *hold fast that which thou hast;* it is to be held by faith in him who alone has been able to acquire it for us, to Jesus Christ, out of whom we can in no wise approach unto God, and out of whom God will in no wise approach unto us; it is to hold fast, by faith, to the hand of this Saviour, who alone can deliver us from the wrath to come, because in him alone can we find forgiveness in our Judge, and the change of our own heart. "*Hold fast that which thou hast.*"

If you desire a still more scriptural exposition of the important words of our text, you will find it in the exhortation which the apostle addresses to the Hebrews, "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward: for yet a little while and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry! Now the just shall live by faith, and if any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him, saith the Lord. But we are not of them that draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul."

This then is the concluding exhortation: unite yourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ—remain firm in the faith—go to him every day—distrust your own selves every day—read his word every day—nourish yourselves at all times by faith upon his flesh and his blood—expect nothing from God, but through him. Receive daily, as for the first time, in your soul, the good news, that, your sins being remitted for the sake of Jesus, you have the right, in his name, to call upon God as your father, and that you can do all things through Christ, who strengthens you. In a word, "*hold fast that which you have.*" Fight the good fight—go on in your course—keep the faith; and then shall you receive the crown of life, and be enabled to say with Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is a crown reserved for me, which the Lord, the just judge, will give me in that day; and not to me only, but also to all those who love his appearing."

My brethren, the apostle has made in his Epistle to the Corinthians a comparison with which I shall conclude. "The men of the world," he says, "that strive for the mastery are temperate in all things, they submit to the greatest privations, they strive to obtain a *corruptible crown*, and will you not do it for an incorruptible one?" Such is the reasoning of St. Paul.

I conclude, then, by recalling to you, what I have said on the subject of the unhappy monarch of the French. *First*, Like him, you have a

crown which you ought not to lose. *Secondly*, Upon this subject, you have received the clearest warnings from God. *Thirdly*, You have but one time, a short time, a time which will not twice return; the time of this life, uncertain and rapidly passing away. *Fourthly* and finally, You must hold firmly to Jesus Christ, out of whom there is no salvation, and who says to us all to-day, "*Behold I come quickly; hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.*"

But let us end as Christians should do, by raising our hearts and our prayers to God!

Although the catastrophe which has shaken a neighboring empire, has been placed before us, it has only been that the subject might fill us with spiritual reflections; but as this event, in whatever manner it may be viewed, has caused much misery, and may be the occasion of much more, let us raise our hands toward the mercy-seat, "with prayers and supplications, and thanksgivings," as ordained by St. Paul.

And, at first, let us never look upon the commotions of the nations which surround us, without recalling to our minds, that the God, by whom kings reign and republics subsist, has deigned to grant, that the little state in which we live should be the freest, the best governed, perhaps, and above all, the most united and happy, that exists upon the earth, without the cost of a tear, or a drop of blood, or a hair of the head. Let our thanks, then, be rendered to God, and may he, according to his own good pleasure, grant to us a long national peace, and especially grant that greater progress be made in the possession of his gospel, and in the love of his Son, Jesus Christ, whose knowledge gives life to nations as well as to souls.

After these thanksgivings, my brethren, let us call to mind, also, that the word of God exhorts us to pray for all men, even for princes who do not rule over us. And, since to-day we have received a lesson from the sudden fall of this great king, let us not forget that the unhappy prince is among the living—that he is an old man—that he knows not where to turn his steps—that he sheds tears—and that, having witnessed the fate of the most honest of kings—his respectable brother—the most virtuous of princesses—his sweet and pious sister, who perished upon the scaffold—he has the grief to behold, with his own fall, that of his son and grandson. Let us then pray for this unfortunate man, whose conscience was, without doubt, further led astray than his head. Let us pray, that renouncing all the false traditions of men, he may now attach himself with his whole heart to the holy Bible, and that, by the grace of God, our Saviour, he may exchange the crown which he has lost, and which after all, is but dust, for the unfading crown of glory which is found in Jesus Christ. Let us pray that God may confound the deplorable deceptions of those men, who, for three hundred years, have led astray the consciences of the kings of France, and have maintained, contrary to the word, in the name of the priesthood and of human traditions, a war as fatal to the happiness as to the morality of this great people!

DISCOURSE XII.

CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.

This pious and venerable divine was born at Geneva, Switzerland, where he still resides. His father was Professor of Ancient Languages at Geneva, and a fine classical scholar. The Malans are of an ancient Albigensian noble family, from Merindol, south of France, where the ruins of their castle may still be seen. They were driven out by terrible persecution. One of the ancestors of Dr. Malan was buried alive, with Bible in hand, refusing to renounce the true faith. He often pleasantly remarks: "We are not of the reformed Christians; we have always been evangelical—a true church of Christ before the Reformation." He was educated in the celebrated college of Geneva, where he stood remarkably high, and afterward became a Regent of the Institution. His ordination was received in the State church of Geneva, where he preached, according to custom, in rotation, in the various churches of the city, often officiating in St. Pierre, the cathedral; and being considered one of the most gifted orators of Geneva. He preached a number of years before his conversion.

But yet it was to Cæsar Malan that the grace and the glory were to be given, first to raise from the ground the tarnished banner of the church of Geneva, and, from the pulpit of Calvin, boldly to proclaim that gospel whose echoes scarcely lingered within his temple. He was led fully to embrace that gospel, by means of Mr. Robert Haldane, of Scotland, then residing in Geneva. Before the coming of Mr. Haldane he had been roused from a state of death, to some sense of spiritual destitution. But the change was not complete until about the year 1816. To use his own words, in his letter to Mr. Bickersteth: "At the time I was awakened to life everlasting, I was still in darkness and great feebleness in almost all points; and I know how useful, how efficacious, under God's blessing, to my mind, to my soul, to my humble heart, were the teaching and fatherly guidance of Mr. Haldane, whom, in the bonds of love, I honor as a father sent to me by God, and who, before he left Geneva, had seen not only in myself, but in numerous other instances, that the word of truth, and not 'tracts or addresses,' had been blessed—yes, sir, wonderfully blessed from above—for the present, and the eternal happiness of many souls. The glory be to the Lord, but the joy to that servant of Jesus, and his spiritual brethren, and brethren in our precious faith."

No sooner had the eloquent preacher and Regent himself embraced the truth, than he proclaimed it to others. On a particular occasion, he preached a sermon in the cathedral, in proof of the doctrine of justification by faith. His words dropped on the leaden slumbers of his audience, like bolts of fire shot from heaven. Pastors, professors, syndics and private citizens, were cut to the heart, and almost

gnashed on him with their teeth, as Dr. Malan descended from the pulpit and passed through their opening ranks unrecognized, an avoided and rejected man. It was not in his loving heart and tender sensibilities to disregard the insult and derision to which he was thus publicly exposed. His own relatives turned away from him with mingled emotions of disappointment, vexation, and shame. His attached wife, not then, as afterward, a partaker of the same glorious faith, beheld him with a grieved and wounded heart, and, by her looks, reproached him with the shipwreck of all the cherished dreams of their young ambition. He walked in his robes from the ancient temple of Calvin to his own house, dejected and overwhelmed, about to hide himself in his secret chamber. But, on entering his door, the manly form and benignant countenance of Robert Haldane met his eye, and his sinking spirits were revived, as by a cordial, when his hand was grasped, and the words were heard, "Thank God! The gospel has been once more preached in Geneva."

As the result of this, however, he was deprived of the use of the pulpits. This was in 1817. The severity with which he was treated, being expelled from all employments in the college and the church, together with the boldness and firmness of his bearing, the fervor of his feelings, and the power of his discourses, drew crowds after him. Men were converted by the grace of God, and, in 1818, an Independent church was formed, and a chapel built, called the *Eglise Temoinage*, in a lovely spot just beyond the walls of the city, in his own garden or park. And here the bold confessor of the faith has since continued to officiate. He has often made preaching tours in Germany, France, and Switzerland, which are delightfully detailed in his "Eighty Days of Missionary Labor."

In the bosom of his own family, Dr. Malan shines as the man of God. "I shall never forget," says Dr. Cheever, "the sweet Sabbath evenings passed there. A charm rested upon the conversation, an atmosphere as sacred as the Sabbath day's twilight. At tea, a text of Scripture had been written for each member of the family, as well as for the Christian friends who might be present, and placed underneath the plate, to be read by each in his turn, eliciting some appropriate remark from the venerable pastor and father. The evening worship was performed with hymns, which Dr. Malan had written to melodies which he had himself composed, sung by the voices of his daughters, with the accompaniment of instrumental music. It would have been difficult to witness anywhere a lovelier picture of a Christian family. The household seemed to me like some of the peaceful shining vales among his native mountains, where one might sit upon the hill-side he is climbing, and gaze down upon the green grass and the running, murmuring stream, and say within himself, If there be happiness undisturbed in the wide world, it must be here."

Were you to be introduced to Dr. Malan, adds Dr. C., you might think at once of John Bunyan, if you chanced to have got an impression of the Dreamer, as I did, from an old picture of a countenance full of grace, with silvery locks flowing down upon the shoulders. This peculiarity makes Dr. Malan's appearance most venerable and delightful. His eye is remarkably quick and piercing; his countenance expressive and changeful with emotion.

Dr. Malan has published a great number of tracts, stories for children, and narrative volumes; also, several books of music and poetry, all from his own head. He has written and published a book of church music—every note and every verse—the best ever composed in the French, entitled "Chants de Sion." His tracts are

remarkable for pointedness, simplicity, and interest. They have been printed in nearly every language. Some of his tracts are like the Dairyman's Daughter of Legh Richmond, for simple truth and beauty. They present the living realities of the gospel in a manner most impressive and affecting to the mind, in narratives, in dialogues, in familiar parables, and illustrations.

As a preacher, Dr. Malan is eminently spiritual and instructive. The cardinal doctrines of salvation are the staple of his discourses, and he loves to dwell upon the bright and persuasive side of truth divine, leading his flock in green pastures beside the still waters. The sermon which follows, though not as bold and imposing in its eloquence as some of the author's productions, is a fine example of his unction and vivacity of style, as well as his peculiar facility in simplifying the greatest and most important truths, and evolving them from seemingly the slightest incidents.

THE PIETY OF YOUNG DANIEL.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; therefore he requested the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself."

"And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."—DANIEL, i. 8, 15.

We have before us, Christians, one of those noble witnesses, who compose that cloud of which the Apostle Paul speaks, and who surround the church while she is militant upon earth. He is but a man, it is true, but he is a faithful man; and we behold him placed in such circumstances as at once to engage our lively attention, and afford us the most important lessons.

Daniel is a young man, distinguished in every way, and surrounded by all the charms and all the attractions of the world. He is in the flower of his age, accomplished in person, of high birth, and cultivated mind. The path to dazzling glory, in the court of a powerful monarch, is open before him. It is under these circumstances that a mighty temptation approaches him. Infidelity, clad in sublime array, knocks at the door of his heart. Daniel is a Hebrew: his law forbids him to touch impure meats; and it is upon such as an idolatrous king offers to his false gods that Daniel is required to feed.

What will he do? Will he, like the greater number of young Hebrews who are brought up with him, make necessity his pretext? Will he make his faith bend to his circumstances, and eat of these meats? You who, like Daniel, fear the Lord, and trust in him, can answer the question. "Daniel," you will reply, "is a believer; the Spirit of Christ is with him; and, strengthened by this Spirit, he will be rendered more than conqueror."

Yes, my brethren, more than conqueror; nor is he alone in the victory.

With him, three of his companions, sprung like himself from the tribe of Judah, and like him obedient to the Son of God, come to the resolution not to defile themselves with the meat and the wine of the king. They strengthen themselves in their God, and then make known their requests to the prince of the eunuchs, who, secretly influenced by Daniel's God, consents to permit the trial which the young Hebrews desire, whatever may be the consequence.

It is, then, neither by the dainties, nor upon the wine of the king, that these four faithful men are supported. It is by their determination alone; first, during ten days, and, subsequently, during the three years of their preparation for their reception at court; and the eye of Jehovah meanwhile rests upon them.

How I delight to contemplate these young men thus honoring their religion! It excites our interest, it commands our respect. Daniel, knowing himself to be a child of God, and ardently loving his Father, earnestly repulses the charm which the temptation presents, gives no place to sin in his heart, and thus manifests the devotedness of a disciple who is filled with the love of Jesus, and led by his Spirit.

Christians, and above all, young Christians, is this a model that we desire to imitate? Would we place this firmness, this sincerity, this perseverance, before ourselves, as the example which we would follow? Do we desire that blessing of the Lord which he causes to rest upon those who fear his name? Are we willing, acting on the same principle as Daniel, to make his resolution our own, and look to heaven for the same result?

His principle was faith. His resolution was to yield an unshaken fidelity. And the result was the favor of his God, which he estimated far above all besides. Happy was Daniel to take this course! Happy every disciple who shall follow him in it!

I. Observe, first, Daniel's Principle.

"I am the child of God. As such, my whole being is his. I am consecrated to him. I am a vessel to his honor." Such was Daniel's principle. It was faith in the testimony of God; the certainty of being one of his elect: and it was by this that he triumphed.

And it is here, at this first point, this starting point, that the religion of Daniel, of a soul sealed by the Holy Spirit, essentially differs from that of those fearful and double-minded disciples, who, believing only the half of God's testimony, scarcely dare to hope for salvation, and make the attainment of certainty respecting it, consequent upon, and subsequent to, a long course of labors and of sacrifices. "How can I believe?" cries such a disciple, "that I am already a subject of grace, and that God has made me his child? Ah! I must see in myself other feelings, other works, before I dare to repose on the promise which is in Christ! I must be more holy, more withdrawn from the world, before I dare to believe that I belong to him, and to confide in his pardon."

But so long as this disciple preserves this course of human reasoning, he will be but a slave to the law, will obey only from fear, and will remain destitute of that holiness which the spirit of adoption produces in the redeemed of the Lord. Always fearing, always doubting, he will only serve his God to obtain some quiet, and if he does not, like the unbelieving, hope to merit salvation by his works, like him, at least, he remains far from Jesus, and wearies himself under a yoke, borne from constraint and fear, and not from love.

I address myself so you, half-disciple of the Saviour, who fear to repose unreservedly on his promise, and who would receive from him signs and miracles before you resolve to believe in his testimony. You wish to see in yourselves, you say, fruits of righteousness, before you believe that mercy has been extended to you; and thus misconceiving the work of the Spirit of grace, you imagine that the seal of your adoption will only be affixed on the summit of the pyramid of your filial obedience. But you are in error. As the Apostle Paul said to his Galatian friends, so will I say to you: Can you obey with the love of a child, if in the first instance you are not sure of being one? Can you render to God that filial obedience of which you speak, if first you are not sealed with that spirit of adoption which produces it? Is it not necessary that the sap which nourishes the tree be heavenly, before it can produce heavenly fruits? And since this sap is the anointing of the spirit of a son, how can your souls bring forth fruit to God, if you are strangers to this divine unction—if you dare not to call God your Father—if you doubt of being his children?

No, undecided disciple, no. It was never in acting as a slave that the sentiments and rights of a son were acquired. Never will you obtain the seal of promise whilst you hold yourselves bowed under the law. Never will you render to God that which love alone can render to him, so long as fear and its torments have rule over you. (1 John, iv. 18.) Rather raise the pyramid of your obedience on the wide and solid basis of your adoption in Christ. As the first step to be taken, be assured that mercy has been extended to you, and that you are, as says the apostle, from this time, "children of God." Seize the promise, as it were, from the mouth of the Lord. Then, certain that life is yours, certain that you are henceforward and forever justified in Jesus, act as the elect and well-beloved of the Lord.

Such was the assurance of Daniel—such was the principle whence sprung his obedience. Doubtless, this child of man differed not from each of us. A sinner by birth, a sinner by practice; like us, he was taken and condemned by the law of God, which taught him the lesson which we are to learn, that he had no resource in himself, nor in his own righteousness. It was not, then, upon his performances that he supported himself; but upon the goodness and the grace of God alone. That is to say, Christians, Daniel was a believer! he had faith in the

testimony of God. Thus his soul reposed simply and entirely upon Christ, and upon the promise which he has given, that "he who believes is justified." (Acts, xiii. 39.) Daniel, humbled in spirit, looking only to the mercy of God, reposing implicitly upon it, and sure of being its object, desired to act as one of the blessed of the Lord—as a soul set at liberty.

Happy and holy liberty of grace! glorious privilege, with which the spirit of adoption enriches the faithful, bringing him into communion with his Saviour. While the still wavering disciple drags himself with pain and languor toward the road of obedience, the believer whose heart has been set free, runs in it with joy (Ps. cxix. 32), under the eye of his God, whose love sustains him, whose Spirit strengthens his heart, and whose promises nourish his vigor and his hope.

He will be charged, perhaps, with presumption; he will be told that he wants sobriety, prudence, and that humble distrust which becomes a sinner. He will be warned that he is exposing himself to grievous falls, and that his assurance is the same rock on which the licentiousness of some, and the slothfulness of others, has already split. But this is the language of self-righteousness, or of the doubt of wavering faith. Daniel, and all other servants of God, will with one voice fearlessly reply: "You err, not knowing what is the grace of God. Seek to know it, that you may learn from it, that the Spirit of the Lord deigns to dwell in that man who believes in his grace; and that the man thus regenerated by God, has thenceforward one single desire, which is, 'to glorify him in his body and spirit which are his; because he has been bought with a price.' To be an obedient child, holy as his God is holy; because he has been washed in the precious blood of the Lamb; because he knows 'the mercies of God.' 'He would purify himself, as his Saviour is pure; for he knows that he shall see him as he is, and be made like him.'"

Thus speak the Scriptures; thus spake Daniel; such was his principle. Let us see it now in action.

II. Observe, again, Daniel's Resolution.

The principle of faith, on which Daniel acted, demanded from him courageous fidelity. His whole heart had been given to the Lord; and with his whole heart he now prepared to obey him, though it should cost dear to his flesh and his ease.

For, let us not suppose that it was an easy matter for Daniel and his companions to come to the resolution which they had adopted. It was not, indeed, a very difficult thing to renounce delicate and dainty food for that which was more simple; but it was no easy task to resist the order of the jealous king, whose slaves they were, and thus to endanger their lives. Nor were they ignorant of the danger they incurred. The chief eunuch had shown it to them (i. 10). Surely, then, they had weighed well the possible result of the step, as subsequently his three companions weighed the fearful alternative, when they preferred rather

to be cast into the fiery furnace, than to prostrate themselves in worship before an idol; and as Daniel himself, on a still later occasion, had the case laid before him, and considered it well, when he preferred being cast into the den of lions, rather than cease to pray to the Lord his God. Doubtless they had well weighed the consequences of the step. They counted the cost before they commenced building the tower; they calculated the requisite labor before they put their hands to the plow. (Luke, xiv. 9, 28, 62.)

Often, no doubt, had they spoken to each other of their duty and its consequences. Many a time, perhaps, had excuses, pretexts of the flesh, weakness of heart, the promises or the menaces of the world, and that powerful principle, the love of life, interposed between them and the path of duty, throwing a gloom over their minds, or shaking their resolution. On such occasions, what mutual exhortations to faithfulness would be given; how would they place before their own and each other's eyes the words of the Lord and the examples of his servants; how earnestly would they implore their God for the spirit of a Moses, a Samuel, a David, an Elijah, that they might, if called to it, be ready to forfeit life rather than abandon their faith.

No; it was not lightly that Daniel advanced to the combat, nor was it in his *own* strength. It was in the sincerity of his heart that he resolved, and it was from the word and the Spirit of the Lord, that he drew his courage and his perseverance. Such were the means by which he acted. Mark them well, you who, like him, desire to be faithful.

"My son, give me thine heart," says divine Wisdom. "Thou shalt serve the Lord with all thy heart and with all thy soul," says God again to his people. And they responded, "Amen: we will keep thy precepts with our whole heart." Again, the Lord says: "O! that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always." And the Spirit moves them to cry: "O! Lord, make our hearts to fear thy name."

It is your *heart*, your *entire* submission, that your Saviour demands of you, who are the purchase of his blood, when he says to you: "Bear my burden, take my yoke, take up my cross and follow me." As he set his love upon you when he gave himself for *you;* when, for *you*, quitting his heavenly glory, he abased himself upon earth; when he took upon himself *your* sins; supported for *you* all the weight of the curse of the law; was crucified and died; so *he* expects from you the willing surrender of your *whole heart.* This offering, and this alone, is pleasing to the Lord. He demands your faith; he requires your gratitude.

O! then, lukewarm disciples, who walk with reluctance in the narrow path, who yield with sorrow and regret the scanty measure of submission that you offer to Jesus; see wherein the reason lies! Learn why, far from imitating a Daniel, in presenting yourselves unreservedly to the Lord, it is with pain, with multiplied reservations and conditions,

and with a scanty and shameful parsimony of affection, that you bring yourselves to consent, as by constraint, perhaps to sacrifice a single lust, a single habit, a scanty portion of time, of pleasure, of ease, or of wealth, a little of your glory or of your vanity. Your heart! your heart! is not given to him; the world holds that captive still. Perhaps some idol, some affection, or some lust disputes it with him; and as it is in vain that the vessel which ought to launch upon the waves, spreads her sails in the most favorable wind, so long as the smallest of her anchors attach her still to the coast; so it is useless that you may be disposed to leave the world, that you should have made solemn preparations for doing so in the view of the church, so long as this lust, this habit, this hidden interest, this secret bond, remains unbroken.

Raise, then, all your anchors, O disciples, who wish to sail. Loosen your hearts from the impure coasts of the earth; nay, if it be necessary, tear from thence, and that without pity, without delay. Do so at least, if you are willing to suffer yourself to be borne along by heavenly breezes, by the ever-favorable and never-failing gale of the Holy Spirit. What do you fear? The breeze of God's grace will but draw you from earth to waft you toward heaven. Daniel resolved in his heart not to defile himself, and Daniel held his resolution. Why? Because having first given his whole to God, it was from God again that he drew his strength and his courage.

Again, Christians. Will it suffice to the child of God to be assured of his election, to have surrendered his heart to God, and to be ready at any cost to obey him? Is it not more necessary, is it not needful, that in every circumstance he should not only know his Father's will, and desire to do it, but that he should also receive from him by the Spirit of Jesus the accomplishment of the work (see Phil., ii. 13); the means, the ability, to do that which the holy, just, and good law of God requires from him (Rom., ii.)? Was it not necessary that Daniel, resolved as he was in his heart to be faithful to his God, should search his law to know what it required from him, and that he should implore the aid of that Spirit of life and of holiness, without which "the word or letter killeth?" And this was what he did, for he knew that he needed the direction of the one and the assistance of the other. He recalled to his mind the sad end of that man of God who visited Bethel in the time of Jeroboam; and who, though he knew in truth the Spirit of the Lord, yet miserably perished, because he was disobedient to his word (1 Kings, xiii.). He thought also upon Jehu, who, though he executed the order of the Lord with indefatigable zeal, yet remained an idolater, because the Spirit of the Lord was not with him (2 Kings, x.). Daniel would ponder such examples, but he would contemplate also those of a Moses, of a Joshua, a Samuel, a David, an Asa, and a Hezekiah; who were strengthened by the word and Spirit of the Lord, and these are they whom he would desire to follow.

You would be faithful as he was: observe him at the decisive moment when he was called upon to confess his faith; observe him searching into the law of the Lord, studying it day and night; see him penetrated with its authority, its rigor, its perfect holiness; mark him listening to the requisitions of his God, that it be kept entire and unto the end; and to the threatenings pronounced against the smallest unfaithfulness. Then observe him bending the whole powers of his soul before him who said formerly to the son of Terah, "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." See this young and valiant soldier of the faith, before he presents himself to the combat, praying to be arrayed in the impenetrable armor of God; to be endowed with prudence and strength; with courage and firmness; and with that entire devotedness which the grace of God alone can give, and which must be sought by frequent and earnest prayer.

Are the world, the flesh, and Satan to be combated? These are the weapons of the warfare, the Word and the Spirit. Yes, it is arrayed in this armor of God that the faithful may hope for victory. "Stand, therefore," says the Apostle Paul, "having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance. It is thus, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," that the wiles of the devil are to be resisted—that flesh and blood is to be subdued—that the world and its lusts are to be surmounted—and, in short, that we are to be made victors over principalities and powers of darkness, and over all the cunning of our foe. It is in this strength that in the evil day, in the hour of temptation or of trial, we are supported, enabled to persevere, brought off conquerors, and that we receive at length "the crown of righteousness."

Learn, then, why you have been baffled and vanquished. You, my brethren, who, though sure of being the beloved of the Lord, and sincerely desirous of serving him, have yet so little followed Daniel's example, have shown so little perseverance and constancy in your efforts, so little devotedness in your obedience, and so little integrity in your sacrifices.

The word of the Lord has not been the light of your mind—it has not been fully adopted as the resolution of your heart. The Spirit of Jesus has not been your counsellor and defender. You have scantily perused the one—you have seldom implored the other. You are still feeding upon forbidden meat—still drinking forbidden wine.

You inquire, perhaps, what are these forbidden morsels—this forbidden cup? Or, when are we sure to partake of them? Alas! my

brethren, I reply, the table of the prince of this world is too well known —too well filled. There are inducements offered to attract and to satiate every appetite—every lust. There, invitations are held out to sensuality, voluptuousness, and luxury; to intemperance and dissoluteness; to covetousness and egotism; to ambition and ostentation; to pride and arrogance. There, vanity, lying, deceit, and hypocrisy, are welcome guests. There, "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," are invited under the lure of pleasure or of glory; that they may glut their every appetite, their every affection, their every folly. And there it is that the spouse of Christ, like an adulterous woman—yes, that the church redeemed by a price and affianced to Jesus —takes her seat; sometimes secretly, and, alas! too often in public; there she is found partaking of the cup which her God has forbidden, and which he has styled the cup of devils. There she is found to her shame and to her sorrow.

Great is the crime, great the unfaithfulness of these wise virgins, who sleep like their foolish companions; who, like Jonah, forsaking their own mercies, give themselves up to lying vanities (Jonah, ii. 8). Such lose at once their own peace of mind and strength for the warfare, and languish like a man mortally wounded; knowing nothing of that solid joy and constant blessing which Daniel and his companions found under the care of the God whom they served.

III. Mark, again, THE CONSEQUENCES OF DANIEL'S FAITHFULNESS.

Daniel was not put to shame. The Lord was well-pleased with him, regarded him with favor, and gave him a well-established prosperity. He had said to the prince of the eunuchs, "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenances of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants: * * * and at the end of ten days, their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

Those who had with simple faith, and entire devotedness, put their trust in Christ, their Saviour, and had not even touched the unclean thing, were not called upon to blush for their assurance. They had leaned for support on his promise, and it was with no surprise that they marked its accomplishment. Their "hearts had been right with him," therefore, they had rested sure of his deliverance, for it had been certified to them when he said by the mouth of David, his servant, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies." "Blessed is the man whose strength is the Lord, who feareth him and delighteth greatly in his commandments." "His soul shall be joyful in the Lord, it shall rejoice in his salvation;" for "underneath him are the everlasting arms."

O! how perfect the peace, how profound the repose, how sweet the confidence, which takes possession of the mind of a believer, from the time that he begins to honor his God, by placing an *entire* trust in him. He knows that the eye of God is upon him. This calms every sorrow, dissipates every disquietude. He has the witness and the seal of thy Spirit, O! Almighty Saviour; which whispers in his heart that thou art with him, and that thou wilt keep him. It is as if thy hand were placed upon his heart, filling it with strength. Yes, happy, happy he, who trusts in thy promise, and looks to thee alone for his deliverance!

Such was the case, and such the happiness of Daniel and his companions. They saw all their prayers answered—all their desires accomplished; but above all, they saw the name of their God honored, and his law magnified before his enemies, and before those Jews who had preferred the impure table of Nebuchadnezzar to the favor of the Lord. Believers, *you* will understand their holy joy, *you* will sympathize in their rejoicing that the Lord was served, that his word was venerated; that his faithfulness was demonstrated, and that it was manifested before many witnesses, that the "work of the Rock is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." (Deut., xxxii. 4.)

For what, indeed, was the object of these servants of the Most High? Truly, it was not to carry a cause with infidels. Of what value to them would have been the esteem and the admiration of those who feared not the Lord. Neither was it to enhance the merit of their virtue in the eyes of the world, nor to perform a something which might feed self-righteousness and self-complacency. No; such unholy motives find no harbor in a heart which is governed by the Holy Spirit of God. But that which caused their joy was, that God, their good Father, was feared, was obeyed, was loved. Their great concern was that the praise of their faith might be rendered to him without reserve; and, looking to their future course, that walking in the light of his truth, their filial love might ever render to him the honor due to his majesty, and the sacrifice of their entire being.

How was such a sacrifice looked upon by the Lord? Would that faithful God, who, as the apostle has said, is "not unjust to forget his children's labor of love," (Heb., vi. 10) that good God who graciously observed the integrity of the sons of Rechab and blessed them, because they had kept the commandment of their father, (Jer., xxxv.), would *he* lightly esteem the sincerity of his young worshipers, or falsify his promises to those who had reposed upon them? Ah! no. It is not thus that the Lord deals with his family. If he does not reap where he has not sowed, nor gather where he has not strewed, neither does he leave forsaken the produce of his fields, the precious fruit of his Spirit in the church. As he has sown them, so he causes the seed to grow and to ripen; and when matured, he comes to gather in the harvest himself; and

his gracious hand raises even the smallest and tenderest ear, that he may sow and increase it afresh, and cause it according to his pleasure to yield an abundant harvest. Daniel, and his companions, at first preserved their fidelity during ten days, and those ten days were blessed; then God, adding favor to favor, not only sustained their constancy, and strengthened their bodies during their three years of trial, but he also gave them favor with the king. The history tells us, "at the end of the days that the king had said he should bring them in, then the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar. And the king communed with them, and among them was none found like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah; therefore, stood they before the king."

Such was the issue of their obedience. Now, it is for our sakes that it has been related. Let us receive from it a lesson of holiness. Shall not such examples make some durable impression upon our hearts? Shall it profit us nothing to have considered the holy and loyal conduct of these servants of God, and to have seen also the honor that the Spirit of God put upon it? Shall we not rather, (knowing that this beautiful and touching history has been written for our instruction in the way of salvation), receive into our hearts what it is intended to convey, imploring the Holy Spirit to render it efficacious?

If this be not our duty concerning it, why should it have been recorded? Or what benefit can result from its being preached upon? "These things," says an apostle, "were our examples," and they cry to us, as from the lips of the Lord Jesus, "Go and do thou likewise."

Go then, would I say to you, in the name of the Lord, go and do like Daniel. While here below, you are, like him, placed in probation. This is a time of trial, a time of preparation, to appear before a great King. Yes, Christians, before the King of Zion; before your Saviour and your God. Like him you have a trust, and, like him, you must preserve it in the midst of temptations and of snares, and despite numerous obstacles. The resemblance holds further; for as he was, so are you in yourselves, nothing but weakness and inconstancy, having in your hearts nothing but misery and sin. Go, then, I again repeat, and do as he did. Let your principle be faith; let your strength be drawn from the word and the Spirit of the Lord; let your hope be in his deliverance.

You are surrounded by the tempting allurements of the god of this world. You see multitudes around you thirst after the empoisoned cup which he presents; you hear them boast of its delights; they blame you, they rally you, they hate you, if you take not part with them, if you despise its sweets. But, what am I saying? The temptation is nearer! Your own heart represents to you the sweetness, the charms, the attractions of lusts, pleasures, and affections; the indulgence of which is so much the more enjoyed as they are to be gratified in secret, and so much the more imperiously demanded, as you have made them familiar by yielding to their claims. And with each temptation offered, comes the

seducer, the old serpent, Satan, who continually suggests that the gospel is not an iron law, a tyrannical yoke, a pitiless restraint; that Christian liberty has its privileges; that, provided the heart be not enslaved to its passions, it may enjoy them; and that within certain limits the pleasures and the enjoyments of the world are not forbidden—nay that they are even useful to the children of God; that to break entirely with the world, to put away the so-called charms of life, to "mortify and bring under the body," to discipline the heart by self-denial and abstinence, would be to outdo religion and to render it ridiculous.

Believers—you who fear the Lord, and desire to be the friends of Jesus—what will you do? Will you grieve the Holy Spirit of God by whom you are sealed, in renouncing your rank, in derogating from your celestial dignity? Will you forget that you bear upon you the name of the Holy Trinity—that you have been sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, and made recipients of the Spirit of grace? Will you not, rather, like Daniel, supporting your whole soul on the promise of the Lord, determine within yourself, and proclaim in the face of the world and its prince, and under the eye of heaven, "I am Christ's?" Temptations, sins, corruptions, uncleanness, prevail not against his anointed. Will you not say to these, "Depart, depart from me, for I bear the vessels of the Lord!"

And, my brethren, shall not this assurance of your election lead you, like the saint of old, to abstain absolutely and entirely from the meat and the wine of the king? Yes, to abstain from it *entirely* and *without reserve*, for this is the requirement of God; this is the holiness that his Spirit exacts; this is the chastity that Jesus expects from his bride. The love that is acceptable to him, is the love of the whole heart and soul.

Are you, then, friends of the Saviour? Stretch out your hand and put from you the cup which sin presents. Let there be no delay, no *secret* compromise with evil, no treason, no duplicity of heart toward him, who, having loved you with a perfect love, and being in himself perfectly holy, desires and accepts no other offering than that of hearts freely given.

Is not the thought of what he has already done for your souls, of what he is still doing, and of what he will yet do, enough to knit your whole heart to him, and to fix upon him your every desire? Must he bestow still larger benefits, in order to gain your affection and gratitude, and, in consequence, your devotedness? Had Daniel a more beneficent God—a Saviour more worthy of love than him whom you adore? Have you not the same God, and Father, and Redeemer that he had? And if the mercies of such a Lord constrained the entire love and obedience of that believer, shall they not have the same empire over you? O! let it not be with a reluctant, scanty, and half-yielded love, that you reply to the claims of such a God.

Again, think you that you can be happy in a sort of equivocal service—in some sort of *middle* course between the demands of sin, and the yoke of the Son of God? But I am speaking of impossibilities: for what man

ever served two masters—loved both, pleased both? Think you that a soul ever tasted that sweet peace which the Holy Spirit gives in communion with the Saviour, in any other than the path of holiness?

Think you that the bridegroom of the church regards his spouse with no jealousy, or that he will not testify his displeasure to the adulterous soul, however insignificant be the idol which she worships? Ask these questions of those young Hebrews who do not scruple to feed upon the forbidden meats; that is to say, of those disciples of the gospel, who, while they profess to be Christians, yet hold secret ties with the world, and with sin. Let them lay open their hearts before you; let them expose their experience in their undecided walk, their equivocal obedience, and you will be struck with fear and awe by their uneasiness, their secret self-reproach, their habitual languor, their spiritual leanness, and the withering state of their souls, which neither the fat meat that the world offers, nor the mixed wines of their own desires can satisfy.

I am well aware that, in the judgment of the flesh, Daniel's pulse would be esteemed a meagre and despicable aliment. "What a sustenance!" will be exclaimed. What foolish abstinence! What health or strength can that person expect who condemns himself to it? Thus reasoned the world in the days of Daniel; thus will it always reason; thus will the pulse of the gospel be despised and maligned. This will be ever said of that food which grows in the garden of the Lord, and which the Spirit presents to the happy children of his house. Yes, the bread of heaven, that bread with which eternal life is nourished will be disdained, as was the manna in the desert by those believers who are not willing to submit to Jesus. And neither coldness nor contempt will be withheld from those who prefer it.

But what will be the issue? What, O mocking world? what, O fearful disciples? what, O unfaithful Christians? what will be the issue of this decisive preference of the saints, and of your reluctance?

I will depict it to you, and it shall be by facts. I will point to the faithful young Hebrews, stronger and fairer than all the rest. I will tell you of the serenity which filled their souls, of the sweet confidence which they had before God, and of the certainty of his paternal favor. On the other hand, I will show you those other young Jews, who had followed a different course, less strong, less active, less powerful, and filled with envy and shame by the uprightness of their brethren. Judge between the two cases.

But, further: look at those true Christians of the present day, whom the Lord Jesus calls his friends, because they do what he has commanded them; because they abstain from the unclean viands of the world; because they are content with the pulse of wisdom and holiness, and judge of their state. Do they appear to you feeble, melancholy, or unhappy? Rather, do they not proclaim—by their peace, their joy, their habitual calmness; by the equality of their minds, the purity of

their lives, the gravity of their deportment; by their cheerful piety, their unfeigned charity, their firm and glorious hope, their patience and humility—that their souls are full of life, that their support is truly that which comes from God; while those that feed at the world's table know neither the vigor of faith, nor the comforts of peace, nor the delightful serenity of hope.

Draw the comparison, Christians, then take Daniel's resolution. Like him, search the word of God, that you may learn what he wills from you. Seek the assistance of the Holy Spirit, which your heavenly Father has promised; and thus prepared, go forth to the trial, nor stop short until the end of your ten days of life.

For, finally, my beloved brethren, it is not long that you will have to renounce the baits and allurements of the world, to prove yourselves faithful to Jesus, before he introduces you into his presence. The span of human life is not long at most. The three-score years and ten, or if it may be, the four-score, are soon told out. Season quickly follows season; one winter rapidly ensues upon another; the ciphers which name the year oft change their form and signification. The father quickly sees his sons reach his own stature; their children again surrounding them, and this rising generation leading his own, as it were, to the tomb. From moment to moment, all that surrounds us, all in which we play a part is changing, fading, dying. Scarcely has life's day dawned, when its noon has arrived: its noon is passed, the shadows of eve draw on, and night falls—"the night wherein no man can walk."

O! who among you will be wise, and consider how short his time is? Look forward, I pray you, look forward to the approaching time, when the ten days, or three years, of life and of probation shall be passed; when you will be called upon to appear before God, before the King, before that Jesus who has shed his blood for you, and who says to you: "Surely I come quickly."

Think, O think seriously, and with solemnity, my brethren, how you would desire to have passed these few years of probation, during which you are commanded to renounce the evils of the world, and to give yourselves up to the leading of the Holy Spirit, think, I say, how you would wish to have passed them when time shall be no more; when your years and days shall be numbered, when the short journey of life shall be over, and eternity shall burst upon your soul.

O! think of this, and consider whether it is not right toward God—whether it is not for your own happiness, in every way, even with respect to this world, and above all, with respect to eternity—that before you are called to appear before him, while a day of grace is still vouchsafed, you purpose in your hearts not to defile yourselves with the meat or the wine of this world, but, like Daniel, honor the Saviour in taking upon you his commands!

DISCOURSE XIII.

ADOLPHE MONOD, D.D.*

Dr. Monod was a son of the late Rev. John Monod, of Paris. He had seven brothers and three sisters, all of whom, it is believed, survive him. Three of his brothers are in the ministry of the gospel—all evangelical, faithful, and most highly esteemed brethren. The oldest is the Rev. Dr. Frederic Monod, who is pastor of one of the churches in Paris connected with the Free Church of France. The Rev. William Monod, another brother, is now pastor of a Protestant church in Paris. The youngest brother is the Rev. Horace Monod, one of the French pastors at Marseilles.

Dr. Adolphe Monod, as well as his brothers, was educated mainly at home, under private teachers and professors, and then, according to the liberal practice which prevails in France, he underwent an examination in one of the colleges of Paris, and, paying the usual fees, he received his diploma as Bachelor of Letters. His theological studies, we believe, were pursued at Geneva, in the theological department of the Academy (or University, as we should call it) of that city. For two or three years he preached to a French congregation at Naples, holding the post of chaplain to the embassy of Prussia. From that city he was called to be one of the pastors of the National Protestant Church in Lyons, in France, when his great pulpit talents soon made him widely known. He was even chosen president of the consistory of that church.

But he had not been long settled in the church in Lyons before his mind was led by the grace and Spirit of God to embrace heartily the evangelical system. As soon as he had clearly apprehended Christ as the Son of God, as well as the Son of man—as the only Mediator between God and man—his preaching began to partake of the glorious change. At first, and for a while, the rich and worldly church of Lyons to which he (with two other pastors, men of a very different spirit) ministered, were astonished. Soon dissatisfaction with the truth began to manifest itself, and in a few months this distinguished but humble servant of Christ was compelled to resign his place, and open an independent chapel, on truly evangelical principles. About seventy people, mostly poor but pious persons, followed him. He commenced his labors in a large room in the third story of a private house. Soon it was filled to overflowing. It was again and again enlarged, until it held nearly four

* The name of Dr. Monod was on the list of French preachers at the time of commencing the preparation of this work. He has since deceased; but we should not be justified in leaving his place unfilled. Especial indebtedness is acknowledged, in making up this sketch, to a letter from Dr. Robert Baird, published shortly after Dr. Monod's death. Some of the facts have been drawn from other sources.

hundred people. As it could be enlarged no more, it was resolved to build a chapel or church in a more central part of the city.

Such was the commencement of the evangelical movement in Lyons, in which city and its immediate vicinity there are now nine or ten evangelical Protestant chapels, three evangelical ministers, and a goodly staff of evangelists, colporteurs, and pious school-masters and school-mistresses.

From Lyons, Dr. Monod was called, in 1836, to the Theological Seminary at Montauban, where he became Professor of Sacred Eloquence. This appointment he received from the hands of Baron Pettit, a Protestant nobleman of evangelical sentiments, who was for a considerable period Minister of Public Instruction in the reign of Louis Philippe. For several years Dr. Monod filled with great ability the professorship which he held in the only theological institution of the National Reformed Church of France. During that period he wrote several of his most valuable publications. In his vacations he visited Paris and other important cities, and was always heard, when he preached, by great crowds of people; or else he made missionary tours in the ancient provinces of Saintonge, Poitou, or other districts in southern and south-western France.

The last seven or eight years of the life of Dr. Adolphe Monod were spent at Paris, where he preached the gospel with great effect to large and delighted audiences. His labors, and those of Dr. Grandpierre and other distinguished brethren of the same school, have done much to make the evangelical doctrines known and respected among those who attend the churches of the reformed body in that great and important city.

It was on Sunday, April 6, 1856, that this honored servant of Christ ceased from his labors. His death-bed was one of intense suffering, and, at the same time, of glorious and gracious triumph. In the full and perfect assurance of his salvation through Christ, and in peace, he commended his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father. A few days previous to his decease, he was heard to say: "*My ministerial labors, my works, my preaching, I reckon all as filthy rags; a drop of my Saviour's blood is infinitely more precious.*"

At the time of his death, he was not far from fifty-six years of age; and to show how deeply he was beloved among the pious men and women of France, it is only needful to say, that while he lay dying in Paris, in the remotest extremities of the nation the dispersed Protestants were holding circles of prayer for him. French Protestantism universally wept at the news of his death.

As a preacher, it would not be asserting too much to say, that Adolphe Monod occupied the first rank in France. Although not a large man, or a man of commanding appearance, he was nevertheless a prince among preachers. His voice is said to have been melody itself, and ever under perfect control. As to his discourses, those which he delivered in large assemblies were almost invariably prepared with great care, written, and committed to memory. And yet his extemporaneous, or rather his *unwritten* sermons or lectures, were represented as admirable for beauty of style, for clearness of conception, and for adaptation to the occasion.

Says Dr. Baird, in a letter written several years ago, "I have no hesitation in saying, that Adolphe Monod is the most finished orator I have heard on the continent. Modest, humble, simple in his appearance and dress, possessing a voice which is music itself, his powerful mind and vivid, but chaste, imagination, made their influence felt on the soul of every hearer in a way that is indescribable. The nearest approach to giving a true idea of it would be to say that his eloquence is of the nature

of a *charm*, which steals over one, and yet is so subtle that it is not possible to say in what consists its elemental force. It is an eloquence the very opposite of that of the late Dr. Chalmers, which was like a *torrent* that carries every thing away. I have often heard Ravignan, the great Jesuit preacher, in France; and Bautain, by far the best preacher, in my opinion, in the Roman Catholic church that I have heard; but they were much inferior to Adolphe Monod. If the late Professor Vinet, of Lausanne," he adds, "was the *Pascal* of the French Protestants in these days (as he certainly was), Dr. Adolphe Monod was their *Bossuet*. But Drs. Vinet and Monod were incomparably superior to Pascal and Bossuet as expounders of evangelical truth, which is, after all, the highest glory of the Christian teacher."

It is well known that the late Abbé Lacordaire, the Dominican, who was by far the most popular of the Romish priests in France in his day, remarked to his friends after hearing him: "We are all children in comparison with this man." Beside a strong and vivid intellect, what the French call *onction* was the characteristic of Monod's preaching. He was ineffably impressed, himself, with the truths he preached, and the earnestness of his soul thrilled every tone and every gesture.

But great as were Dr. Monod's talents, and fascinating as was his eloquence, these qualities were rivalled by his unfeigned piety, his profound humility, his cordial friendship, his simple and truly Christian manners, the purity of his conversation, and the uniform cheerfulness of his life.

Dr. Monod is said to have left sermons, and discourses, and essays, and lectures, from which several volumes might be formed, that would be equal in beauty of style, in beauty of thought, in force of logic, and vastly superior in true instruction to any thing which Bossuet, Fénélon, Flechier, or Bourdaloue — the so-called "greats" of the Roman Catholic church in France—ever wrote. He had published several things of great merit. His Introduction to the French edition of Dr. Hodge's "Commentary on Romans," his "*Lucille*," his "*Femme*" (woman in her proper relations), his "Controversy with a Romish Priest," at Lyons, his "Lecture on Eloquence" (delivered to the students of the Seminary at Montauban, in 1840), and his "Fugitive Sermons," are perfect *gems*.

The discourse below is by far the most celebrated of any hitherto published. It has been translated into the English, both in this and the mother country. The American translator (Dr. Turnbull) pronounces it a *masterpiece;* and remarks that it "contains passages of as pure and thrilling eloquence as ever came from the 'lips of love.'" "We like it," he adds, "especially for its profound piety, its lofty truth, its earnest and affecting appeals to the conscience and heart. It is fitted at once to attract the admiration of the critic, and win the sympathies of the pious heart."

Not a little labor has been bestowed upon the translation here given. Advantage has been taken of previous renderings, but neither of them has been adopted. The hope is entertained that it will be found to be, at least, as fair a reflection of the original, as the discourse has ever before received. If the reader enjoys half the pleasure in its perusal, which we have had in preparing it for the press, he will estimate its worth far higher than the cost of the volume containing it. The title is our own.

THE ENDEARING ATTRIBUTE.

"God is love."—1 JOHN, iv. 8.

IN a small town of Italy, which, eighteen hundred years since, an eruption of Mount Vesuvius buried beneath a flood of lava, some ancient manuscripts, so scorched as to resemble cinders more nearly than books, have been discovered, and, by an ingenious process, slowly and with difficulty unrolled. Let us imagine that one of these scrolls of Herculaneum, contained a copy, and the only one in the world, of the epistle from which the text is taken; and that, having come to the fourth chapter and eighth verse, they had just deciphered these two words, "*God is*," and were as yet ignorant of what should follow.

What suspense! That which philosophers have so ardently and vainly sought—that of which the wisest among them have abandoned the pursuit—a definition of God! Here it is, and given by the hand of God himself, "*God is!*"—What is he about to tell us? What is God "who dwelleth in the light whereunto no man can approach, whom no man hath seen, nor can see"—whom we "feel after, if haply we may find him, though he is not far from any one of us"—who constrains us to cry out with Job, "O that I knew where I might find him! If I go forward, he is not there; backward, but I can not perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I can not behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand that I can not see him?" What is he, that all-powerful God, whose word hath created, and whose word could annihilate every thing which exists—"in whom we live, and move, and have our being"—who, holds us each moment under his hand, and who can dispose as he will of our existence, our situation, our abode, our circle of friends, our body, and our soul even? What, in short, is this holy God, "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and whom our conscience accuses us of having offended; of whose displeasure nature has conveyed to us some vague impression, but of whose pardon neither conscience nor nature has given us any intimation—this just Judge, into whose hands we are about to fall—it may be to-morrow, it may be to-day—ignorant of the sentence which awaits us, and knowing only that we deserve the worst—*What is he?* Our *repose*, our *salvation*, our eternal *destiny—all* is at stake:—and methinks I see all the creatures of God bending over the sacred record in silent and solemn expectation, of what is about to be revealed concerning this question of questions.

At length the momentous word—*love*, appears! Who could desire a better? What could be conceived comparable to it, by the boldest and loftiest imagination? This hidden God, this powerful God, this holy God—he is LOVE! What need we more? God loves us. Do I

say he loves us? *All* in God is love. Love is his very essence. He who speaks of God speaks of love. God is love! O answer, surpassing all our hopes! O blessed revelation, putting an end to all our apprehensions! O glorious pledge of our happiness, present, future, eternal!

Yes, *if* we can *believe;* for it is not enough that God be love, unless we can say with St. John that "we have known and *believed* the love that God hath toward us." The love of God can neither console, enlighten, sanctify, nor save us—the love of God, indeed, so far as we are concerned, is as if it had no existence—so long as it is not "shed abroad in our hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost," and "mixed with us by faith.*

As spiritual and responsible beings, we possess the glorious but fearful privilege of being able to accept or refuse, and thereby to avail or deprive ourselves of this love of God—this is the thought with which I desire to impress you all. O that I might send you away moved, possessed, penetrated with this thought—"God is love!" Lord, if it be true that thou art love, make it known by directing my tongue by this love, and by opening to the influence of this love the hearts of all these people!

True love not only declares but shows itself; or rather, to use the beautiful expression of John, bestows itself (1 John, iii. 1). Thus, not content with telling us that he is love, God has proved it by such visible tokens and striking facts, as change this affecting doctrine into a yet more affecting history. Open your ears and hear! Open your eyes and see! Nothing more is necessary in order to lead you to acknowledge that God is love.

It is not from creation nor from natural life that I would deduce these facts, though each is full of the love of God; for "the Lord is good to all," and "let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord;" but the proofs that they furnish would be insufficient to persuade us, because marks of anger are united with marks of love in the works of God as Creator. If the sweet warmth of the sun fills all nature with life and joy—if the majestic rivers pour abundance and fertility upon our fields—if the salubrious breath of winds refreshes and purifies the air we breathe—if the earth bears and nourishes the human species—have we not seen this sun transform itself into a consuming fire; these rivers changed into devastating torrents; these winds into tempests which dash a hundred and fifty ships upon our coasts in a night; and this earth itself, this stable earth into a moving mass, which in a day, in an hour, in a moment, hath swallowed up a city and swept it from beneath the heavens? If the domestic hearth has its dear delights, its tender endearments, its fond partner, and our other selves in whom we live again, the

* Heb., iv. 2. By faith, the word of God penetrates our hearts and unites itself with them as food, which, entering the body, assimilates to its substance. The rendering that I have adopted is at once more literal and more clear than that of our versions.

cares of an infant, and the smile of a mother—alas! has it not also cruel pains, the storms of passion, the privations of poverty, the agonies of sickness, and, sooner or later, death, which, even before it puts an end to our enjoyments, freezes them, yet living, by the fear of seeing them daily slip from our feeble grasp?

True it is that, if we are at the pains to separate these contradictory evidences, in order to ascertain what belongs to the Creator and what to the creature, we shall find that the marks of anger formed no part of the plan of creation, and that the work of God, as it came from his hands, and yet unsullied by man, was as resplendent with love as is the sun with light. What love in the work of those six days, the history of each of which, in Moses' account, concludes with the words, "and God saw that it was good!" and the last with these, "and God saw all that he had made, and, behold, it was very good!" What love in the light of heaven, in the fruitful earth, in the order of the seasons, in the lamps of the firmament, in the living myriads, which people and animate the whole creation! What love in man, formed in the image of God, capable of thought, of speech, of love! Conceive what love in the words, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness!" What love in Eden—that abode of delights—and in the week which man divided, in imitation of God himself, between labor so easy and repose so sweet! What love in woman formed out of Adam's side—in their union at once so tender and so pure, and in all their simple happiness, which, quite unknown to us as it is, lingers in the depths of our hearts a vague and mournful remembrance! What love even in that tree of the knowledge of good and evil, by which God tried our first parents, and which would, had they remained faithful, have changed their infantine innocence into an obedience of reflection and freedom! Ah, believe it, could we have interrogated Adam before his fall, we should have heard issuing from his full heart—we should have beheld gleaming in his every look—the exclamation of our text, "God is love!"

But it is of another love that I would speak to you—of a love with which God loves you to-day, and loves you such as you are. This love I would lead you to see concentrated in a fact—in one single fact—which is sufficient for the apostle, and which will equally suffice for us, if we rightly comprehend it. "In this," continues St. John, in developing his idea, "in this is manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might have life through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

But at the moment of unfolding this doctrine, in order to show the treasures of love that it contains, a secret fear restrains and oppresses me. I know that here is a profusion of love which might well astonish and overwhelm us: but I am fearful of being listened to with coldness. Alas! if I must tell all my feeling, I am fearful of speaking coldly of it myself.

As the daily contemplation of nature renders us almost insensible to the beauties with which it is radiant, so the habit of hearing the gospel has rendered us insensible to this unspeakable blessing, which all the powers of our soul are incapable of apprehending and celebrating as it deserves.

In order to arouse the attention of his hearers, an ancient philosopher, describing the wonders of creation, supposes that they were for the first time seen by a man who had passed all his life in a dark cave; and strives to delineate the impressions which such a light would make upon him. I would deal with you in a somewhat similar way. Let us inquire what effect the gospel (i. e., the good news) would produce upon the mind of a heathen who heard it for the first time, having hitherto dwelt in the spiritual darkness of gross idolatry. Or rather let us leave hypotheses, and take an historical fact. The Moravian missionaries, who carried the gospel to the Greenlanders, thought it right to prepare these savage minds for its reception, by speaking to them at first of the general truths of religion only—of the existence of God, of the obedience due to his laws, and of a future retribution. In this manner they passed several years, without witnessing any fruit of their toil. At length on one occasion, they ventured to speak to them of the Saviour, and to read them the account of his sufferings. This they had no sooner done, than one of their hearers, named Kajarnak, approached the table at which the missionary Beck was seated, and said to him, in an earnest and affecting tone, "What do you tell us there? Repeat that again! I too would be saved! And Kajarnak believed, like a Christian, and died in peace, the blessed first-fruits of an abundant harvest.*

Now let us put ourselves in the place of this heathen, whose conscience was at length awakened; and let us endeavor to account for the lively impression that he received of this gospel, so entirely new to him. In order to do this, it is only necessary to follow the apostle, step by step, in his development of the doctrine in question, at once so brief and so full, which we have just read. We there see at once that sinful man may yet have part in eternal life—that God has sent into the world his Son, clothed with mortal flesh—that he has delivered him to death for the expiation of our sins—and that he has done all this for us gratuitously, when we have merited nothing but his wrath.

The first thing that would bring Kajarnak to acknowledge that God is love, is *the end* that God designed in the gospel, and that the apostle announces in these words, "that we might have *life*." Although the sinner may have merited death a thousand times, God desires not his death but rather that he should live. He has declared it—he has sworn it by himself: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live!" The more clearly is developed to Kajarnak this life that God would give to the

* Cranz Geschichte, p. 490.—History of Greenland.

sinner, the more is he surprised, delighted, ravished with such love. This life is a life of grace; it is the pardon of all his offenses, a pardon which blots out—which takes away all sin. "*To take away my sin*," saith this simple-hearted man to himself, "what language! When I have stained my hands with the blood of mine enemy, I have washed it out with the water of the sea, or with the snow of heaven! but to take away sin from my *conscience*, and to restore to me the peace that I had before I committed it—*what grace! what love!* This life is the life of heaven; it is the possession of the glory of God in the abode of the blessed, and in the society of the angels. A sinner, such as I, called to such a glory, admitted to such an abode, received into such society—what mercy! what love! This life is the life of God; it is the Spirit of God, it is God himself dwelling in the sinner; it is God who gives himself to him, who unites himself to him; is not this the very perfection of love? God making his abode in my heart, as in the sanctuary of his choice—in this heart which seemed reserved but for the devil and his angels. But these tidings—these good tidings—are they in reality true, *can* they be? And the law of God that I have violated, and the word of God pledged to punish the sinner with death, and the justice of God demanding the punishment of my crimes—*what becomes of these?*"

It may seem to some of you that I ascribe to Kajarnak sentiments hardly natural. In this pardon of God which he with difficulty believed, you discover nothing which astonishes you; *you*, satiated as you are with evangelical knowledge, without having received the gospel into your heart—*you* see, instead of marvelous grace, a very simple thing, which God owed to his creatures and to himself. "Is it so great a matter, then, to pardon?" "Is it not the noblest use that a sovereign can make of his power? and how could less be expected from the perfections which we ascribe to God?" "We are doubtless sinners; but for all sin there is mercy." Such is one of those popular maxims, in which, by a fearful confusion of truth with error, men employ the gospel to destroy the gospel. For all sin mercy!—a true maxim, a holy maxim, a divine maxim, if you say with astonishment, with delight, and as a thing almost incredible, "Is it, then, *true* that there is a pardon for all our sins?"—but a false maxim, a sinful maxim, a ruinous maxim, if uttered without joy without emotion, and as a natural consequence of the perfections of God and the miseries of man. "Mercy for all sin!" Ah! it is you who judge God by yourselves, drawing upon you that appalling reproach, addressed to the most wicked of men: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself!" For you, shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin, it is perfectly natural to tolerate in others, without indignation and surprise, that which is second nature to yourselves. But is it the same with this God, who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and will in no wise spare the guilty; and who has denounced death and the curse against every transgressor of his commands? It must not—it can not be

that *his* word should be found vain, *his* laws trodden under foot, *his* justice disarmed; and God would no longer be God if he pardoned in the way you suppose. Know that there is an obstacle in the way of this pardon—an immense obstacle—an obstacle insurmountable, except to him to whom "nothing is impossible."

So far from such sentiments going beyond the truth, in the case of Kajarnak, they fall far short of the truth. Kajarnak is still too little enlightened with respect to the divine perfections, thoroughly to appreciate the difficulty; the more his knowledge increases, the greater it will appear. But propose it for solution to one more advanced. Give it for explanation to that sinner who has long labored and groaned under his guilt, and who can not persuade himself that there is pardon for him, so deeply is he impressed with a sense of his misery and of the holiness of God, and you would hear him pray thus in the secret of his closet: "Pardon me, O my God, if thou *canst* pardon without bringing dishonor upon thy holy law!" Give it for solution to that profound theologian who is occupied day and night in the contemplation of grace—and you will find him writing in a journal, to which he confided his most secret thoughts, "I would not desire a salvation by which the law would not be honored, and my sin expiated."* Nay, more: give it for solution to the angels of heaven. Place yourself with them between the fall and the promise, and ask of them a method by which God might pardon without ceasing to be just, and be merciful to the sinner without sparing the sin. Come, celestial spirits; accustomed to sublime meditations, and wont to penetrate the depths of love divine—task yourselves to solve this problem! O concentrate all the powers of your immortal minds; call to your aid all the philosophy of heaven; search; meditate; ascend to the third heaven; descend to the deepest abyss; and tell us, if you can, a method of pardoning without ceasing to be just, and of forgiving the sinner without conniving at the sin! But how could you discover that which overwhelms you with amazement? How could you foresee the design of God in the gospel, when the Holy Spirit represents you as bending over this scheme, as the cherubim over the ark, and as never able to satisfy the desire which preys upon you, to "look into it?" Ah! rather keep silence, and listen with us to the voice of God himself from heaven—"I have found a ransom." He has found it; and it might almost be said that he himself is astonished at having succeeded in the discovery; so wonderful is its nature, all the fullness of his divinity having been engaged in its solution. He has found it; but he found it entirely in his own bosom. "His own arm hath brought salvation; and his righteousness, it upheld him." He hath found it—"glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This God who has found the propitiation—this God who was so resolved to give us life that he as it were triumphed over his justice and his law—this God, is he not *love?*

* Memoir of Griffin, by Sprague, p. 27.

But if the end which God proposed in our redemption affects the heart of Kajarnak, *the means* by which he gains that end, affect him still more. God has found a propitiation—and *behold* that propitiation! "He hath sent his only-begotten Son into the world." God hath a Son! What astonishing intelligence! Accustomed from our infancy to hear this Son of God spoken of, we do not perceive all that is marvelous in this one idea of paternity, of generation, associated with the name of God, the Creator. Kajarnak is much more forcibly struck with it than we are; but the pious missionary does not allow his attention to dwell upon these mysteries; longing to speak to his *heart*, he only touches upon them enough to make him apprehend something of the inconceivable love which unites the Father and the Son. The very name of Son enables him to perceive this; for what more endearing name could the Holy Spirit choose, to show us in an earthly relation some image of this eternal love. But this is not enough for him; to the name of Son he joins others, which raise him yet higher—he is "the only-begotten Son of God"—"his *own* Son"—"his *well-beloved* Son." *Only*-begotten, bearing a relation to him in which no creature shares; his *own* Son, truly belonging to him, begotten of him, really and not figuratively—his *well-beloved* Son, "in whom he is well-pleased." O! what force and simplicity unite in that expression of our Lord: "*The Father loveth the Son.*" He loves him and communicates to him all his power. "The Father loveth the Son, and hath committed all things to his hand." He loves him and hath made him partaker in all his designs. "The Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that he doeth." He loves him from eternity—"Father, thou hast loved me before the foundation of the world." He loves him, and this love of the Father for the Son is the everlasting type of all true love—all other love is but a reflection of this; and the highest blessing that the Son can ask for his dear disciples is, that "the Father should love them as he loveth him." O! who can tell what that Son is to the Father? Who can describe the intimate communion, the ineffable love, the eternal dwelling of that Son in the bosom of the Father? Who can display before our eyes all the meaning of that expression, "I was as one brought up with him; I was daily his delight?"

Ah, what were Kajarnak's emotions, when he learnt that *this Son of God*, this only-begotten Son, this well-beloved Son, is he whom the Father sent into the world—he, whom he separated from his throne, from his glory, from his bosom—in order that we might live by him! If the Son of God be so great, so precious, so dear in his sight, what are *we* then to him, for whom he *gave* that Son, so great, so precious, so dear! If a commander redeem with gold the captives from the hand of the enemy, is it not because the liberty of his companions is as dear to him, more dear to him, than the gold with which they are redeemed? If Abraham offers as a burnt-offering, his son Isaac, is it not because the holy will of God is as dear to him, *more* dear to him, than the life of his beloved son!

If God gives "men for Israel, and nations for his life," is it not that Israel is as dear, *more* dear to him than the nations whom he gives for their deliverance? If the Father, then, placed in this alternative, either to strike us and spare his only-begotten Son, or to deliver up his Son in order to spare us, actually delivers *him* and spares *us*, how can we speak of that love, except in terms which would seem extravagant, were they not justified by the revelation of God himself? And yet he delivers him up! he gives him; he sends him into the world which sin had destroyed, and which he only could save. He does still more: he sends him in the form of sinful man, in "the likeness of sinful flesh," for it behooved him, says St. Paul, "in all things to be made like unto his brethren;" and because those whom he came to save were "partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part in the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

Have you ever reflected upon this, my dear brethren? What honor is conferred upon our nature—this poor fallen nature—by that Son's taking it upon himself, who is the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person"—that Son, "who, being in the form of God, made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in fashion as a man." What humiliation for the Son! What wonderful condescension and love for the Father who gave him! What was it, but for the "King of kings, and Lord of lords," to be born of a woman, to drop from the bosom of one of his creatures upon an accursed earth! The Son of the Most High to exchange the embrace of his Father, for an abode of which Satan is called the prince! The "Mighty God" to suffer toil, weariness, and sorrow! He, whom "all the angels of God worship," to drag a body of dust and ashes! "The Lord of Glory" to be subjected to the infirmities and humiliations of the flesh! The "Heir of all things" to sustain a perishable body with perishable food! The "Holy of Holies" to be tempted by the devil! The "Prince of Life," to submit to the abasement of and the tomb!

Observe how this surprising thought inspired the Apostle Paul. That which the Lord did for us, he did for us *alone*. He has done nothing of this sort even for angels; for, saith the apostle, "He took not on him* the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." O, what love is that, which conceived the idea of bringing the Son of God himself into contact with our misery, so as to deliver us from it! The God who thus sent his Son into the world that we might live by him—this God—*is he not love?*

But with what commission did the Father charge the Son? and what work was assigned to him, in sending him into the world? He hath sent him, replies the apostle, as "the propitiation for our sins;" and the work which he gave him to do, was the expiation of our crimes by

* Or rather "took not hold of angels" (i. e., in order to save), Heb. ii. 16.

his blood. *Expiation!* a word common among us—a doctrine familiar to all; but what a word—what a doctrine, for the catechumen of Beck! You have heard, Kajarnak, that God sent his Son into the world to save thee; listen now to the *manner* in which he must save thee. It was necessary that this "Holy and Just One" should receive in thy stead the stroke which thou hadst deserved, but which the Father would avert from thee. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray," far from God and his law; but "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all"—*mine, thine!* Do you fully comprehend this? And then, "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Hear again: "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." What say you to this? Did you expect it—would you have imagined it—would you have dreamt it—that an offended God, in order to wash away our sins, *should shed the blood of his own Son?* I could show thee, in those far and privileged countries, whence this wonderful intelligence reaches you, men, yes whole assemblies, who regard this as a very simple thing; but *thou*—let them even charge thee with exaggeration and enthusiasm—what dost *thou* say to it? what *couldst* thou say to it?

But come, follow me to the foot of the cross of the Son of God—it is a spectacle which we must contemplate more closely. Behold! the hour is come, and "the power of darkness"—the hour of which the approach alone caused him such agonies, that there fell from his body a sweat of blood, which flowed in great drops to the ground; but the hour which the Father could not "spare" him, if he would "spare us." Abraham, on the point of offering his sacrifice, heard the voice of an angel crying aloud, "Abraham! Abraham! lay not thy hand upon the lad!" But this *other* Abraham has no power to arrest the arm when about to strike! That which he did not require of his servant, he enjoins upon himself; nor will he stop till he has completed the sacrifice! Come, rage of hell! Come, fury of earth! Come, wrath of heaven itself! Exhaust upon this innocent head that the Lord has delivered up to you, all that is dreadful and appalling, and fulfill all "that his hand and his counsel have determined before to be done!"

Satan, the old serpent, impatient to fulfill the first prophecy, raises, with hissings, his hideous head, and "bruises the heel of the seed of the woman." Vanquished of late in Christ's temptation, he had withdrawn for a time. But, behold! the Father permits him to return—to summon all his host against the Son—to enter into Judas to betray him—into Caiaphas to condemn him—into Pilate to deliver him; and though unable to overcome the Holy One in the desert, he was able, on Golgotha, to secure his death,; he was *permitted* to do it, that to Jesus it might be given, "through death, to deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

But there remains something yet more surprising. That this formidable angel, the enemy of God and man, should furiously attack the Son of God and the Saviour of men—this is appalling, but, perhaps, to be expected. But the *men* whom he came to save—the men whose nature he has assumed—how do *they*, in their turn, treat him? for the Father hath delivered him into their hands, and "they do unto him what they will." They treat him—I do not say, not as the Son of God—I do not say, not as a king—I do not say, not as a prophet—I do not say, not as a just person—but not as a *man!* They, worms of the dust, compel him to cry out under the weight of their hatred and contempt, "As for me, I am the scorn of the people; a very worm and no man!" They sell him to each other. They value him at the price of thirty pieces of silver, at the moment that *he* estimated *them* at the price of his own blood! They surprise him at night, armed with swords and staves; they bind him; they lead him from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod to Pilate. They mock him as a king; they clothe him with scarlet, and crown him with thorns. They scoff at him as a prophet; smiting him, and saying to him, "Prophesy to us, who smote thee." They ridicule him as the Son of God; crying to him, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself." They strike him with a rod; they spit in his face; they condemn him to death; they prefer to him Barabbas; they crucify him between two thieves; and while the greatest criminals call forth, at least in this last moment, from their bitterest enemies, more pity than rage, it is reserved for him, upon the cross, by his anguish, his cries, his prayers, to excite the sneers, the irony, the scorn of his persecutors!

But this is not all—it is little in comparison of what remains to be said—to *whom?*—to *you?* No; but to Kajarnak—to a heathen—who happily does not know these things, or at least does not know them as *you* do, who know them as you know the fables of Homer, or the histories of past ages. When the Son was alone—alone in his temptation, in the desert—alone in the agony of Gethsemane—alone upon the cross, he could say, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." But what if the Father should abandon him? Against the rage of the devil, against the hatred of the Pharisees, against the clamors of the populace, against the cowardice of Pilate, against the taunts of the priests, God the Father sustained and consoled him. But who shall console, who sustain him against the wrath, the curse, the terrible justice of God himself? This death, this punishment, this body broken, this dripping blood—doubtless these were a part of the agonies of the cross; but the *bitterness* of the cross, the cup which he *must* drink, and from which his Spirit recoiled, was something beside all this. Sin being laid upon him, with that which follows sin—the Father's anger—the Father's curse,—in this was the bitterness of the cross.

Thus have we seen the Father "heaping upon him the iniquities of us all, causing him to be "made sin for us," to "bear our sins in his own

body on the tree," charging him with our transgression, until crushed and overwhelmed by the burden. We have seen him, in order to deliver us from the curse of the law, making him a curse for us, "pleased to bruise him;" putting him to grief, laying his hand upon him, piercing him with his arrows, and leaving in his flesh "no soundness by reason of his indignation," no "rest in his bones by reason of sin." From that moment we have seen him finding in his Son, in his only and well-beloved Son, nothing but a spectacle which repels his holy majesty, removing himself "far from his help and from the words of his groaning," "weary with crying," his strength consumed, wasting with burning thirst, and failing eyes, and finally constrained to cry out in anguish—"Eli, Eli, lama Sabacthani—my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Can this still leave your eye dry and your heart cold? Give me, then, another audience! Give me for hearers Greenlanders, Pagans and Jews who for the first time hear these wonders of love, and I will show *them* moved, penetrated with contrition, and crying out—"What shall we do to be saved?" Nay more, give me the earth, give me the rocks, give me the vail of the temple, and the sun in the heavens; and I will show you that earth trembling, those rocks rending, that vail torn asunder, that sun hiding his face, and the whole universe witnessing of their grief and your indifference, and asking if it be not rather for *them* than for you that the Son of God died! Tell us, Greenlanders, Pagans, Jews!—tell us, earth, rocks, vail of the temple, sun in the heavens, the God who sent his Son as a propitiation for our sins—this God—*what is he if he be not love?*

But that which finally breaks the heart of Kajarnak is the *cause* of this love. For if God so loves us, whence comes this love? As for ourselves, we love that which is amiable—above all, we love those who love us. Were we amiable in the sight of God, or did we love him first? No; "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us." "God," saith Kajarnak to himself, "hath sent his only-begotten Son into the world, as a propitiation for my sins; and I—what have I done for him? What have I done to attract this love with which he prevents, loads, overwhelms me? Where are my titles, my claims? Where are my works, my desires, my thoughts which could have excited such love on his part? When he was mindful of me, when he extended his mercy to me, when he sacrificed for me his own Son, when he sent this missionary from beyond the seas to testify of his love to me, yesterday, this very morning—what have I done? I forgot him, I offended him, I trampled under foot his holy laws; I have lived in error, in rebellion, in idolatry, in lust, in malice, in falsehood, in theft, in crime. Ah! I see nothing as a claim to this love but my sins—I see nothing but this love itself!"

Yes, Kajarnak, you speak rightly; and the more you learn to know yourself, the more you will see yourself culpable, unjust, rebellious, the "enemy of God by wicked works," deserving, in short, of hell and the

everlasting curse. If you could doubt it for a moment, the spectacle of this very cross which you have before your eyes, would suffice to undeceive you; for if it shows you God so loving the sinner that he hath given his only Son to save him, it shows you, also, God so hating sin as to demand its expiation by no less a price than his precious blood. The same blood measures at once the *love* of God toward *us*, and the *hatred* of God toward our *sins*. What must those sins be which have exposed the Son of God to the rage of hell, and to the fury of the world! alas, and to the wrath of heaven! What sins must they be, when God could not contemplate them in his own Son, without overwhelming him—*his Son*—under the weight of his curse! The most terrible manifestations of God's hatred of sin—the world submerged by the deluge—five cities of the plain consumed by the fire of heaven—whole nations exterminated in Canaan—the thunders, the lightnings, the smoke, and the earthquake of Sinai—all this is *nothing* as compared with the death of the Son of God upon the cross. Approach, Kajarnak, and read, in the agony of thy Saviour, the hell that thou hast merited! And, notwithstanding thou wast so hateful that the blood of the Son of God could alone reconcile thee to God, yet God so loved thee, that he shed for thee *his* precious blood! "Is this the manner of man?" Thou canst love a wife, a child, a friend; but to love an enemy, to persist in loving him till thou hast conquered his enmity, to sacrifice for him thy most precious treasure when he was at the height of his animosity against thee—hast thou ever done—hast thou ever seen, ever imagined, any thing like this? God has loved thee, not for any thing which was amiable in thee, but in spite of all that was evil and hateful. He has loved thee on account of himself, by the overflowing of his nature; he has loved thee *because he is love.*

Kajarnak is not the only one affected at this thought. All the sacred writers have but one voice respecting it; and in their pathetic descriptions of the love of God, the prominent point—the trait which has penetrated their hearts—is the gratuitousness of this love. "When we were the children of wrath, even as others, God, who is rich in mercy, because of the great love wherewith he loved us, when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; by grace ye are saved." And elsewhere: "When we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And again: "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. But, after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." But all gives place to the expression of our apostle: "Herein is love, not that we love God, but that he loved us." Do you feel the force of this

thought? "*Herein is love!*" That which we have seen hitherto—a propitiation found for sins—the Son of God sent into the world—this Son delivered for our sins—all this is a manifestation of the love of God—a manifestation so brilliant, that it obscures all the other exhibitions of divine love that man or angel could gather from the whole world. But here is more than a manifestation of love—here we have its *very essence and principle.* God "hath first loved us;" and if the *greatness* of this love forces us to exclaim with admiration, "God hath *so* loved the world that he hath given his Son," the *gratuitousness* of this same love extorts from our humbled and broken hearts this pathetic, this profound expression, "*God is love!*"

Yes; "God is love." This alone would explain the fact that he has so loved—*whom? angels? saints?* No; but *us*, his *enemies*—us individually—me, and you who hear me. "God is love!" Love is his essence, his substance, his life. "God is love!" Love sums up all his works and explains all his ways. Love inspired him to the creation of a holy, and to the redemption of a fallen race. Love prevailed over nothingness to give us existence, and triumphed over sin to give us glory. Love is the object of the admiration of angels, and will be ours in eternity. The thoughts of God are love; his will is love; his dispensations are love; his judgments are love;—*all in him* is love. "*God is love!*"

But the heart of Kajarnak expressed this more fully than all our discourse has done. At the sound of this good news, we see this heathen, if we may still so call him—we see him hanging on the lips of the missionary, his heart affected, his conscience troubled. He exclaims, "What did you say? Repeat that again—I, too, would to be saved!" And wherefore he rather than you? Why should not this same doctrine which has made a Christian of this heathen upon the shores of Greenland—why should it not make this day in France, in this assembly, of more than one nominal Christian, a Christian in spirit and in life? I have asked you, in order to disturb your habitual apathy, to put yourself in the place of this Greenlander who heard the gospel for the first time in his life; but be on your guard against the supposition that this condition is indispensable in order to be affected by it; as that the gospel has lost its virtue by having been so often announced to you; and that the coldness that we lately deplored in you, is a necessary consequence of your position. It is a necessity of sin, of negligence, of ingratitude, of unbelief, and of nothing else. Your position is a privilege, did you but know how to improve it; and you would have the power as soon as you had the will. *The gospel has been often repeated to you?* Well, then, you have that which Kajarnak so earnestly desired. "Repeat this to us—repeat this to us." You have had done for you that which the Apostle Paul was careful to do for his dear Philippian converts. "To write the same things to you, to me is not burdensome, but for you it is safe." Supply the want of novelty by the fervor of your meditations, and you will be in the way

of finding in this long familiarity with the gospel a means of being better penetrated with the love of God. The works of man lose by being examined too narrowly; but the works of God—the tokens of his love—above all, the unspeakable gift of his Son—ever transcend our highest admiration. Neither in this world, nor in the world to come, can you admire them as they deserve; never can the angels themselves do so—vainly striving to penetrate their depths.

How many aspects does the love of God present, which all the sermons, all the books, all the meditations possible could no more suffice to exhaust than you could exhaust the sea with the hollow of your hand! Now, it is the depth of the abyss from which God has delivered us; the love which has rescued us from sin, from hell, from everlasting burning, from the society of the devil and his angels! "Thy mercy toward us is great: for thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." Now, it is the number, the immensity of the gifts which accompany that of the Son. What love is that which gives us "grace for grace," life eternal, peace, light, strength, joy, and, to sum up all in a word, "the participation of the divine nature!" Now, it is the greatness, the fullness of the pardon which God gives us in Jesus Christ. What love is that which destroys sin, which "casts it into the depth of the sea," which removes it as far from us "as the east is from the west," which requires of us only to repent and believe, and when we are fallen on our knees, under the weight of the divine curse, lifts us up redeemed, justified, glorified, saved! Now, it is the new aspect that the grace of God in Christ Jesus gives to those sufferings of this life, which we inherit from the first Adam; the love that seizes upon all the fruits of sin, makes them enter into his plan, constrains them to increase our happiness, turns the curse into a blessing, and compels all creatures, even our enemies, to work together for our good! Now, it is the special call which God addresses to each of us, to induce us to receive this salvation; the love, which, seeing us slow to flee from the wrath to come, sends us call after call, warning after warning, messenger after messenger, and, if needful, affliction after affliction, knocking continually at the door of our hearts! Now, it is that firm assurance of mercy which the Holy Spirit imparts to the soul of a Zaccheus, of a Mary Magdalene, of a crucified thief; the love which renders such a heart capable of laying hold of eternal life, of a resurrection to righteousness, of a possession in paradise, of sitting in the heavenly places with Christ Jesus, and singing the triumphal song, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

But more than all, it is the love that has given, that has sacrificed for us the only-begotten, the well-beloved Son! It is to this that we must ever recur: here concentrates the whole heaven of grace and blessing. For "he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,

how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" It is here that we behold, unvailed, "in the face of Jesus Christ"—of Jesus Christ crucified—the love hidden in the bosom of the Father. It is here that the heart of God opens before us, and that we read, as in a book, of things unutterable, that no mortal tongue can worthily express. It is here that we receive a new measure for estimating that love, for which all human dimensions united would not suffice, so that, "being rooted and grounded in love, we might be able to comprehend with all saints what is its height, and depth, and length, and breadth; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." But ah! vain are our efforts! No; we could not behold it unvailed! Our feeble heart could not bear it! No mortal man could see such love and live! Our very existence would thereby be overpowered and destroyed! On earth we behold but its dim outline. And if, like Moses, we ask of God to show us his glory, he will make all his goodness pass before us; but we should not be able to see his face. While that spectacle is revealed to our view, "the hand of God will cover us in the cleft of the rock;" only a voice shall sound in our ears—not that which Moses heard—but a voice still more sweet and tender—the voice of the Holy Spirit in our text—"*God is love!*" "*God is love!*"

And now, what response will you make to this love? Will you respond to it, as did Kajarnak, and say, "I also, I would be saved?" I do not ask whether you believe in the truth of the doctrine declared to you, under the authority of heaven: you can not doubt it. This doctrine commends itself by an evidence too clear to admit of doubt. If it were not true, it would not be in the world. These are things that "the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither have they entered into the heart of man;" and it would be inexplicable that man should invent a design which God alone could execute.

I am not ignorant, while I thus speak, that the very greatness of the love which God has testified to us in the gospel, renders the gospel incredible to many. God giving us his only-begotten Son—this Son assuming our nature, this Son dying for our sins—is too great an act of love, it is a condescension too infinite, to obtain an entire belief in hearts so enslaved to selfishness as are ours. He who loves not, credits not love. How can we believe that God has first loved us, if we love those only who love us? How can we believe that God has taken away our sins, if we cherish deeply the remembrance of injuries that we have received? How can we believe that God has given for us his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, if we are so slow to give for another—I do not say a dear and only son—but a little of our time, of our painstaking, of our abundance, of our superfluity?

Yes; only reflect, and you will see, that what excites our incredulity, is the very thing which ought to convince us. How, in a word, could the human mind imagine a prodigy of love which altogether exceeds its

comprehension? How could it invent that which it can not believe? Whence has it derived this overwhelming idea of a Son of God crucified for our sins? In what unknown region, in what recess of its meditations, in what depth of its philosophers, in what dreams of its poets? Ah! if I had found this system of the gospel in the depth of the desert—far from the prophets who announced it, far from the miracles which have attested it—I should have at once acknowledged it as the work of God, "whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts."

When God loves, he loves as he does every thing else, *as a God!* Would he manifest his power—he divides the waves of the sea. Would he display his justice—he sends a deluge over the whole earth. Would he manifest his glory—he speaks, and a world arises from nothing. Would he make it appear that he is sovereign Master—he speaks again, and the sun is extinguished, and the heavens are "rolled away as a scroll." And would he manifest his love, which is "above all his works"—he sends his Son into the world, and delivers him for our sins.

Cease, then, from all your doubts, from all your sophisms, from all your hesitations. Do as did Kajarnak: listen to your heart, and you will be a believer. That heart—do you not feel it?—is imprisoned within you; it wants air, and light, and life. Set it at liberty! Exchange the cold and lifeless deity that you have served hitherto, for this God, who is love, and who has given his Son to save you. For, what other salvation would you find—what other would you seek, of what other would you even dream—in the presence of this exhibition of love? What claims, what merits, what works, does not this ocean of love sweep away with your sins? Will you weigh your virtues, enumerate your services, count the "mites" of your alms in the sight of the blood of the Son of God flowing for you! At this sight, cease at the same moment from fearing any thing from your sins, and from hoping any thing from your works. Hasten to cast from you "the filthy rags" of your own righteousness, as Bartimeus his cloak. Plunge yourself into "this fountain which is open for sin and for uncleanness." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Come to him, who first "came to seek and to save that which was lost," and who gives the tender invitation: "Ho! ye that thirst, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." This day, then, believe, consent, and yield up yourselves to God!

And if you do *not* surrender yourselves, what then is your intention? Is it (permit me to ask you a question which suggests itself to my mind, and which faithfulness forbids me to withhold)? Is it that you base upon this love itself a secret presumption, encouraging yourselves in your incredulity by the thought that a God so full of love could not doom you to a miserable eternity? If so, we will not stop to

show the absurdity of such an expectation. What! when God appeals to the noblest and most generous instincts of our fallen nature, by a love unmerited, immense, unspeakable, do you defraud yourself as much as possible of the object of such a tender appeal, and only dream of prevailing against God by the very excess of his mercy? But we will not dwell upon this consideration; for, on the supposition just made, such language would be unintelligible to you. We will say to you but one thing more, and that seriously: it is, that this very love which makes you presumptuous, ought to make you tremble. Beware of comparing God to those weak persons whose injudicious benevolence encourages and nourishes the vice and the ingratitude which abuse it—benevolence unworthy of a just man, more unworthy of an upright magistrate—how much more unworthy still of "the Judge of all the earth!" The love of God is a *holy* love, with which is associated hatred of sin; and never, I repeat, neither in the deluge, nor in Sodom and Gomorrah, nor in Egypt, nor in Canaan, nor on Sinai, was this hatred so strikingly manifested as on the cross. If you continue in your sins and your unbelief, the love of God can find no access to you; God himself can not show you his favor. He can not do it without obscuring his holiness, and compromising his honor. He can not do it—just as Jesus "could do no mighty works" among the Nazarenes, "because of their unbelief." He can not do it, because you "reject the counsel of God against yourselves." "If ye believe not, he abideth faithful: he can not deny himself."

But more than this. The love of God *will* find access to the unbeliever, but only to aggravate his misery. If you persist in your ways, the time will come when you will be compelled to wish that you had never been thus loved; because the love of God, yea, the love of God itself, will leave you without consolation, without excuse, and without resource. Without consolation; for, had you been less loved, you might, perchance, hope for some alleviation from the reproaches of your conscience and the bitterness of your remorse. But how will you find alleviation, when you reflect that God hath *so* loved you as to deliver to death for you his only-begotten and well-beloved Son? What depth of agony in this thought? to perish when you had such a Saviour—to have been so loved and to have come to "this place of torment!" Without excuse; for if you had been less loved, you might have attempted some vindication of yourself before the tribunal of the sovereign Judge. But what can you reply? How dare to open your mouth, when reminded of how much he has loved you, and what price he has paid for your redemption? Weigh well these words: "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unclean thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of

the living God!" Fearful—and why? You have just heard; because of the very favor that we have received; because of the love that God has manifested to us. Lastly, and above all, you will be without resource. If you had been less loved, you might, perhaps, have dreamt of some fresh manifestation of love, sufficient to make amends for your sins, and relieve your misery. But what hope of this sort can you indulge, when God has "delivered up his own Son, and spared not even him?" Can you expect another victim to be sacrificed, for you alone?—a victim more precious in God's sight, than his only-begotten and well-beloved Son—more glorious than the "brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person"—more efficacious than "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world"—more majestic than "the King of kings, and Lord of lords"—more pure than "the Holy One"—more capable of delivering you than "the Wonderful, the Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace?" No, no! "If we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Thus God takes us to witness against ourselves, that there is nothing more that he could have done for us. "Judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What more could I have done for my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" All is exhausted—exhausted by love—and the resources fail only because the love of God has *already* given itself—given itself *entire*.

It is necessary then to say, whatever repugnance we may feel to offer considerations of this nature upon such a subject,—it is necessary to say to those who speculate upon the love of God, and who reckon upon profiting by it without believing it,—that the love of God, in all probability, will be your greatest torment. This thought is not new; many theologians have expressed the same. Perhaps it is *principally* this love, which will render your regrets more acute, your unbelief more criminal, your condition more deplorable. Perhaps it is this love which will make manifest the justice of the future judgment, and which will explain the mystery of eternal punishment. Perhaps our text will receive *in hell* a striking though fearful confirmation. Perhaps the love of God will not be less spoken of (although, alas! with far different emotions), in the abode of the damned, than in that of the blessed. There is more in this than mere hypothesis. Impious wretches, on their death-beds, in spite of themselves, forced by their fearful forebodings, have borne witness by their blasphemies to the love of God, henceforth closed to them, but closed by themselves alone. The Holy Spirit in the Apocalypse reveals the enemies of the Lord as recognizing him, but with terror, as the Lamb of God, and saying to the mountains and to the rocks, "Fall on us, and cover us from him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of wrath is come; and who is

able to abide it?" "*The wrath of the Lamb!*" Strange, appalling association of ideas! The wrath of the lion is in the order of nature; but the wrath of the Lamb has in it something unnatural, and which renders it intensely fearful. The more opposed it is to his character, the more evident is it that it is just, that it is provoked, that it is inevitable, when it is displayed. And if its wretched victims recognize still the Lamb in him who strikes them, this attribute of love, will but extort their homage to aggravate their terror. Ah, may you never have to fly before the wrath of the Lamb! May the time never come when it shall be your greatest calamity, to have been loved with so great a love, and redeemed at so great a price: a time when, discovering too late the truth of our text, you shall confess, but with rage in your hearts, that God *is* love!

But, though we thus speak, we hope "better things of you, and things which accompany salvation." No longer, we trust, will you close your heart to the love of God, nor live without faith in a God who is love. By this faith you will save your soul—by it you will become a new man. This love of God, ever before your eyes, will impart itself to you, and renew your whole being. It is by feeling one's self loved, that one *learns* to love; and selfishness reigns, only because we are ignorant of the love of God. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God." You will love as you have been loved. You will love God, because God first loved you. You will love your neighbor, because God hath loved both him and you. Do you not see the new life for which such a change will fit you? I see you a follower of God, a dear child, henceforth living only to diffuse around you the love wherewith God has filled your heart. I see you, according to the example of Christ who hath loved you, "going about doing good," and finding your enjoyment in privations, fatigues, and sacrifices. I see you, "constrained by the love of Christ," weaned from your own will, from the love of money, and of the empty pleasures of the world, consoling the afflicted, comforting the poor, visiting the sick, and carrying with you everywhere Jesus Christ and his benefits. Then will the image and likeness of God be formed anew in your souls! —then you will "dwell in God, and God in you." If to be loved is the life of the soul, is not loving its enjoyment? If to be loved is the whole doctrine of the gospel, is not loving its whole morality? To love as we are loved, is not this heaven upon earth, while anticipating that it shall be heaven in heaven? Happy are you, if the love of God so penetrate you, that, in whatever view you are regarded, no better description of your character can be given, than that which love inspired St. John to write of God! Happy if it may be said of you, he is love! his words are love! his works are love! his zeal is love! his labor is love! his joys are love! his tears are love! his reproofs are love! his judgments are love! Happy, above all, if that God "who trieth the hearts and the reins," can add, *his heart also is love!* Amen.

DISCOURSE XIV.

J. H. GRANDPIERRE, D.D.*

This celebrated representative of French Protestantism, was born at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, and is now probably about sixty years of age. He was educated partly at Neufchatel, and partly at Lausanne, where he made great proficiency in his literary and theological studies. He preached for several years in Basel, to the same church which enjoyed the services of Vinet, while Professor of the French language and literature in the University of Basel. He subsequently removed to Paris, where he has acted for years as President or Director of the Missionary Institute, for the preparation of young men for the work of foreign missions. He also preached for a time, in connection with the pious and eloquent Audebez, whose discourses are distinguished for sound sense, and evangelical unction, in the chapel of the Rue Taitbout, which is supported by voluntary contribution. Becoming somewhat dissatisfied with the management of this chapel, Grandpierre re-entered the "National Communion," and became the pastor of the church of the Batignolles. He now holds the pastorate vacated by the death of Adolphe Monod, in Paris.

Grandpierre is a man of distinguished learning, great piety, and persuasive eloquence. He is the author of a volume of interesting and instructive Lectures on the Pentateuch, several volumes of discourses, and various tracts and disquisitions, chiefly religious. His style is clear and elevated, vivacious and elegant. All his discourses are pervaded by sound sense, elevated views, and ardent piety. Equally practical with those of Monod, they are more philosophical in their tone, and occasionally display a high range of thought. In this respect they are more akin to those of Vinet, though less powerful and striking. He reasons clearly and calmly; and is not unfrequently original in his thoughts and mode of expression. Three volumes of his sermons form a series, under the title of "Discours Evangeliques:" the first being on Christian Doctrine, the second on the Christian Life, and the third on the Harmonies of the Christian System, and entitled "Unity and Variety," in which he brings doctrine and practice together, and shows the wonderful adjustment and harmony of the whole Christian scheme.

Grandpierre is said to be tall and thin, stoops a little, and has a fine benignant expression. Dr. Stevens, speaking of Grandpierre, as seen among the "notables," at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Paris, says: "Take the fine classic contour of Wilbur Fisk, and wrinkle thoroughly its integuments with care or suffering, and you will have a good copy of this able Frenchman's features. Most of

* We have been able to obtain few materials for this sketch beyond those contained in Turnbull's "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland." To this source our obligations are cheerfully acknowledged.

these Protestant leaders look battle-worn, and there has been abundant reason for the fact. We American Christians, with heterodoxy always in an obscure minority, can hardly appreciate the position of earnest and talented men, who have had to bear up the cross for half a century and more, amid a sneering philosophy, the universal scoffs of men of letters, the machinations of a superstitious and cruel hierarchy which murdered or exiled their fathers, and—bitterest sorrow of all—the treachery of their own associates. But the times are changing and their reward will come! Grandpierre opened the Convention with a powerful speech. He has since occupied a back corner of the platform, almost hidden from observation. I consider him one of the soundest and strongest men of French Protestantism." His voice is powerful, and he speaks with much animation. His hearers cherish for him the highest reverence; indeed, all who know him regard him as a good man, as well as an able and eloquent preacher. He is an enthusiastic friend of missions, and acted for many years as secretary of the Missionary Society.

The following beautiful discourse will give a good idea of his style of preaching.

THE TEARS OF JESUS.

"Jesus wept."—JOHN, xi. 35.

THERE are some things in the gospel, my brethren, which open to faith and piety, classes of ideas peculiar to themselves; which give rise to the deepest reflections; and in dwelling upon which, the soul, absorbed and overwhelmed, finds itself led to *feel* rather than to *speak*—to *adore* rather than to *explain*. The words which compose our text are among these deep things. Jesus weeping, is the spectacle which is offered for our contemplation: the tears of Jesus form the vast and inexhaustible subject on which we are called to meditate.

Before entering on such a subject, I feel myself constrained to invoke thy aid, Lord Jesus—Saviour; once humbled, but now glorified!—God, once manifest in the flesh, to bear our sorrows and our griefs, to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and to deliver us from all our woes,—but now raised to the right hand of the Majesty on high, where thou reignest over the empire of sin and death! Ah! who but thyself can reveal to us wherefore thou didst weep?—who but thyself can impress the important lessons to be learned from thy tears? Impart, then, Saviour, thy divine illumination, to guide us into those depths where we should be lost without it! Descend with thy servant into that mine into which thou hast commanded all to search, and let him draw from thence spiritual riches for himself and for his brethren! Amen.

The Saviour's grief at the tomb of Lazarus has been attributed to various causes. Some ascribe it to the unbelief of the Jews, who, after having witnessed so many miracles which he had already wrought, yet

reproached his supineness in having permitted the death of Lazarus, and appeared to doubt his power to restore him to life. This might possibly combine with other causes in producing it; but as the Jews did not express their doubts in words, until after he was arrived at the grave, and had wept, we can not suppose that it formed the only, or even principal cause of his tears. Others think that the deep affection of Martha and Mary, under the recent loss of a brother who had been to them as another self—the tears that they shed, and the bitterness of their grief, drew from the Saviour this most expressive testimony of his sympathy for the mourning family. But Jesus did not weep until he had reached the grave, and it was *before* this time that Martha and Mary had thrown themselves at his feet, and had expressed to him all the bitterness which filled their souls; it is, therefore, difficult to suppose that this was the only cause moving him.

It has again been supposed that the remembrance of a family whom he had often visited, and where harmony and love reigned unbroken, now wounded in its tenderest part, cut in its dearest affections, and plunged into the deepest mourning, by the loss of one of its dear members, of its main support—this deeply affected Jesus; but when it is considered that he was just about to work a miracle which should at once dispell all his grief, can we thus account for it? And, once more, it has been thought that though to glorify God, and to accomplish his eternal decrees, our Lord was about to work this great miracle, yet that a view of the renewed sorrows and trials which Lazarus would infallibly be called to undergo in re-entering upon life, caused his heart to bleed and his tears to flow.

But if we consider the difficulty which attends each of these ways of accounting for the emotion which he manifested, perhaps the most easy and natural way of explaining it may be, the immediate effect of the spectacle then before his eyes. He was before a *tomb*, the tomb of a *beloved friend*, whose soul had been in unison with his own, and who had been living on earth the life of heaven. But the angel of death had not spared him, notwithstanding his regeneration. He had been stricken down, as are the most impious and vile:—a new attestation of the reality of the curse attached to transgression of the law, and of the truth of that sentence which declares that "death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The corruption exhaling from a corpse, which but now had clothed and adorned the soul of one of God's elect, but which the breath of death had sufficed to stiffen and turn to decay, moved and overcame him. He groaned and wept. The compassion of Jesus, like his love, is infinite. Added to this the principal cause of his affliction, were all those which we have noticed already, giving greater bitterness and depth to it. *Nothing* that concerns us is hidden from him, or foreign to him. He embraces, so to speak, *all* our griefs in all their varied aspects and degrees. He feels for us at once, in one instant of time, more

than the most tender and compassionate human souls could feel during a long course of ages. Without thus longer dwelling on the cause of his tears, let us, regarding the *fact* that Jesus *wept* as the general expression of his *deep love* for us, proceed to consider the lessons which we may deduce.

I. The first, and perhaps the most striking, is, the proof which we draw from hence of the *real manhood* of Christ. We approach a subject of deep mystery, one which must ever be incomprehensible to human reason,—the union of very God and very man in the person of Christ. The Deity ever like itself, incapable of increase or diminution, of change or of suffering, immutable, eternal, infinite in all things, in being, in power, in wisdom, in greatness, in goodness, united with humanity, whose fundamental law is to progress, and develop its powers by degrees, which is susceptible of change, of emotion, of sadness, or grief, which is limited in every sense and on every side, by time and by space, and is fixed as to its duration, its extent, the stretch of its intellectual powers, and the portion of matter in which to reside! This union is indeed beyond the comprehension of man: but Scripture, though it does not solve the mystery, is not silent on the subject. There we read, that Christ "was in all points tempted like as we; yet without sin." And again, that "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." There is he represented as growing and increasing in stature like ourselves, requiring support, suffering from hunger, from thirst, and from fatigue, as we do; and again issuing his commands as the governor of nature, subjecting to his power the very elements; causing devils to fly at his mandate, and hell to tremble before him; ravishing from death his victims, closing the mouth of the grave, and rising himself from the tomb.

And what more need we know for our salvation? In order to preserve physical life, has it ever been necessary to resolve the problem of the mysterious union of immaterial spirit with material bodies? In order to live spiritually, or to believe, is it necessary that we arrive at a demonstration of the mode of the incarnation of Christ?—of the way in which the divine and human nature were found conjoined in him? Two things are made perfectly clear: first, that nothing less than the infinite mercy of Christ as God could pardon sin; nothing less than his eternal love could save the sinner; nothing less than his boundless power could deliver from the bondage of sin. And, secondly, that nothing but his assumption of humanity could have brought us near to God, rendered him accessible to us, and effected our reconciliation and communion with him. Here is, then, as full a revelation as we need. Jesus has stooped to suit our wants. Seizing then the offered salvation with thankful hearts—which will lead us further in one day, than all the efforts of reason could do in ages—let us cry with the apostle in grateful adoration, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh."

II. Another inference which we may draw from the tears of Jesus, is, that *grief itself is both natural* and *lawful*. Could what Jesus did be wrong?—what the Son of God allowed himself, questionable, or culpable? Far from us be such a thought! The tears which he shed over the grave of Lazarus, have forever sanctioned and sanctified real grief. Wounded hearts, suffer, then, your tears to flow; fear not; Jesus does not condemn them. Weeping brings its own relief; weeping sometimes opens the soul to divine consolations; weeping is often the first step which the soul makes in the way of regeneration. "Blessed are ye that weep now," said he who had bathed the grave of Lazarus with his own tears;—"Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh."

Only let us examine well into the *cause* and *nature* of our grief; for the question is, not whether grief is in itself lawful—this was resolved long ago by the example and by the word of Jesus:—but the important point is, *why* and *how* do we weep? O you who are overwhelmed by floods of sorrow and who find no true consolation, be well assured that if your grief be displeasing to God, it is because it is not "after a *godly manner*," it is not the grief of a Christian. "Godly sorrow," says the Bible, "worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death."

Examine well, then, my dear hearers, from what cause flow your tears. Is it selfishness which seeks its own, and will yield nothing, though it be God himself who makes the demand? Is it covetousness, which would enjoy its object far from God, forgetting and banishing him? Is it the idolatry of a heart which clings tenaciously to its idols, and which prefers to consume itself in hopeless grief, rather than fly for consolation to him who would give it abundantly from the eternal fountain of his love? Is it unbelief which spreads a thick vail over the future, and clouds from view the joys of heaven? Is it distrust, causing you to doubt that the promises of God are yours—that his work was wrought in favor of you? If indeed *such* be the subject of your grief, it can not be pleasing to the Lord. But if you will weep at the foot of the cross, if you will spread your sorrows before your Saviour, if you will mourn with that calm submission that faith inspires, with that hope which is produced by a conviction that he has done all things well—then indeed it is permitted you to weep, and Jesus himself will weep with you.

III. From the view of our Saviour which the text presents, we may learn his *sympathy with us in all our griefs*. How touching, and how well calculated to impart consolation and hope, is the history which the inspired writers give of him! And, be it remembered, they do not draw for us a beautiful poetical picture, but they give a relation of facts. Jesus at a sick bed, in a house of mourning, among the tombs, traveling on foot every where, where the needs of man required him, where were burdens to be relieved, sorrows to be softened, deliverances to be wrought—are not beautiful fictions, but *facts* which really had place

while he dwelt among us, clothed with our mortal flesh, and subject to our infirmities. And if such was his life while here, what must be his readiness to help us, now that, exalted far above this empire of sin and death, "all power is given to him in heaven and in earth!" By his omniscience he knows all that concerns us; by his immensity he embraces it all; by his omnipotence he can deliver us from all; his love is commensurate to all our needs; and he can be touched with our sorrows, for *he has experienced them.*

Sufferers! go then fearlessly to him; take all your griefs and all your needs before him; go to him with unshaken trust. For say, is there a single fear that he can not dissipate? a single care from which he can not relieve? a single danger from which he can not deliver? a single loss which he can not repair? a single tear which he can not dry? a single wound which he can not heal? When on earth he wept for man; and can you suppose that now that he is glorified at the right hand of his Father, he is less ready to compassionate, to deliver, to console? Ah! when your faithless heart would turn from him, either to prey upon its own grief, or to seek in the world consolation—which the world can never give—then let the image of Jesus weeping be present to your eyes; and open your ears to the words, "We have not a high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come *boldly* unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

IV. *The only true consolation which a Christian can taste, as he contemplates his separation from those whom death has taken from him, is, when he leads Jesus with him to the tomb.* For what is a tomb without Jesus? It is an empty and a gloomy place, adapted but to afflict the heart with melancholy and despair. It contains a heap of dust, a few moldering bones, a mass of corruption; it is a place of bitter regrets, of ever-flowing tears, of painful recollections, of dismal perplexities. But view *Jesus* in connection with the tomb, and hope, and resurrection, and life, and immortality are present, to console and gladden the heart. Do you, my dear hearer, find yourself sometimes drawn to visit the spot where you have deposited the remains of a father, mother, husband, wife, a child, a friend, a brother, in regard to whom you cherish the sweet hope of meeting again in the abodes of immortality? Then, like Martha and Mary, pray your Saviour to go with you there. Then you will not go to render worship to the creature, you will not seek among the dead him who lives clothed now with glory and immortality, your soul will not be filled with gloom and sad thoughts, but will rather be drawn upward with hope. Over that tomb you will see the dawn of the eternal day; you will hear *his* voice, who "is the resurrection and the life," saying, "the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."

There have been Christians, my brethren, who have been in the habit of repairing, from time to time, to the grave of departed Christian friends, to weep, to pray, and to meditate there. But the tears shed have not been those of bitterness. These visits have not excited in them those gnawing regrets, those agonizing feelings, to which *they* are subject who are strangers to gospel consolations, for among these very tombs it is that they can peculiarly call to mind, and rejoice in, their privileges as heirs of the heavenly kingdom. But it must be noted that the friends, in whose memory they have thus loved to dwell, have been, like Lazarus, the friends and the redeemed of the Lord.

V. The tears shed by Jesus teach us another lesson, namely, *what are the occasions which call for grief; and also, by implication, what are those occasions where it is fitly bestowed?* Only twice in the gospel history is it recorded that Jesus wept. And these were over the grave of Lazarus, when human nature paid her last forfeit, and over guilty Jerusalem, when he pictured to his mind the judgment which should fall upon it. He wept for *others*, not for himself. He wept for *real woe*, not for the imaginary sorrow which vanity creates. Let us draw hence our own instruction. It is usually supposed, that one of the most cutting subjects of remorse and confusion to the world, when overtaken with the judgments of God, and consigned to their final doom, will be the simple pleasure and vain joys for which they have sold their souls. And this idea is perfectly scriptural. But may we not add that their confusion will arise, not only from having rejoiced in that wherein they should not have rejoiced, having loved those things which should not have been objects of love, and having sacrificed God who is eternal, for the world which is transient, but also from the recollection that they wept when they should not have wept; that they shed tears of vanity, of pride, of lust, of ambition, of avarice, while their hearts were at ease, and their eyes were dry, on subjects which should have drawn from them the deepest emotion, such as their alienation from God, their ingratitude and disobedience to him, their present state of sin, and their prospect of eternal perdition? *Their* subjects of grief were not the same with those of Jesus.

Christians, let *your* sympathy and compassion flow from a right source. Weep for the sins of a perishing world. Weep for the miseries which sin has introduced. Weep for the sorrows of those who are its victims here, and who seem ready to incur its doom hereafter. If you weep for yourselves, still guard the subjects of your tears. Weep for the secret rebellion of your hearts; your unbelief; your lukewarmness; your selfishness. Here, indeed, are subjects on which you need not fear to indulge too much sensibility. If such be the subjects of your grief, the Lord will not condemn you, but will say of you, "Blessed are ye that mourn, for ye shall be comforted."

VI. The point of view in which we we here regard the Saviour, teaches us *how we ought to look upon death.* There is in death so little that is

in harmony with the course and plan of nature, that the eternal Son of the Father mourns over it. So little did it enter into the original plan of the Creator of the universe, that that very Creator, when incarnate, is weeping over it! The vain reasoning of a proud philosophy, wishing to avoid the shame and humiliation which attend the consideration of death, regarded as the fruit and punishment of sin, and anxious to quiet conscience when she whispers of retribution, seeks to regard it simply as an immutable law of nature. But though Scripture should not have pronounced with a tone of divine authority, "the wages of sin is death," Jesus before the tomb of Lazarus would have contradicted such a view.

False philosophy says that it is a natural phenomenon, a law of nature, part of the work of God: but the tears of Jesus say, that it is a disorder in creation, the execution of a terrible sentence, pronounced in the beginning, by the Divine Legislator, against sin: that it is a desolation, a destruction, introduced into the work of God. Look at the Saviour's emotion, and see in it the Creator himself, grieving over the depth of his creature's fall, where can now no longer be recognized the divine features which he bore, when created in the image of his God! See him viewing in that mass of moldering dust, an image yet more hideous than that of a corpse, namely, that of sin! See him looking beyond the putrifying body which has met the sentence of eternal justice, to the *second death*, the undying worm, "the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth," which will become the lot of all those who do not embrace the gospel!

Such of you, my dear hearers, as have not yet obtained peace of conscience, through faith in Christ, who are yet unregenerate, see him weeping here over your present sin and your future portion, and O! let the sight move you, tear you from your fatal security, and lead you to seek, without longer delay, safety in him who was crucified to atone for your sins; who descended into the grave to tear from death his sting; and who ascended into heaven to prepare a place for those who love him, and who hope in him!

Here I pause, my brethren. In considering the words which have been brought before us, I have endeavored rather to point out, and open to your view subjects for deep and fruitful meditation, than to follow them out, or exhaust them. I commend them to your private consideration, and pray God to bless them to all our souls. We shall not have spent an hour in vain, if Christians depart comforted in heart, or strengthened in faith: and if unconverted souls shall have learned to tremble before the law which hangs in terror over them; to be subdued before a conscience which condemns them; to turn toward God who invites them; and to believe in Jesus who stands ready to save them:—*which may God grant! Amen.*

DISCOURSE XV.

ATHANASE COQUEREL.

Athanase Coquerel was born at Paris, in 1795; studied theology at Montauban, and, in 1818, became pastor of the French church in Amsterdam, where he remained twelve years. In 1830 he was induced by Cuvier to come to Paris. In 1848 he was elected delegate to the Constituent Assembly from the Department of the Seine, and was subsequently a member of the Legislative Assembly, in neither of which, however, did he take any prominent part.

He has been known for many years as one of the most eloquent preachers in Paris, and belongs to the body of pastors of the Reformed Church; although his views are not accepted as wholly evangelical. Owing to this last fact, he has often found himself engaged in controversies with different theologians and laymen in France, which has led to his publication of many pamphlets, some of which are written with great force. Besides, he has written much in the departments of religious history and literature. Among his works are, "Biographie Sacrée" (second edition, 1837), "Esquisses Poétiques de l'Ancien Testament" (1829 and 1831). "Cours de la Religion Chrétienne" (1833 and 1839), "Histoire Sainte et Analyse de la Bible" (1839, third edition, 1850), "Réponse au Livre du Doctor Strauss, 'La Vie de Jésus'" (1841), which has been translated into German and English.

Of his sermons several collections have been made, the earliest in 1819, of which a third edition appeared in 1842; a second collection in 1828, reprinted in 1843; a third in 1838, and a fourth in 1842. They are not often controversial in their tone and bearing, and everywhere exhibit the strongly rhetorical aspect, so characteristic of the French school of eloquence. Along with his graces of language and style, there is also depth and strength of thought, and an evident aim to awaken a genial and active Christian life. His later sermons are less ornate, and bear the marks of more maturity than the earliest issues.

Some of Mr. Coquerel's finest qualities as a preacher are brought out in the following discourse. This is particularly true of his elaborate accuracy of painting, or description, by which he revivifies, almost with a poet's power, the incidents and narrations recorded in the Scriptures; and, withal, his nicety in the practical application of their lessons to daily life.

THE UNBELIEF OF THOMAS.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. And after eight days, again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God! Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—JOHN, xx. 24–29.

MY BRETHREN—The extreme rapidity with which man passes from one sentiment to another, is, without contradiction, one of the most remarkable traits of his nature. He can, in an instant, change in conduct and opinion as in destiny, and one is still astonished to discover in him the same man.

The most opposite movements succeed each other instantaneously in his heart, and the vicissitudes of his life pass not so quickly as his emotions and thoughts. Consider Abraham and Jacob, at the moment when the one spares Isaac, and the other recovers Joseph; it is the same sentiment, it is paternal love, which fills the heart, but what a sudden revolution is operated in their feelings! Behold David condemning with justice the despoiler of the poor man's sheep, and hearing the terrible words, *Thou art the man!* Behold Saul advancing with a firm step toward the persecutions which he promises to himself, and beaten down under the weight of this overwhelming question: *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?* It is always David, it is always Saul, and nevertheless how is the heart changed! Their life is renewed, their soul subdued, by a power that they knew not the instant before, and a destiny entirely new is opened up before them. I could easily multiply these examples; everywhere you would see that in a day, in a moment, man may become in some sort different from himself; and to come without delay to the subject which is to occupy us, what a difference in the disciple of Christ, saying, *Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe;* and the same disciple exclaiming before Jesus, *My Lord and my God!*

Brethren, it is good that man can thus change. Human life is so short, the propitious occasions pass so quickly, and their return is so uncertain, the advantage of profiting by them without delay is so great, that it is good that men can thus change, can pass in an instant from vengeance to pity, from iniquity to virtue, from incredulity to faith, and thus possess himself of the beginnings of his new life. I do not

mean to say that such prompt changes are without inconveniences; they have need of being confirmed by time; they fatigue, they exhaust sometimes; and when a wise and good resolution is taken, that is not all—it is to be fulfilled. Again, as these changes take place from evil to good, they may also occur from good to evil; a movement of pride, a transport of anger, an act of vengeance, are often only the fruits of a first movement of which one immediately repents. Nevertheless, taken all together, it is good that man can thus change; it is a means the more of converting him—it is an added hope that he will turn himself; it is a wide door opened to all those who are neither wicked nor faithful, who float uncertain between their passions and their duties, and wait only an occasion to decide; and to those who, without believing and without denying, yet doubt and hesitate in their uncertain opinions, and are ready at the first opportunity to become incredulous or believers. Furthermore, these sudden changes accord with the vicissitudes of our terrestrial pilgrimage; thus a Job passes in one day from the highest prosperity to the most deplorable misfortunes; a Saul passes in a day from the persecutions that he inflicts, to those that he suffers for the name of Jesus. You see, our life then is in accordance with our hearts; providence and grace often follow the same route, and without our being able to reckon whether there are more relapses or more amendments in this world, all this experience serves to confirm this grand precept, which is true for prosperity as well as for virtue:—"Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall!"

But whether one fall or raise himself, one of the most interesting studies that a Christian can make, is that of the interval which separates the two extremes; this interval, however short it may be, can always be measured. For a change so great there is required a great cause. Between David an adulterer and David repentant, there is the word of Nathan; between Peter who denies with execrations, and Peter who casts himself all in tears from the court of Caiaphas, there is the look of Christ; between Saul persecutor and Saul persecuted, there is the magnificent vision of the road to Damascus. Let us see then to-day what there is between Thomas incredulous and Thomas believing. Let us endeavor to represent to ourselves this memorable scene. Let us endeavor to be present at the imposing moment when Christ suddenly showed himself to his apostles, and renewed the heart of the disciple who still doubted. You love too well the open tomb of your divine Saviour, to complain at being brought back to it; and perhaps the words of our lips, and the meditations of our hearts, may be acceptable, if on this solemn day we can say to Jesus, with as much confidence and gratitude as Thomas: *My Lord and my God!*

I. It would be impossible to profit by the example that the account of the gospel offers us, and to judge well of the sentiments of Thomas, under such striking circumstances, unless we begin by knowing his

character well. Whatever may be the circumstances in which one finds himself, the impressions that he receives, and the duties that he fulfills, or even the sins that he commits, the character never loses all its traits, and he remains faithful to it without being aware of it. Thomas, probably the only survivor of two twin brothers, is a man of frankness and uprightness, full of zeal and ardor, who holds to his first ideas as he obeys his first emotions. He is a man who never hesitates, he gives himself to a thing in the same way that he doubts, in the same way that he believes, in an *instant* and *at once*. When Jesus, who had crossed to the eastward of the Jordan, announces the intention of returning into Judea, to Bethany, where the death of Lazarus called him, in spite of the dangers which awaited him in Jerusalem, Thomas, in a transport of love and admiration, exclaims, addressing himself to the disciples: *Let us go there and die with him.* And this same Thomas, who shows himself so ready to partake the danger of death with Christ, and to follow him into the midst of persecutions, nevertheless comprehended nothing of the mysteries of the cross or the oracles of the resurrection. When, in one of his last interviews, Jesus said to his disciples, *Ye know whither I go and ye know the way*, Thomas, as frank in his ignorance as we shall find him in his incredulity, interrupts Christ, and says to him: *Lord, we know not whither thou goest, how can we know the way?* You see Thomas is the same in his ignorance as in his devotedness; he speaks with the same promptitude, expresses himself with the same frankness; he is one of those men to whom one can trust, because their mouth speaks only from their heart, because they never say except what they think or what they feel, and because they say it at the instant. And notice that they act as they think, with ardor, with transport, as if carried away. Their precipitation, though noble and generous, is not without danger; for if they reach the goal when others seek it, they sometimes pass it when others have reached it.

But, you will say to me, "It is the character of St. Peter that I describe, and Christ had then two disciples who resembled each other." Brethren, they were men like these that were required to spread the gospel and found the church, and this character of Thomas is not, in truth, without some relation to that of the son of Jonas. But Thomas has much less confidence in himself, and their characters present the same difference as their devotedness. Peter swears that he will die with Christ, and, exalting himself above all others, he declares with pride, that even should all betray him, he would not do it. Thomas does not swear: he exclaims. With one it is a movement of pride; with the other, a transport of fidelity. Thus one denied and lied, and the other doubted. Without wishing to diminish the glory of the son of Jonas, the doubt was better than the denial. You will see, also, that the lesson given to Thomas, by Christ, is very different from that which Peter received. It was necessary to reinstate Peter in the office of apostle; it

sufficed to enlighten the spirit of Thomas, who had not fallen from his rank. Let us leave to each his faults; they have also each his glory and his virtues.

It is for such characters that the least circumstances of life have an importance, because they draw from them results that cooler men would not know how to bring out. Thomas—from what motive is unknown—was not at Jerusalem the day of the resurrection. It is certain, at least, that on the evening of this memorable day, when Jesus showed himself to the apostles, Thomas was not with the disciples. The language that Jesus addresses to him, in the interview that we are studying, attests sufficiently that Thomas had not seen him since the resurrection; and his absence leads naturally to the thought that he had left Jerusalem. From this circumstance, so simple, all resulted. Perhaps, had he waited, at least, until *the third day*, to depart, perhaps, in the morning, at the first rumor of the resurrection, ardent like Peter, he would have run like him to the sepulcher; and, like John, he would have been able to say, afterward: *I have seen and believed!* But his absence—of which, certainly, he himself did not see the importance—became fatal to his faith, and served as a pretext and occasion for doubts. In the course of the week after the resurrection—perhaps even the Sunday following—Thomas returned to Jerusalem, saw the disciples, and their first care was to acquaint him with the great event which had filled them with joy. Represent to yourselves the astonishment of Thomas at this unhoped-for news. Recall to your minds that no one had expected the resurrection of the Lord—neither the holy women, nor the friends of Christ, nor the disciples, nor the apostles. The oracles which announced the prodigy had not been understood, or, rather, had been forgotten amid the horrors of Calvary; and if, outside of Jerusalem, the report of it had reached Thomas, it is evident that he considered it only as a popular rumor, without foundation. He had quitted Jerusalem without expecting it; he returns, not believing in it; and the first word that is addressed to him is the confirmation of this unexpected event! * * * Then a conversation arose between Thomas and the ten apostles, of which the evangelist has evidently reported only the substance or the end. The discussion must have been animated, because such is the nature of the human heart; because men do not talk coldly of a resurrection; because all the apostles, incredulous or believing, could not but take the most ardent interest in the triumph of their cherished Master; because, finally, it suffices that two men of an impetuous character, like Peter and Thomas, should disagree upon the truth of an occurrence, and that one should affirm while the other contests it, for the temper of both to become roused, and that they should quit one another—each persevering in his ideas. Let us never fear, brethren, to see in the apostles men like ourselves. Their work is so much the more beautiful, the tongues of flame which rested upon their foreheads are so much the more luminous,

for it, and the divine intervention in the establishment of Christianity, so much the more evident. I advance nothing here which is not supported by the gospel. A simple reading of the account suffices to recognize that the sacred historian has given, I repeat it, only the summary of the interview; and he has chosen so well the few words that he reports, that we can judge the entire conversation by them.

What was the proof that the apostles and disciples ceased not to give to Thomas? One only: "*We have seen the Lord!*" And this style of discussion is conformable to the human heart. Witnesses who can say, "We have seen," say nothing else, because this argument is the strongest that they can allege; they return to it unceasingly; they present it under a thousand aspects; they reproduce it under a thousand forms, and they are astonished that they do not convince, because they themselves are convinced. They have seen, and they do not believe themselves bound to advance other proofs. If that sufficed for them, why not for others? The self-love of an eye-witness is always engaged in his testimony, because one must doubt, in order to contradict it, either his sincerity or his reason. Thomas did not contradict his brother disciples by accusing them of a falsehood; but the idea which seized upon him, the objection that he presented, the reply that he made, appear to have been always this: "You have seen a spirit, and you believe you have seen the Lord." This error was conformable to the prejudices of the Jews. Luke says, in formal terms, that upon the first apparition of Christ, the disciples, dismayed and troubled, believed they saw a spirit; and what shows completely that this idea was that of Thomas, is the proof that he demands. Regard it attentively: you will see that this proof is altogether material; they are wounds and scars that Thomas wishes to see and touch, because he knows that a spirit has them not; and persisting in this error, he ends by saying to the apostles: "*Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.*"

These, brethren, are the famous words to which Thomas owes the title of incredulous, and which seemed filled with most indiscreet exaction, and deep-rooted incredulity. No, that is not the sense which must be given to them. These words did not form a connected discourse; they are animated assertions, sudden replies which have burst out one after the other in the warmth of the dispute; it is the obstinacy of a man who reasons, and not that of an unbeliever who contradicts; it is the intemperance of tongue of a disputant who is attacked on all sides at once; it is perseverance in a single idea, and not the unconquerable incredulity which refuses to see, and asks for reasons only to combat them. And the proof that Thomas, if I may so say, did not speak seriously, is that he did not for an instant dream of doing what he said; that he did not touch these wounds; that he finished by believing, precisely for the reason that he rejected, for the same reason as the rest

of the disciples, simply because he saw the Lord. But then, if these words do not deserve all the reproaches with which history pursues and vulgar reputation surrounds them, if they are only words which escaped in the heat of the argument, why has John reported them? From a very simple motive: It is that Jesus repeated the same expressions that the disciple had used, and that we should not have comprehended the reprimand of the Lord, if we had not known the imprudence of the disciple. Brethren, I feel constrained to say: Would to heaven that all unbelievers were as Thomas! His doubts come from the head, the heart has nothing to do with it; for myself, I shall never fear such doubts; faith is easy when the heart is sincere and good.

No conclusion unfavorable to Thomas can be drawn from the fact that the day when this conversation took place is unknown; if it occurred in the course of the week which followed the resurrection, concord continued to reign between the disciples, because the succeeding Sunday we find Thomas again with them; if it took place this same Sunday, Thomas had no time to persist in his error. It was in the same house where, eight days previous, Jesus had shown himself in the midst of them. The hatred of the Jews was far from being calmed, the same precautions were necessary; the doors were carefully closed; suddenly they open—brethren, faith should never draw back before a miracle: the power which performs one can perform a thousand, and if there was a prodigy here, why should we hesitate to acknowledge it? Such is not the meaning of the account, and we ought not to change into a useless marvel a natural event. The doors were closed; suddenly they open for Christ; he presents himself in the midst of the apostles, and says to them: *Peace be with you!* Thomas was among them! What thoughts must have immediately arisen in his soul! What surprise, what apprehension, what joy! How must his heart have burned within him, when his eye met, for the first time, that of the risen Jesus! What will he do now? It is for him to remain true to his own thoughts; it is for him to remember that he demanded to see; for him to acknowledge that he does see. What will he do?—Thomas remains silent. He must wait, he must leave it to Jesus to speak; and, without opening his mouth, with a fixed, immovable eye, he looks on, while a thousand different emotions throng his heart; he regrets having persisted in his error; he regrets that he did not place faith upon the testimony of his brethren; and, at the same time, covered with confusion, seized with astonishment, transported with joy, he stands there before the Lord as before his judge. *Peace be with you!* No, peace could not yet be with the incredulous disciple. And then it is toward him that Christ advances: it is he whom he seeks; it is he whom he names; it is to him that he addresses himself, and says: *Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing.* What gentleness, what goodness, in this censure of the

doubt, in this recall to faith! And at these accents so well known, at these marks of pain, and, above all, at these words, the same that Thomas had pronounced in his error, and that Christ alone could know without having heard them, the disciple passes in an instant to the most profound conviction, and equally prompt in his faith as in his devotion and his doubt, can only utter a cry of admiration, of gratitude, and of love: *My Lord and my God!* What a reply, my brethren; what an admirable and simple confession of faith! Acknowledge that he who believed in this way, could not have been incredulous in a very culpable manner. With what earnestness he believes; how he throws himself wholly toward his divine Master, who comes to him; how he abjures his vain error, and now what is there in the world which can shake his confidence? Nothing. It is to Christ alone that Thomas was able to say: *My Lord and my God!* And these words he will repeat during the whole course of his apostleship, from country to country, and from island to island, even to the coasts of the Indies, if the Lord sends him there.

II. The scene that I have just retraced for you, offers all the characters of grandeur and simplicity that one loves to recur to in the gospel. Christ raised to life, shows himself there with his accustomed glory and charity, and it is impossible not to be moved in representing him to one's self, when he deigns to address to the disciple these touching words: *Be not faithless, but believing.* One doubt remains to be cleared up: On this memorable evening, when Jesus came to show himself to his disciple, and thus to fill his heart with a lively and positive faith, did he think only of Thomas. It remains for me to prove to you, that at this moment Jesus thought of all those who, in the course of time, must be added to the church in order to obtain salvation.

An apostle has said, "*We walk by faith, and not by sight.*" Brethren, how true and profound are these words! You who believe in God and Christ—you who consider the gospel as the sole rule of your opinions, your hopes, your duties—look around you; contemplate the world, life, religion, Providence; of all that you believe, you see nothing. Tell me what there is to be seen in the church of Christ; tell me what are the visible things which can occupy your faith. O vanity! A little water for the foreheads of our children, once in their infancy; a little bread, a little wine for ourselves; that is all we see. Is, then, that Christianity? No. Christianity is invisible, like the God who made it. Christianity is within, and not without, the human heart; behold its only domain; and *we walk by faith, not by sight.*

Pursue this idea into its details, and you will recognize how simple and easy it is. You expect, you desire sanctification; for you know that *without holiness no one will see the Lord*, and that we are commanded to be *perfect as our Father who is in heaven is perfect.* You are impatient to be freed from the fatal faculty that we have of sinning; you are anxious that all terrestrial defilement should be effaced from our hearts,

and that all our passions should be changed into a pure and virtuous energy; you seek sanctification, and what you see above all else around and in you is sinfulness. Where is this holiness that you desire? You have never seen it—you never will see it on earth; for we are all *unprofitable servants*, and, on a thousand articles, we could not reply to a single one.

Again, you await impatiently a condition happier than this life; a state in which your peace will not be so often troubled; one without disquietude, without suffering, without poverty, without injustice; you expect perfect felicity, and you see around you only misery and trouble; in vain you look through this world; an ever pure happiness does not exist here; we know it so well that we no longer seek it here; everywhere there are some leaves dried and faded on the most flourishing and beautiful tree.

Finally, you desire—you impatiently await—immortality, and you see around you only tombs. Immortal beings as we are, we all have borne, bear now, or shall bear, sorrow; and the sorrow is seen, but the immortality is not seen. And in vain you who weep over the grave, in vain you who, like Mary, seat yourselves at the door of the sepulcher—in vain do you essay to pierce the shades of death; in vain, through your tears, do you attempt to catch a glimpse of immortality. No; you see only the dust, a shroud, and the worms; all the rest is concealed. Brethren, with so many examples, you must acknowledge that sanctification, true bliss, immortality—admirable objects for our efforts, holy promises of the Lord, celestial certainties of our future—all are invisible. We walk by faith, and not by sight. To believe, is to represent the truth to one's self, and not to see it.

We walk by faith; and a thousand generations before us, and all those who shall pass upon this earth after us, shall do the same. We walk by faith, and not by sight; and behold, a disciple, an apostle, Thomas, one of the most ardent and zealous, who cries, "If I do not see and touch, I will not believe." Do you conceive now all the danger of this example? If it were necessary to see in order to believe, who, then, would believe? How many Christians would there have been in this world, and how long a time would the church have endured? There would have been a single generation of believers, and the church would have ended at the ascension of Jesus Christ.

What, then, did Jesus do, in order to adjust every thing, to reconcile the interest of a disciple whom he did not wish to abandon in his error, with the interest of so many believers who lived their life either before or after the gospel, and who could not see Jesus on the earth?

O, my brethren! Jesus anticipated the apostle; he accorded to him the proof that he demanded; he made the disciple look upon him; he showed to him the wounds of the nails of the cross; he forced out from his heart these words of consecration and faith: *My Lord and my God!* and in order that no one should imagine that he had any reason to regret

this privilege, and the right to say: When I see I shall believe, Jesus said to Thomas: *Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed!* that is to say, their faith is better still than thine, and their recompense will be better than thy recompense. What wisdom and equity in these words! What a just division established between the cotemporaries of Jesus on the one part, and on the other, the believers who preceded him upon the earth, and we who come after him! What justice is this, which weighs thus the faith of the entire world in its balance, forgets not to place in the line of the account the difficulties or facilities that one finds in believing, measures the success by the efforts it costs, and approves in proportion to what it has been necessary to do in order to be approved.

See, then, how senseless are the regrets and murmurs that one sometimes hears in regard to the eighteen centuries elapsed since the gospel. We have come too late into the world, say these imprudent Christians, and if we had seen Jesus Christ, we should know him better. Ah! how many of these rash men would then have seen only the son of Mary? How many, perhaps, would have taken him for a Samaritan, an impostor, a rebel? How many, the day after the resurrection, would have said: If I do not see the wounds of the crucified, I will not believe? and Christ would have replied to them as to Thomas: *Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed!* This one expression re-establishes the equilibrium between the cotemporaries of Christ, and ourselves, and all the generations of the earth; this one phrase recognizes to each his rights, assigns to each his hopes—it proves that salvation is open to all, and that no one is forgotten in the mercies of the Lord. * * * Patriarchs and prophets, illustrious examples of the world, you who believed yourselves to be only *strangers and sojourners* upon the earth, you who *hailed from afar the day of the Lord, trembling with joy*, blessed are you, for you have not seen, and yet you have believed. * * * People of all places, generations of all ages, to you also salvation is offered, and your faith may attend without uneasiness the moment to be changed to sight. Let us adore, O my brethren, these boundless mercies where we have each our part. Let us be persuaded that our faith is as acceptable to the Lord as that of any of his children. Let us be persuaded, that, in grace as in Providence, *one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;* let us not look behind, but advance toward the end which is proposed to us; let us keep the faith in a pure conscience, and walking with a firm step amid that which is but show, content with the assurances which are given to us; we shall prefer to these marks of the cross, to these signs of suffering and death, even to the open tomb near which the remembrances of this day reunite all believers, the glorious vision of Stephen, who saw the heavens opened, and the Son of man at the right hand of God; and from the depth of our hearts will arise this unanimous adoration: *My Lord and my God!*

DISCOURSE XVI.

WILLIAM MONOD.

"It would be impossible," says Dr. Baird, "to name in France a Protestant family more truly or more justly esteemed for its virtues, or for the number of its eminently useful members, than that of the Monods." The father was a sincere and honest Christian minister, and conscientiously desirous of doing his duty, as far as he knew it. He was a native of Geneva, where he received his education. When he entered the ministry, which was before the first Revolution of France, he could only find a place for laboring in French Switzerland, or in the French chapels of Germany and other foreign lands. He went to Copenhagen, and there preached to a small French congregation for many years. While occupying that position, he had it in his power to minister to the wants of not a few Frenchmen, whom the "Reign of Terror" in France drove from that land. Among them was Louis Philippe, son of the infamous Duke of Orleans (or Prince Egalité, as he chose to be called), who for a while figured in that bloody drama. This was not forgotten by that distinguished exile, when, nearly forty years afterward, he became King of France. As Mr. Monod was called to occupy a post in the Reformed Protestant churches of Paris, which were opened by the orders of the great Napoleon, he left the Danish capital and took up his abode in that of France, and was for many years before his death (which occurred, we believe, in 1836) president of the Consistory of those churches.

Eight sons survived the father's death, four of whom were ministers: Dr. Adolphe (now deceased), and Reverends Frederic, William, and Horace. Of the other four, Henry and Edward are merchants in Hânse, distinguished for their intelligence and probity, and both members of an evangelical church; one (Gustavus) is a highly-esteemed and useful physician in Paris; and another still (Valdimir) is a banker or broker in the same city. There are also three sisters, one of whom is married to a Protestant minister.

The Rev. William Monod is older than was Dr. Adolphe, though younger than his brother Frederic. He was, more than twenty years ago, pastor of a Protestant church in St. Quintin in the north of France. His health failing, he resided some time in France, and was afterward a minister in the Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland, and more recently in Algiers and Rouen. Since the death of his brother Adolphe, he has been pastor, in Paris, of the National church, where he has taken the place of Dr. Grandpierre, which was vacated by his being chosen the successor of Dr. Adolphe Monod.

He is an excellent man, of a truly evangelical and devoted spirit, and a strong preacher.

Says the Rev. Dr. Stevens, in his European correspondence: "Rev. William Monod reminds me of Channing. He looks feeble, and yet intellectually strong and elevated, as did Channing; and there is a striking similarity of feature, especially of forehead, though none of opinion, between them. He is, withal, a man of similar benignity—mild, amiable, tenderly courteous in his manners. No man here has made a deeper impression on my own heart. He is the great man among the great men of the Monod family, to whom French Protestantism is so much indebted. He has a thrilling eloquence; and the most powerful speech delivered at the convention came spontaneously from his lips in an appeal to French Protestants to have more faith in the signs of the times for their cause. He, too, has stood through troublous times; he is now the chief representative of Protestantism in old Normandy."

The sermon which we have translated for this work will increase his reputation on this side of the Atlantic. It bears the marks of great originality and mental power. Some of its passages, for strength of expression, are rarely equaled. It was published several years ago in pamphlet form, and is kindly furnished us by M. Edoir Stapfer, of New York city, himself a relative of the Monod family. The title of the pamphlet, in the original, is, "*Le Procés de l'Eternel avec son Peuple.*"

GOD'S CONTROVERSY WITH HIS PEOPLE.

"For the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel. O, my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me. For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of servants; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam."—MICAH, vi. 2–4.

WHAT is this controversy between God and his people; and what is this plea which the Almighty uses? It is not a controversy which God has begun with Israel, but, rather, a controversy which Israel has begun with God. It is a plea in justification, offered by the Almighty, who regards himself as accused by his people. It is man who is the plaintiff in this astonishing process; and it is God who appears as the defendant to argue in his own behalf.

Israel has, thus far, said nothing; and we are at a loss, at first, to understand how God should regard himself as the accused. Israel has complained neither of the severity of his laws, nor of the severity of his judgments. But God has perceived in the conduct of his people something equivalent to a formal accusation—something proving that, while they honored him with their lips and their sacrifices, they had no sincerity, and they regarded his service as grievous and fatiguing.

For this reason, God thus begins his plea: "What have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me." He summons Israel to an explanation; he bids the people to show what he has done to merit their ill treatment, and wherein his service is wearisome to them. He summons them, not as the sovereign judge of the universe,

but as a friend who complains of the coldness of one still cherished—as a husband who complains of a wife to whom he is devoted, and upon whom he does not cease to bestow the most tender names. He speaks as with a consciousness of his innocence, and as if determined to do all in his power, not to triumph over his accusers, but to conciliate them, avoiding all that can wound them, and reminding them of none of their wickedness, except with evident regret that he is compelled to do it. In pleading against them, he does not fail to call them his people: "O, my people, what have I done unto thee; and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me."

The expression used by God in the writings of the prophet, and which is translated by these words: "Testify against me," is a plain invitation to his people to bring forward complaints against him. And what will they do? The field is open to them. God has allowed them to justify themselves in accusing him, and expressing in words what they have expressed in deeds. They may show all the stripes with which he has smitten them; all the evils with which they were suffering, even at the moment when he was addressing them; they may bring forward their objections to his commandments and to his word; but they do nothing—they show nothing—they object to nothing—they say nothing. Why this silence? Why this speechlessness on the part of a murmuring people, when God himself, thus to speak, had invited them to murmur? Might it be that the love with which their God had addressed them could not fail to confound them, and to make them feel that it would be folly to pretend to prove him to be their enemy? Might it not be that their conscience warned them, that in each particular in which they might accuse the Almighty, he would be able to accuse them, and, likewise, to justify every stripe which he had laid upon them by iniquities as numerous as these stripes, and fully deserving of them? Man does not cease to murmur against God, as did Job in the midst of his griefs; like him, man could wish to be able to reason with, and utter his complaints before God; but if God should suddenly appear, and say to him, as he did to Job: "Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me," he would, like Job, fear to open his mouth. Such, indeed, was the meaning of Israel's silence.

God, then, undertakes to answer for the people. He enumerates the evils which he has brought upon them, and shows in what manner he has wearied them. He wishes, as it were, to confess his crime, and thus proclaims it: "I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of servants; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam."

Do you understand this language, my brethren? It signifies, that, from the first moment of his connection with the people of Israel, God made himself known to them as a God of love, and that the establishment of his alliance with them was a work of love; that he drew them

from servitude, and gavĕ to them as leaders, not tyrants, but prophets full of gentleness, charged with guiding them toward the land of promise; that it was by this commencement, and by this work, that the people of Israel ought to judge their God; and that neither his word nor his dispensation can contain any thing that does not proceed from this same love. This language signifies, in short, that God's benefits themselves have spoiled the people of Israel, and that his solicitude for their welfare has wearied them; they took advantage of his mercy toward them in Egypt, and thought that they might sin against him without fear; and the tender appeals of the messengers of God, who exhorted them to love and serve him, wearied them; and thus it was that they abandoned God and closed their ears to his prophets.

Need I tell you, my brethren, what application we have to make of these words of the Almighty? Has not each one of you repeated that application to himself, and anticipated the aim, and almost traced the plan of the discourse of which these words form the subject? The people are ourselves—are Christians in general; for the people of Israel have been, throughout all their history, a prophetic image of the Christian world, or of the Christian church. The plea of the Almighty is that of God manifest to us in Jesus Christ, who complains that we seem willing to fall out with him, as if we found fault with what he has done, and as if we were weary of his service. He summons us to specify our complaints, and wishes to justify himself against us. This is the justification which I am about to pronounce in the name of God. I shall plead his cause. I shall plead as he has done, not to triumph over you, but to convince you of his love, and to gain your love by his love. There will be, however, a difference between my plea and his. I shall re-establish what he has suppressed; I shall recapitulate the works by which we have, as it were, accused him, and proved that we regard the Almighty as a grievous master, and his service as a burden. If God has suppressed this part of his plea, it is to leave it to our conscience to re-establish it.

O God, who contendest not with man, although man contends so often with thee, or who contendest with him in order to bring him to thyself; O God the Saviour, justify thyself in presence of thy sinful creatures, and gain thy cause in saving them! Amen.

I. The *first* point upon which Christians have made a controversy with God, is *his worship.*

And what is the worship of God—I mean the worship established by his word? It is not difficult to answer this question under the old dispensation, that under which God called to his knowledge the Israelites alone; for God had taken care to explain to them the worship which they ought to render to him, even in the minutest details. He himself had traced the plan of the tabernacle, and subsequently of the temple, where he wished to be publicly adored; he had determined the form of

all the sacrifices; he had designated the priests, choosing them all from the same family. The days, the hours of all the services were indicated. The only thing undetermined and left to the choice of each father of a family, was the domestic altar. Nothing, therefore, was more accessible to an Israelite than the knowledge of the worship prescribed by God.

But to the Christian this is not a matter of so much simplicity. As much as Moses is precise and positive upon this subject, so much Jesus Christ and the apostles fall short in their instructions. In vain do we search the New Testament for a clear response to these questions: What should be the form of Christian worship? In what places should it be celebrated? What should be its solemnities? According to what rules should the ministers of this worship be instituted?

All that we can see in the teachings of the apostles, concerning worship, is, that the Christian church ought to retain what God established for the church of Israel, as to the Spirit and the essentials, leaving the external forms and the letter. Thus, public worship is preserved without designating any places for holding it; the institution of the ministry is preserved, with a difference of names, but without any designation of persons. Jesus Christ has prescribed for his church only two ceremonies—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Search has been made for a more clear idea of Christian worship by the example of Jesus and the apostles—but this search has been in vain; for Jesus Christ and the apostles had no prescribed form of worship. The first form of worship in which we find Christ engaged, after the descent upon him of the Holy Spirit, is that established by the prophet, John the Baptist. He who instituted this worship had quitted the temple, and laid aside his priestly robes to go and preach in the desert, clothed in a girdle of camel's hair. You might believe that God wished to abolish the services of the temple; but, behold Jesus Christ entering the temple whence John the Baptist had just departed; behold him engaged in the Levitical solemnities, and in the national solemnities of the Jews. Do not conclude from this, that he approves of no other worship; for, behold him also preaching in the deserts, or upon the waters of the sea of Tiberias, seated in a vessel, or at the door of a house, or in the house itself. Wherever he finds souls disposed to listen to him—in the synagogue or out of the synagogue, in public or in private—he is ready to impart his divine instructions. By turns, he subjects himself to all the forms of Levitical worship, and shakes off these forms as embarrassing chains. So is it with the apostles. Sometimes we see them testifying their respect for the temple, and there offering their sacrifices, and sometimes abandoning all the Levitical observances, and opposing themselves strenuously to what is imposed upon pagans who embrace the gospel. Precise rules concerning worship can no more be found in the practice of Jesus Christ and of his disciples, than in their precepts.

Why has God thus ordered it? Why this silence and these apparent

contradictions in the conduct of the Saviour and his disciples? The Saviour, in a single word, explains it, when he replies to the woman who asks him whether God should be worshiped in Jerusalem or upon Mount Gerizim. "Believe me," said he, "the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." This reply teaches us that the only true worship is that of the heart, that of faith. A sincere, believing heart is the temple in which the Christian always finds his Father, whatever may be the form of his worship; out of this temple God is never found. Such is Christ's doctrine in regard to worship. Such is his worship. And it is in opposition to this doctrine that men have arrayed themselves —it is the worship established by Jesus Christ that has displeased them.

Some desire ceremonies whose pomp may strike the eye, and speak to the imagination; priests whose costume may exalt this worship in the eyes of the multitude; images which may recall to the memory of Christians those who appeared worthy to serve as models, and even, what God has so strictly forbidden, images which they may adore; finally, sacraments—a new name given, in a new sense, to baptism and to the Lord's Supper, and applied to other ceremonies, invented by men, to subject the conscience. Such is the worship of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches. Some desire a worship which may retain a part of the Catholic pomp and forms, while it abolishes its idolatry. Such is the worship of the English Protestant church. Some desire a worship purely simple, but still recognizing, in different forms, baptism and the communion. Such is the worship of the great body of Protestants. Some desire a worship, in which baptism is refused to infants. Such is the worship of the Baptists. Some desire a worship which permits the communion to be administered on certain conditions—men being the judges. Such is the worhip of the disciplinary Protestants—the Methodists and the dissenters. Others recognize as the true Christian worship, only that which admits their own opinions, whether upon predestination, or upon the Lord's Supper, or upon other points discussed by Christians. Others there are, who recognize no worship separated from the State, while there are others, again, who recognize no worship connected with the State.

Whether Catholic or Protestant, each disputes for his own worship, for the form of his worship, for the place of his worship, and wishes that none other existed upon the earth, and that all Christians adored God according to his peculiar notions; and, too often, even in our days, they dispute with one another, and calumniate one another, and revile one another for petty questions of worship! Alas! they even do violence to one another, because each wishes the other to serve God in such or such

a place, in such or such a manner. Each of the churches which cover the earth, pretends to be the most Christian; each pretends to have the worship established by Jesus Christ.

O Lord! thus it is that thy disciples have made thee an idolater, a carnal God, a lover of ceremonies, and of spectacles, bound by certain signs, by certain places, by certain forms! They have changed thy table to the table of a judge or of a harsh theologian! They have changed thee, thyself, into a persecutor, and they say to men: "Behold our Master!" How wilt thou prove thyself against them? How wilt thou make known to the world that worship, simple, pure, and tolerant, which Christians have abolished. To do this requires from thee but a single word: it is sufficient for thee to declare to the world whom thou art. What part hast thou had in all these external institutions which separate Christians, and to which they give so much importance? None. Thou hast so loved all men as to lay down thy life for them, and thou hast besought them to love God who sent thee to them, and to love one another; this is thy worship. Whoever loves God and men for thy sake, whoever eats at thy table as at the table of his Saviour, and of the Saviour of his fellow-men, adores God as thou wouldst have him adored. Whoever loves not God, and loves not men, rejects and abolishes the worship which thou hast established. This is what Christians have done. They have rejected the simplicity and the beauty of thy worship, substituting for it their own ordinances.

II. The *second* point upon which Christians have made a controversy with God is *his doctrine*, or *the truth which he has revealed to us.*

In entering upon this subject, I make a confession which may cause surprise, namely, that the doctrine of the Scripture is often obscure. I do not mean to say that the Scripture does not contain truths the most clear; but, if you observe closely, you will find that everywhere, while it enlightens us, it arrests our minds by certain obscurities. If it reveals to us clearly that God created the world, it is silent in regard to the mysteries of creation, and replies not to the questions raised by its own narrative of that event. What are these six days of the first work of God? How did the light appear when the heavens were already created, and the sun when it was already light? If it informs us that the first man sinned, it does not tell us why God gave power to a serpent, or to a malicious being concealed in the serpent, to tempt man; it does not enable us to understand clearly what constitutes this moral misery which Adam has transmitted to his descendants. A profound obscurity envelopes these mysteries, and, for the Christian, vail, the wisdom and holiness of God. If it teaches us that Jesus Christ is the embassador and the Son of God, it does not explain clearly how Jesus Christ can, at the same time, be our God and our fellow. It says that God is one, and speaks of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, as of three

different persons, of whom each is God. It says that God is love, that he has given his Son for all men, and speaks of a small number of elect. It speaks, at the same time, of the heavens and of the earth as about to perish, and as not about to perish. It speaks of the resurrection as about to take place at the end of the world, and it speaks of it, also, as about to precede that event.

It is easy for me, as you perceive, to multiply proofs that the doctrine of the Scripture is often obscure. Saint Paul recognized this very thing when he said: "Now we see as through a glass darkly." (1 Cor., xiii. 12.) He adds, however, "but then face to face."

What have Christians done in view of these obscurities? They have endeavored to dissipate them by their own light, and have thus substituted a false light in place of the mysteries of God. To the teachings of the Bible have been added human teachings, which have been put upon an equality with the Bible, and the pope has been set up in the stead of Jesus Christ. Councils of bishops have determined and pretended to throw light upon the mysteries of sin, of divine grace, of the nature of God, of Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, and have persecuted with fire and sword those who would not receive their definitions.

Certain theologians have transported themselves beyond the day of the creation, and have pretended to see God, previous to that event, dividing the human race into two portions: the one very small, and destined to be saved, the other innumerable, devoted to eternal damnation, and created expressly to sin, in order that, by sin, they might merit this damnation. Others have descended into the grave, where they have seen the dead sleeping insensible for ages. Others have ascended into heaven, where they have witnessed every thing done by the angels, and have related to us their history. Others, passing beyond the limits of time, have recorded the future history of the world as if they had been its witnesses. All this has been done in the name of God, of Jesus Christ, and of the Bible.

And what more shall I say? Learned doctors have been found (and it is to the shame of Protestantism that they are found especially among Protestants); learned doctors, I say, have been found, who, under pretense that the Bible is obscure, and that it needs an explanation, have robbed it of its divinity, have treated it as a work of human invention, as a confused medley of truth and falsehood, of facts and fables, and, in giving to Jesus Christ their own image, have made him an impostor and a false prophet. Men have been found who declared him to be a glutton and a wine-bibber, a companion and a friend of thieves, a man worthy of the cross.

Perhaps you may think that if God has spoken so obscurely, this obscurity should excuse these errors. Behold God's vindication. It is similar to that which he addressed to the Israelites through his prophet. There is in the Bible one doctrine clear to all Christians, the only one, indeed, whose clearness is absolutely necessary; this doctrine is that

God sent his Son into the world to save it; it is that he redeemed men with the price of the blood of him who is one with himself; it is that he gave his word to guide them.

If the Christian church is ignorant of many things, it is ignorant neither of the love of God, nor of the sacrifice of his Son, nor of the way of salvation. It should have rejoiced in possessing this light, and in practicing, in the silence of gratitude and adoration, the blessed teachings which it gives to us. But the Christian church has occupied itself in reasoning, when God ordered it to be silent; it has grown weary of what it should have adored, and it has set up its own word and its own wisdom in the place of the wisdom and the word of God.

III. The *third* and last point upon which Christians have made a controversy with God, *is his law.* By this I mean the commandments of God, or the instructions which he has given to us concerning our conduct.

There is no obscurity in the teachings of the Scripture in regard to our conduct. While it is vague upon questions of worship, while it is obscure upon many subjects of doctrine, it is precise, it is luminous upon our conduct. I ought to make one reservation in expressing myself in such an absolute manner. The morality of the Scripture is not a collection of precepts, but rather a combination of principles. It speaks less to us of external acts than it teaches the sentiments which ought to animate and guide us; or when it seems to speak of acts, it is rather as of examples destined to make us comprehend principles, than as literal precepts. Thus, Jesus, in recommending his disciples to suffer themselves to be smitten twice, or to permit themselves to be totally despoiled, wishes to express, by a lively image, that the Christian should be full of patience and resignation, and not to designate particular acts which should make us appear insensible.

With the reservation which I have just made, I believe that I may say that the morality of the gospel is luminous. What is more clear than the ten commandments, or than the two commandments which embody them, or than the commandments of Jesus Christ, concerning injuries, purity, truth, prayer and so many other things?

But what is luminous, men have obscured. The only part of revelation in which God has endeavored to exhibit his thoughts without ambiguity, if I may so express myself, is the very part which men have tried to conceal with clouds, as if the clearness of God in law had displeased them as much as his obscurity in doctrine. How they have succeeded in doing this must be explained.

The explanation may be given in a single word: they have established two sets of God's laws, two codes of Christian morals; one for theory and the other for practice; or, if you please, one for Jesus Christ, and the other for Christians. Each of these two codes has its business, its place, and, I might say, its hours.

The first of these two codes is the Christian law in its purity; it retains the ten commandments without any alteration; it enjoins upon us to love God with our whole heart, and our neighbor as ourselves; it exacts chastity without blemish, perfect temperance, incorruptible justice, transparent truth; in a word, it demands all that God wishes and all that Jesus Christ practiced.

The second of these codes of morals is the Christian law arranged for the accommodation of sinners; it includes the ten commandments, interpreted in such a manner as to reach only the most scandalous sins; it prescribes a certain degree of love for God and for one's neighbor; it requires chastity, temperance, justice, truth; in a word, it demands all that God demands; but within certain limits—each one being a judge for himself. Those who have invented this code of morals, have reasoned thus: "Jesus Christ was far above us; we should not pretend to do what he has done. The person who suffers for our sins, ought to be perfect; but we ourselves have no need to be perfect."

I have said that each of the two codes has its business, its place, and, I might add, its hours. Do not imagine that the Christian code, in its purity, may be rejected; it is of great use; it is the morality of the temple; every one expects to hear it read in public worship; to find it in the sermon; no one is offended by it; it is, for many Christians, the morality of the communion day. By this law they judge themselves, condemn themselves, recognize themselves as sinners, and pray for pardon. For a large number, it serves as the morality of their discourses, and of their public writings; it is the morality which is admired, respected, adored; it may be called a magnificent picture, before which almost all Christianity bows.

The second of these two codes of morality—I mean the Christian law —arranged for the accommodation of sinners, does not receive the same homage; but it finds much to do, and if honor consists in effects, it is much more honored than the first. Long, indeed, would be the catalogue of the uses made of it by Christians—we must limit ourselves to the enumeration of but a few.

It is the morality of the family circle. It excludes, or, at least, is called upon to exclude the grosser vices, the scandalous habits, such as drunkenness, adultery, violence; but it permits the father of the family to be deficient in piety, charity, and purity; it permits the mother of the family to be quarrelsome, frivolous, and avaricious; it permits children to be wanting in respect for their parents, to lie, to dispute. It is, for a large number of Christians, the morality of education. What they propose in bringing up their children, is not, above all things else, to save their souls; but to put them in a condition to earn money, to honor themselves, and to reflect honor upon their parents. They desire, without doubt, to give them the name of Christians by bringing them to the baptismal font, and subsequently to the Lord's Supper; but they do

not design to make a serious matter of it; the vows which they make at baptism, to bring up their child in the fear of the Lord, is not, for them, a solemn engagement; they expect the minister to teach and recommend to him the word of God in the church, or in the school-room; but they themselves, recommend and teach it very little; the word of God is, with them, a sort of catechism, to be put into his memory and his mouth, rather than a law to be put into his heart, and to be exhibited in his life. The basis of education, in all families, almost without exception, or entirely without exception, is not the book of God, but the books of men. Often, alas! the books of heathen; heathen in fact, or heathen in principles.

The code, arranged for the accommodation of sinners, is, again, the morality of business. I mean in the speculations and relations of commerce, in daily labor, in the exercise of a profession, in the competition of interest, of honors, of studies, where there is little scruple about lying and deceiving within certain limits, about injuring one's neighbor, or sacrificing the religion and the service of God. To love one's neighbor as one's self, and to love God with the whole heart, are, with business men, absurdities which can be tolerated only in the church and in the sermon.

This code is, moreover, the morality of governments, and of civil laws. I do not mean to say that Christianity has exercised no influence over the governments and laws of modern times. But does it affect the mutual relations between different governments? Do you know a single sovereign, a single legislator, who has laid down the Bible as the true foundation of the edifice of law? Do you know a single nation that has taken, as the model for its constitution, that which God himself gave to men? I will name to you such a sovereign, and such a nation; but I must seek them far away beyond the seas. Some years ago, a queen of Otaheite invited her subjects to make for themselves a code of laws. Interrogated by the representatives of her people as to the model they ought to follow in the performance of this labor, she answered by sending them a copy of the New Testament. But such a fact would be received as fabulous in Europe, whose Christian sovereigns and Christian people would never be found acting in such a manner. They render homage, it is true, to God and to Christianity; they cause themselves to be consecrated in the name of God, and in his temples; but it is only an empty honor which they accord to him, in order to legitimate and to honor themselves; it is a sacred mantle with which they cover their own nakedness; they would smile at the idea of giving Moses, or Jesus Christ, as model to a constitutive or legislative assembly. They admire, it is true, that constitution and those laws which God himself dictated to Israel, and which contain, under images so simple, in language so popular, the perfect type of justice, the purest principles of right; they admit that the people would be happy, if all legislators were animated by the spirit of Christ, and imbued with his morality; but when laws are to be made, and the government

of nations is to be regulated, it is not the wisdom of God nor the morality of Jesus Christ that they consult; it is rather the wisdom of miserable sinners; it is their morality, their particular opinions, and, very often, their interests and their passions. In this way most of the laws and constitutions of Christian people are formed. Occasions upon which a national council is seen to adopt a measure because it is commanded by Christianity, as when the English Parliament abolished slavery, are rare exceptions. It may be said without exaggeration, that Christian sovereigns and Christian people have placed the name of God at the head of their codes, while in these codes they have placed their own laws.

In short, to express my thoughts in a few words, and to declare plainly a fact which I find throughout all Christian society, the sinful law of which I have spoken, the second code of morality invented by Christians, is, outside of the temple, outside of worship and religious books, the law of the rich and of the poor, of the small and of the great, of the child, the young man, and the old man, of the merchant, of the artizan, of the man of letters, of the citizen, of the magistrate, of the people, and of the pastor.

To Christians, the law of God is an awful word, a venerated symbol; and, like a beautiful painting, they suspend it in their temples and upon the walls of their academies. But their own law—that law into which they have changed the law of God, in order to accommodate their weaknesses, is the law by which they judge themselves, and the road in which they walk. Has not God, then, a right to complain that we treat him as an enemy? Has he not reason to say: "O, my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me!" In view of the slight esteem in which we hold the law of God, might it not be said, that we have found, by experience, that this law is hurtful and dangerous? Might it not be said that God is an unjust master, whose yoke is heavy and insupportable?

And what is dangerous and hurtful in this law? Wherein is the yoke of God heavy and insupportable? Would we be able to tell? Would we dare to tell? Ah! my brethren, let us in silence permit God to speak for us, and expose to us our iniquities, with that love which belongs to him alone. The reason for which we do not accept the law of God for our law—the reason for which we seek to obscure it, and to substitute for it another law—is, that the object of this law is to make us holy; the reason is, that this law is the law of a Saviour who, after having offered himself as a sacrifice for our sins, wishes to snatch us from our sins. This is what is dangerous in his law; this is what is heavy and insupportable in the yoke of Christ.

O shame! my brethren; a merciless Lycurgus found a people willing to adopt his code of blood! An impure Mohammed found whole nations that have submitted for ages to his licentious laws. The false god, Brahma, found people ready to burn the living in honor of the dead!

The severe laws of the Romans became the laws of Christian people! But Jesus Christ has found no people willing to receive his law sincerely; and those who call themselves his people refuse to make this law their law! And what law? The law of him who, being the King of kings, and Sovereign over all, abdicated his royalty in favor of his sinful creatures; the law of him who is love; the law of him who was willing to suffer and die for all men—who wished to relieve all their miseries by his sufferings, to bring them back to God, and to reconcile them to one another; the law written by God himself, by God the Saviour, and which is a law of salvation. This is the law, the only law, which could not be established upon the earth. This is the legislator, the only legislator, whose authority all men have rejected. The charity of this legislator is his crime, and the charity of his law is the reason for which this law is rejected.

Obedience to this law required the banishment from one's house and daily conduct, of every thing that is contrary to charity and justice—and this could not be endured; it required that children should be brought up under the influence of charity, by giving them an example conformed to that of Jesus Christ—and this could not be endured; it required that all business should be regulated according to the principles of rectitude and truth—and this could not be endured; it required the banishment, from constitutions and codes, of every thing that affected injuriously the rights, the property, the repose, the happiness of mankind—and this could not be endured; in a word, it required a life of love toward God and toward man—and this could not be endured. As human forms of worship are preferred to the worship established by Christ, as human theology is preferred to the theology of Christ, so the morality of sinners is preferred to the morality of Christ; and although eighteen centuries have elapsed since God himself descended upon earth to point out to men the way of truth, still they and their conductors wander about, groping apparently in darkness.

My brethren, I have argued the cause of God. I have done it impartially, and without taking any advantage at the expense of truth. I have pleaded for God alone against the hosts of Christians. * * * What do I say? No; I have pleaded against no one. I have pleaded *your* cause while I have pleaded that of God. I have pleaded for you both against sin, and against your common enemy—an enemy that has caused all your misfortune.

It is written: "Righteousness exalteth a nation;" that is, God blesses the people who do his will. It is also written: "Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it;" that is, God invites the people whom he has smitten to inquire wherefore they are smitten. Inquire, then, my brethren, why he smites all the nations professing Christianity; why he troubles them by fears of war, by divisions, by civil discords, by frightful combats, by incendiaries, by inundations, by famines, by scourges of every kind, by

unexpected convulsions of nature. It is because they have rebelled against him, and have compelled him to chastise them. For the evils inflicted upon Europe, God will call to account both the people and the rulers, the Catholics, the Protestants, and the Greeks. For the evils endured by our own country, he accuses both the friends and the enemies of the government, both the magistrates and the people, both the rich and the poor. Let us therefore reform ourselves, and encourage others by our example.

My brethren, how near heaven is to men, and what happiness is within their reach! How easy it would be to relieve the miseries of others as well as our own! "The kingdom of heaven," in the beautiful words of Christ, "is at hand." His gospel is offered to us with all the blessings which accompany it. But the only remedy which can entirely remove the miseries of men, is that precisely which they will not try, or which they try but partially. In seeking a cure, they weary themselves, and only aggravate their sufferings. In vain has civilization progressed—in vain does the torch of science burn—in vain does industry display its wonders—in vain does peace appear to protect commerce and agriculture—in vain does tyranny fall, and liberty dawn upon the nations; all hearts groan and are in anguish, and we weep as our fathers wept before us.

Let us try now the most simple, the most pleasant, the most powerful of all remedies; let us try that which God has given to us, and the success of which he has guarantied to us; that of making the Bible our guide. For three centuries, Protestants have elevated the Bible in the eyes of the people; and, although they may have done it with unclean hands, and often with hypocritical hearts, the Bible has elevated them above all people, for the Saviour loves to glorify his word. How will it be when we shall believe sincerely in the Bible, and live in entire conformity with its teachings; when it shall truly enter into our hearts, into our works, into our business, into our laws, into our institutions; when the leaven, as Christ says, shall have leavened the whole lump! How will it be when we shall follow the Bible, and live in accordance with the Bible; that is, when we shall follow Jesus Christ, and live in obedience to Jesus Christ, and like Jesus Christ!

O God, thou hast placed the torch of thy word in our temples; place it in our dwellings; place it in our schools; place it in our councils, and grant that we may do all things by its light. Make us Christians, Christians for a life-time, and not for a single day; Christians for all places, and not for thy temples only; Christians in every thing, and not in thy worship only; Christians in heart, and not in externals only; Christians in very deed, and not in words alone; Christians towards all; Christians like Jesus Christ. Make us truly Christians, and we shall be saved, and our country shall be saved, and the whole world shall be saved. Amen.

DISCOURSE XVII.

J. J. AUDEBEZ.

Like a considerable number of the ministers in the Established Protestant Churches in France, Mr. Audebez began to preach before he had met with a real change of heart. But in 1822, ten years after his ordination, he became a new man. A native of the south of France, for several years he was stationed at Nérac, a small city not very far from Bordeaux. For many years past he has labored with considerable success in Paris; preaching in two or three Independent Chapels, which have been long maintained by the contributions of liberal French Christians. He was for some time aided by Dr. Grandpierre.

Mr. Audebez has published quite a number of excellent tracts and letters in advocacy of evangelical religion, and several volumes of sermons. The Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., in an article published in the "Biblical Repository," of 1839, reviews these sermons at some length, and awards to their author the character of an excellent preacher. "We hardly know," says he, "where the reader could find sermons more edifying. They are all good. Some of them are remarkably fine specimens of a most happy tact for exhibiting in a few words, and in a most perspicuous style, the real meaning of a passage of the sacred Scriptures. We had the privilege of hearing most of these discourses (of one volume) preached. And we can never forget the unassuming and earnest manner of the preacher, nor the impression which many of them made on his auditory." The visible effect, in a particular instance, he speaks of as being equal to that of any thing which he ever heard in any country, or in any language.

The following is translated from the volume entitled, Sermons on "*L'Enfant de la Prophétie, ou L'Agneau de Dieu, etc.*"—*The Child of Prophecy, or the Lamb of God, etc.* Paris, 1837. It contains some fine conceptions, well expressed, and will convey a pretty accurate idea of the author's general characteristics as a preacher.

DEATH THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—Rev., xiv. 13.

Very Dear Christian Brethren—Death being the inevitable wages of sin, we must expect that, sooner or later, it will approach us, to put in

execution the decree which gives it power over our bodies—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

But while death claims from each one of us its tribute, by causing us "to go the way of all the earth," we are called from time to time to see its cold hand weighing heavily upon our neighbors, our friends, our relatives. And if in life, there are trials which render necessary powerful consolations, are they not those which result from the pain, affliction, and mourning, which are so frequently renewed around and in the midst of us?

Yes, for our rebel nature, for flesh and blood, it is a hard necessity to die! Perhaps it is a necessity no less sad to see the beings cherished by us, violently snatched from our arms by death, to be laid in the tomb, and leave us forever deprived of the sweetness of their society upon the earth.

The Apostle Paul well understood the bitterness, even for the heart of Christians, in such separations. Thus he offers to them a balm, which, at need, may be applied to the wounds they leave behind. "But, my brethren," he writes to the Thessalonians, "I would not have you to be ignorant of that which concerns the dead, that you should afflict yourselves as those who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, we ought also to believe that God will bring again by Jesus those who die in him, that they may be with him."

These words, and the following, to the end of the chapter, may be suitably applied to soften the sorrow caused by the loss of those who are dear to us. The announcement of their future resurrection, the positive assurance that they shall one day be raised from the tomb, clothed with a body incorruptible and glorious, the prospect of reunion with them, never more to be separated, in a state of perfect happiness, where our relations with them shall never more, by any events, be interrupted or troubled. O, what charm, what sweetness is there in this revelation of the gospel!

But this source of consolation, whence Christians, at all times, may abundantly draw, is not the only one open to them. Our text presents another not less precious, and to which we would to-day direct your attention. "Then," said St. John, "I heard a voice from heaven, which said to me Write, Blessed from henceforth are the dead who die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Such is the truth which we shall now place before you, surrounded with the testimony rendered to it by the word of God. Such is the truth, under the influence of which we desire to place you, and with you to place ourselves, that we may be enabled continually to rejoice together and bless the Lord, whatever may be his dispensations toward us, toward our families, and toward our friends.

Many children die before they have done either good or evil; many others in whom sin has manifested itself in various ways, but who were

not yet capable of rendering an account of their actions; again, many, who arriving at the age of discernment, have beheld, through the aid of pious parents, the infant Saviour in the manger; well, we think that we are authorized to believe, not from any express declaration of the Bible, but from the entire Bible—to believe, that to all such, redemption is mercifully granted; that washed, cleansed, purified in the blood of the heavenly Friend of children, they quit this life, of which they have only seen the morning.

By "the dead who die in the Lord," must, in the second place, be understood all those who, before breathing the last sigh, behold, and by faith unite themselves to Jesus Christ, should it be at the last moment of their earthly existence! There is, without doubt, great, terrible danger to the soul which delays conversion, and waits the last hour to seize hold upon the promise of eternal life. But it must be recognized and said that, nevertheless, there is a possibility that the most obdurate, the most obstinate of sinners may obtain grace and pardon, at the instant which introduces him into eternity, should he turn a suppliant regard of confidence upon the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

Beside the express declarations which the gospel offers to us in great numbers, we find an example, in the parable of the workmen, entering at the last hour into the vineyard, who each received a penny, as did their companions that had preceded them in the work; also the example, much more significant, of the thief converted upon the cross—examples which confirm what so often, and in different ways, is told us of the infinite mercy of God, that only awaits the return of the sinner to be efficaciously applied to him.

It does not then belong to us to pronounce upon the final condemnation of any: nothing can be more presumptuous. We can not bound the extent of God's mercy, nor the dealings of his gracious providence. A celebrated preacher* has said: "The heart of an elect may be hid under the exterior of reprobation;" and the religion of love which we profess, while it teaches us to work out with holy fear our own salvation, prescribes to us a charitable judgment respecting that of others.

Thus, leaving to the Searcher of hearts and of reins, the secrets which belong to him alone, we may say, with much firmer assurance, that by "the dead which die in the Lord," may be understood those who, having given signs of true conversion, being still in health, continue, on the bed of pain to make Jesus Christ their only support, and peacefully sink into the repose of death.

Finally, by "the dead who die in the Lord," we may understand, those who close a life, manifestly Christian, by a death which renders still more manifest their faith, their piety, their zeal, their charity and their lively hope.

In return, "to die in the Lord," is to be dislodged from this world,

* Saurin.

reconciled with God, and freed from the condemnation of the law, by the expiatory sacrifice of Jesus Christ. It is to be hoped—we love to say it—that many thus die, whose hearts have been changed by the invisible operations of the Holy Spirit, though this change be unknown to surviving friends. But whether the dying be known to us as the ransomed by Christ, or whether we have received from them no testimony of their heavenly adoption, it suffices for their participation in the benefits of the covenant, that they be sealed by the blood of the cross; we declare them blessed from the moment the soul quits its mortal tenement.

This truth, my dear brethren, we have reason to believe, is not received and understood in the same manner by all the faithful. There are those who, from not having attentively considered it in the light of the holy Scriptures, have formed incorrect ideas of it, substituting an opinion quite contrary to that taught us by the voice of Heaven.

This opinion is, that the children of God, in leaving this life, enter into a state of slumber, where, in truth, they suffer no ills, but in which they do not yet enjoy the happiness of heaven. Those who hold this opinion say, that it will not be until the morning of the resurrection when the soul shall be again united to the body, and raised from the dust, that it will enter upon the enjoyment of the felicity destined for it.

We admit that this idea may seem to be authorized by certain familiar expressions of the Bible; but when the Scriptures say of David, Solomon, Rehoboam, Jehoshaphat, and of most of the kings of Judah and of Israel, that each of them "slept with his fathers;" in the same manner as when the Apostle Paul says, that at the resurrection, "we shall not all sleep; but that those which are alive shall not prevent them that are asleep;" these expressions, "to be asleep," "to sleep," are not applied to the soul, but to the body. If we examine closely, we shall find that the inspired authors, in speaking of the soul after its disunion with the body, never say "it sleeps:" it is only of our physical nature that they thus speak.

To maintain that in leaving this "house of clay," the soul falls into a state of slumber, incapable of happiness or unhappiness, without sensation, and in a manner without life, is an error which is opposed both by reason and by Scripture. It is, at least, to be plunged into a dreadful materialism, which does not know or believe that the soul is essentially, or of itself, thought: and is not thought action? If then thought is an act incompatible with the body, and belongs exclusively to the soul, why should the soul cease to think because the body has ceased to move? And besides, to conceive of the soul without thought, is a thing as impossible as to conceive of the body without extent, hence the result that the soul always thinks; although its union with the body, and its infirmities, often prevent us, while this union continues, from tracing it in its incessant activity; and if the soul appears to be drawn into the sleep so necessary for the body, how often, even in this

state, does it not reveal itself in its permanent activity, by dreams of which memory so faithfully retraces the images! We repeat it, the soul ever thinks—it can not cease to think without ceasing to be. As our immaterial nature, and the word of our Creator teach, that the soul does not cease to exist in its separation from the body, we may boldly conclude that it does not cease to think, consequently does not slumber, deprived of sentiment and of action. No, my brethren, no; and that which true reason teaches, is admirably confirmed by the attestations of our holy books, which so strongly affirm, that "blessed from henceforth are the dead who die in the Lord!"

The first testimony we shall bring here, is offered by Jesus Christ himself in his parable of Lazarus and the rich man. Do we not there see Abraham in the abode of the blessed, in relation with the celestial intelligences, in the full possession of the promised inheritance? If the father of the faithful, as we see coming from the earth has arrived at the "city whose maker and builder is God," may we not conclude that all the children of his faith follow him there? Thus you doubtless have remarked, that the parable places no interval between the death of the poor Lazarus, and his being carried by the angel into the bosom of Abraham; neither is there any interval between the death of the rich man and his entrance into the place of torment. "Remember that thou hast had thy good things in this life, and Lazarus evil things; now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." If this example from sacred history gives testimony, it certainly teaches that death has but two issues—one leading directly to heaven, the other to hell; and that every man, as soon as he is disrobed of mortality, shall reap according as he has sowed, either eternal happiness or misery.

Another testimony which clearly brings out the truth, with which we are at present occupied, is that contained in the words addressed to the thief upon the cross. It can not be doubted that Jesus Christ entered into heaven at the moment in which he breathed his last. This, in sort, he himself affirms, when he says, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." And if it is certain that at leaving the body, his soul was received into the bosom of the Father, there is the same certainty that the converted thief enjoyed the same privilege, since our Saviour says to him positively, "thou shalt be with me to-day in paradise."

Moses and Elias, so long a time withdrawn from the world, nevertheless appeared together in glory upon the holy mountain with the Lord Jesus at his transfiguration; making themselves known to the three disciples, witnesses of this event; did they not attest in a powerful manner the happy condition of the faithful immediately after this life? and did they not proclaim that the just, beyond the tomb, are in a state of watchfulness, of activity, and of happiness—living in intimate communion with God, knowing each other, and reciprocating their thoughts and feelings?

And that which is said by St. Paul in his epistle to the Philippians, that his desire was to depart and be with Christ, adding, "that to him would be far better," does it not add to the testimony, well confirming our text? Ah, indeed it was not to be consigned for ages to the annihilation of a profound slumber, deprived of the sight of his divine master that the apostle desired to quit the earth! but the contrary; it was rather to enjoy his presence, to see him, to behold him face to face! He knew certainly that there was but the vail of our flesh which separates us from the beatific vision of God; wherefore he sighed for his departure, persuaded that it would be better to die than to live. It is probable, when he thus spoke, that he had present to his memory the ravishing scene of the third heaven; the secrets which he had there heard, and the unutterable joys he had tasted; all these things, of which he had the certainty that death would give him the immediate possession.

That the entrance of the faithful into the abodes of peace will take place at the moment they cease to breathe, we have a fifth and very precious proof in the revelation of St. John. There, the Holy Spirit appears to raise a corner of the curtain which conceals from us the view of the sanctuary of heaven, in order that we may see the number, the occupations, the felicity of the "just made perfect." There the beloved apostle tells us he has seen a multitude, which can not be numbered, of all languages, tribes, nations, and peoples. They were before the throne of the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands, and the song in which they united their voices was—"Amen, praise and glory, and wisdom and thanks; honor, power, and strength be to our God forever and ever!" And that the inhabitants of the earth, the members of the church militant, might know what is the present destiny of those who die in the faith of the Lord, it was told St. John, by one of the elders, that "all those whom he saw had come out of great tribulation, that is, from this valley of trial and misery; and that they had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb." This signifies, that before death they had believed on the name of the only Son of God, and had, through his sacrifice, been purified from all their sins. O, how important is this revelation to us, my brethren! What a rich commentary it furnishes us on the words: "Write, Blessed from henceforth are the dead who die in the Lord!"

To confirm this truth we might add many more witnesses; but does not the "yea," with which it is sealed by the Holy Spirit, in itself complete the demonstration? He who placed the seal upon the proclamation of the immediate happiness of whoever dies in the Lord, must be the Lord himself, must be the God from whom emanates all truth, who calls himself the "Amen, the faithful and true Witness," who through all time has shown to us that "he is not a man that he should lie." Ah, when the Holy Spirit becomes guaranty for the doctrine upon which

we now meditate, very unwise should we be not to acquiesce in it with all the heart!

"Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors," their warfare is ended; they no longer suffer in mind or in body; they have no more strife between the flesh and the spirit; entirely freed from the law of sin, they have attained the end of their calling. "Admitted to the mount of Zion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the multitudes of angels, to the assembly of the first-born," they taste, they drink, in large draughts, the pure pleasures that flow from the right hand of the Lord forever! "They are happy; from henceforth their works do follow them." Their works have not preceded them to establish their right of entrance to the celestial abode; for this right was gratuitously acquired for them by the blood of Jesus; but their works follow them, to attest in the great day of account, the sincerity of their faith, as well as to designate the rank they are to hold in the kingdom of the Redeemer. They are happy henceforth, and though they have every reason to believe that the resurrection will add greatly to their happiness and to their glory, their present condition is such, that they have no want, no unsatisfied desire, no emotion, except that of joy, which flows in their hearts as a river!

The dead who die in the Lord, then, my dear brethren, are happy—happy from the moment their eyelids close, never more to open in this world. But should not this truth, so positively taught in the gospel, have some practical influence upon us? What a consoling, encouraging, and salutary influence should it exercise upon our hearts and conduct!

And, first, since these dear relatives and friends that death has gathered, are henceforth happy, have we not reason to render thanks unto God, and to be joyful before him, rather than to abandon ourselves, on account of a momentary separation, to excessive grief, and, as too frequently happens, to put no bounds to our affection? Ah, if those who have gone before us to the tomb were really dear to us, what would we not have done to restore their health, to relieve their suffering? Well, that which we would have done for them, the Lord in his mercy has done; and done much better than we could have done it; since, not only has he delivered them from all the woes, from all the dangers of life, but he has put them in possession of all desirable good! What inconsistency, what contradiction, what ingratitude on our part, to give way to extreme regret, to be absorbed in our own grief, when those whom we love have received a thousand and a thousand times above all that it would be possible for us to desire or to do for them?

But shall we then say that the truth in our text prescribes the duty of insensibility to the loss of the objects of our fondest affections? that is, that all affliction, all complaint, is forbidden when the deepest wounds have been made in our social nature? No, my dear brethren, far from it. Joseph was permitted to cast himself upon the face of his father,

discolored by death, and bathe it with his tears. Rachel was permitted to weep, with loud lamentations, because her children were slain. And David cried out with weeping, "My son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, would God I had died for thee!" There is a sorrow, even groans and mourning, authorized by religion. And when Jesus Christ wept upon the tomb of Lazarus, he taught us that, without guilt, we might let fall our tears over the inanimate remains of a mother, a wife, a child, or friend. Christianity in restoring our degraded nature has not destroyed it, and nowhere does it forbid man to mourn over the wounds which sinful nature gives.

If, then, these be tears which we are permitted to shed over the bier of those whom we shall not again behold upon earth, let us remember that there are selfish tears, murmuring tears—tears of rebellion and unbelief, which we may not shed without offending God, without grieving his Spirit, without assimilating ourselves to those who have no hope; it is against such tears that the voice of God, speaking to us this day warns us. Ah! let this divine declaration be ever present with us. "Happy from henceforth are the dead who die in the Lord." May it be ever present to repress our sighs and restrain our grief; present also, to elevate our thoughts above the gloomy dwelling, where repose the cold remains of our friends; present to fix our hopes upon the abode of glory, where the soul rests in peace; present to console, to soften our sorrow, to submit our hearts to the will of our heavenly Father; present, finally, to enable us to say with entire acquiescence, as did Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

While the truth conveyed to us in our text should be an abundant source of consolation to us in affliction, what motives does it present for unremitting labor with the spiritual good of those who are still with us! As to those whose destiny is already fulfilled, whatever may have been the circumstances of their death, judgment on our part would be culpable temerity, even should they have left with us no evidence of repentance and change, "God, who is wonderful in counsel and rich in mercy," may have arrested them upon the abyss, revealing and applying to them his grace. This precious hope remains with us. But in resigning into the hands of the Lord, those whom he has called away, there remain with us those whom we have reason to apprehend are not walking in the "narrow way that leads to life." O, as to them, knowing that "they must be born again to enter into the kingdom of heaven," knowing that there is salvation in none but Jesus, that "none come to the Father but through him," knowing that "death is gain only to those to whom Christ has given life," that "there is no blessing henceforth but to them who die in the Lord," respecting such as are without Christ, we say, that there are no means of grace we should leave untried, no Christian efforts we should not make. Our prayers and supplications for their conversion should be continually addressed to the Lord, that it may

be manifest to us that they are heirs of eternal life! O, of what service to them will be our affection, if it be earthly and carnal? Do we not know that the ties of flesh and blood will soon be severed, dissolved, that there is none but the perfect bond, that of faith, hope, and charity, which will subsist forever! It is for heaven, it is for eternity, it is in God, and for God that we should love our friends; it is in the holy covenant of salvation, that our friendship should seek constantly to draw them.

How terrible the affliction, should a brother, a sister, father, mother, husband, wife, a friend of our youth, receive the stroke of death without having confessed the "only name by which we can be saved." How should we reproach ourselves for our neglect in speaking to them of the "one thing needful," to have drawn them by our word and example, "to choose the good part," and to take refuge by faith in the bosom of Jesus! What bitter regret, if, instead of having drawn them to the Saviour, by the sweet influence of our lively and practical Christianity, they had been alienated by our inconsistency in religious profession, by defects in our character, by our want of humility, sweetness, patience, and charity; and if, instead of being to them the angels of God announcing "glad tidings of salvation," we had seconded the designs of Satan in their perdition! These, these, are the regrets in which it is indeed difficult to find consolation! These are the regrets that we should take care to spare ourselves, by neglecting to shed around the savor of Christ. Let the voice of heaven awaken us to-day! May it render us attentive to the eternal interests of the objects of our love, and cause us to employ every means to become to them the instruments of blessedness.

Finally, the truth contained in our text should powerfully affect us all my dear brethren, and dear hearers; let it act upon us, Christians, by prompting us to labor with new ardor in the work of our vocation, that we may have our reins girded and our lamps lighted, waiting the coming of the bridegroom, that we may march with greater activity heavenward, and not be taken with surprise at the midnight call.

My dear hearers, still without the firm anchor of hope in Christ Jesus, let the truth in our text incite you to take an account of your past conduct, and no longer delay taking that decisive step which shall place you under the safeguard of the gospel.

Ah, may God preserve us from having laid a snare for you in suggesting the possibility of obtaining grace and pardon at the last hour of life. If this thought has struck you, we beseech you not to make it a pillar of security, remembering that we have also said, that there is great, frightful danger to all those who wait until their last moments for the arrangement of their eternal interests! Believe me, my beloved hearers, that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Believe me, you can have no assurance of salvation, if you now delay to seek the conversion of your souls!

The American Pulpit.

William R. Williams

DISCOURSE XVIII.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D.D.

In one of the less pretentious church edifices in the city of New York, situated upon a thoroughfare by no means remarkable for its breadth or the elegance of its structures, may be seen assembled, of a Sabbath morning, an audience not large in numbers, but uniformly embracing some of the first literary talent of the city and State, and often distinguished characters from abroad. Sitting in the pulpit is a plain-looking man, of middle size and age—pale, thin, contemplative, intellectual—who constitutes the sole attraction of the place. The preliminary services attended to, he rises to dispense the sacred word. The text is announced almost in a whisper; the hands grasp the ends of the cushion where lies the open Bible, or are lifted, ever and anon, as the warmth increases; the head is bowed toward the neatly-written manuscript; and thus, with a quiet ease, in a low and feeble voice, the discourse goes forward, in one unbroken thread of golden thought, to its close. The *place* is the meeting-house of the Amity-street Baptist church; and the *preacher* the subject of this sketch.

Dr. Williams was born in New York city, on the 14th of October, 1804, the son of the Rev. John Williams, who was for twenty-seven years pastor of the Oliver-street Baptist church, until his death, in May, 1825. He was a native of Wales, emigrating to this country in 1795; and a man of fervent piety and native vigor of mind. Said the Rev. Dr. Wayland, referring to this eminent servant of Christ, at the ordination of his son: "Many years have elapsed since I waited upon the instructions of that venerable man. Since then, I have seen many meek, many holy, many humble, many able, many peace-making ministers of the New Testament; but I have seen yet no one who has reminded me of John Williams."

After the usual academic studies, young Mr. Williams entered Columbia College, where he graduated, with the highest honors of his class, in 1823. John L. Stephens, the distinguished traveler, was a member of the same class, and held a high rank in scholarship, though not the *highest*, as was erroneously stated, not long since, by a writer in one of our leading magazines.* Subsequent to this he studied law, and for a time practiced it. He studied in the office of the late Peter Augustus Jay, Esq., the elder son of the eminent John Jay. In the year 1829 or 1830, he made a public profession of religion, by uniting with the Oliver-street church, of which the Rev. Dr. Spencer H. Cone was the pastor. The means blessed to this result were a religious education and sanctified afflictions. He was ordained December 17th, 1832, at the constitution of the Amity-street church, of which he has been the only pastor. Various efforts have been made to induce him to leave his

* Putnam's Monthly. See, as proof, catalogue for 1823, and reports of commencement.

beloved charge, and accept professorships in colleges or seminaries, but he has steadfastly refused all proffers of every kind.

The leading characteristics of Dr. Williams, are, fervor and depth of piety; a liberal and catholic spirit; unaffected modesty and humility; simplicity and meekness, coupled with inflexibility of principle; studious and retiring habits; profound and extensive erudition; uncommon powers of analysis, concentration, and mental abstraction; and the uniform and complete command of his intellectual resources, and a general harmony and consistency of character. He is not much seen in public gatherings, but no man's opinions have greater weight with his denomination. His LIBRARY is his home. This is very extensive, and embraces a great variety of works in all the principal languages, most of which he reads with ease. The number of volumes is about *nine thousand*, many of which are exceedingly rare and valuable.

Dr. Williams, while yet practicing law, published in the "American Baptist Magazine" a biographical notice of his venerated father, which arrested the attention of careful readers by the purity and grace of its style. Wider attention was subsequently awakened by an occasional printed discourse. A most elaborate address on the "Conservative Principle in our Literature," placed him distinctively in the field of religious authorship. Later still he has consented to the publication of a volume of "Miscellanies," one on "Religious Progress," and a series of "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer," with various occasional sermons and addresses; which, taken together, have given him an undisputed rank among the first preachers and religious writers of the age. We have seen it stated, that a distinguished divine of the Presbyterian Church, in New York, on being asked by an individual from abroad, as to who deserved to be placed foremost among the eminent ministers in that city, replied, "If piety, humility, comprehensive scholarship, wide acquaintanceship with history, unusual attainments in literature, together with a refined taste and rare genius as a writer, constitute a great man, then William R. Williams, of the Baptist Church, is the man for whom you inquire."

The writings of Dr. Williams are peculiar for their spirituality and devotion; affluence of illustration, especially historical illustration; and a vigorous, racy, figurative style, tinged with the antique, and remarkable for breadth, variety, and power. Some of their marked features are thus stated by an able critic: "They display everywhere an intellect equally active and vigorous; a mind that makes its own observations, that draws its own conclusions, and uses its large stores of information, not as substitutes, but materials for thought. His mind never rests upon the surface of his facts, but pierces below to the principle which they embody; and it is in illustration of that principle that they marshal themselves on his page. But along with a large fund of knowledge and power of thinking of a high order, Dr. Williams's writings evince an uncommonly brilliant and fervid imagination. This fuses and blends into harmony all his powers and acquisitions, imparts to his pages ever fresh life and interest, and causes them to teem with the most striking and beautiful imagery. Indeed, Dr. Williams thinks in metaphor; his figures are not after-thoughts superinduced upon his style for illustration or embellishment; they are wrought into the very texture of his thought; they are the form, the body, which it naturally and almost necessarily assumes."

The discourse which is subjoined is now for the first time published, and will enhance the author's already distinguished reputation. It was originally delivered, as one of a course of lectures for the American and Foreign Christian Union, in the house of worship of the Amity-street church, on Sabbath evening, 4th March, 1855.

THE RELATIONS OF POPERY AND INFIDELITY.

"For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written."—Rom., ii. 24.

To whom held the Apostle Paul this startling language? Would he ascribe thus Gentile unbelief, and the coarse, fierce impiety of the Pagan world—in part at least—to the fault of his own brethren? He says, in effect, Through YOU Skepticism is provoked and hardened into a more defiant attitude; and in YOU Blasphemy finds new missiles, and gathers the material for more stinging reproaches and more envenomed scoffings against your God. To his own people, the Jews—the elected nation, as they deemed themselves—does the Apostle of the Gentiles, though himself a Hebrew of the Hebrews, hold up this stern—this inspired impeachment. And could he have forgotten, or did he dispute the fact, that their Scriptures had been given them by Jehovah himself; that theirs were the prophets—men like Elijah, and Isaiah, and Daniel; that theirs were the fathers, David, and Moses, and Abraham, the Friend of God; and that theirs, as concerning the flesh, was that Messiah upon whom hung the world's salvation? Bearers of God's own oracles, and kinsmen of God's own Incarnate Son, are they to be charged as giving occasion of scandal to the Gentiles, when, by their testimony and their Scriptures, many of those very Gentiles had been proselyted to truth and heaven? Had they not won many such trophies from Heathenism, from the days of Rahab, of Ruth the Moabitess, and of Naaman the Syrian, down to the times of Cornelius the Roman centurion?

Paul neither denied nor overlooked any of these facts. But, spite of them all, it remained an accusation fearfully significant, and thoroughly true, that the Judaism of his times, although based on the memory of pious forefathers, and although quoting the oracles of a divine revelation, and although built upon an original foundation of divine institution—though a Moses, by God's direction, ordered its rites, and though a Solomon, by God's command, had reared its temple—was yet become, in spirit and in practice, because of its human accretions attaching themselves to divine testimonies, and because of its unwarranted perversions of the primitive truth that it had retained, a system of infectious error. It not only harmed its recipients, but it periled its rejectors. The adherents of that cotemporary and accredited Judaism, are here by the Holy Ghost charged as guilty of shedding a malign and disastrous influence upon the mass of Pagan mind, which heard but received not the Hebrew revelation. Judaism, as they had made it, was in deadly antagonism with that gospel which Paul was commissioned of heaven to proclaim. A river, that had gathered soil from every region which it had traversed, its waters were not only discolored but poisoned by the

alluvium which it had collected and dissolved. A bark, in its first launching, shaped and rigged by divine warrant, it had become bored by the worm, and clogged with the barnacles of every sea that it had sailed, and now lay water-logged. What they added and what they dropped, vitiated what of original truth they kept. From Chaldean astrology, which they had learned as far back as the days of the great Captivity, from the vaunted Greek philosophy of their later Gentile conquerors, and from the traditions and Sanhedrims of their revered rabbinical fathers, they had gathered in, and attached upon the original web of Scripture, a thick embroidery, and had set upon the primitive tissue of God-given revelation, motley and gorgeous insertions of human error, until the robe no longer showed the loom and pattern of heaven. But did they repudiate, as a people, the doctrine of a coming Messiah, David's son, who was to conquer and rule the world? Not they! It was their crowning hope, and their perpetual vaunt. But, out of human traditions they had devised A MESSIAH, carnal and unreal, the phantom of their own schools, in whose name they refused, and they murdered THE MESSIAH, God's TRUE and ONLY SON. The Judaism of the synagogues and of the Sanhedrim, as Paul encountered it, was ever to be distinguished from the genuine Judaism of the Old Testament Scriptures. That last was the bud of the gospel, when as yet not fully unfolded; was a germinant and undeveloped Christianity. The first, as a Caiaphas or an Elymas would present it, was a full-blown and developed Antichristianism.

Now, a cotemporary of the first writer, and of the first readers of our text, might, in the spirit of modern Liberalism, have said, "What is the virtual difference between Paul and his old masters, the Pharisees? They hold to A Messiah COMING; he asserts and insists on adoring THE Messiah ALREADY COME. Why" [such a speculator in the union of discordant creeds might say] "contend about this? The difference between you is but that of the *definite* and the *indefinite* article. You hold to the truth, vaguely and generally, A CHRIST. He individualizes and embodies it, in a personage already come, and dead, and risen again, and throned on high—THE Christ. Quarrel not, in preciseness and bigotry, about so tiny a particle of speech as an article; made definite by the one party in the Nazarene, and by the other party kept indefinite, and open for some possible successor who shall supplant the Nazarene."

Was the difference really so inconsiderable? Let us, my beloved hearers, implore together the influences, enlightenment, and impulses of that Spirit, Divine, and Infallible, and Gracious, who alone shows justly the truth, and implants deeply the love of the truth. So helped, let us inquire, how far Paul's example and language, in this present Scripture, bear upon the religious questions of our own time, and upon the principles that divide our churches from Rome.

In a train of discourses upon these questions, commenced already and

hereafter to be continued, by esteemed brethren of other evangelical denominations, the speaker has been asked to take part; and the theme assigned to him is that of the relations of Romanism to Infidelity.* By the latter term we mean to describe the denial of the truth of all revelation, such denial being made by those to whom the true revelation has been proffered. Our forefathers used the word in a wider sense, to embrace those Mohammedans and heathens to whom the gospel was not formally preached, and called them *infidels*. Such is not the modern application of the phrase. The Turk and the Pagan admit the possibility of a revelation, but give credit to a forged and false one. They are misbelievers, therefore, rather than infidels. Infidelity is the denial, under the light of the gospel, that there is *any real*, or, if real, that there is *any sufficient revelation* in that gospel, or in the Old Testament, the germ and precursor of the gospel. It is an explicit protest against the genuineness of God's proffered communication in his own word of Scripture. Our topic, too vast to be adequately discussed in the bounds of one lecture, is the tendency of Romanism to foster such infidelity.

The Rabbinism of Paul's times, in its effects on the Hebrew character and destiny, provoked in the pagan mind an enmity and scorn which vented itself in skeptical taunts against the Name, Faith, and Laws of the One, True God, who had truly manifested himself to the Jew. The old Latin satirists—who knew the Jews of Rome as being, many of them, a vagrant, mendicant, and unscrupulous class, that carried about the proud capital their baskets crammed with hay, and told surreptitiously, for paltry sums, the fortunes of credulous applicants—confounded the Jews of this grade, often probably with those Chaldean astrologers whom these recreant Hebrews imitated. The Romans, because of the practices and condition of such degraded and itinerant soothsayers, blackened the Sabbaths and rites and miracles of the True and Holy Jehovah, worshiped by the wiser and more righteous forefathers of these itinerant deceivers. Through the fault of the vicious Jew, the real message of the holy patriarchs and prophets whose blood he inherited, and whose pages he quoted, was discredited. The circumcision given to Abraham, the Sabbath, old as creation, and the miracles that showed the world's Maker and Master, all furnished but new food for the profane jester of the imperial metropolis, when he confounded the true faith with its modern adulterations, and with these its degraded and apostate representatives. A Roman scholar, who, a few years after Paul's time, should pass under the Arch of Titus, when but freshly built, would little appreciate the divine authorship and the sacred meaning of the trumpets, and the table of shew-bread, and the seven-branched candlestick of the Hebrew temple, sculptured in relief on that triumphal arch; and would very naturally jeer at those emblems, if, but a few squares behind, he had passed some crafty and unscrupulous Hebrew, vending philters and tell-

ing fortunes with all the grimaces and arts of the lowest imposture. Slow would he be—connecting thus the true Law with the false votary of the Law—to see in trumpets, and table, and candelabrum, the emblems which they really were of Him whose coming proclaimed the world's jubilee, and who was to be, to our famishing and benighted race, the Bread of Heaven, and the Light of the World. The juggleries of the street Elymas would provoke blasphemies against the God of Sinai and of Calvary. Bring to such a Roman, fresh from such a way-side sight, the wonders of Redemption, and the story of the Resurrection and the Last Judgment, and he would—remembering the ragged, profligate mountebank whom he had just passed—be likely to exclaim, in words elsewhere used by one of his poets, "Let the circumcised Jew believe that—I never will!"

Does Romanism bear, in its spirit and features, no resemblance to Rabbinism? We hold it the Rabbinism of Christianity, a deposit of many layers of secularism upon a lower stratum of original revelation. On the basis of the genuine and divine, has it not gathered large accumulations of the spurious and the human? We would not willingly say aught to wound the feelings needlessly of a devout adherent of the Roman communion. We would not forget, nor can we ever cease to revere, the memory of men like the Fénélons, and the Arnaulds, and the Nicoles, the St. Cyrans, and the Sacis of her fellowship. Nor would we evade or hide the fact, that Pascal, the gifted and devout, wrote on the internal evidences of the gospel as against the skeptics of his time, with a breadth and force of thought, and a simple splendor of language, that have been by no other writer surpassed, or, as we believe, even equaled. His unfinished work, left by his untimely death a mere rude outline, with but portions, here and there, touched by the finishing hand of his consummate skill, remains, like some gigantic and matchless Torso of sculpture, an incomplete fragment. But its deficiencies no later collaborator can supply with a symmetry, a majesty, and a perfection that shall equal what the older master, interrupted by death, has bequeathed to the admiration and the despair of those who came after him. Our subject requires not of us to blink the name and services of such laborers. But such individual excellences and achievements do not present the full tendencies of the ecclesiastical system. Many of them wrote as under the protest of their own church, and left their books and their tombs under her ban. Paul might look back upon encounters in which his own revered teacher, the Pharisee Gamaliel, had perchance silenced some flippant Epicurean—a name Rabbinical books give to free-thinkers. And yet Paul's quarrel with this great system of Rabbinism, to which this honored Gamaliel lent his support, would not be abated by any such remembrance of his teacher's manful onset against the caviling skeptic. The rabbi might assert the resurrection, the unity of God, or the last judgment, with glorious energy and overwhelming success against the

unbeliever; and yet Rabbinism, as a whole, might remain itself an incentive to pagan unbelief.

But we are met by a feeling prevalent in our times, and which pleads the honored names it assumes, of Toleration and Liberalism. It would discredit all religious controversy as needless, irritative, and malignant. It would diminish the magnitude, and extenuate the number of the differences between the Church of Rome on the one hand, and Evangelical Protestantism on the other hand, until it resolved the variancies into a mere strife of words, and these it would describe as words of spent potency, and outworn spells that could no longer rouse or heal. We ask such reasoners where—on their principles of omitting or surrendering all disputed truths—the Reformation had been. Where, then, is to be placed that Pentecostal baptism, whose anointed messengers were to arraign and to beat down the world's dominant and multiform errors? Where, then, are we to rank that Messiah who sent these messengers upon their life-long conflict, and shed down that baptism from his own mediatorial throne upon their battling way and upon their martyr end? The Liberalism, which would ignore the gravity of the questions between our churches and the Vatican, might, as we have already stated, shrink the controversy between the Sanhedrim and the Apostolate, into a mere question of the definite or indefinite article in describing the Messiah. And, going but a little further, in the same logical development, it might propose to bury all strife as to the existence of a Creator, or as to the resprouting impiety of Pantheism, under the simple suggestion that the whole vast controversy resolved itself into a proposed separation of the CREATOR and CREATION, asserted as eternally distinct on the one side, and affirmed to be one and indistinguishable on the other side; that the two words, CREATOR and CREATION, were one in each syllable but the last; and that it was beneath the dignity of wise men to litigate the difference of two terms so nearly alike to the lip and to the eye. Shall we, on such a plea for peace, hurl the faith of centuries, and the claims of revelation, and the very being of a personal Deity, into the bottomless morass of Pantheism? A mere strife about kindred words, say they? Would it not be, before applying such methods of peace-making to the gravest themes of human duty and of eternal destiny, but consistent, on the part of the friends of Liberalism, that they test first these modes of pacification upon the less important matters of the exchange and the forum, the market-place and the senate; upon the pettinesses of a life which we are soon to end, and the interests of an earth which we must shortly quit? If, as you would persuade us, the question of God's true right over man, and of man's hopes and duties in approaching his God, be indeed susceptible of such half-way measures of accommodation, that solve and extinguish the difficulty; are not the inferior questions of finance and statesmanship still more peremptorily to be submitted to the same facile modes of adjustment? And

yet, what company of traders would listen for one moment patiently to the suggestion, that the controversies crowding the calendars of our law-courts are, after all, but questions of MINE and THINE; and that two words of such kindred sound, and differing but by a letter more or less, ought not to part good citizens, or warrant costly litigation? What political party would, in case the matter contested were but a barren rock in the seas, or some leagues of frozen border-land, between our own and an adjoining government, hear acquiescently from its orators the suggestion that two monosyllables, like Mine and Thine, were too brief and too nearly alike to call forth the resources of diplomacy, the marshaling of legions, or the equipment of navies? And suppose that, on some battle-field, where the question, between a proud and usurping despot, and an aggrieved and imperiled nation, is to be decided by the arbitrament of the sword—where it is to be soon seen whether Right shall, by God's blessing and an assured victory, become an established Might, or whether, on the contrary, an arrogant Might is to put on the spoils of a defeated and down-trodden Right—some ingenious pacificator should rush in to proclaim to the two hosts now in array, that a contest about a single letter is exceedingly despicable, and that the nineteenth century demanded of men who were liberal, and practical, and progressive, to make no objection, because that Might has thought itself Right, for the words are so nearly one. Would the friends of freedom and of justice be convinced by the oracle; blush at the pettiness of the occasion that had summoned them to the field; and fling down bayonet and banner, reconciled by so simple a solution to all the encroachments, and tolerant of all the butcheries of a lawless and godless Might?

And yet the arguments that, to some minds, seem adequate to shrivel up into trivialities, and to banish from further remembrance, all the grave controversies of religion, ought, in consistency, to be first accepted and made authoritative, in the collisions of opinion, far more trifling and far more transitory, that entangle one firm in trade with another firm, their fellow-traders, one political party with another, their opponents, and one state or nation with their neighbors and rivals. Yorktown decided no question approaching, in gravity and importance, to that which parted Luther from Leo the Tenth, and which severed Cranmer and Latimer, the burned, from Gardiner and Bonner, the burners. Nor did the sea-fights of Actium, or Lepanto, or Trafalgar, mightily as they told on the history of the nations, settle any controversy equivalent, in reach and massiveness, to the questions, What is Christ's nature? What is His work for man, and what His work in man? What is His Church, and where is the way to His Paradise? If the soul be immortal, and its approaching judgment final, the question of all questions—the Great Question, towering above all the bickerings of traffic, and all the logomachies of philosophy, and all the speculations of science, and all the collisions

of diplomacy, is the old and personal inquiry—"How shall man be just with God?"

Now, Rabbinism did not answer this mighty question, as did the apostles and their Lord. And Romanism has another and an opposite solution for this inquiry, from that given to it by Evangelical Protestantism. And Truth, in the present and the coming centuries, as in the past, is to bear down error. And the God of truth, in imparting the gift, bound on each disciple's conscience the trust, to guard and to spread the light received, defending with their uttermost strength, and diffusing to the outermost horizon of their influence, the gospel, as he gave it—a gospel "which is not another," but One, Unchangeable, Sufficient, and Eternal. Because the truth, it admits no substitutes, and accepts no counterfeits; but is exclusive inasmuch as it is true, and evidences its truth by its exclusiveness of warrant and of efficacy. And does our Saviour himself put on as one of his own titles, "the Truth?" We may not proffer him a divided allegiance, or propose to him the emendation of his doctrines, or the abatement of his claims. If the Christ—the Truth—the God: then, as weighed against him, "let every man be a liar." The rejection of him, is missing "the Way" to the skies. The refusal of him is the forfeiture of "the Life," and that for all eternity. As "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," his gospel is one, unalterable, and impatient of rivalry. And he who has seen, on the death-bed of the unbelieving and ungodly, the terrible work of despair and remorse, and who has watched, on the stage of History, the fatal influences of Infidelity upon order, and freedom, and happiness, and morals—upon the individual, the household, the nation, and the race—can scarce be the true friend of his kind, or the loyal servant of his God, if withholding, where conscience demands it, his testimony against errors and systems that he believes to foster and exasperate infidelity.

These, our *first* remarks, have been directed to show how apostolic precedent bore upon *the importance of the question* before us.

Let us, next, observe in Romanism:

II. *Secondly*, certain principles and *tendencies* which work a *reaction* toward Infidelity.

III. *Thirdly*, certain *grounds* occupied by it *in common with Infidelity*.

IV. And lastly, the *verdict of history as to their relations*, and as to the comparative services of Romanism and Protestantism in the controversies with skepticism.

II. Superstition and skepticism may seem irreconcilable antagonists; and yet the very excesses of the one provoke a recoil toward the other. Just as, in the individual, a youth of frivolity is often followed by an old age of marked bigotry; and the free-thinker of twenty, scoffing

at Bibles and Sabbaths, becomes a teller of beads and a wearer of relics at seventy; so, in a nation or in a century, the believing too little may be repented of by a readiness to believe every thing. And so is the reverse as natural, whether for the individual or the community. A docile credulity, in childhood, may, on encountering the world, be wrecked on utter skepticism. A nation, schooled without the Scriptures, in passive superstition, may find itself soon and easily shifted into atheism, as grossly traditional as was its old credulity. In the one case, Credulity has hoisted its banners on the ruins of Doubting Castle, and shows its winking Madonnas in shrines that were once the dungeons of Giant Despair, or where his wife, the grim Lady Diffidence, talked of the sleep of the soul, and of the great dim Perhaps that lay beyond the grave. So, on the other hand, an appetite fed on saints' legends, and nurtured only on the inconsistencies of superstition, may, quite as easily, prepare the solitary thinker, or the masses of a people, easily to disgorge the old creed, and to swallow, with equal voracity, the irreligion that ridicules all creeds. To adopt another image from the dreamer of Bedford: the den of Giant Pope, tunneled too far, may be found to open a way out into the poisoned meadows of Infidel Speculation, or breaking unexpectedly into the domains of old classical Heathenism. The unwary pilgrim who, like Gibbon, has entered as a convert to be the guest of Giant Pope, may, like the historian, find himself but a lodger and a prisoner, at the last, with the old opponent of his first host, the ethnic Giant Pagan; and quit the faith of pontifical Rome to sigh for the vanished dreams of the classic Olympus. So was it with Bayle before him. Both reared in a nominal Protestantism, that had never reached the heart by a personal, spiritual conversion; both early, by Jesuit instructors, won to the Roman communion; both early forsaking their new home unsatisfied; and both, then casting off all Christianity, the two set themselves, by the same weapons of a profuse erudition and an unscrupulous mockery, to wage the relentless war of a hopeless skepticism against Christ's gospel. Lodgers with the man of the tiara at first, they soon found their way led back into the old haunts of the Gentile and the Epicurean.

What are the *tendencies* in the principles of Romanism working toward such a reaction? Remember, then, the tendency of what Rome has *withdrawn and withholden* from the provision made of God for the race. The free circulation of the Scriptures, in the vernacular tongue, among her laity, she has discouraged where it was in her power; and where a powerful Protestantism compelled its partial allowance, she has limited what she could not forbid. The saintly Fénélon himself wrote against the general perusal of the Scriptures. And yet what else is the Bible than God's own covenanted and mighty enginery for the overthrow of error? A human author, of originality and genius, would little relish an officious commentator, ever dilating on the obscurities and perilous unintelligibleness of the work he professed to commend and to explain,

and taking constant occasion to praise his own commentaries as safer reading than the original text. God's own Book is his own master contrivance for reaching and for renewing the human heart, and meeting with unmatched dexterity all the errors, cravings, sorrows, and crimes of all lands, and tribes, and conditions, from the nethermost barbarism to the most towering civilization. Solving to the devout student the mysterious enigmas of his own nature, the Bible, in its effects on its readers, is its own best demonstration, indicating thus its divine authorship, and vindicating its sovereign authority. Like the sun flaming in the heavens, which is its own showman, the Bible, in the self-evidencing light of its own teachings, pleads for itself and judges the race. When it is withdrawn, or but vailed, and instead of its direct light, the reflected light of church tradition, and the moonbeams of sacerdotal authority, professedly derived from the orb, take its place, the shades that follow are more friendly to wrong than to right. A darkness ensues, that suspicion and incredulity may well haunt.

Remember, again, the natural tendencies of what Rome has *appended* to the things which man must credit as religious truth. To the wonders of Scripture she has annexed legendary miracles of the most startling kind; but with what warrant are they accompanied? We would not go back to all the mediæval fables that bestud the lives of the saints. We come down to those which, day by day, she is afresh commending to the regard of the nations. Annually, the blood of St. Januarius is liquified in the city of Naples. Amid the most gorgeous and imposing ceremonials, a dark, clotted mass is said to become fluid; and, year by year, this is propounded to the Catholic world as evidence of the real saintship and continued superintendence of the deceased worthy. Has it scriptural parallel, or has it brooked any impartial and competent scrutiny? What distinguishes it from similar exhibitions of blood, now crusted, and now again melted, that were habitually displayed in England up to the days of the Reformation, but which were then detected and exploded as shameless frauds?

Take another of the modern wonders of the Roman church. Not year by year only, but through every day of every year, pilgrims are trooping, and many from very remote regions, to the city of Loretto, in the Pontifical States in Italy. Situated in the Mark of Ancona, and looking down upon the Adriatic sea, that city claims as its chief distinction, the Sancta Casa—the Holy House. It is a small structure, of some thirteen feet in height, and twelve in breadth, and twenty-seven in length—formed of rude brick. It has an image, old and dark, of the Virgin and Child. Look narrowly at this, for the Evangelist Luke is said to have carved it. Does his Gospel lead you in aught to suspect him of having bestowed his time on such a task? The house has earthen pots of rude terra-cotta—one covered, by the piety of later times, with golden plates. They were, you are told, the kitchen utensils of her

whose motherly hands dressed and fondled the infant Redeemer, in this, her Galilean cottage.

Over that rude edifice, architect and sculptor, in modern times, have exhausted their skill, in rearing an outer encasement of richest marbles, exquisitely carved. Some of Italy's more famous artists wrought thus, set to their task by pontiffs like Julius II., and Leo X., and Paul III., in days when the Roman see had widest power and the largest culture. For five centuries, streams of pilgrimage have sought the inner and ruder fane. It is presented as the very habitation of Joseph and Mary in Nazareth. In the close of the thirteenth century, angels are said to have borne it bodily, through the air, and by night, from its old Galilean site, first to Dalmatia, and then across the Adriatic to this eastern shore of Italy. Set down there at first on one spot, its seraphic bearers moved it, at intervals of a few years, from one site to another, until at last they fixed it in its present station at Loretto. Gifts the most lavish and gorgeous have been attached to these walls. Valor, and Learning, and Genius, and Rank, have bowed in mute, trusting homage, before this rustic edifice, which, after four several, supernatural waftings, from over the neighboring lands, and over the broad Adriatic, and over the broader Mediterranean, settled itself, like some roving butterfly that fluttered long before it rested, quietly at last where it now is. It lost its flooring by the way, but has retained, uninjured, its walls, as they were when Joseph came within them for his rest or his meals, and as when Mary's lullaby hushed her divine Infant to slumber upon her bosom. In ancient times it was said that the foundation left behind in Palestine tallied, in material and dimensions, with the superstructure thus transferred to Italy. Later travel has caused the relinquishment of this older account. The modern apologists claim only that it was a part of an upper chamber —the Virgin's own especial apartment in the Nazareth home. But that learned and honest scholar, the old Benedictine Dom Calmet, repudiates the story of the identity and transportation of the building as fabulous. But pontiffs, like Julius II., and Leo X., and Innocent XII., accredit it as the chamber where the most glorious "Mother of God" dwelt. It was "the first sanctuary of God among men," are the words of Innocent XII. No less than forty-four sovereign pontiffs have honored or visited the shrine—Gregory XVI., predecessor of the reigning Pope, having done so in 1841, but fourteen years since.* Scholars, among the most eminent of Catholics, have endorsed the narrative—Erasmus composing a mass in its honor, Justus Lipsius sending it the memorial of his studies, and Des Cartes invoking the help of this Virgin of Loretto in his investigations. Don John of Austria, returning thither from the great sea-fight of Lepanto, dedicated there a part of his spoils. James II. of England, and his queen, are said to have sent thither offerings, to sue that through the favor of the Queen of heaven, their marriage might have

* Sermon preached in 1855.

a Catholic heir, to intercept from the throne the Protestant heiress, the Princess of Orange. To its walls is suspended the bullet which had well-nigh killed the martial pontiff, Julius II., and which he attached here in token of his gratitude.

Now, where has Rome a miracle more solemnly endorsed by names the most illustrious and sacred? Paris, in one of her more recent and most elegant and fashionable sanctuaries, has a church dedicated to this same Virgin of Loretto. A French scholar wrote, in 1843, an erudite work to establish the story; and an American bishop has issued a similar volume. How many of our scholars would reach any other conclusion than that of the Catholic Calmet, as to the truth of the legend? Yet, sustained by papal bulls, and saintly, and heroic, and scholarly offerings, how can a Catholic reject it, and keep at the same time his loyalty to the Vatican? If a church propound such miracles, is she not responsible before man and before God, for the incredulity they provoke and necessitate? If, by tagging together such legends with the true wonders of Christ's incarnation, and passion, and resurrection, she fling them all before the masses in the one category of a common credibility, or of a common incredibility, is there not somewhere a terrible responsibility for the challenge thus thrown out to the sagacious and keen-eyed, to receive this strange embroidery, or else to reject with it the original and divine tissue of revelation, upon which, and into which, Rome has deftly quilted this strangest appendage of new cloth?

Again, from what Rome has suppressed, and what she has added, look to the reactionary influences in favor of Infidelity, from what she has *perverted.* One grand stamp of revelation, besides the self-evidencing power found in the doctrine, and the book containing the doctrine, was that to be furnished in the *holiness* of the convert, the living epistle whom the gospel made, the Spirit, author of the gospel, working with and applying it. Pervert that holiness into something else and something worse. Substitute for the living letters of God's twice-born and regenerate men, fashioned unto holiness, a new theory of sanctity in the individual, and in the collective church. Take, in our own Burman missions, a Ko-Thah-Byu, whose grim soul, in his Pagan days, had been incrusted with the blood of thirty murders. The gospel makes him meek and pure, harmless and kindly. Is there not the sign-manual of divinity, in this new-won holiness? But make Christian saintship to consist of self-torture: and where is the evidence, then, to reason, of God's presence? In the year 1617, eight years after Hendrick Hudson first sailed up yonder stream, now bearing his name, and seven years before New Amsterdam was founded on this good island of Manhattan, there died, on the southern portion of our continent, at Lima, a devotee of great austerity, a young maiden whom Rome has canonized as St. Rose of Lima. She sprinkled gall over her food, she scourged her body with iron chains, till the blood bespattered the walls and streamed on the

floor. She wore her chain thrice wound around her person; put on an inner garment of hair studded with needle points, and wore it for several years; made herself a crown of pewter studded with sharp nails, which also she wore through years; and exchanged this last, afterwards, for another diadem having ninety-nine iron points. Rome canonized her, and she is annually commemorated on the 30th of August; and the Breviary tells of this crown and circling chain, and needled shirt, and how also her couch was formed of knotty logs with their interstices filled up with broken pottery. Is this the holiness of the New Testament? Is the bodily exercise, which, in Paul's esteem, profited but little, to be thus set up by Peter's successors as profiting every thing? The younger Faber, an English scholar, a convert to Rome, publishes for English readers, the life of this misguided girl, as a high pattern of Christian sanctity.

Take another instance. We have already spoken of Loretto. Among those who annually visited that shrine, and with a passionate devotion, was a Frenchman, who long dwelt at Rome, Benedict Labrè. He died in 1783, about the close of our Revolution. By Faber, the same scholar, he is commended in a volume set apart for his biography, in a series approved by Father J. H. Newman and Cardinal Wiseman. It is claimed for Labrè, this frequent pilgrim to Loretto, that never in his life did he commit even a small sin. He wore the same garment unchanged for years, and among his merits was his willingness to harbor vermin. These, as they dropped from his robes, he replaced on his naked skin. He was infested, as his annalist again and again records, with great numbers of such plagues; and when invited to rest in a house, would, blushing modestly, reply, "I fear to leave some filthy insect. I have many upon me." He loved to eat the refuse of the streets —the orange-peel and cabbage-stalks, thrown out before Roman doors. And such was the general reverence felt for this extraordinary form of sanctity, that, after his death, eighty thousand portions of his ragged clothes were distributed as relics, and requests for these are said to have come from America. It is said his habits were cleaned before being thus divided. But if these insect tormentors were part of his sanctification, why exterminate them from the webs that had harbored them for the benefit of his soul? His biographer claims, that by the reputation of Labrè's sanctity, God "deigned to *confound modern skeptics*." Would not such views of holiness, as irrational and brutal as they were unscriptural, rather create and fix, wherever confounded with the gospel requirements, an incurable skepticism? For, if this be sanctity, Christ and his apostles gave no intimation of having possessed it. If this be sanctity, the disciple is above his Master, the servant is not *as* his Lord, but has gone *beyond* his Lord.

Nor stands poor Labrè alone. In the lives of Romish worthies, how many were most ingenious and relentless self-tormentors. You ask,

Where has Paul preached such holiness? Have these men been studying a badly-paged Bible, where the cuttings and lacerations of Baal's priests on Mount Carmel have, by some mischance, been bound up as if they were the sequel of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost? And if, by essential perversions of the scriptural illustrations as to holiness, Rome has brought in another gospel, is she not answerable for the indignant recoil which nature makes from such teachings unto stubborn and utter incredulity?

Then pass from the solitary Christian to the collected body of the church. Christ made her spiritual and celestial. His kingdom was not of this world, and, therefore, it was not to expect the world's sympathy and love. Rome has confounded, on the other hand, the world and the church. Her arms, resources, honors, and policy are carnal, and not spiritual. What is the tendency, as to the inducing of true, spiritual faith, of such perversions in Christ's own policy for his church? As a worldly power, she has had the craft of a secular cabinet. A Machiavelli, proverbial for courtly treachery, studied in pontifical Borgias his models of ruthless duplicity. Rome has had, too, the armies, and wars, and prisons, and racks of a secular monarchy. She has, by her paramount claims, often sought to override all secular government; and laid on a land her interdict, leaving it without baptism, betrothal, or burial. She has had her Inquisitions. On the annals of her dread influence, stand the crimson memorials of the French St. Bartholomew's Massacre, and of the slaughters of the Irish Rebellion; and of the butcheries in the Netherlands of the relentless Alva, and in Spain of the fierce Torquemada. Against the meek Waldenses she unleashed her most truculent emissaries of rapine and butchery. France yielded to her wishes the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the bloody Dragonades. England owed to her the portentous though the baffled onset of the Spanish Armada, and the plot, foiled though it was, which would have blown into the air her Parliament, and the scheme that, also, however, was happily frustrated, which would for the interest of the last Stuarts, have fain subverted her constitution, and brought in absolute power. And did He, the Man of Sorrows, who, in Gethsemane had bidden Peter sheath his sword, when it but sheared off an ear, look down approvingly, think you, from his heavenly throne upon the men who, on our earth, claiming to be Peter's successors and Christ's own Vicegerents, have set out, as Christ's church, a power, thus secular and ferocious, all bristling with the spoils, and horrid with the gore of her victims? And is this the Bride of the Apocalyptic Vision, the Lamb's Wife making herself ready for the marriage-supper, the One Catholic Church out of which there is no salvation? I read in the same book of another personage than the bride, who has power, and kingly patrons, and worldly splendors, and she is drunk with the blood of the saints. I muse on the two portraitures of the Apocalypse, and, turning to the city of the Seven Hills, the

queenly mistress of the banks of the Tiber, I ask as I ponder the pages of John's vision, "Which is her likeness?"

If Jesus devised a holy church, meek and much-enduring, harmless and lovely, with the Holy Ghost as her light, and her might, and her indwelling life, to become, next after Scripture, the great engine of that Holy Spirit in disseminating truth and diffusing holiness, it was a wrong to the meek sufferer of Pilate's judgment-hall, and the mute victim of Herod's barbarous mockery, to substitute instead of his original device of a church, scriptural, spiritual, and unworldly, a body so thoroughly secularized, and an ecclesiastical despotism that wreaked on the nations enormities which Pilate could scarce have attempted, and which might have sated the rage of the worst of the Herods. It was a wrong, not merely to the Head of the church, whose work was so marred—it was equally a cruel wrong to the world, who, if this were deemed by them Christ's mystical body, might well shrink back to Thor, to Jove, and to Moloch, the gods of Pagan antiquity, and ask, Were our forefathers' idols more cruel and more thirsty for blood?

Add her contradictions, and her variations, and her immoralities. Add her coalitions with the cause of political despotism. See what her Canon law has done for freedom, her Index for the press and the library, her Casuistry for morals, and her Confessional for the family. You read on Pascal's page the trenchant exposure of Jesuit perversions. You suppose these last now exploded, even at Rome. You turn to Liguori's Moral Theology, and find them largely retained there. You remember that in our own time, Liguori has been solemnly canonized; and certainly, the Vatican would not lift into her Pantheon of saintship one who wrote what she deemed bad books. If, what Pascal denounced, but Liguori retained, have been grafted authoritatively upon the Sermon on the Mount, where is the unity, and where the purity of Christian morality?

Then, reviewing God's scheme for indoctrinating and regenerating the race, collate with his scheme what Rome has retrenched, what Rome has appended, and what Rome has perverted. Does it not seem manifest that conscience, if shut up to receive this as the only Christianity, must of necessity and of right recoil into the denial of a revelation, if such be its utterances, its miracles, its evidences, and its fruits?

III. We spoke of the fruits, again, of real, if not apparent, *unison* between the two systems of Rome and Infidelity; the *common ground*, where superstition and skepticism met and fraternized. Polities and theories that are bitterly hostile to each other, may yet, in a more vivid bitterness of hostility to some third system, the common enemy of both, coalesce, as did Herod and Pilate—the one in the Jewish, and the other in the Pagan interest—disguising their mutual and unalterable dislike, in plighting their hands over the victim Redeemer.

In their estimate of human authority, in their appreciation of Scripture, in their disproportionate and exaggerated regard for this present world, and in their distrust alike of the Divine Sacrifice, the Redeeming Son, and of the Divine Sanctifier, the Regenerating Spirit of God, it is wondrous to see, how, under various watchwords, the hosts of Tradition and those of Unbelief cherish a common feeling, and are in many things really, though not ostensibly, one. Skepticism, whether avowed as in Deism, or disguised in a nominal Protestantism, under the name of Rationalism, trusts much in the authority of man *the individual;* Romanism lays equal stress on human authority, but in the shape of the *collective man*, and in the *canonized man*,—in the fathers, and councils, and decretals. Does Rome reproduce the old Rabbinic spirit, that set the oral tradition above the written record, and pronounce the Scriptures an *insufficient* guide, without the church to interpret and dictate the *comment?* Infidelity, whether Deistic or Rationalistic, agrees heartily to the impeachment of Scripture; pronouncing it—if of authority at all—as being a guide, only when judged, sustained, and supplemented by human reason dictating or expunging the *text*. Does Superstition say, "Give us this world's power, wealth, and adornments—without them religion can not live?" So Skepticism exclaims, in no hostile spirit, "For worlds beyond, we have little care. For this present life, secure us; and we leave the rest." Does Rationalism say, "We need not the Son of God, as our atonement. If saved, it must be by our own merit?" Rome, in tones varying, but not adverse, rings out her answering chime, "We need, beside Christ the mediator, other mediators and more gentle; and the supererogatory works of our saints and ourselves." From the severity of Christ as the judge, they turn to the kindliness of his mother, the hope and refuge of sinners. Does Infidelity exclaim impiously, "Where is the Spirit, invisible and divine, on which you rely? Show us its form, and let our five fingers measure its dimensions?" Rome, in its turn, looks from the Spirit to the ritual, and the sacerdocy—the external signs and channels. If Carnal Reason lifts the shout, "By human power, and by material, tangible objects do we expect to succeed in any designs of ours," so does Ecclesiastical Polity exclaim, "By rites tangible and imposing, by the gorgeous spectacle, and the splendid ritual, and the national endowment, and the secular arm, must religion spread, if at all." But, over these two testimonies, diverse in wording, but harmonious in temper and sentiment, the book of God raises on high its own stern rebuke; "Not by might nor by power, but BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS." And with that sentence, the defiance of either camp, denouncing a carnal skepticism on the right hand, and denouncing a carnal superstition on the left, with that brief memorial inscribed on the banner which they set up and fling out, the true and spiritual Israel of God commence the conflict. It brings down upon them the combined hostility, derision, and hate, of either peopled encampment. But the sparse

phalanx, thus the common object of assault to Unbelief and to Superstition, is like the immortal legion of the old histories. The forces of a spiritual, evangelical Protestantism, must abide thus a double encounter. Infidelity knows by bitter experience, that these humble, spiritual, praying men have best rolled back her broadest streams of invasion. And Popery knows as well, that from this same class her territories have most to fear, and her polities and her tactics have least to hope.

IV. And thus we pass, naturally, to our closing topic, the *testimony of History* as to the relations between Rome and Skepticism, and the relative achievements of Romanism and Protestantism in repelling the assaults of the infidel.

Many Papal writers would trace all Infidelity to its origin in the Reformation. Balmes makes it begin with Bayle. He forgets that Pascal, a Catholic and a higher authority, finds it, before Bayle's time, in Montaigne. It was in Rabelais, a Romish ecclesiastic. On the other hand, some Protestant writers as unfairly would derive all modern Skepticism from France, the Catholic. Neither of these genealogies for Skepticism is true to the statements of History or the conclusions of Scripture. Rome should remember, that, in the Middle Ages, before the Reformation by Luther had dawned, one of her own Pontiffs charged a German Emperor with having classed Christ and Mohammed together, as both impostors—that, again, one of the mediæval kings of Spain, boasted, most skeptically, that had the Creator consulted him he could have mended the arrangement of the skies—that Simon de Tournay, one of the lights of the University of Paris, vaunted, how, as by argument he had established Christianity, he could by argument also overthrow and dethrone "the little Jesus," as blasphemously he styled the Redeemer—how the Knight Templars, in intercourse with the Saracens, were thought to have learned Skepticism; and a mutilated Gospel of St. John, which they used, yet remains to show their departure from the established Christianity. They forget that Lucian the Epicurean, born but some thirty years after John, the last apostle, died, was to all intents an infidel—the Voltaire of his century. They forget that, as early as the Psalmist's times, the fool had said in his heart, "There is no God;"—that, yet far in advance of that age, Cain's sacrifice was Rationalistic; and that Eve's creed, under Satan's promptings, was infidel, for it impeached the verity of the Divine utterances. Unbelief is, then, but the old, chronic malady of the Fall: and Infidelity is but a certain aggravated stage of Unbelief. It is Unbelief attacking the sufficiency or even possibility of a revelation.

In mediæval times, the philosophy of Aristotle, known through Latin translators, had formed a school of thinkers, who held that what was true in philosophy might be false in theology. Frankly stated, this was, in many of the holders, but a cautious form of infidelity. The revival of Greek learning and of the Platonic philosophy formed in Italy another

school of thinkers, who were, some at least, full skeptics. Luther found such at Rome among the priests. Some of these fleeing afterward into Protestant lands, as more tolerant of divergent opinions, aided, we think, in giving a rationalistic bias to the reform in Poland and Hungary. In England, at a later day, the freer interchange of opinion allowed open vent to the skepticism, which in Catholic countries though more mute was certainly not less active. Lord Herbert, then Hobbes, and still later, Tindal and Collins, and yet after them, Lord Bolingbroke gave utterance in Britain to skeptical views. It was from England, visited by Voltaire, who there had the acquaintance of Bolingbroke, that the great Theomachists of the French nation borrowed largely the arms which they wielded. But yet Bayle, and Montaigne, and Rabelais, the national predecessors of these French infidels, were not English. And whilst much of French skepticism was imported across the Channel, as traditional, very much was indigenous to the soil. It was in a country, which Papal persecutions had weeded of all Protestant defenders of the Gospel, where neither pulpit nor school felt longer the healthful emulation ministered to an earlier generation of Romanists by the Protestantism in that day tolerated—it was in a country that had harried and worried the more spiritual and the more scriptural portion of their own Catholic brethren, the Jansenists, that Skepticism began to sow and to reap its largest harvest. If Romanism were Christianity, it was an age in French history most Christian, because most intensely and most exclusively Catholic; when Romanism pure, Romanism the extruder of Protestantism, and Romanism the persecutor of Jansenism, had become dominant, and reigned unrivaled. But, then, as never before and never since, Skepticism struck deep its roots, and spread widely its branches. The king, Louis XV., is a bigoted Romanist, Dubois is not Huguenot or Jansenist; and he is the Premier of France, and a Cardinal of Rome. And then Atheism grows luxuriantly. "Was it for this," France might have said to the Vatican, "that I gave my Huguenots by myriads to the dragonade and the galleys at home, or to exile abroad? Was it for this, that I tore out my own entrails, to fatten, with my own loss, England and Germany, and Holland and transatlantic America? Was it for this, that I saw my St. Cyrans, and Arnaulds, and Quesnels, denounced, incarcerated, or expatriated—the glory of Jansenist intellect, and of Jansenist piety? Was it all, but for this, that thou mightest give me a Dubois for a Prelate and Cardinal; and lift my Voltaire to become the very Patriarch of impiety?" And soon, over throne and altar, over baronial mansions and lowly thresholds, went rolling in blood, the avenging torrents of an exasperated Atheism.

Infidelity had, from the influence of French literature and genius, spread to some extent into Protestant Germany, and into Protestant England. In the first country, it had a royal patron in Frederic the Great. In the last, it had its native advocates in Hume, Gibbon, and

Paine. It is, we believe, now generally acknowledged, that the two later Stuarts, of England, had been in the pay of France while on the British throne, and hoped to overturn, in their own land, its free constitution and its Protestant faith. Now, had they but in their earlier age succeeded, and a dominant Romanism been continued by the Stuarts of England in conjunction with the Bourbons of France, what must have been the result in Britain at the era of French impiety? We see no reason for doubting that had England then been Catholic, as the Stuarts had long before hoped to make it, the infidelity and anarchy on the one side of the Channel would have swept the other side also. Had England been infected when France was thus scourged, to become in turn the scourge of the Continent, what would have been the loss to civilization and to the race.! But Protestantism was the breakwater that turned the rising inundation—an Evangelical Protestantism, such as the Puritans and Nonconformists, and such as, after them, Watts, and Wesley, and Whitefield, and Wilberforce, within and without the Established Church, had labored and were laboring to cherish and to diffuse. This stood the onset and rolled back the submerging tides of Revolution, Anarchy, and Atheism. Now if Protestantism be the especial parent and persistent ally of Infidelity, how is it, that, in England especially and traditionally Protestant, she did not reap the whirlwind harvest, which, according to her Romish accusers, she had especially sown; but of which France, so boastfully and fiercely Catholic, was in fact the great reaper for all Europe? Whereas England it in fact was, which, having in an earlier age welcomed Huguenot refugees from the rage of French Catholicism, now, in a later age, opened her island home to shelter the refugee Catholic priests from the butchery of French Atheism. Tried by those two eras in their national annals, the Protestant land it was that sowed Charity and that reaped Peace; the Catholic people were they who sowed Romanist Persecution, and reaped Infidel Persecution; and having given Superstition her unlimited seed, time, saw Skepticism appear uncontrolled in the harvest field.

But it is said Germany is now the great center of Infidelity, and with her it is the development of Protestantism. The earlier movements of German scholarship in that direction, we reply, were in connection with translations from English Deism, but its more advanced, attended similar incursions of French Deism and Atheism. Its still more progressive stages have, with the many-sided erudition characteristic of the land, borrowed philosophy from the recreant Jew of Holland, Spinoza, and from the old Pantheism of Persia and India. Goethe, so powerful a name in the national literature, admired and emulated, probably, Voltaire, more than any other of the earlier celebrities. Infidelity was, in a very marked degree, in Germany, an exotic transplanted from foreign nurseries; and of those nurseries, besides the Hebrew and Oriental, the French contributed, and more largely far than the British, the seedlings. In this, more than in any land, Skepticism invaded the University, the

Pulpit, and the Theological School. The scourges of Providence, in the wars following the French Revolution, soon drove men to straits, where it was felt that Materialism could not satisfy the soul's cravings, and that Society needed Providence as a refuge and a ruler. Men looked again to a shelved Bible, a forgotten Heaven, and an exiled Redeemer. Scholars like Stolberg, Schlegel and Novalis sought, in the Romish church, truths that Rationalism had overlaid in the Protestant communion. It was like Naomi, agoing down, when famine reigned in Judah, to seek bread in the land of Moab. But in the Protestant churches of Germany evangelical truth was recovered, apart from all such changes of Romish proselytism: and in those Protestant churches, the gospel has had, in men recently dead or yet living, some of its ablest modern apologists.

In the last great commotion of European commonwealths, the Pantheistic and Socialistic elements, in German literature, seemed to prove their own flagrant incompetency for the crisis they had invoked. The nation, in just dread of such leaders, shrank from ameliorations and emancipations they might else have welcomed. Having ruined the cause of political freedom at home, some of these errorists, having migrated to our shores, insist on recasting the liberties we have retained, on the model of those which they wrecked abroad, by our surrender of the Sabbath, and the Bible, and the Christian ministry, that we may accept Spinoza as our prophet, and Pantheism as our creed. We know not that Evangelical Protestantism has shown itself, in any measure, behind Catholicism, in resisting such crusaders.

In Germany itself Romanism, quite recently, has done much to provoke and feed Skepticism. The exhibitors of the Holy Coat of Christ at Trèves, called out the German Catholic movement, one mainly and essentially Rationalistic and Socialistic. Promising much, this new body accomplished little; unless it were the unintended demonstration, that Romish extravagances of superstition may provoke as fierce an onset on all Christian verity and life, as ever grew out of a debased Protestantism.

In France the nominal return of a people, wearied and scarred with the results of Materialism, to the forms of the Catholic church, has not renewed, in the higher philosophers or men of science, any measure of religious principle and devouter feeling, at all equivalent to that found in the same class of thinkers and investigators in Protestant Britain. If Protestantism be the true parent of Infidelity, how is this singular and incontrovertible fact to be accounted for?

Our last and hurried reference shall be to *the relative merits and achievements of Protestantism and Romanism in counteracting Skepticism.* Let it be remembered how early Protestantism appeared in that field of Christian evidences in the person of one of the most illustrious heroes and statesmen of the old French Huguenots, Du Plessis Mornay. Later, Grotius of Holland, and Abbadie, the French Protestant, did

eminent service. Did Huet, the learned Catholic Bishop of Avranches, in the same field, or did Fénélon, surpass them? And for the decision of this question, turn to the great collections of works on Christian Evidences, edited by French Catholic scholars, the earlier by Genoude, the later and larger by Migne. It will be seen, that a very considerable proportion of the most able and effective treatises, in both these Catholic compilations, are by Protestant authors. Genoude, at first a publicist, and in his later years an ecclesiastic, of acknowledged talent and weight, remarks frankly, that no nation has produced a larger amount of able reasoning against infidelity than the English: and observes, that it may be because Protestants make their faith to lean so much upon reason. Butler, Bentley, Lardner, Halyburton, Lyttleton, Paley, Chalmers, Jenyns, Watson, and Wilson, where are they surpassed with the exception of Pascal? And how much in Blaise Pascal was intensely Protestant? When he said—as from his private notes, for the first time but recently published, it appears that he did say—referring to the condemnation of his letters at Rome: "If my letters be condemned at Rome, they are not condemned in Heaven," was it not, in effect, to renounce trust in the Vatican as the seat of Infallibility, and to deny the Pontiff as Vicegerent of the King of Heaven? Was there no echo of Wittenberg and of Geneva, in the heart that poured out from its profoundest musings, the unmatched "Thoughts on Religion?"

We would not deny to living Romanists, like Wiseman and Maret, the honor of their efficient labors in the defense of the Gospel. But the ablest of all the modern defenders, among Romanists, of Christianity against Skepticism, was the great Abbe La Mennais, for power of thought and splendor of diction, compared by them to Bossuet. As in a former century, the great Catholic scholar, Huet, had sought, by showing the weakness of Human Reason, to drive men over to the authority of the Infallible Church, so, but with more energy of intellect, and with more beauty and wealth of language did he. It was, we think, with both, a false and untenable ground. The church is, after all, but Human Authority. Scripture, in the exposition of Evangelical Protestants, asks men to rely, directly and personally, under the personal guidance of the Holy Spirit, in the exercise of their own best reason and inmost conscience, on a Personal, Faithful, and Omnipresent God. It is Divine Authority, accessible to every penitent and devout inquirer. Ask my faith in an Omnipresent Christ. I see the right of the claim. Ask my faith in a Church, which, though visible, is neither omnipresent nor Divine: and you ask my reliance on Human Authority. The foundation is inherently unsound. It gave way beneath that great writer, La Mennais himself. His old age was Rationalistic and Skeptical—more Pantheistic, we fear, than Christian. His first writings tinged with superstition, in his deference to the Vatican, and his last with Skepticism —they were but bifurcations of the same error—an undue reliance on

Human Authority,—in the first instance, as incorporated in the Church; in the last instance, as individualized in the solitary student.

So in the great movement, welling out from the great English University of Oxford, a similar parallel divergence was exhibited. The loftiest intellect among the leaders of it, John H. Newman, on the current of Human Authority—the authority of the early fathers of the Church, developing in them and from out them—was swept into the Roman communion. His own brother, Francis W. Newman, upon another branch of the same stream, another bough of the same crotch—holding also the power of Human Authority, but in the shape of the reason developing out of the individual man—finds his way forth into the boldest, blankest Rationalism, denying the perfection of the moral character even of Jesus. In the same movement, another pair of brothers illustrated the same forkings of the road of Human Authority. Froude, whose diary, published after his death, was the first bold proclamation of the Romeward longings of the Oxford Tractarians, has left a brother who has turned along the same pathway into the other bifurcation; and Human Authority, in the shape of the individual reason, makes this latter brother intensely skeptical. The Absolute Reason of the Pantheist, and the Absolute Church of the Ultramontane Romanist, are, after all, sustained on the same common trunk of Human Authority. It is easy to migrate, with La Mennais, from Romanism to Rationalism. So had Gibbon done, and so Bayle, long before. Or, on the other hand, a man begins to credit the Church rather than the Head of the Church, and soon he believes in the melting blood of Saint Januarius, the migrating house of Loretto, and the Holy Coat of Trèves, as well as in the Gospels or the Sacraments. And so a man who indulged but lately in vaunts of skepticism may become, by no very tedious process, a devotee of the winking Madonna, like the Abbe Ratisbon. He who doubted of God may come to adore the bread wafer. An implicit faith in Voltaire may be changed, as easily as the garment of a by-gone fashion, for a faith as implicit in the Vatican.

What, then, are our auguries? They are simply these: JESUS CHRIST, the very God incarnate in our human nature, YET LIVES, Ruler of the centuries, nations, and schools, and Head over all things to His own spiritual Church. Our faith is not in the Church, but in Him, its Life, its Light, its Might—ever present, almighty, and unchanging. This Christ will outlive the Superstitions that would cover Him over, and the Skepticism that would fain thrust Him out. Just as His prophet Isaiah will, in his writings, survive all the Rabbinic commentaries that overlay the seer, and all the Rationalistic interpreters that would wash out his visions; so the Great Redeemer, Isaiah's theme and Lord, will outlast the Decretals that supplant, and the oracles of Reason that contradict Him.

In God's having reserved to our own times the key to the hieroglyphics of the land of the Nile, and of the arrow-headed inscriptions of Bab-

ylon and Nineveh, has he not been keeping back to the needful hour, as it were, a whole shelf of the library of Scripture evidences? Has he not similar designs for each new outbreak of the old abysses of unbelief in the human heart? Man excogitates new cavils, and recasts into new missiles the old spent bombs of an exploded philosophy. But God's truth and cause tower serenely on, adequate and ready to repel, with ever-growing strength, the renewed onset. God's providence is interpaging, with each new scrawling of unbelief, some new leaf of testimony. It is our personal privilege—our personal duty—our interest, and our security, and our glory, to become for ourselves, individually, the converts and epistles of this Unchanging Saviour, and of his Unwearying Spirit. Nought else will save the world—nought else will save our own souls. Then, "TAUGHT OF THE LORD," we shall be, like the old Immortal Legion, fit, not only to stand in the evil day, but to roll back, in our wedge-like position, the bands of a credulous apostacy, that believe every thing, and the bands of an Infidel apostacy, that believe nothing. To their common ground of error, the paramount claims of Human Authority—in the school or in the Vatican, or in the isolated consciousness—let us oppose, undauntedly, the more scriptural and the more rational position, the Need and Force of Divine Authority, individually consulted in the open Scripture, individually invoked in the Descending Spirit, individually experienced in the regenerate heart. "LET GOD BE TRUE AND EVERY MAN A LIAR!" The wedge, thus resting on the immutability and veracity of God, shall not be broken. From its serried flanks shall recede, baffled and discomfited, on either hand, the throngs of the Traditionist and the Rationalist. The generations pass, and their philosophies and their celebrities drop with them; but the faith of the churches, God-warranted, soars above those changes, indefectible, immutable, and invincible. "THE GRASS WITHERETH, AND THE FLOWER FADETH. SURELY THE PEOPLE IS GRASS. BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER."

DISCOURSE XIX.

ALBERT BARNES.

The remark that God never endows a man with the gift of doing more than one thing *well*, receives a striking refutation in the history of Mr. Barnes. It were difficult to determine whether he excels as preacher or *expositor*—whether he is more the plodding student or the pulpit orator—the successful pastor of a particular flock, or the theological writer and commentator for the *people*. Of his adaptedness for the one position, a pastorate of more than a quarter of a century with a large and influential church, is a sufficient evidence, and that he is not less skillful as the annotator and biblical critic, is evinced by the wide and increasing circulation of his "Notes" and publications of various kinds.

Mr. Barnes, like most men of mark, had his origin in humble life. He was born the son of a tanner, in the township of Rome, New York, December 1st, 1798; and in early life assisted his father at his trade, and at the same time, by application to reading and study, laid the basis of a solid education. It was not until he had reached the age of twenty-two years, that he was led to a saving knowledge of Christ, when he united with the church in his native village. This was the same year (1820) that he graduated at Hamilton College, having pursued his studies there only in connection with the senior class. In November of that year he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where, after a three years' course, he spent another year as resident graduate. He was licensed to preach, in April, 1824, and on the twenty-fifth day of the following February, ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church, Morristown, New Jersey. His ministry in this place, which was one of zeal and efficiency, continued for five years; when he accepted, much against the wishes of his people, a call from the First Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, and entered upon the duties of his new field, June 25th, 1830; a position which he continues to fill to this day.

Mr. Barnes has, thus far, led a life of active and laborious toil. The labor which he has performed—a large part of it in the early morn, while other men are asleep—would seem to be enough to crush any constitution but one of iron. It is not strange that for a while, of late years, he was deprived of all use of his eyes, and in other respects almost unfitted for service. His Commentaries alone, in some sixteen or eighteen volumes, are a monument of unremitting industry. It must be peculiarly gratifying to their author to witness the general favor with which they have been and are received. It is stated that not less than twenty-eight thousand volumes of the "Notes" were printed in the year ending with December, 1856; at which time it was estimated that the circulation had reached, in the aggregate, nearly four hundred thousand copies. Some of them have been translated into several languages.

Besides these, he has published a great number of volumes of essays, reviews, sermons, addresses, etc., of a practical or dogmatical character. Taken together, it was estimated at the time referred to, that the circulation of all his works had amounted to five hundred thousand volumes. His "Commentaries," as indeed all his works, are of a popular cast, without any great display of learning, but meeting a difficulty fairly, and penetrating at once into the core of the subject, and opening it up to the comprehension of every mind.

As a preacher, Mr. Barnes belongs to the first rank of American divines. His style is perfectly neat and transparent, and his fresh and weighty thoughts are uttered with the various essentials of true effectiveness. His pulpit eloquence is of the character of a quiet, deep, wide, and fertilizing river, rather than of a rapid and rushing cataract. He enters the sanctuary with a humble and subdued air, and ascends the pulpit apparently unconscious of the presence of a congregation. While waiting the hour of service, he sits as if in meditation or prayer, with his head leaning upon his hand; and reads the Scriptures and the hymn, and leads in prayer, with careful propriety and dignified simplicity. Of late years he does not often preach from a manuscript; and, except while referring to a text in the Bible, his eyes are directed toward the congregation. It is said that the same elaborate research, the same clear apprehension and statement, the same purity, elevation, and strength of language, the same felicity of illustration which have commended his various works to popular favor, characterize his ministrations.

We are happy in being able to lay before the readers of this volume, a sermon which has not before been printed, and which we are sure will be read with interest and profit. The theme is novel, and it is handled with a master's skill.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL ON THE IMAGINATION.

"Casting down imaginations, and every high thought that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." —2 CORINTHIANS, x. 5.

THIS is to be done, according to the context, by the weapons of spiritual warfare with which the gospel furnishes us. It is not by carnal weapons, not by military force; but by an armor which the gospel supplies. The war is to be made on wrong opinions, on false philosophy, on reasonings or imaginations which tend to inflate the mind, and to corrupt the heart—the strongholds of sin. The object of the gospel is to achieve complete victory over the whole realm of mind and heart; to lead every thought captive to the obedience of Christ, or to subdue all to him. The sentiment of the text then is, that it is the design of the gospel to make war on the prevailing opinions, doctrines, sentiments, philosophy, and imaginings, in the world, which stand up against the dominion of Christ over the human soul.

From the wide range of thought into which we might be led by the text thus explained, I propose to select one single department, in order

to illustrate the effects of conversion. It is *its power of the imagination*, or *its influence in promoting a pure fancy*. We shall consider,

I. The influence of this faculty of mind upon the formation of character; and

II. The power which the gospel exerts in making it pure.

I. The influence of the imagination in the formation of character.

1. In illustrating this head, my first remark is, that it is probable that in numerous cases, if not in all, the imagination has more to do with the formation of character than any other faculty of the mind. It is constantly operating in bringing various objects before us; in giving them their peculiar color and attractiveness; and in seizing upon the affections of the heart. It takes us away from the cold, dull, tame realities of life, where there may be little to interest or attract us, or where there is much to pain us, to ideal scenes, which we may make just what we please. Its operations, either for good or bad, are *constant* and almost *incessant*, and almost *omnipotent*. The conscience acts comparatively rarely, and on great occasions. The *reason* and the *judgment* with most persons are allowed much less influence in forming their opinions than prejudice, and passion, and feeling. The memory has less influence in forming the character than the imagination—for there are, with us all, fewer things that we delight to remember, than that we hope to enjoy. Could we take our characters to pieces as we may a watch, and look at all the secret springs and influences that have gone to mold our views, we should probably be surprised to find how much the influence of the imagination has had to do with making us what we are. This remark in regard to the *constancy* of its operations, has peculiar importance in relation to the young. It is then that the character is formed; and it is then that the fancy is most vivid and controlling. The young have little to dwell upon in the past, for memory has, as yet, left few traces in their souls; they have not learned to look with distrust on the bright picturings of the future; for their anticipations have not been sobered by the disappointments and sadness of life; they are not often placed in circumstances which demand the stern application of the decisions of conscience and reason, and they allow visions of fancy to float before the eye of the soul, and the mind to be molded by their small, but fascinating forms. The characters of not a few persons are made up of mere imagination.

> "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact.
> One has more devils than vast hell can hold,
> That is the madman; the lover all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

> The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

How many entire *characters* are there in the world, which have been formed wholly under the influence of romance, in which there has been nothing drawn from real life; nothing from the sober maxims of truth! Who can estimate the number of such characters which are forming under the influence of the novels poured from a prolific press every day in our times?

2. My second remark is, that the imagination is evidently designed by the Creator to produce an important effect on the character and happiness of man. It is intended to raise us from the dull and tedious monotony of the realities which are around us, and to elevate us to the contemplation of higher and nobler objects. It is designed to place us amid anticipated scenes, which will be fitted to exalt what is groveling; to purify what is gross; and to remove what is debasing and corrupt. It is the power to create scenes of rare beauty; to collect and blend the charms of nature, which exist singly in reality; to place together in one group the choice thoughts of sentiment and devotion; to unite in the same person excellences scattered among many in real life, that shall lead us to contemplate a perfect character; to arrange circumstances that shall fill up the conception of unsullied purity and happiness in some scene such as the earth has never witnessed, and to hold these beautiful images before the mind until the heart shall love them and the soul shall pant for what it has not been permitted to enjoy. Such a power is evidently one that is adapted to have an important connection with religion—for religion relates much to the future and the unseen, and its influence on the soul is derived in a great measure from appeals made to the eye of faith, and not to the eye of sense. The things of religion are mostly in the invisible world. Its design is to raise the soul above the objects of time and sense, to the contemplation of anticipated beauties and glories there.

3. My third remark is, that the imagination, as it is actually exercised by the great mass of men, is little fitted to elevate or purify the character. There are operations of this faculty, corrupt in the extreme in their tendency, of which I can not speak. But there are also those exerting a vast influence to no advantage, which it is not improper to describe. Let any one look into the chambers of his own soul, and mark what is habitually passing there, and he will be sensible of the influence of this faculty on his character. Look at the amount of time which is spent in mere day-dreams as unreal as the dreams of the night, and as profitless. There are few—are there any?—who have not spent more time by far,

than is needful to secure the salvation of the soul, in schemes of fancied popularity, wealth, scholarship, amusement, building "castles in the air?"

A young man dreams of wealth, and instead of looking at the sober reality, and the little prospect he may have of obtaining it—on the little probability that it will satisfy him or be usefully employed if he secures it—he begins to act in the ideal scene, and thinks of the good which he will do, or the homage that will be paid him, or the comforts that he will gather around him, or the amusements which it will open before him—and the mind revels profitless in the unreal scene. Another dreams of honor: he is beyond all his competitors; he has carried all the prizes of scholarship; he outpeers all others in his profession; his path is thronged with clients, or his name is blazoned abroad as an author through other lands; the honor of his acquaintance is sought, and his name, he fancies, is immortal. He begins to live in that unreal scene, and for it, and it throws back an influence, good or bad, on every step he takes, and on every plan he forms. The votaries of fashion dwell on dress, and adulation, and the displays of person that shall charm every eye, and of triumphs at home and abroad; and amid such scenes the fancy roves, and such brilliant prospects entrance the soul. The politician, the orator, the poet, the scholar, the professional man, thus live no small part of their time amid day-dreams, and amid an influence not drawn from objects real, or ever *to be* real, but such as they choose at pleasure to form. The dull, cold, monotonous reality of life, they can not control: that must be met as it is; but these fancied realms may be shaped and peopled at pleasure, and there we may be just what we please—kings, princes, scholars, nobles, poets, orators, or, in personal accomplishments, the admired of all. These thoughts come into our minds in moments of leisure; they intrude into our houses of devotion, and often, in either case, we are willing to welcome them; for the sad or cheerless present has little to interest or hold us there.

4. My fourth remark is, that many of these imaginings may be innocent, but not all. Such musings as Cowper had are entirely harmless, when he said:

> "Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
> Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
> Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
> In the red cinders, while with peering eye
> I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
> Nor less amused, have I quiescent watched
> The sooty films that play upon the bars,
> Pendulous and foreboding, in the view
> Of superstition, prophesying still,
> Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
> 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
> In indolent vacuity of thought,
> And sleeps, and is refreshed."

If they produce no positive good, and do nothing to promote virtue and enlarge the heart, they, at least, leave no foundation for regret in view of any polluting influence. But this is the character of a small part of the imaginings of the heart. Many indulge themselves in forming pictures when the *reality* would be aggravated crime. Many dwell on fancied scenes, where such realities would only corrupt and destroy. The very passage of many a thought through the mind, though it should be expelled in a moment, leaves a stain there which is never on earth to be effaced; and many a thought of this description is recalled and dwelt upon until, under the influence of memory, it exerts afresh all the power it ever had to pollute the soul. No bosom, probably, and no place is safe from such intrusions. Even in reading the Bible, the mind often wanders far off to some ideal scene, and the words meet the eye, but the sense does not reach the heart. In prayer, the thoughts wander away from God, and, ere we are aware, while the words are on our lips, the fancy is reveling amid some ideal worldly scene. In the sanctuary, and on the Sabbath, while the words descriptive of the love of Christ, or the joys of heaven, fall on the listless ear, the fancy is picturing to itself some scene of future worldly delight, and images of wealth, and ambition, and gaudy dresses, and the dance, flit across the mind. It is not reason that corrupts, or judgment that blinds, or conscience that betrays men; it is that the imagination is busy with unreal scenes or pictures, that only corrupt, and the word of truth falls on inattentive ears.

Few indeed are the pictures which the fancy forms, which can be indulged in with safety to the soul; and, perhaps, when the sinner is judged, and the soul lost, it will be found, to an extent of which he little dreams now, that he will owe his everlasting ruin to an unchecked and unrestrained imagination, just as many a youth now is ruined in his character and peace by this cause: I say, unchecked and unrestrained.

Conduct that would destroy, is checked by the restraints of social life, and the *words* that would disgrace are checked by regard to character and reputation. But there are no such restraints on an evil heart. Its workings may be indulged in the presence of any others, no matter how pure—in any place, no matter how holy—and the process of death may be going on in the soul, in the society of the most lovely and holy, and near the very altars and in the temples of a holy God.

5. I add another thought under this head, to illustrate the importance of this faculty of the mind in the formation of character. It is, that all who attempt to corrupt the world, make their appeal in a great measure through it. Few, comparatively, are the appeals by the unprincipled and the vile to the reason of mankind, and still fewer to the conscience; but no one can estimate the number made to the fancy. They come to the soul when most plastic and tender, in the poetry that charms, and in the works of fiction in which every age, and our own eminently, abounds.

Unreal characters, scenes representing unreal life, and pictures of a

fancied world, are presented, to form the opinions and to invite the heart. The press groans under such productions, and there are millions of the young who commence their career with views and feelings that have been molded by those works of genius, rather than by any just conception of truth and of the realities of life. In all the works of poetry, also, there are gifted but guilty minds,

> "Whose poisoned song
> Would blend the bounds of right and wrong,
> And hold with sweet, but cursed, art,
> Their incantations o'er the heart,
> Till every pulse of pure desire
> Throbs with the glow of passion's fire."

Probably, in all ages, if man was to be corrupted, the approach was to be made through the imagination. If unreal views of life are to be formed, if the passions are to be inflamed, if the thoughts are to be alienated from all that would elevate and sanctify—the appeal is to be made there. Philosophy affects the few, the creations of fancy the many. In looking over our own lives, it is probable that we can find but few bad influences on our souls which have not had their origin there; and for one corrupting appeal which has been made to the reason and conscience, a thousand have been made to the fancy. It is from considerations such as these, which might be indeed greatly expanded, that the importance of this faculty of the mind is seen in its relation to moral character. Its operations in any other respect do not appropriately fall in with this place and with the duties of this day. I proceed to our

II. Second object; to consider the influence of Christianity on this faculty. The inquiry is, what effect would be produced by bringing the mind under the fair influence of the gospel; by bringing "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." I observe,

1. In the first place, that religion gives sober and chastened views of things. It has to do with realities, and one object of the gospel is to fix the mind on those realities. It takes away the soul from scenes of fancied existence, and from the gay pictures which the mind has formed to a sober contemplation of what actually *is*, and what *is to be*. We shall inquire in another part of our subject whether it affords a sufficient range for the healthful exercise of this faculty; but the remark now is, that whatever range the mind is allowed under the gospel, is limited to what is real and true. It is contemplated that no effect is to be produced on the soul which the truth is not adapted to nourish and sustain. The *effect* of this on the soul of man can not but be vast, and as salutary as it is vast. Look at a few illustrations of it.

When Christ appeared on the earth to introduce his religion to the nations, the corrupt mythology of the heathen had peopled all the in-

visible world with imaginary beings, claiming the homage of man, and controlling his destiny. Gods and goddesses swarmed in the sky, in the waters, and on the land, and everywhere altars had been erected to propitiate their favor, or to deprecate their wrath. None of these were wholly pure; most of them were debased and sensual in the highest degree. At one stroke Christianity swept all these away, and annihilated all the power which these fancied beings had usurped over the soul. Instead of the multitude of gods, one God alone was revealed; instead of hosts of subordinate divinities with contending interests, and corrupt passions, demanding a temple and an altar in every village and every grove, and under every green tree, and a protecting image by every fireside, one great mediator was proclaimed to men offering a perfect sacrifice for sin, and rendering altars and oblations henceforward useless. Instead of the doubt which existed about the immortality of the soul, and the endless conjectures of the fancy about the future state, the undying nature of the soul was affirmed without ambiguity, and a heaven revealed of eternal purity. The creations of fancy that had thus been accumulating for ages, and that were modified by all that a corrupt imagination, or that conscious guilt could do, were thus swept away at once, and all their influence on the human mind, producing terror and superstition, and pollution, was stayed.

But look a moment at the influence of the gospel on the mind that has allowed itself to roam amid unreal scenes till now. To such a mind, when brought under the power of Christianity, life, once a trifle, becomes a momentous reality. It is not a dream, or a succession of fancied scenes; it is made up of hours and moments, each one of which in its rapid flight leaves an indelible impression on the soul; it is connected with facts that are of the deepest importance, and that have not one characteristic of a dream of the imagination; it is advancing to results boundless in their character and duration, where in the solemn realities the fancy itself wanders exhausted, and is lost. Life is a sober business of preparing for another world; the soul is to be saved; the crown of glory is to be won; sin is to be subdued; the passions are to be restrained and purified; death is to be met. These are sober realities; and to the Christian mind they have a solemnity and an importance which at once turns away the soul from day-dreams, and gives it occupancy in the severe and accurately-bounded visions of truth. Again:

When the mind is impressed with the importance of religion, all these things have the power over the soul of reality. The youth that dreams of future honor that shall satisfy, or of wealth that shall meet his wants, or of pleasures that shall have no alloy, knows, or may easily know, that it is a mere fancy sketch. There *have* been no such honors, or riches, or pleasures in this world, nor will there be; and it is very easy for any youth to certify himself of that fact. In none of those dreams of the fancy *are* we in fact so lost as to suppose them real, and a moment's

thought will break the whole charm, and dispel the illusion. But he who fixes his thoughts on heaven, feels assured that it *is* a most affecting reality. He believes there is no illusion about it. The charm of the contemplation is not dispelled by a return to the sober realities of this life, for they only serve to heighten the conviction of the superior grandeur and desirableness of that unseen world. The objects that now interest the soul are sober, rational, real; and the wandering mind is fettered down to what is real and what is true.

2. As a second illustration of the effect of the gospel on the imagination, I observe, that all the objects presented to the mind by it, are fitted to produce a pure and holy influence. There is not one that can be perverted to purposes of corruption, however long they may be contemplated, or in whatever forms they may be grouped or molded. Let us look back for one moment, at some of these objects which most excite the attention and interest of the Christian.

(*a*). Foremost in the things that attract his eye, and that win his heart, are the sufferings of the Redeemer. Now, in those sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane, and on the cross, there is all that could ever exist to give employment to a pure imagination. The Godhead of the sufferer—the union with human nature—the benevolence of his works—the views which he had of man—of God—of eternity—the scene in the garden—the silence of midnight—the sleeping disciples—the neighboring mount—the adjacent city—the approaching Roman band—the stealthful tread of the traitor—the angel ministering to the feeble human nature of the sufferer; and the scene on the cross—the darkened heavens—the earthquake—the rising dead—the Roman guard—the pressing throng—the eye, the brow, the tortured body of the Redeemer—all are circumstances on which the imagination may dwell, and with more engrossing power than any thing else that ever appealed to man. Yet here all is *pure*. It is impossible so to picture those scenes as to minister to a depraved fancy, or to be otherwise than a source of purity to the soul. When the mind wanders most; when the images before it are of a character least likely to sanctify; when the Christian allows his affections to rove most on forbidden things, one glance at the cross, one moment's contemplation of the scene in Gethsemane, checks all the wandering, and rebukes all this indulgence. The mind comes back to sober reality—to scenes of unequaled purity—and to places where we feel, and can not *but* feel, that no impure thought should be allowed to intrude.

(*b*). Again: when we think of heaven, the effect can not but be pure. A single moment's reflection will satisfy any one, that in the great account of that blessed world in the Bible, there is enough to give ample scope to all the conceptions of the most brilliant and discursive fancy. My remark now is, that all the conceptions of heaven which are based on the Bible, are fitted to purify the soul. The follower of Mohammed thinks of a heaven, the anticipation of which will minister to

every bad passion of his nature; the heaven of the Christian is the abode of intelligent holiness. He dreams of no world where wealth will be the engrossing object; where ambition will pursue its plans; where the soul will be devoted to sensuality; where there will be envy or malice, pride or corruption. In *his* heaven there are *two* elements; first, *holiness;* second, *knowledge;* both ever advancing and expanding, and both having an ample field for indulgence and increase. He thinks of no friends there who are not holy; of no employments which are not pure. The friends that he has parted with here, and that he expects to meet there, are those, and those only, who are renewed in heart, and whose sanctification, though but begun here, is made perfect there; the new friendship that he expects to form there with those who have gone from our world, are with the excellent and good of all ages; the new friendships with other beings are with those unfallen spirits who never had an impure thought or an unholy desire. The songs in which he will join are not those which inflame the passions; the joys anticipated are not those which enfeeble the intellect or corrupt the heart. The God, in whose presence he is to be forever, is a pure and holy God; nor does he anticipate a pleasure there which shall not promote the purity of his nature. Even in imagination the employments of heaven can not be made such as shall have an unholy influence on the heart. There may be much—we think it likely there *is* much in the common anticipations of heaven which will prove to be erroneous, and when we reach that world, we may find it far different from what we had pictured to our fancy; but still, all the influence which it exerts is pure.

Correct or incorrect in the details, the only image that floats before the fancy of the Christian is *holy*. The beings that are there are holy; the employments are pure; the waters flow from crystal fountains; the robes are white; and the crowns are crowns of gold. And as often as the mind of the Christian can be raised from earth to heaven, it ascends above a world of sin and of corrupting illusions, like ascending from low plains, where are mephitic vapors, to mountain-tops, where the air is always pure. You may say that this is *mere fancy*. We will not quarrel about that; let us agree on the one point—that he who presents a pure object, or group of objects, eminently attractive to the soul, all whose combinations are pure and holy, and which NEVER CAN be otherwise, has done something to break in upon the selfishness and corruption of the human heart.

I might go on to speak of other things in which the imagination of the Christian is concerned. I might speak of his conception of God; of the death-bed scene; of the anticipated reign of truth and piety in the world; of the glories of that "illustrious morn" that shall break from the sky when the dead shall all arise; but the subjects selected will present the general idea. Think, O Christian, when thy fancy roams on forbidden things; when the objects of time and sense group themselves in

attractive combinations before thy soul; when some unhallowed pleasure allures thy heart, and a charm almost resistless draws thee along to the place of worldly amusement; when the power of early corrupt associations fills thy memory with polluted images; think then of thy Redeemer in the garden or on the cross; think of his agony and bloody sweat; think of the crown of thorns, the bleeding hands, the mild, sweet, languid eye of the dying sufferer; or think of heaven, of God; of thy Saviour in glory; of the shining ranks of seraphs; of thy departed sister, child, that is there; of the songs of praise that ascend around the throne. Let the influence of these scenes enter into thy soul; and thou shalt feel that *thy* heart is not the place for impure images and corrupt imaginings.

3. My third and last illustration of the power of Christianity on the imagination will be derived from this consideration: that the objects which religion presents to the mind are just such as are adapted to the imagination as it is made by its Creator. There are two things which seem to be demanded in order that it shall accomplish the moral purpose to which it is adapted. The first is, that the objects which it contemplates should be *pure;* the other is, that there should be sufficient obscurity in regard to them to give the most ample scope to its powers. It can not dwell on mere details; it is not the faculty that finds its home in statistics; its place is not the exact sciences. It has its starting-point in hints, and suggestions, and thought of truth, and then the wide range is before it, where it combines, and creates, and bodies forth unseen things to the view. I have adverted to the fact that Christianity has removed all the creations of the ancient mythology, and swept away the multitude of divinities with which a troubled conscience, or an impure fancy, had peopled the heavens. It has left a pure sky; opened an immensity of worlds peopled only by holy beings; thrown open the portals of heaven for the mind to range there; and spoken of eternal employments and joys in that blessed world. The thought which I wish now to suggest, is, that while Christianity is based on facts, and while those facts are stated with the most accurate precision, and will bear the application of the severest laws of criticism, yet the *form* in which they are presented is just *as if* it were intended to make the most that is possible to be made of the imagination. Truth and holiness are the broad basis on which all is to rest; but there is obscurity, there is grandeur, there is vastness, there is infinitude, on which the mind may range forever. Take, for example, what I have already referred to, the sufferings of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, and on the cross. The narrative is simple and unaffected, as if written by a child. There is no mere rhetoric. There is not a word of astonishment; there is not an attempt to excite the passions or to picture the scene. The circumstances of the narrative are so accurate and so minute that it seems almost as if there were an effort to give a mere dry detail, and as if the writers meant to

anticipate every objection, and to prevent the possibility of a suspicion that the account was forged, and yet the whole account seems just as if it were *designed* to leave as much for the imagination to supply as possible. Fewer words could not have been used in the description; and how the Saviour looked; what was the aspect of the heavens; what was the effect on the minds of those who witnessed these scenes—who is there that has not been disposed to ask of some one who knew? The resurrection of Jesus—the most solemn and grand event that has occurred in the world—entering into all the hopes of man, and shedding new light around the grave—how simple and short the account, and what a degree of obscurity rests upon it where the imagination may roam! The final resurrection of the just and unjust; the bursting of the graves, and the sea giving up its dead; a world on fire, and all the dead mounting up to meet their final judge—how simple the details in the Scriptures, yet what a field where the fancy may range. The employments of heaven; the everlasting joys there; the appearance of that world—how brief the details in the Scriptures; how almost tantalizing the statements; and yet what a field of glory! How sublime! How obscure!

How much to imagine—to think of—to desire; just *as if* it were *meant* to fill the mind, and to win the heart; to make all on earth appear little and mean, and to make us pant to break away from the clods that fetter us, and to go and know what there is there! There are, indeed, great landmarks set up along the future. The mind does not range without bound or limit. Light is thrown on a few distant objects, and the imagination is left to fill up all that is intermediate. We know we shall be holy; we know we shall see the Redeemer, and meet with the departed pious dead, and gaze upon the throne, and drink of the river of life, and sin and die no more. And with these great landmarks what a range of thought is there on which the mind may dwell! What a world! Just as if it were made for the flights of a pure and boundless imagination!

From our subject we learn,

1. The importance and value of early piety. It is in youth that the imagination is most active, and it is then that the most deep and permanent impressions are made upon the soul by its exercise. No young person can properly estimate the value of a pure fancy in regard to his future character, nor of the influences which he allows his mind to be subject to at that period of life. If the observation be correct which I suggested at the beginning of this discourse, that the imagination has more to do in forming the character than any other faculty of mind, then the importance of keeping it within the limits of purity, is at once apparent. Of all checks and restraints in regard to this faculty, none is so valuable as religion. Its objects are all pure; its influences are all holy; its tendencies are all heavenly. At the same time, as we have seen, its revela-

tions are just such as give the widest range to this faculty, and one presented in just the form at once to gratify and to elevate the soul. No youth can be injured by bringing his mind under the restraints of religion; there is no one who is certainly safe if he allows the mind to range without restraint, and the fancy to riot uncontrolled.

2. This subject is of great importance to the Christian. If the remark already made more than once, that the imagination enters deeply into the formation of character be true, then we see how directly this bears on the subject of Christian character and Christian peace. I address, probably, few, if any, who have passed the season of quite early life, who have not been materially and permanently injured by an improper indulgence of the imagination. In our anticipations of happiness in this world, in the associations which bind our thoughts now together; in our wishes and desires, and in the ordinary trains of thought which pass through the mind, our views are oftener formed under the guidance of this faculty than of any other. The improper indulgence of this faculty at some period of our lives, has left traces deep and dark on the soul, which nothing, not even religion, in this world will wholly obliterate, and which will attend us, though, if Christians, with diminished weakness, down to the grave. We have been injured, not by the decisions and promptings of conscience; not by the deductions of reason; not by the exercise of our own judgment; not by the advice of pious friends; but by the passage of the corrupt thought, leaving pollution behind it; by unreal views of what life is; by day-dreams of earthly bliss, and by allowing the mind to roam unchecked on forbidden pleasures. There our character has been injured, and the injury is so deep and abiding that it goes with us till we are made pure by that extraordinary change which is wholly to cleanse our souls when we die.

3. Finally. Christians may learn from our subject what is needful to be done to stay, as far as possible, the evils which have been already caused by a corrupt imagination. It is found in bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. It is not difficult to apply the remedy, and to make the soul eminently what it should be. Christian, when some corrupt image presents itself to the eye of thy mind, or comes, thou knowest not whence, or how, into thy heart, think then of thy Saviour, of Gethsemane, of Calvary. When the world presents itself with delusive attractions, and visions of happiness, in the gay circle and among the thoughtless and the vain, begin to charm thy heart, then think of brighter scenes in heaven; of thy everlasting home; of the crowns of gold and the harps of praise, and the shining ranks of the redeemed. Let not these visions of earthly bliss, or images of forbidden joys, dwell in thy mind and stain the purity of thy redeemed soul; but turn thy thoughts to thy Saviour—to his holy life, and his pure words; think of that eye, where purity always beamed, and of that heart, where no unholy thought found a home; think of the glories of the resurrection

morning, and of that world where no envious lip, or wanton eye, shall see or taste the bliss! The range of thy thoughts, like those of thy Saviour, is to be in a world of purity. Thou art to dwell not amid earthly and sensual pleasures, but hereafter with the pure seraphs above. Thou art to anticipate not the poor groveling, debasing, transient joys of this life; not the pleasures sought by the world in halls of splendor, and in dress, and song, and the banquet, but the joys of heaven. Let thy thoughts be there. Let the images that float before thy fancy come from that world. Fix thine eye, radiant with the anticipation of eternal purity, on the wonders of that heaven where are now the pure spirits, redeemed from this lower world; where are angels and archangels; where is thy Redeemer and thy God. Thus shall these wild, roving imaginings be checked and stayed; and hope, and faith, and love combine to keep steadily before thy soul the transforming image of a holy heaven.

DISCOURSE XX.

ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D.D., LL.D.

This distinguished leader among the Old School Presbyterians, was born at Cabells-Dale, the homestead of his father, near Lexington, Kentucky, on the 8th day of March, 1800. He was left, by the death of his father, when six years old, to the care of his mother, along with two sisters and four brothers, all minors. Only himself, his venerable mother, and his brother, Rev. Dr. W. L. Breckinridge, survive. His father was that John Breckinridge who was the leader of the democratic party in the Senate of the United States, at the close of the administration of the elder Adams, and afterward Attorney-General of the United States in Mr. Jefferson's administration. His mother was Mary Hopkins Cabell, daughter of Colonel Joseph Cabell, a colonel of the Virginia line of the Revolutionary army. He was raised in a family that had been Presbyterians since the Reformation; and joined that church, on profession of his faith, in Lexington, Kentucky, in the spring of the year 1829. The means, if any, especially blessed to this end, were the instructions of a pious schoolmaster, in his very early years; the example and influence of his first wife; the company and conversation of Christian friends—especially his brother John; and severe afflictions. He was educated at the schools and academies of his native State, until at the age of sixteen years; then spent three years between Princeton, Yale, and Union Colleges, and graduated at the last in 1819. He was ordained, and settled as pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Baltimore, in 1832, and occupied that field for nearly thirteen years—leaving it to become President of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1845, where he remained for two years, being at the same time pastor of the church in the village of Canonsburg. In 1847 he left Pennsylvania, and became Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Kentucky, and, at the same time, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Lexington, Kentucky. These situations he occupied for six years; and, in 1853, was elected, by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States, the first Professor of Exegetic, Didactic, and Polemic Theology, in the new Seminary then established in Danville, Kentucky. He has held this situation to the present time, with honor to himself and the Institution.

Dr. Breckinridge was educated for the bar, and practiced law in Kentucky—from 1823 till 1830—about eight years; and during that period was four or five times a member of the Kentucky Legislature, from his native county of Fayette. He has written and published quite extensively. During the years 1835—1843, he edited the "Literary and Religious Magazine," and the "Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," at Baltimore. He published two volumes of "Travels in Europe, in 1838." He has published a number of speeches, letters, arguments, occasional sermons, and con-

troversial tracts and essays, relating to all the great movements and controversies, religious, moral, philanthropic, literary, scientific, and even political, of the last thirty-five years. His writings, if collected, would probably be as voluminous as those of almost any American writer; while his life has been one also of incessant activity. He is said to have never taken sufficient interest in what he wrote, even to preserve copies of his own publications; many of which are out of print, and are often inquired for. It is understood that the Carters, of New York, are about to bring out a large work on theology from his pen.

Few men have taken a livelier interest in general education. The common-school system of Kentucky, now embracing all the children of that State, is chiefly the result of his labors, and the Theological Seminary at Danville, Kentucky, would hardly have existed but for him. In the direct work of the Christian ministry, God has, in a remarkable manner, not only blessed his labors in the particular churches he has been pastor of, but widely over several of the middle States, where he has gone preaching as a kind of evangelist. Probably few ministers have preached more frequently during twenty-five years. In the great disruption of the Presbyterian church, he was very efficient in extricating the controversy from all personal aspects, and basing it exclusively upon what were considered fundamental principles. He was elected Moderator of the Assembly, in May, 1841, after only eight and a half years' service in the ministry.

In the question of the black race which has so deeply agitated this country, Dr. Breckinridge has taken an active and decided course. He has been the firm opponent of extreme opinions on either side, and has striven for the amelioration of the condition of the colored people, both bond and free, both in America and Africa, both by public sentiment and by the civil power. At a particular crisis in Maryland, so great were his services to the free blacks, that more than a thousand of them united in publicly presenting him with a valuable piece of gold plate. In the various controversies with Roman Catholics, Universalists, and Semi-Pelagians, in which he has seen fit to engage, he has been a firm defender of the faith; and, what is remarkable, he has uniformly and positively refused, at all times, to enter into any controversy with an evangelical sect, under any provocation—always saying they were his brethren in Christ. On no subject, perhaps, has he labored more earnestly than the great temperance reform from the origin of that effort in America more than thirty years since.

Dr. Breckinridge is a strong thinker, and a powerful writer. Few men wield a more vigorous pen. He always speaks and writes with a purpose; and having set before his mind a point to be gained, he presses toward that point with a force that tarries not and can not be repelled. His preaching is almost always extemporaneous, or unwritten, and he rivets the attention of both the learned and illiterate. His style is remarkably simple, nervous, and direct. No one is in doubt as to what is intended by the speaker, nor need any one fail of bearing away a deeply-formed impression.

The sermon kindly forwarded for this work, is the substance of a discourse preached by the appointment of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America, at their Annual Meeting in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, in May, 1856, and was first published under their order by their Board of Domestic Missions.

FIDELITY IN OUR LOT.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—ESTHER, iv. 14.

I. FATHERS and brethren of the General Assembly, it is by the appointment of your predecessors in the high trust now discharged by you, that I stand here to discuss a subject and to advocate a cause, which it is the constant habit of this venerable court to distinguish from all others, by causing it to be formally plead, in some one of its great aspects, every year at its bar. It would ill become me, therefore, whether I consider what the occasion demands, or what my own past life requires, that I should fail to speak, with all freedom and earnestness, concerning the duty of such a church as ours, in such a day as this, upon such a subject as that which lies before us.

The words which indicate of themselves the tenor of my thoughts, remarkable as they would be in every case in which one human being could properly apply them to another, become doubly so, when we consider the persons and the circumstances of that first utterance of them, which, through divine inspiration, has been preserved for the instruction of all succeeding generations.

There was a certain Jew whose name was Mordecai, of the tribe of Benjamin, who had been swept away along with that great captivity which Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had carried off from Jerusalem with Jeconiah, king of Judah. An obscure dweller at Shushan, the royal residence, this heroic and uncomplaining sufferer for the sins of his people, loved the Lord none the less because his hand was very heavy upon him, and loved his down-trodden brethren only the more for their peril and their woe. Little did he know that his part in the captivity of Israel, was that Israel might not perish. Little did he wot of the means whereby the fearful danger and the wondrous deliverance should, both alike, find their immediate origin in his own sublime courage and unshaken fidelity to God.

A captive maiden, of his own lineage, doubly an orphan, had been brought up by him as his own child, though he was childless himself. By one of those strange turns of fortune, which so often startle us in the history of oriental nations, this Jewish maiden suddenly became the Queen of the East, the bride of Ahasuerus, one of the greatest of the successors of Nebuchadnezzar, and the ruler over a hundred and seven-and-twenty provinces, stretching from India to Ethiopia. And what is more, she rose, in the most extraordinary manner, to this summit of human power, at the very moment when her influence over Ahasuerus, and the influence of Mordecai over her, seemed absolutely indispensable to preserve the captive people of God from utter extermination.

It is the object of the Book of Esther to record, for everlasting in-

struction, that great danger and deliverance of Israel; to illustrate at once the nature and the action of divine providence and of sublime faith, under circumstances the most remarkable. The words from which I speak form a part of the final and successful appeal of Mordecai to Esther, upon which she risked her crown and life to save her people—and won the fearful hazard. And surely it was a wondrous thing, for a captive girl to save a great people by her heroic piety and her devoted love!

II. The use I am about to make of these pregnant words, is to apply them to the kingdom of God in this world, and to our duty with regard to it; our duty to it, considered, both as we are individual persons and as we are united into a Christian commonwealth, constituting one most important part of the kingdom of God; our duty to it, as that is modified by the peculiar times in which we have come to it, and been called of God to act our part concerning it.

Thus considered, the case of this Jewish maiden involves and illustrates many of the fundamental principles of God's providence and our duty; which, though they are presented to us in a concrete form, and under a special aspect, are, nevertheless, in their own nature, universal and invariable. The chief of these I will first briefly state and enforce.

1. All the duties of which I have to speak at present, are such as have their origin in our immediate relation to the Lord Jesus, and to his kingdom. Except that Esther was a queen, and except that she was a Jewess, no obligation rested on her to attempt any thing that is related of her. As she was both, the obligation was complete. Precisely in the same manner, the things which you have made it my duty to press upon you, are things binding upon your souls, because you are Christ's children, placed by Christ precisely as you are. I have no plea founded on philosophy, or on any wisdom of man, or on any worldly consideration, to offer you at all. I address myself exclusively to your faith in the Redeemer. You have come to this kingdom, for such a time as this. This is the foundation of all I have to utter. On this ground you are to execute the will of God, if it were to cost you a crown and your life. And he who the most frankly risks all, is the most certain to win all.

2. The circumstances of our lot—the times in which we come to the kingdom—determine, with controlling force, the peculiar duty of the whole church, and that of every individual member of it. Every child of God will have a crown; but every one a crown peculiar to himself—a crown which will illustrate all that grace has done specifically for us, and which God forbids us to allow any man to take from us. The whole truth of God, the divine rules of his providence, and the unchangeable principles of our duty, are all invariable and eternal. Nevertheless, the circumstances upon which and amid which they all expatiate, are infi-

nitely various—all urging us with forces at once unspeakably energetic and diversified. Such a case as Esther's occurred but that single time on earth. Yet innumerable cases, not one of which is identical with it, but all of which are settled by its principles, occur every day, and will occur forever. God never repeats any thing. If we could behold the entire universe at a glance, we should behold a picture of all things which had never been seen before—a concatenation which would never be seen again throughout eternity. Yet the universe is the same universe, and all its parts and principles remain the same. So that the clearest and highest generalization we can reach, is eternal change founded on eternal unity; laws which can not change, regulating with infinite exactitude duties which are susceptible of boundless modification.

3. There may be always, and ordinarily there is, more or less obscurity cast over the peculiar duty, whether of the church or of individual Christians, under the ever varying aspects of events as they pass over us, and our attempts to apply to them the eternal principles and truths which underlie them all. "Who knoweth," was the solemn peradventure of Mordecai, which adjourned over into the counsel of God the whole cause and end of the strange glory and peril which had fallen upon Esther. Out of this state of case arises the incessant hazard of our Christian warfare; the ceaseless danger that environs the church of God; the perpetual necessity for divine illumination to direct us, and divine strength to support us. The more difficult the times may be, and the greater the peril, the greater also may the obscurity be expected to be, and by consequence the greater the need of divine guidance and support. It is only by faith that the church of God can walk, even in light; only by faith that she can even live in darkness.

4. Perfect fidelity in our lot is the only ground upon which we have any right to expect either security or success, or to rely on the divine protection; and perfect consecration of herself to her great mission, is the universal condition on which God teaches his church to rely on him for every deliverance, and for all ability to advance his glory in the earth. And this spirit is to be maintained when it exists, and recovered when it is lost, only by living near to God, in the way of his own appointment. "Gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me." "I also and my maidens will fast likewise." "If I perish, I perish." In such words did that soul unburden itself, upon whose struggles the fate of Israel seemed to hang. How is it possible for the church to do any thing which exceeds her faith? The sense of her own condition and necessities is the very measure of her efforts to bless others and to glorify God. Nor is there a more illustrious proof of the exact connection of these two things with each other, than that furnished by the origin and present condition of all those great organizations through which our own church is striving to execute large portions

of her work. Her board for the spreading of the gospel through this vast land, and her board that takes cognizance of the mighty interest involved in raising up an adequate supply of faithful ministers; were both resuscitated from a state of torpor, at the very period when her first efforts to purge herself from inward corruption began to manifest that her own vitality was being restored; while her board of foreign missions arose immediately out of the first free efforts of the delivered church; and the board of publication was the direct result of the yearning of her awakened heart for true Christian union upon that very truth which had saved her, and which the second centennial jubilee of the creation of her noble standards brought immediately before her at the moment of her final triumph. While I do not believe that any of these organizations are capable of doing the whole duty of the church, in the glorious departments of effort assigned to them; yet who does not see that their success has corresponded with the restored vitality of the church, and that it must advance in proportion as her own fidelity to God increases?

5. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which God raises up and qualifies individual persons for the special work on which he sets them. The general tendency of our fallen race, when left to itself, is rather to decay than to advancement; and every institution committed to human hands, not excepting even the church of Christ, is prone to exhibit this abiding mark of our degradation. It is only as God arrests this downward tendency, that any thing good or great endures on earth; only as he gives special grace, or exercises special providence, that man, or any thing intrusted to him, advances in a career of glory or blessedness. To this end, what is specially noteworthy here, is, that it is the way of the Lord to select his own instruments after his own fashion, and that they to whom he sends them, prosper exactly in proportion as they accept and cherish them. Moses in the palace of the king of Egypt, and David following his father's flock, and Saul breathing out threatening and slaughter, were all alike nothing, and could do nothing, except as God made them what they became. And Luther had remained in his besotted superstition—a mere monk; and Bunyan had continued in his brutality—a vagabond; and Calvin, and Knox, and Owen, and Wesley, and Whitefield, and all the rest whom God has set for any great thing on earth, could no more have done it of themselves, than two captive Jews in the capital of the world could have saved God's scattered people from destruction. The great lesson is, that they who reject such interpositions of God, reject his eternal counsel, against their own souls.

6. The solemn conclusion of this grand climax of divine truth is distinctly stated, and is full of warning to us all. "Think not within thyself," said Mordecai, "that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time,

then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." The peril from which we shrink may indeed be avoided; but in the place of it shall come irretrievable destruction. The glory and the blessedness set before us, and despised by us, are indeed lost to us forever; but in our stead will God raise up from some other quarter more faithful men, and a more devoted church, whereby the intended glory and blessedness shall have free scope, to the praise of the unsearchable riches of his grace. And it behooves us deeply to comprehend, that when the day of our visitation is once effectually hidden from our eyes, it returns to us no more. It was for *such a time* that we came to the kingdom; but we altogether held our peace; and so we and our father's house were destroyed. The eternal wheel of Providence has crushed us. The eternal necessities could not wait on our loitering. The eternal light has passed far beyond us, in its infinite career. When we awake from our stupor, it will only be to see our crown shining upon some worthier brow. Where are the graves of Israel for nearly two thousand years? Where are all the churches planted by the immediate labors of the apostles? Where are the churches which have arisen in all succeeding ages, but which have forgotten God, and betrayed the time for which they were called to the kingdom? And where shall our own beloved Church find refuge, except in victory? Where deliverance, except around the cross of Christ?

III. Let us turn our thoughts, now, in another direction, in order that we may see as clearly as we can, what is the posture of God's providence and our duty, as both are manifested in the aspect of the time in which we have come to the kingdom; striving to apply the divine principles I have stated, to the stupendous facts amid which our career is to be run.

The posture of this earth and all its interests—this earth, which is the theater on which the kingdom of God commences its development—may be expressed in a single sentence. Every thing lies under the curse of God; but every thing, except hell and its final inmates, underlies that curse with a promise of deliverance. These two truths explain the whole career of the universe known to us. The entire development of the kingdom of God thus far, and the entire progress of the human race until now, make manifest the struggle, and the success yet attained, as the universe emerges from its condition under God's curse, upward toward the full fruition of the promised deliverance.

And now, after so many centuries, and so many efforts, and so many vicissitudes, and so many dispensations—what is the sum of the whole progress? What is the actual posture of the struggle? Is the conflict near to any definite result? Does the church seem to be any nearer to the conquest of the whole earth, than she seemed to be at many former

epochs, nay, than she seemed to be when the apostles of the Lord had completed their personal work? On the other hand, does she seem to be any more inclined to give up the contest as hopeless, than she seemed to be at the most exalted point in her career? Alas! it is true that only the edges of the gross darkness that covers the earth, have as yet been illuminated by the truth. But still the torch is lifted up upon the mountains, and its beams glance from land to land. Alas! it is true that the kingdom of God is wasted, and scattered, and rent, up and down in the earth; or rather, it floats like a great wreck tossed on the boundless sea of time, as it surges to and fro over the nations. But still there floats above it the banner stained with blood. And not one faithful soldier in all her broken host has any other thought than that this rebellious world is to be subdued once more.

The present population of the earth may be about one thousand millions of souls. Of these it is probable that more than one half are still heathen idolaters—the great part of them devoted to superstitions more gross and absurd than those which covered the earth at the advent of the Saviour. Of the remainder, one hundred millions, perhaps, are Mohammedans; a like number, it may be, are Jews, infidels, and various sectaries in various lands, who can not be classed either as mere pagan idolaters, as Mohammedans, or as even nominally Christians. Three hundred millions—less, considerably, than one third part of the family of man, are the utmost that can be considered as even speculative believers in the Son of God. Of these less than one third, less, that is, than one tenth part of the human race are Protestants, even in the widest acceptation of that appellation. Upon this mournful classification it is to be observed, that not a solitary circumstance is known to exist which renders the hearts of the enemies of God more open to the impressions of divine truth, or less set upon the refuges of lies on which they rely for salvation, than they were when the Saviour of sinners appeared in the flesh. And although it is true that the nominally Christian population of the world, taken as a whole, are very far in advance of the rest of mankind; yet that was, probably, equally true fifteen centuries ago, when the Christian religion became the religion of the Roman empire, and so almost of the civilized world, under Constantine the Great. Nor is it easy to perceive, that with all the immense progress of mankind during the last eighteen centuries, they who would propagate true Christianity to-day, have any facilities above those who would oppose it; which, relatively to the state of the world during the first ages of the Christian church, were not possessed in an equal degree by the early followers of the Lord, as compared with his early opponents. Jerusalem, and Rome, and Mecca, and whatever else is an emblem of hostility to Christ, or a power of itself hostile to Christ, stand where they have stood always; and the sum of the combined force distinctly exhibited throughout the world, against the Lord and against his anointed,

is comparatively scarcely less vast or relentless than at any one of the grand epochs of the past. We gain nothing by deceiving ourselves, or misleading the people of God. Let the true soldier of the cross know, that victories are yet to come greater than all they have hitherto won.

The idea which we obtain of the existing condition of the populations and the religions of the world, must, for the special purpose of the present discourse, have a particular application to our own country; and then a further one to the question of Evangelization in it, by our own branch of the church of Christ, in its immediate efforts to extend itself, according to the measure of the grace given to it, throughout this continent. Considering the whole subject in this light, it must be admitted that the general posture of the cause of Christ is better in the United States than in most parts of the Christian world; better, in some important respects, than in any other portion of the earth. And it would be full of interest, and not difficult in itself, to point out the particular causes which have produced these important results, and to designate with clearness the results themselves. At present it is enough to say, that as for us and our Presbyterian church in this great country, we have come to the kingdom of God, and are set to the work of evangelization all around us, under circumstances marked neither by extraordinary danger, nor hardship, nor self-denial; but rather demanding of us extraordinary efforts and peculiar simplicity of faith. What we need is not so much heroic courage as fervent zeal.

But even here it is impossible to deny that the condition of the kingdom of God is sufficiently deplorable to fill every pious heart with anguish, as often as we allow ourselves to be fully impressed with what is passing around us. Among those who profess to be the disciples of Christ, what multitudes are only the more thoroughly separated from God thereby! Pelagians, Arians, Unitarians, Universalists, Papists, Mormons: what true child of God can doubt, that the faith of all such sectaries is utterly destructive of the souls of men? What multitudes, again, of those who in the judgment of that charity which hopeth all things, might be allowed for the substance of their professed faith to be in the way of life, are yet given up to the eager pursuit of the merest sectarian trifles, or to the wildest devotion to the absurd traditions of men! Sects too, numerous and powerful, obscuring the truth which their own creeds teach, or betraying it in the pursuit of some barren rite or empty ceremony—or sacrificing it to the demands of some heartless philosophy! How large a part of the Episcopal church has fallen away from its own evangelical articles: how strong and persistent is the tendency in the Congregational churches to forsake the precious faith of their ancestors: how deplorable are the errors which disfigure the German churches in this country: how sad is the decay in a pure faith which for a whole generation has marked the progress of so large a portion of the Baptist churches: and, to mention no more, how fearful was

the heresy and schism which we ourselves endured within the recent memory of us all! It is with profound sorrow that I utter all these mournful facts; but how could I avoid it, and speak the truth? Nay, am I not obliged, as I will answer to God, to go further still, and confess that even in the bosom of every evangelical denomination, those are to be found who have no part in Christ? Hypocrites, heretics, formalists, alas! too, self-seeking and unconverted ministers! That small part of the human race, even in this most favored land, which names itself after Him who was dead and is alive, presents itself even to the imperfect view of man in such a light as this. How must it appear before the face of God!

If such be the aspect which the land presents viewed only as it calls itself Christian, and estimated only with a strong desire to do it good; what shall be thought of that enormous and perishing mass of souls which lies beyond the pale of all true communion with Christ, and whose evangelization, whether they have a name to live or whether they truly confess themselves to be without hope in the world, is the immediate object of all our missionary efforts on this continent? A vast population, mixed, heterogeneous, gathered from all lands; restless, eager, ardent, reckless, irresistible; free and rejoicing in its freedom, yet side by side with millions of slaves, and with the remnants of the primeval people of the land; full of the instinct of a glorious destiny already attained and one still more glorious to come; ignorant of nothing but God; capable of all things except its own salvation; millions of men, multiplying with a rapidity never before known on earth; occupying an empire the widest and noblest ever embraced under the dominion of regulated liberty and equal laws; advancing in a career of civilization, wealth, power, and grandeur, hitherto without a parallel; the earth never witnessed before—and can never witness again—such a people, upon such a theater, passing through such a development. Alas! what power but that of God is competent to struggle with a force like this?

All the immense problems on whose solution the destiny of man depends—and chief among these, the nature, the position, and the efficacy of all religious institutions—are presented among us in a light altogether singular. Here, for the first time, religion is absolutely free; and having been corrupted everywhere else by its union with the civil power, or pressed everywhere else under the iron hand of persecution, its sublime mission among us is to make manifest its capacity to be at once free and efficacious in the bosom of a people at once great and free. Moreover, the people among whom this vast experiment is to have free scope, differ most remarkably from all others precisely in those respects in which religion might be supposed most capable of being affected for good or ill, by other absorbing interests of man. Here there is cast loose upon society—wholly disconnected with religion, and, therefore, available against it as well as for it—a larger proportion of educated intellect

has never before existed in any community; a greater mass which must needs be influenced, and, when influenced either way, correspondingly powerful; a mass stimulated throughout every portion of it to a degree never witnessed before in any age of the world. Can the religion of Christ establish its dominion, by its own power, over such hearts? Can it maintain supreme sway over such minds by its own simple and divine force? It is a singular proof of its wonderful hold upon the human soul, that, so far from being shaken loose, it has constantly augmented its influence throughout the terrific agitations of the human race during the whole career of our country. It has survived the midnight of the world; and its last office is to preside over the noon of human grandeur. Let us do our part toward the accomplishment of this sublime destiny.

The great truths of every system must struggle to the light, as soon as it is put into intense activity, no matter how much darkness may have been cast over them. In the widest range of religious ideas, how immeasurably do ages and sects differ, who agree nevertheless in the fundamental truth of all religion, namely, the unity of the Godhead, and his exclusive worship; and they also who reject this chief truth, though they agree in nothing else but this rejection, how constantly have they been one in the abjectness of their superstition! And in a far narrower, but hardly less important field, they who hold what are called the *doctrines of grace*, though they differ in many things, and may be often sundered by sharp contentions, yet how thoroughly are they agreed in that Evangelical System which gives vitality to all Christian effort, and lies at the foundation of all human hope! To restore to their very highest activity, the simplest and deepest truths of the religion of God, is to restore in like degree the highest unity to the rent church of Christ, and to extend in like manner the triumphs of that evangelical Christianity which from the days of the reformers to our own, has stimulated the whole progress which mankind has made, and sustained whatever freedom the world possesses. This, too, is the most direct method by which we may sunder the unnatural connection between the promoters of all false religion and the true friends of human advancement; an alliance pregnant alike with injustice to godliness and wrong to every interest of man. All that is most excellent in knowledge, most virtuous in practical life, most heroic in great deeds and under great trials, most faithful to man, and most fruitful in all that can do man good, is written in the history of evangelical Christianity. Our country is at this moment underlying a trial most signal and before unknown in a well-ordered state —the wide union of religious fanaticism and civil licentiousness; and it behooves those to whom God has committed the great remedy for so great a pest to bestir themselves in a degree commensurate with an evil which tends to nothing short of the utter degradation of religion, and the total subversion of society.

Among all the branches of the great Christian family, not one has a

history more remarkable, a position more distinct, or a call more explicit to fight this great battle for the Lord of hosts, than that great but divided family of churches, in all lands, which sets forth its faith in the standards of the Westminster Assembly. The English Commonwealth was the real birth-place of modern liberty. It was also the best representative of the Protestant freedom and power of the earth, in that age of fearful trial and danger. What is Protestant Christiantity?—was the demand of the heroic defenders of Protestant freedom. They put that question, not to one or two sects, but they put it to the Protestant world after a century and a half of Protestant effort and Protestant suffering throughout Europe. The answer is found in the standards of the Westminster Assembly; standards which deserve to be, and will continue to be, as they have been for two centuries, not the narrow creed of a sect, but the bulwark of evangelical Christianity. They constitute the solemn and well-considered response of the learning, thought, and piety of the Protestant world, to the demand for a true exposition of Protestant belief, by the embodied heart of Protestant civilization and liberty. Protestant Christianity—is the explicit answer—is a spiritual commonwealth of which Jesus Christ is the only head, whose laws are only such as God has given to it, whose faith is evangelical, whose morality is exact, and whose order is free. As for Antichrist, against whom every child of God had striven more than a thousand years, and against whom every one strives still as against the peculiar enemy of God and the great corrupter of the church; these standards were in one aspect especially directed against him, as in their nature they could not fail to be. Many of the chief errors of Popery are, no doubt, peculiar to itself; but many others are common to it and other forms of superstition, heresy, and idolatry. Some it holds in common with every form of heathenism; as the plurality of objects of divine worship. Some in common with the Mohammedan imposture; as the propagation of its faith by fire and sword. Some in common with the lowest apostates from Christianity; as the denial of the sufficiency of the divine word, and the rejection of the doctrine and the work of the Holy Spirit. But the grand and all-pervading spiritual error of Popery in the plan she puts forth for the salvation of men, lies precisely at the foundation of every false system that ever existed, and is exactly the great error against which our standards direct their utmost strength. The doctrine of God is that man is indebted for salvation merely to divine grace, and that faith in the crucified Saviour is the sole method of access to God. The universal doctrine of error is that man can do and must do something, more or less, which, as merit, condition, or occasion, shall secure his salvation. Here the systems of God and man part, and they meet no more. The great controversies of all ages have turned directly on this distinction, or looked remotely but decisively to it. In settling it we implicitly settle all. And he who will carefully examine the subject with sufficient light to guide his steps, and enough

of intellect to fathom its realities, must end his search with the deep conviction that evangelical religion affords the only refuge from atheism on one side, or superstition on the other. Wandering from the simplicity of the gospel, there is no resting-place for man but in universal credulity, or total unbelief. In the face of such things, and in a time like this, how immense is the obligation resting on us, who constitute the largest single portion of the Presbyterian church on earth, not merely to exert ourselves that men may not perish, but to exalt the great salvation wherewith God hath so remarkably intrusted us! The temporary controversies of the sectaries with each other, the fierce, incoherent warfare, which has no higher excuse than the folly or the passions of the combatants—these things, let them rage as they may, are nothing to us. There are abroad through the land rampant heresies which sap the foundations of the Christian's hope, which take from the gospel its distinctive character, which threaten the total ruin of the church of Christ. There is a great defection from the bosom of Protestantism, in which its erring children have let slip the fundamental point of God's method of saving sinners, and while they profess to abhor the Man of Sin, are in reality unwitting instruments of his will. These are the things that do most vitally concern us; here lies the real conflict of ages. Shall God's way prevail, and sinners live?—or shall man's way prevail, and sinners perish?

Now it is in the midst of such a scene of things, at such a time, in such a country, with such a population, that our branch of the great Christian host, such as she is this day, is called of God to act her part in those vast events, under those tremendous sanctions, and upon those eternal principles, which I have endeavored to sketch, to distinguish, and to group together. Who knoweth whether she is come to the kingdom for such a time as this? And what may one of her sons, called to speak thus to her concerning her transcendent duties, venture to say to the common mother of us all, by way of filial yet faithful exhortation? This much, at least, even the lowliest of her children might attempt. He might presume by the love he bore her, and in the name of God, to beseech her as she surveys a conflict so difficult and so glorious, to recall her own past career and past deliverances; to look around her earnestly and trustfully on the wild field of combat; to look within, judging herself with an unfaltering eye; to look before her and nerve herself for the greatness of the battle; and then looking above, to throw wide over her host her unconquered banner, and strike for the Lord of glory! My brethren and my fathers, is there one of us here who is willing that she should content herself with feeble efforts and poor sacrifices for her exalted Lord? Is there one of us who holds his very life too dear to peril it for her, if she will but keep herself worthy of the sacrifice? Is there one of us who would not weep over her sloth and ignominy—who would not rejoice with exceeding joy at every proof that God counted her worthy

even to suffer for Christ's sake—and O! with what rapture to see her perfectly arrayed as his bride? Bid her then go forward, nothing doubting. It is for that very purpose you occupy these seats; it is to that very end that God and his people have placed you where you are. For what are you taken from the thousands of your brethren and constituted into the great Assembly of the church, if it be not to advance the great glory of God? Hold not your peace in a time like this, lest, though enlargement and deliverance arise from some other place, you and your father's house should be destroyed.

IV. What remains is that I should endeavor to apply the great posture of providence beside which our lot is cast, and the eternal truths which were first deduced from God's word, to the course of our own duty in the circumstances which surround us. For it is upon eternal truth that all duty rests, and it is by the course of Providence that all duty is regulated; and blessed is that church and blessed is that man, and none besides, to whom the revealed and the secret will of God thus made known become the invariable rule of life. It is not, however, the particular things which we ought to do, that it is proper or even possible for one situated as I am to point out for the consideration of this venerable court. It is the great and controlling course of duty, the broad and deep lines of conduct, and both of these as having peculiar relevancy to all that I have hitherto advanced, which I can not omit stating. Upon what principles, so considered, ought the action of such a church and such persons so called of God, in such a crisis, manifestly to proceed, in order to be any ways answerable to the whole current and spirit of these meditations?

1. In the first place, then, and above all, let it never be forgotten that the immediate object and end of the existence of the church of Christ on earth as a visible society, is to perfect and extend herself in the salvation of lost sinners of the human race, to the glory of her divine Lord. This is her special mission in the world. There are, no doubt, innumerable blessings bestowed upon the universe through her, besides those which result directly from her own immediate work. But all of these, even the very highest—which I take to be the revelation to the universe of the true nature of God—are but incidental to her own peculiar end. It follows, therefore, that the very object and substance of all her efforts and all her teachings must be of that sort which is addressed to the faith of men—since salvation itself is by grace through faith. It follows still further, that the church of Christ has no direct concern with any thing at all, in regard to which she may not address herself with a divine authority to the human conscience and understanding. From the complex nature of human affairs difficulties may sometimes arise in the practical application of these pregnant rules of duty: but in the whole round of the active life of the church, no important principles are more obvious in

themselves, or more important to be observed; and yet none, perhaps, have been more frequently or grossly violated by many portions of the visible church in all ages of the world.

2. In the second place, and as a direct result of what goes before, let the church cleave closer and closer to the word of God, and more and more eagerly spread the knowledge of it among men. The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; and it is the very end of the existence of the church that men may believe, and that believing they may have eternal life. Besides all this, let her bear in mind these further truths: 1. That we, as a great department of the kingdom of God, have no other plea to offer to mankind but the simple necessity and power of godliness. We have neither rites nor ceremonies by means of which to proclaim an exclusive salvation. We have no special forms by virtue of which we are able to assure men of the safety of their souls. All we have to offer is Christ, and him crucified. Therefore let us offer him with an earnestness at least equal to that with which substitutes for his blood are pressed upon the acceptance of men. 2. This word of God, to which we ought thus to cleave, besides being able to save men's souls, is able, moreover, and it alone is able, to restore and to sustain that moral and intellectual unity of the human race, the loss of which is the source of such innumerable miseries and such boundless degradation, and the recovery of which will be fraught with such incalculable results. 3. It is upon this very Bible that the main pillar of all that is good and great rests, in the very scene in which our whole destiny is cast. An open Bible and free institutions are the elemental principles of our whole American dispensation. To lift on high that open Bible—to bear it aloft throughout this vast continent and amid all its diversified populations—this is the grand portion of our mission which those free institutions enable us to perform.

3. In the third place, and also as an immediate consequence of all that has been said, let the church more and more eliminate from her bosom, every thing for which she can not produce a clear warrant from God. The Lord did not call her to be his counselor; he sent her forth to observe and to teach his truth—to obey and to execute his commandments. The very conception of a divine revelation is as positive in what it excludes as in what it embraces; and if God's sacred word be a perfect rule of faith and duty—which is the ultimate truth upon which Protestantism rests, then we must not only go wherever that rule goes, but we must stop wherever that rule stops. If our faith and our duty as Christians rest exclusively upon an inspired Christian record, then, manifestly, to extend either the faith or the duty beyond the record, is not only to impeach the sufficiency of the record and the character of the God who gave it, but is also recklessly to incur the extreme peril, if not to insure the absolute certainty of perverting, by our carnal additions, the very substance of that which lies at the foundation of all our

divine knowledge and all our eternal hopes. Nor can we form any idea of the perfect headship of Christ over his church, which does not exclude every authority but that of Christ from the faith and the obedience of his people; nor can we have any conception of the perfect freedom of the church, except one which involves on the one side a perfect consecration to Christ and a perfect conformity to his will, and on the other a complete deliverance from every authority but his in all divine things. I speak not now of the sacred rights of private judgment and individual conscience; I speak of the church of Jesus Christ, and of the transcendant obligation resting on her, that she add nothing to the revealed will of God, and that she take nothing from it.

4. In the fourth place, and as a necessary corollary from the three preceding propositions, as well as a most express duty clearly commanded by God, let the church discriminate more and more carefully among those who profess to be the disciples of the Lord. Having done so, her opposition to all the corrupters of the gospel ought to be most steady and emphatic; while she ought to cherish and trust as brethren and fellow heirs of the common salvation, all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. Union among all true Christians—unity among all true Presbyterians—are among the clearest necessities of the times in which we live—a union and a unity prompted by every feeling of the renewed soul, and urgently demanded of us all, for the very purpose of enabling every follower of Christ to execute with greater certainty and power his part of the work required of us all. The capacity of any particular generation to perfect this union among all true Christians, and this unity among the scattered members of any particular branch of the family of Christ, depends altogether upon the depth and purity of the faith of the generation itself. When men are thoroughly like Christ, they also thoroughly resemble each other; when they love him supremely, they can not avoid loving each other tenderly and longing for mutual fellowship. But any alliance of light with darkness is in its own nature impossible; and all carnal attempts to unite the children of God with the corrupters of his truth, upon the pretext that they all call themselves Christians, or even all call themselves Presbyterians, are obliged to begin in the betrayal of faith, and end in the sacrifice of godliness. It is not by striving to be conformed to each other that either men or sects can be united in Christ; but it is by exalting Christ, and exalting the truth whereby we are conformed unto Christ, that all who are fit for Christian union or Christian unity develop at the same moment their mutual assimilation and their mutual love. So that both the capacity and the desire of the church to perform this duty, on the one side and the other, are constant tests of her own progress, infallible proofs of her true condition.

5. In the fifth place, and as the conclusion of the whole, let the church, thoroughly comprehending and joyfully admitting that she is

not the whole body of Christ, realize completely her own mission, in her own lot, in the peculiar time of her present call to the kingdom. There is a mission and a lot common to the whole church of God; but there is, besides, a mission and a lot peculiar to every part of the redeemed host; and, among the rest, a mission and a lot for our Presbyterian church in the United States. Where the truth of God is most pressed and imperiled—there is her place. Where the battle rages most fiercely, there men look for her banner. Where the enemies of God thirst most ravenously for Christian blood, there let her be ready to offer her own freely for Christ's sake. Thus has the mission of our fathers been always. Thus is our mission to-day. Thus will be the mission of our true successors to the end of time. We are not called to enjoy honor and repose; we are called to fight the good fight of faith. And if we would win eternal life, we must fight it to the end. Why, then, should not the church consecrate herself absolutely, and without reserve, to her Master and her work? She knows what it is, and she knows who set her on it. Behold the immense resources which he has put at her disposal! What an army of ministers! what an array of congregations! what a host of private Christians! So much knowledge and light; so much power and wealth; such a theater; such opportunities; such motives! What hinders but that she take the lead? Ah! now for the heart; now for the spirit; now for the burning love, the consuming zeal! And now for the curse of Meroz upon every one who will not come to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

V. Fathers and brethren, I have spoken but the more freely because the entire habits of our church, as well as many things personal to myself, admonish me that the duty will no more devolve on me to plead with you from this position, and upon this aspect, of this great subject. Bear with me, therefore, while I finish this testimony with one remaining word of still greater freedom.

I know this church well. I have known it long. From my youth up I have sat under the shadow of her altars, where my fathers had worshiped for many generations; and for five-and-twenty years I have gone in and out in the presence of her great assemblies. I have sat, from my childhood, at the feet of the great leaders among us; and have seen them, one by one, pass away, and others raised up by God to sit in their vacant seats. Things were not always as we see them now. I have seen this church on the very brink of ruin. I now behold it in abounding prosperity. I have seen the hand of God deliver this church when the help of man had failed. And the same mighty hand conducts her still, along her glorious way. To-day a purer, more united, more powerful church exists not on earth. All the efforts she ever made are as nothing beside the efforts she can make now; all the triumphs she ever won, are but intimations of the triumphs she is now capable of winning.

This is the condition in which you receive this church from the hands of those who are rapidly sinking into the grave. They did not receive it in this condition. I see in the midst of you, here and there, the relics of another age. They know full well that you receive this church in a widely different state from that in which we received it from those who went before. They know better than you can ever know, that we deliver it over to you far otherwise than it was delivered to us. Think you it was through sloth and cowardice—time-serving and self-seeking—temporizing and conformities—the devices of men and distrust of God—the love of the world and indifference to God's truth—that so great a change was wrought, such mighty works done? Think ye, verily, in your hearts, that such results follow such causes?

I speak to you in the name of the great dead, whose ashes as yet are hardly cold. I beseech you, in the name of the scattered remnant whom the inexorable stroke of death still respects. I charge you in the name of our covenanted God—our Saviour and yours. See that ye keep this great church steadily on her great career. See that ye conduct her steps in the fear and the power of God. See that ye transmit to those who will follow you, her name untarnished, her garments unstained, her faith unpolluted. I call yourselves to witness—I appeal to posterity to judge between us—I invoke our common Lord and Master to take note, that ye receive it a glorious and a blessed church, in the midst of which Christ dwells—and that ye are bound to deliver it up in like estate when your warfare is accomplished. It is not that I distrust you that I speak thus; for I do not. It is because I know that great prosperity is full of great perils, and that the good of my country, the salvation of my race, and the glory of my Saviour, are deeply staked on the fidelity of this church, and of you into whose hands her guidance is now come of God, for such a time as this.

To eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God; to receive a crown of life, and to be out of the reach of the second death; to eat of the hidden manna, and to receive a white stone, with the new name; to take power over the nations, and rule them with a rod of iron; to have a name written in the book of life, and openly confessed by Christ before his Father; to be a pillar in the temple of God, and to have the name of God, and the name of the city of God, and the new name of the Son of God written thereon; to sit down with the glorified Redeemer on his own throne, even as he, when he had overcome, sat down with the Father on his throne—these are the rewards of victory! Are they not unsearchable? But they are also certain and eternal!

DISCOURSE XXI.

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of America does not contain a man of greater intellectual power than the subject of this sketch. Descended from an ancestry of sound old north-of-Ireland stock, the son of a merchant who spared no pains to give him the best early advantages, endowed with a sound constitution, and renewed in heart while yet a youth, he came up with all the elements of a strong man, into which he rapidly ripened and matured. The place of his birth (October 27th, 1814) was Philadelphia, and the date of his conversion the year 1831, when he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York. His preliminary studies were pursued under Dr. Wylie, of Philadelphia, and he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1835. He was ordained in Jersey City, New Jersey, in 1837, and the same year was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. In 1840 he took the chair of the Greek and Latin professorship; and in 1848 became editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, of which he had the charge until 1856. He is now under appointment to visit the European Methodist churches, as delegate from the American General Conference.

In the line of authorship, Dr. McClintock has published a translation of Neander's "Life of Christ;" a series of elementary Greek and Latin books; a volume on the "Temporal Power of the Pope" (N. Y., 1855); and many review articles.

The Methodist Review, under his control, took a stand, in point of sterling ability, second to no other quarterly in the country. Some of Dr. McClintock's articles would compare favorably with those from the pens of any reviewers, European or American. Indeed, we apprehend that this periodical, under his direction, was of altogether a too heavy caliber to suit the mass of its readers; and that for this reason the Doctor was not continued in the chair editorial.

Dr. McClintock is of about medium height, not stoutly built, broad and high forehead, overhung with thin, straggling hair, face flushed, and narrowing toward the chin, and small, keen, piercing eyes.

In the pulpit, his manner is animated but not boisterous, the train of thought natural and luminous, the style of expression simple, chaste, and often figurative and illustrative. His sermons are never metaphysical and abstruse, but almost always practical and highly evangelical.

We scarcely know a *platform*-speaker who is his equal. Perfectly composed when calm self-possession is called for, and a perfect tornado to sweep down opposition when this means will best prevail; dealing now in solid argument, now in classic allusion, now in chaste poetic quotations, and now in pathetic, or fervent, melting, glowing appeal, he holds his audience in the silence of death, and bears them whithersoever he will. An instance is fresh in mind, which occurred at the

Annual Conference of last year, in Newark, New Jersey, when the measure pertaining to the Irish delegation to American Methodists was under discussion. Descended from parents of the "Green Isle," and proud of his descent, his whole *heart* was in the movement; and his thoughts that breathed, and words that burned, set on fire the crowded assembly, and left every soul tremulous with emotion, as he concluded with that gem from Moore:

"Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, O! could I love thee more deeply than now?
No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
Only make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Drink love with each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

The following admirable sermon has not until now appeared in print.

THE GROUND OF MAN'S LOVE TO GOD.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 JOHN, iv. 19.

AMONG the so-called "evidences of Christianity" there is none so striking, for the common mind, as its perfect adaptation to the wants of human nature. The wants of *human nature*, observe; not merely of the *human mind*. For, as it is not on the intellectual side that man's wants and his weakness are most plainly shown, so it is not to the intellectual side of our nature that Christianity solely, or even chiefly addresses itself. We have instincts, appetites, affections, passions, as well as understanding and reason; and by the former, far more than by the latter, are our acts determined and our will impelled. Nor do I mean, in this statement, to take advantage of the intellectual and constitutional differences of men; and to say, what is unquestionably true, that the larger part of mankind are governed by their passions rather than their reason. What I mean to say, without regard to nice metaphysical distinctions, is, that in a broad and general sense, religion addresses itself to the soul, rather than to the mind of man; to his affections, rather than to his understanding.

And of all our affections, there is none so powerful as that which forms the burden of my text. Our human hearts crave love. The babe nestling in its mother's breast, learns first of all to recognize the eye that beams on it with the truest, deepest love. The growing boy has not lost that first and purest feeling, before the early passion of the youth goes out to seek a home in some warm bosom palpitating with the

same tender emotion. And when that dream is over, the mature man seeks in home and family a center of love—and wretched, indeed, is he who does not find it there. And when the strife of life is nearly over, and other passions have been hushed to rest, the gray-haired sire pours out his heart anew upon the little prattlers that surround the hearth of his children, and finds, in their fresh and undeceiving affection, a new well-spring of enjoyment, gushing up amid the arid desert of old age.

So, at every stage of life, man seeks for love. Yet he finds none that endures. What affections are not blasted by sin, by the world's sad changes, by the treachery of feeble natures, by the destroying forces of ambition or of avarice,—those, I say, that are proof against all these—and O! how *few* these are, the bitter experience of life has convinced us all—what becomes of them? Buried, too often, in the graves of those that gave and received them. Who among us has not felt his own love —that went forth warm and gushing—falling back in an Alpine torrent upon his heart, as he has seen the dull earth close upon remains dearer to him than life!

But has GOD given us these affections, and are they *never* to be satisfied? Is there no object toward which they can be turned, that shall not change? Here, brethren, it is that Religion offers to fill this deepest craving of our nature. She offers to us an object worthy of our highest, purest love in the infinite and unchangeable God. She offers to us the "One altogether lovely," and tells us that *he* will accept our love, and treasure it up so that it shall never fail us. And she wooes us to bestow our affection thus, by showing us that God is not only so infinite in goodness as to be willing to receive our love, but that, in his unbounded condescension, he has *sought* us by pouring out the riches of his own infinite affection upon us! And she tells us, that this supreme affection will not only have permanence in itself, but will also so sanctify and transfigure all our lower affections as to endow them with its own immortality, that our love for children, parents, husband, wife, or friend, need not perish with them, but may bloom forever, in the paradise of God. In this sense, we may take as entirely true the beautiful language of Southey:

> "They sin, who tell us love can die!
> With life all other passions fly,
> All others are but vanity.
> Earthly, these passions of the earth,
> They perish where they had their birth;
> But love is indestructible,
> Its holy flame forever burneth—
> From heaven it came, to heaven returneth."

Our text fixes, with some definiteness, *the ground of man's love to God*, and this is the topic to which I shall now more directly call your attention.

I. 1. Some believe, or affect to believe, that the *natural* instincts of humanity lead to God—that the heart turns to him that made it, true as the needle to the pole, if its natural tendencies are not thwarted. Now that this was the original design of the Creator, is not questioned. But to assert that it is the case *now*, is so to fly in the face both of the Bible and of experience, as to deserve no answer. We need no revelation to tell us that the "natural mind is enmity to God; that it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." One hour's study of our own inner life, or even of the purest, gentlest child within our reach, will show us that whatever might have been the bent of the human heart, under its original tendencies, its *invariable* bent in point of fact, in the condition in which we see it—which is, no doubt, an unnatural condition—is in the opposite direction. On this point I shall not dwell.

2. But there is a class of minds that assign a different origin to the feeling of love to God. It grows up, they tell us, not indeed spontaneously, but under the manifestations of the divine goodness and loveliness in this beautiful creation, which images his perfections. This class, large at all times, seems of late to be increasing. It embraces not merely real lovers of nature—souls that sympathize with her grandest and her gentlest moods, endowed with eyes to see her celestial beauty, and with ears attuned to hear her perpetual harmonies—but also the far greater number of sentimental imitators who go off into raptures at the flight of a humming-bird, or exhale in delight over the opening petals of the first violets of spring—and think *this* worship!

If one has ever need of patience, it is when he meets with a confirmed member of this canting tribe—substituting a sickly, sentimental affectation of feeling, for natural emotions, yet all the time believing, or affecting to believe, that he dwells in the innermost temple of nature, and there learns to love and worship God! And, on the contrary, if one should ever be sad, it should be to see a noble soul, or an earnest heart, turned away from the *fountain of living waters*, and seeking to slake its thirst at these *broken cisterns that can hold no water*. Yet there are many such among us. It seems to be the fashion and the pride of a certain class of cultivated minds to own no higher source of inspiration and love to God than that which Socrates and Plato enjoyed. One of these, whose fathers worshiped God in Christ, and loved God only because *he* first loved them and told them so in *his* word—one of them, a man of mark, too, and deservedly, seems, from seeking God in nature, to have gone so far as to *have* no God but nature; and his religion seems to be a poetic dream. "The religious sentiment," he tells us, "is a mountain air. It is myrrh, and storax, and chlorine, and rosemary. It maketh the sky and the hills sublime, and the silent song of the star is it." What meaning *is* here, alas! is not the meaning of Christ and his apostles.

Now, even for the more elevated class of minds to which I have referred, there can be no *real* love to God from such sources as these,

There may be poetic feeling—there may be sentiment—but there can not be spirituality.

But such minds have a great advantage over the common run of mankind. They may perceive *intellectually* that the general order of the world is good, and in spite of the evils that are so fearfully apparent on the face of things. But if, with all this, they do not reach a spiritual love to God, what must be the case with minds untrained, uneducated—and judging all things according to sense—such, in fact, as are the minds of the mass of men? Will these learn to love God from the manifestations of his character as made to them in nature, and even in the order of divine providence? Let us suppose a case. Take one of your own farmers; suppose him unacquainted with God, and send him out, with this clew of yours in his hand, for the first time, to gather his notions of God from the world, as he sees it. Let him leave his home—his wife and children happy—on a bright harvest morning, to work in his fields. The air is filled with the fragrance of many flowers; the sky is beautiful in cloudless blue; the earth teems with abundance; the fields are waving with the rich, yellow grain—the very hills drop fatness.

Ask him, now, what is the nature of the God that made all this, and made *man* the master of so much beauty and abundance? Certainly he will tell you—"God, the Creator, is a being of boundless love."

But let the scene be changed—as changed it often suddenly is. Let the summer heaven be rapidly overcast; let the clouds gather in masses and descend toward the earth, covering the sky like a funeral pall—let the thunder rise from low and distant mutterings till, as it leaps from cloud to cloud, it bursts over his head in loud explosions as of Titanic artillery—let the rain pour forth its torrents, and the winds let loose their fury, until the very forest trees are uprooted; let him see the grain—so carefully cut and gathered—scattered by the fierce blast, and what remains, crushed down and destroyed by the driving hail. Let him see all this, and then turn homeward to tell of the destruction to his family—let him reach that home to see only the blackened walls of the fair cottage that he left in the morning—and to find amid the ruins the charred and blasted corpses of his wife and children, slain by the lightning! What now? Will he not be ready, in the bitterness of his heart, to curse God and die!

This is no fancy sketch. The world *as it is*, is full of such realities.

3. But it is thought by others, that the *majesty of the divine attributes* and the *loveliness of the divine character*, as revealed in the Bible, will cause the emotion of love to spring up in the human heart, without any *special* revelation to itself—without the throes of remorse for sin or the pangs of new birth unto righteousness. Or, in other words, that the Almighty Father, when perceived, must be loved; apart, entirely, from any Atonement, any Crucified Son, any Shed Blood. Alluding to these, and similar views, Luther in his disputation at Heidelberg, in 1518,

contrasted what he called the theology of the cross (*theologia crucis*)—the object of which is the revelation of God in the crucified Christ—with the theology of glory (*theologia gloriæ*), which seeks to elevate itself to a perception of the majesty of that hidden Deity. It was in the spirit of this latter view, that Philip, not apprehending, as yet, the fullness of God in Christ, could not embrace the full import of his words, and said to him (John, xiv. 8), *Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.* Jesus turned to Philip, and "drew back his fugitive thoughts that were seeking God elsewhere, and led them toward himself." In words of gentle reproach, he said: *Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believe me, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me.*

No, brethren. In Christ, the crucified, and in him alone, can we seek the true theology, or knowledge of God. In Christ the crucified, and in him alone, can we behold such a manifestation of the love of God as will satisfy a soul pierced with the sense of sin, that God loves it, and will accept its love. I say, with emphasis, a soul *pierced with the sense of sin*, because there is no other way for a sinful man to reach a genuine, spiritual apprehension of God and of his love, except through the sense of sin. And where the atonement and the divinity of the Saviour are rejected, it will too often be found that the sense of sin is rejected also. It is only to those who *feel* their sins that our religion makes its offers. It is only to the sick, that our kind Physician comes. And to such, he always comes. When this sense of sin has once fully been realized; when every refuge of lies has been abandoned; when the poor sinner, plucking courage even from despair, resolves to hasten into the very presence of the Saviour whom he has crucified—to appeal to that gentle One at whom he has so often scoffed—to cast his soul, all uncleansed as it is, before that very mercy-seat which he has despised—to hide himself under that very cross which he has mocked and derided; *then*, if there be no revelation for him but that of God, the all-powerful Avenger, no manifestation but that of the infinite eye, piercing to the deepest recess of his sinful heart, and laying bare vilenesses of which he is yet unconscious, even though every nerve of his moral being may have been tortured with the exquisite agony of his all-pervading sense of sin—if there be no *other* revelation for the poor wretch, I say, but *this*, he is of all men most miserable. O, how terrible, to know God at last, and then to know him only as a *consuming fire!* It were better for that man that he had never been born.

But, O! it is the *cross*, under which he has thrown himself! And what is the cross, but the highest, most complete manifestation of the *love of God.* And when the despairing eye once catches a glimpse of the Cross with this light upon it, the hardened soul no longer looks on God as the infinite Avenger, but as the compassionate Father! The sinner sees

that *God loves him*—him, wretched, miserable, undone—him, sunken in the very abyss of infamy—him, an object of hatred almost to himself; and, as he thinks, a fit object of loathing for his fellows. And when *this* is once realized, the chord is touched—the only chord in his heart that could be touched—the brute rock is cleft and the living waters gush forth. "He loves me! Then I love him."

"'Tis love! 'Tis love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks; the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art.
To me, to all, thy bowels move:
Thy nature and thy name is LOVE!"

This, my brethren, is the process of conversion. There may be a thousand shades of difference in the detail—in the degree of remorse, in the agony of prayer, in the time spent in the struggle; nay, with some hearts, prepared, like Lydia's, for a ready faith, there may be little or no struggle at all; but, with all, God is seen in *Christ* as loving the soul, before the soul loves him. This is the scope of the whole of the beautiful and tender chapter from which the text is taken. "We love him," says the text, "because he first loved us." Do we ask the apostle *wherein* this love of God was shown? He has already told us, in immediate connection with the text.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us (How? In creation? In providence? No; but)—*because God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love—not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.*

And so, brethren, when a sinner comes to us, asking how he shall find God and learn to love him, let us take him—not to the grandeur of nature, not to the sublime revelations of the Bible—but to the cross of our Saviour. Let us point him to the bleeding hands, and feet, and side; let us bid him listen to the Saviour's groans of unutterable agony; let us tell him that all this is but *part* of the great manifestation of God's *love* to him; and when he has learned to appropriate this love to himself, then, and not sooner, may we look for the hour of his deliverance from sin, and submission to the power of divine love—may we hear him cry,

"Canst thou, O Lord, forgive so soon
A soul that sinned so long?
Canst thou submit thyself to one
Who loads thee still with wrong?"

II. But, after all, brethren, we have only accounted for the *origin* of the emotion of love to God. We have traced it, strictly and solely, to the cross of Jesus. But the Bible teaches, and all experience con-

firms it, that every part of God's word and works, enlarges and strengthens this love, when once it is established. Nay, the soul has now a key to unlock many mysteries of the word of God, which, before, it could only wrest to its own destruction; and what yet remains enigmatical, it takes upon trust, humbly and lovingly leaning on Christ, even when he says: *What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.*

So, too, with nature. For the eye that can see it, God's handwriting is everywhere, and the redeemed soul has the clew to many a hieroglyphic which is to others utterly undecipherable. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the only *true* lover of nature is he that loves God in Christ. It is as with one standing in one of those caves of unknown beauty, of which travelers tell us. While it is dark, nothing can be seen but the abyss, or, at most, a faint glimmer of ill-defined forms. But flash into it the light of a single torch, and myriad splendors crowd upon the gaze of the beholder; he sees long-drawn colonnades, sparkling with gems, chambers of beauty and glory open on every hand, flashing back the light, a thousandfold increased, and in countless varied hues. So, the sense of God's love in the heart gives an eye for nature, and supplies the torch to illuminate its recesses of beauty. For the ear that can hear them, ten thousand voices speak, and all in harmony, the name of GOD! The sun, rolling in his majesty,

> "And with his tread, of thunder force,
> Fulfilling his appointed course,"

is but a faint and feeble image of the great central Light of the universe. The spheres of heaven, in the perpetual harmony of their unsleeping motion, swell the praise of GOD! The earth, radiant with beauty, and smiling in joy, proclaims its Maker's love. The ocean is but

> "The mirror where the Almighty
> Glasses himself in tempests;"

and as it murmurs on the shore, or foams with its broad billows o'er the deep, declares its God; and even the tempests, that in their "rising wrath sweep sea and sky," still utter the name of him who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm. In a word, the whole universe is but a temple, with God for its deity, and the redeemed *man* for its worshiper.

And so, too, with the order of divine providence in the world: its mysteries remain, but not out of harmony; the great melody of Christ's atonement pervades them all; and all the variations, rapid and wondrous as they are, still preserve the master-tone which gives unity and clearness to the whole.

III. 1. So, then, brethren, this refined and exalted love takes possession of our being, and such are some of the means of its culture and develop-

ment. But its best and surest culture, after all, is to be found in that *practice* to which the beloved apostle exhorts, in immediate connection with our text: *If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.* And again, he applies most directly, and, for him, in somewhat stern language, the test and proof of all men's love to God: *If a man say,* "I love God," *and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how* CAN *he love God, whom he hath not seen?* It is thus the design of Christianity to make of the human race one universal brotherhood; and the solvent that is to fuse all walls of partition, the fire that is to melt all weapons of oppression, is the love of God. For, *this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also.* Loving thus, we shall fulfill all righteousness. The whole law of God is summed up in this, by Christ himself: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets* (Matt., xxii. 37). That is to say, if we love God, we shall do all things else enjoined in God's law—shall fulfill all things else laid down by God's prophets. All good deeds will spring from this root, as the plant from the seed. There is one word, and but one, in which all the law is contained; and that word is *love* (Gal., v. 14).

2. Let us cherish, brethren, as the root and ground of our religious life, the great fact of God's love, to us in Christ Jesus. There is danger of our passing away from this simple scriptural belief, in a day when so many are wise above what is written—in a day when mysticism, in some quarters, passes current for philosophy, and philosophy takes precedence of religion. For young and undisciplined minds, the danger is great. But *no* danger is great, after all, so long as the heart keeps its love; so long as we keep ourselves near to the cross of Christ. Let us cherish then, the spirit of our text, and if asked the reason for the faith that is within us, answer, "We love him because he first loved us." And this answer will harmonize with all voices of the redeemed on earth and in heaven. Ask that young soul just born into the kingdom, and all quivering with the joy of its new experience—its answer will be, as it turns to the blessed cross its new-created eye of faith—*I love him because he first loved me.*

Ask that gray-haired Christian, who for years and years, has lived in Christ and loved his God, and whose affections flow on now in an unbroken stream, never wandering or deviating, to the bosom of his Father; and now, like Jacob, he stands leaning upon the top of his staff, and looking to behold the final salvation of God. Ask him, and still the answer will be, *I love him because he first loved me.*

Stand by that joyous and triumphant death-bed, and seek the source of its joy and its triumph. You will find it in the last whisper that falls

from the trembling lips, ere they are closed forever: *He loved me and gave himself for me.*

And so, beloved, it shall be in heaven. Ages hence, around the throne of God, if, in his mercy, we are permitted to enter that beatific presence, our ears shall hear, and our voices shall join in that ascription of grateful praise that goes up before God and the Lamb forever—that hymn that rises from the midst of the elders, who fall down before the Lamb that was slain, having *every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints*—that grateful hymn which goes up forever from amid the many angels round about the throne, and from that vast multitude whose number is ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands—all saying, with a loud voice, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, all that are in them," shall be heard saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever."

DISCOURSE XXII.

MARK HOPKINS, D.D.

President Hopkins was born at Stockbridge, Mass., February 4th, 1802, so that he is now fifty-five years of age. His father was a farmer, and gave to his son the advantages of a sound early education, such as our New England schools so admirably afford. When about twenty-four years old, he was brought, by divine grace, to a knowledge of the Saviour, and admitted to the fellowship of the Congregational church in his native town. He graduated at Williamstown in 1824, and gave himself to the study and practice of medicine, pursuing his profession for a time in New York city. In 1826 he was appointed as tutor in Williams' College, and in 1830 elected to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric. He came to the Presidency of the same institution in 1836, which office he has since filled with eminent success. He is also pastor of the College church.

Dr. Hopkins has published a work on the Evidences of Christianity; another called Lowell Lectures, a large volume of miscellanies, and a number of separate sermons. He has long been considered one of the closest thinkers and strongest writers in the country. His mind is eminently keen and analytical, and readily grasps and resolves into their proper elements things the most subtle and intricate. The peculiarities of his style, as a preacher, are seen in his miscellaneous sermons. In his pulpit productions there is a rare combination of conciseness and pungency, of sprightliness, clearness, sharpness, and strength—in a word, of the soundly logical and instructive, with the rhetorical and ornate.

The discourse, which is found below, was preached in August, 1850, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, during its session at Albany, and printed by request of that body. It is of a high order, and will extend the reputation of the author as a philosophical thinker, a polished writer, and an eloquent preacher. It is besides eminently timely in these days, when science and "science, falsely so called," seem eager to assert their claims, as opposed to those of revelation. We do not remember to have seen some of its positions stated elsewhere; nor a more effectual storming of the two great points where science diverges into infidelity. Its discriminations, also, respecting the sphere of faith as greater than that of science, and distinct from it, are not less opportune than just. We are desired to say for the author, in this connection, that the occasion of the discourse suggested a consideration of the relations and bearings of *mathematical* and *physical* science; and it will be seen that what is said refers specifically and almost exclusively to them. It was not intended to deny that there may be a science of *mind* so far as there are in that fixed attributes, necessary relations, and uniform facts certainly deducible.

THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"Avoiding profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called; which, some professing, have erred concerning the faith."—1 Tim., vi. 20, 21.

The genera and species of science are permanent. The genus *Apis*, and the species *mellifera*, are the same to-day as when they were described by Virgil eighteen hundred years ago. So, too, there are permanent manifestations of human character. We learn from the text that the genus *babbler* existed eighteen hundred years ago as it does now, and that then, as now, it was divided into two species. First, there was the simply vain, or empty babbler. Without depth, frivolous, conceited, with no apprehension of the grand and solemn aspects of this universe, with no comprehension of its great problems and interests, he is always and everywhere an annoyance and a hinderance. The second species of babbler is the profane. In this species conceit is intensified, and there are added to the characteristics of the other, recklessness and malignity. Both were opposed to Christianity, and, then, as now, closely associated with these, often identical, were some who professed science of some kind, and opposed Christianity on that ground. They so professed it as to err from the faith. Of this genus some are earnest inquirers, and some mere babblers. Certainly there have never been more perfect specimens of babbling, whether of the simply vain, or of the profane, than have been put forth in the name of science. Before the circulation of the blood was known, what perfect babble were the theories of animal spirits pervading the arteries? How much scientific babble was there, both vain and profane, about the zodiac Dendera? Of what a retreating ocean of it are we now hearing the last ripples respecting the "vestiges of creation" and the *Acarus Crossi?*

But the doctrine implied in the text is, that whenever any thing claiming to be science is in opposition to Christianity, it is science falsely so called; and hence, that between true Christianity and true science there is perfect harmony. It is also implied in this passage, that there is a sphere of faith distinct from that of science. These are the points to be illustrated; and, to this end, let us inquire,

1st, What science is.

2d, Whether all science is related to religion.

3d, What science is thus related, and how; and

4th, Consider the sphere of faith as distinct from that of science, but not opposed to it.

First, then, what is science? This is a *species* under the *genus* knowledge. All knowledge is not science; nor is the most important part of it. Those primitive intuitions which underlie all other knowledge, which are the same in all, and give unity to the race, are not science. A knowledge of isolated facts by the senses, knowledge from testimony,

the common knowledge by which life is regulated, is not science. If it were, scientific men would not be distinguished from others. The term is used somewhat loosely, but we shall not depart from the general usage if we say that science is *certain knowledge organized into a system*. If the knowledge be conjectural, or doubtful, it is not science; if it be of single facts or principles unlinked into a system, it is not science; but wherever there is certain knowledge combined into a system, we call it science. This, however, will include fields of great diversity, as the grounds of certainty, and the associating tie, or bond of unity, differ in different sciences.

In mathematical science, certainty, such as it is, grows out of pure conceptions of the mind, and of relations among them which no will established, and which no will can change. With the equality of the three angles of a triangle to two right angles even the will of the Omnipotent has nothing to do. The same is true of all hypothetical sciences—of logic as it is sometimes understood—as it must be understood to be an exact science. Assuming certain premises, the conclusion, as contained in them, *must* follow irrespective of any will. Here, neither the certainty, nor the science, has any thing to do with any fact; but they come from the necessary relations of thought.

But the certainty of physical science depends wholly on the uniformities of nature, as, indeed, does the science itself; and these *may* be the result of will, and so contingent. They doubtless are. These uniformities are either of construction and arrangement among things that co-exist; or of succession among those that follow each other; and only as there is uniformity or resemblance can there be physical science.

And not only do sciences differ in the ground of their certainty, but also in the tie that binds their parts together.

Some sciences, as mineralogy, are simply those of arrangement according to resemblances, without collocation. Others, as anatomy, are merely a knowledge of uniform arrangement, depending doubtless on a law, though that is unknown. Others, again, as astronomy, find unity and certainty in what is called a law, or a force acting according to a fixed rule. The conception of a force acting directly as the quantity of matter, and inversely as the square of the distance, belongs to the mind alone; but when we find from observation that it is realized in nature, and that every movement of every body in the system is regulated by it, we reach what is properly called a law. By physical law is most generally meant the uniformity itself; but here we have not merely that, but the rule by which that uniformity is produced. When we reach this, if the law be strictly universal, the science is no longer inductive. It becomes deductive. It gives us the power of prediction and of calculation, not only with respect to observed bodies, but also respecting those not yet observed, and concerning these we may reason,

and, as Le Verrier did, draw certain conclusions. This is the highest form of physical science.

We speak here of law; but what we know of physical science is simply uniformities, not causes. Science knows nothing, it can know nothing of law as the cause of any uniformity, but only as the rule by which the cause acts. When it understands itself, it claims to know only this. Our conception of the law is purely subjective. No man can show that any thing corresponding to it is necessary, or that other laws may not obtain in other portions of immensity.

Resemblances, uniformities, and the rule by which these last are produced, implying the power of classification and prediction—these are the whole of physical science.

We next inquire whether all science has relation to religion.

And here I observe that mathematics has, in itself, no such relation, nor has any hypothetical science. Pure mathematics is concerned with nothing that can not be demonstrated. But nothing can be demonstrated that depends, or can by any possibility depend, upon will—no *fact* can be demonstrated—and as the operation and power of will are excluded from the science, it can have no necessary reference to any personal being, beyond the mathematician himself. How can a science that has no dependence on will, or power, and that has nothing to do with facts, have any relation to religion, which is wholly practical, and deals only with persons and with facts?

It is true, as was said by Plato, that God geometrizes. He has made every thing by weight and measure, has "weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." It is true that the forces of nature, and the figures of her crystals, and the forms of her orbits correspond with the definitions and the calculations of mathematics. If they did not there could be no science concerning them. But it is one thing to demonstrate a proposition respecting an ellipse as a hypothetical figure, and quite another to ascertain the *fact* that the earth moves in an ellipse, and so moves in it as to be brought round to the same star, year by year at the same time, without the variation of a fraction of a second. The first is pure mathematics, and has no relation to religion; the second is a fact, and is a bright and wondrous illustration of the wisdom and the power of God.

So it should appear to all; but, strange to say, it is the very perfection of this coincidence between demonstration and fact that has blinded the eyes of some to the moral force of the facts, and has made mathematics the *occasion* of infidelity. So was it with La Place—so with other mere mathematicians. But how? How has it been that adepts in the grandest of all sciences—in the knowledge of those heavens which "declare the glory of God," have been atheistic? It is thus: the mathematician can tell by figures the position of the heavenly bodies a hundred years ago, as he doubts not, a hundred years hence. Even the perturbations and

irregularities of the system he finds to be but as a vast pendulum swinging in an arc that can be measured by his formulas. But the relations of the figures by which these results are obtained are necessary; and what more natural than to transfer this necessity over to the facts so wonderfully corresponding with the demonstration, thus excluding God, and all will, and bringing all things under the sway of a necessity that is absolute? It is this transference, perhaps often unconscious, of the necessity of the mathematical relations over to the physical facts coincident with them, that has utterly vitiated the logic of such men as La Place. Could La Place demonstrate that there would be an eclipse at a given moment? Can you, my mathematical friend, demonstrate that there will be one at a given moment next year? No. The opposite of a demonstration is an absurdity, and it certainly is not absurd to suppose that an eclipse will not take place. You can demonstrate it *if*—*if* the laws of nature should not be arrested, and *if*, under them, no new body should come in; but demonstration knows of no possible *if* intervening between its data and its conclusions. The laws of nature may be arrested; it would not be absurd. Even under them there may come in a new comet of six thousand years, with a tail as long as its circuit, and leave your demonstration merely idle figures on paper.

But the forces of nature *may* depend upon will. Working, as they all do, regularly, and for beneficial ends, it would seem most natural to think they do. But if we admit this, then the very coincidence between demonstration and fact, thus used as a premiss to exclude God, may be the very highest evidence, nay, *the only possible evidence, of the infinite energy of a will perfectly regulated.* The duration of the system is necessary to show that there is no weariness in the energy; its vastness and inconceivable velocities are necessary to show that that energy has no limit; and the mathematical precision is necessary to show that it is *perfectly* regulated. Could God, in any other way, have given such an example of punctuality and order? or have so combined the ideas of infinite energy and of perfect control?

Thus, while pure mathematics has no direct relation to religion, the relation to it of nature appearing under mathematical forms is most intimate. Only thus could some of the divine attributes find their highest expression. Within its own sphere this science is worthy of all regard, but inferences from it which are not mathematical, but which men seek to clothe with the same certainty, to dignify with the name of science, and professing which they err from the faith, we are at liberty to designate as "science falsely so called." If it can be shown at all, certainly mathematics can not show that the highest lesson taught by nature under mathematical forms is not that she is the exponent of a will perfectly regulated, and yet free. Thus seen, she becomes the most perfect possible type and herald of a moral government in which "judgment shall be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

We next inquire what sciences are related to religion, and how?

And here we say that all sciences of fact and law, of organization and succession, are related to religion, but they are so related only as there may be indicated through them *intelligence* and *will*. Intelligence and will are the elements which we must find in those materials which are the basis of science if we would bring it into relation to religion.

But that *intelligence* must lie among the materials of science, as thought in a book, would seem to me self-evident if it had not so often been overlooked or denied. Is it possible, let me ask, to study and understand any thing which does not contain thought, and so is its product? Can we thus study a book or an orrery? If not, how can we study and understand that which the orrery represents? Can intelligence commune except with intelligence manifesting itself either directly, or through signs that may be called a language? Can there be an objective law that does not correspond to a subjective idea, and that did not originate in it? It is the dignity of science that in it we reach and share the thoughts of God. We may receive them as from a letter unauthenticated, and so have no conscious communion with him; but we can not understand them and have a science, a *knowing*, unless they *are thoughts*, and so, proofs of an intelligent being who thus expresses them. Thus does it seem to me, that the very existence, the possibility even, of that science through which men are sometimes led to deny God as intelligent, constantly gives the lie to that denial—that the denial by science of intelligence manifested through those things which it studies, is suicidal.

But while there is this proof through science of intelligence in God, do not those *uniformities* in nature, without which science could not be, preclude the idea of free will? It is, as has been said, the knowledge of uniformities in succession and in arrangement that is science; and as science knows nature only as uniform, whether through law or otherwise, the question is, whether her inference would not be to a uniform cause, possessing possibly a degree of intelligence, but devoid of a proper personality and will. This *is* the inference which the mere naturalist has drawn. He has passed from the uniformity of his data to the uniformity of their cause, precisely as the mathematician has passed from the necessity of his data to the necessity of their cause. The premises are different, but the result is essentially the same. Now, if, as Comte and his followers simply assume, there is properly no such thing as will, if it be only our ignorance that prevents the reduction of all things to calculable uniformities, and so to what they call positive science, then the inference would be legitimate. But against this we say that both primitive belief and fair deduction are conclusive. To this I ask your attention.

We say, then, that the uniformities of nature are not only no proof of the want of personality and will in their author, but that they prove it.

And we say that they do this, first, by certain uniform exceptions to the uniformities. Of this we take a case under caloric. It is a uniform

fact in the science of that, that it expands all bodies, and of course that its abstraction contracts them. But to this last there is put in the uniform exception of water when it has reached the freezing point, because our oceans and lakes would otherwise become solidified. Now we say that the putting in of a uniform exception like this, for an obvious end, shows that the uniformity itself was the result of choice.

We say, secondly, that the uniformities of nature prove the presence of personality, will, and choice, from their congruity with the constitution of the mind, and their adaptation to its education and wants. Our mental constitution and the instincts of all animals are pre-conformed to these uniformities, so that we naturally expect them. For a logical belief in the uniformity of the processes of nature, a wide induction would be required, but we find this so impressed on the mind of the infant, that its very constitution is adapted to the state into which it is to come, as that of the eye is to the light to which *it* is to come. There is in us all a natural expectation of the constancy of nature. But thus viewed this expectation is of the nature of a promise; and a promise can be made only by a personal being; and that constancy of nature, of which research only deepens the conviction, is simply the fulfillment of the promise. Who doubts the personality of a man because he is punctual to a moment, and exact in the fulfillment of his promises? And so every instance of that constancy in the processes of nature upon which science is based, instead of being an evidence of a want of personality in God, is but the utterance of nature responding to that of revelation, and saying, "He is faithful that promised." If we admit that simple uniformity may originate in an instinctive force, yet how could a congruity between the constitution of mind and of matter have sprung from any thing but the choice of an all-comprehensive and a divine wisdom?

But not only is the constancy of nature congruous to the constitution of mind, and an evidence of the faithfulness of God, it might well have been chosen with reference to the education and wants of mind. Who does not see that this constancy and the consequent certainty is an essential element—perhaps not more so than uncertainty—but still an essential element in the education of mind and its acquisition of practical power? Who does not see that a want of constancy in structure and arrangement would have necessitated the study of each individual object, and so life had been consumed before we had learned how to live? Who does not see that a want of constancy in succession would have rendered experience nugatory, and rational calculations and plans for the future impossible? Is, then, a feature in the constitution of nature so adapted to the education and wants of mind that we can not see how a wise being should have failed to choose it to be set down as evidence of a want of choice?

But, once more, that the uniformities of nature indicate no want of personality and will in their author is evident, because science itself

shows that science has not always been possible, and that when it has, its uniformities have not been permanent, but have changed and been progressive through different epochs. Science carries us back to a beginning. We thank geology for that. She says, "*In the beginning*," not less emphatically than does revelation. To the *miracle* of that beginning she goes back and lays her hand upon her mouth. She says, "It is too wonderful for me, it is high, I can not attain unto it." She has reached the limit of her element, the point where her conditions cease. Science also shows that after this beginning, there have been periods when science was impossible; that when it has been, it was not the same as now, and that it may not always be. What science could there have been in those geological epochs, those formative periods, when the electrical agencies were unbalanced, and the fire-storms were abroad, and the waters were playing hide and seek over the tops of these hills and along these valleys, and when the demon of the earthquake had his back under our mountains lifting them up? What science would there be now if the crust of the earth should again be riven, and the broad Pacific should be let down upon that ocean of fire of which geologists tell us? In utter chaos science is impossible. How different too must science have been in her forms and orders of succession when the earth was covered with a species of vegetation now extinct and consolidated into coal, and when the Iguanodon and Megalosaurus, and huge Saurians were the "monarchs of all they surveyed?" And not only does science say that there was a time when the present species were not, but also, that when they came, they came, not by development, but that the magnates walked in the van. She has no whisper to favor the theory of the confusion of species—of the transition of a sea-plant into a land-plant—of a mite into a mammoth, or a man. She sweeps away all notion of any permanent chain of being. She says that species have not been permanent, that in the march of creative energy they have been constantly dropped and never repeated, that the progress has been always upward, that science is no fixed thing, no perpetual circle; but that with new epochs, new constructions and new uniformities have been added, and that every new movement not only connects itself with what preceded, but looks forward to some higher system for which it prepares, and which it dimly foreshadows. So has it been in the long past—so is it now. In the present system, mental and physical, there are symptoms of unrest. He knows little who does not know that the elements are sleeping beneath and around him which may, as in a moment, bring it to an end; and the voice of geology, from the past, no less than that of revelation, is, that "all these things are to be dissolved, and that we are to look for new heavens and a new earth."

For the conception and carrying foward of this progressive and ever brightening plan, reason demands the presence of a personal God. Here are no circling uniformities. Its step is onward and upward toward

some consummation worthy of Him. Of this mighty plan the uniformities of science are a part. Seen thus, not as the merely scientific man sees them, from within, where only uniformities can be seen, but from without and from above; seen in their place, as permanent only for a time, as changing with the epoch, and flexible to the wants of mind, these very uniformities proclaim with trumpet tongue the presence of intelligence and of will.

Thus does the babble of necessity, and of independent laws, and unconscious agencies, and pantheistic instincts die away, and science takes its placewith its censer in its hand, and worships before the throne of the Almighty.

This point I dwell upon, because science has been infidel to such an extent. It ought not to be. It can be only through a false logic, taking its departure, as I have endeavored to show, from the certainties of mathematics, and the uniformities of physical science. Let science keep its own place. In its own right it can not go beyond itself, and in that right it has strictly nothing to do but to arrange and label phenomena; and to leave the inferences to be drawn from them respecting the great interests of man and the profounder problems of the universe to a higher wisdom. If the inference from the science to irreligion were a part of the science, we would respect it as such; but the moment a scientific man attempts to draw such inferences, for which, perhaps, the very pursuit of his science may have specially disqualified him, he lays aside his own character, and puts himself on ground where others have a right at least quite as good as he; for, of the problems of religion and human destiny, science, as such, can know nothing. Those problems have nothing to do with any circular and recurring movement. As has been said, all knowledge is not scientific, or rather science is not all knowledge, nor can scientific knowledge in any case reach the essence of things. The inference from any particular science that there is, or is not, a God, is not a part of the science; and as to the mode of his existence, science has never "so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." She may reach general truths and laws, but of the ground out of which her phenomena spring she is utterly ignorant. Her sphere, if not narrow, is limited. Even in Astronomy, where she has been called "star-eyed," she knows only recurring movements, but is mole-eyed with reference to that great movement which is sweeping us all—sun and stars together —we know not whither. She knows nothing of phenomena except as they recur; nothing of love, and worship, and of a comprehensive wisdom, though she may minister to them. These, the great leaders in science, its discoverers and pioneers, have retained. They have been in sympathy with God. They have known that man as man is greater than man as scientific. But men of the second rank have often cultivated science at the expense of their humanity. It is not that they have been too scientific, but exclusively or falsely so. The stream has deep-

ened only by growing narrow. They have become incapable of reasoning from data not involved in their particular science, and on subjects aside from their own specialty, mere babblers.

In thus showing the relations of science and religion we have considered only fundamental, and not particular revealed truths. This the time would not admit. With respect to these we neither fear nor shun science. We welcome it. We welcome all truth. The Bible stands on its own evidence, which we see and feel to be conclusive; and we have no fear that any thing that can be shown to *be* science can be brought into contradiction with any thing that can be shown to be in the Bible.

We now pass to consider, as was proposed, in the fourth place, the sphere of faith as distinct from that of science, but not opposed to it. "Which some professing," says the text, "have erred from the faith"—that is, from the Christian doctrine that is received, not on the ground of the evidence of science, but of testimony, and by faith; thus implying that faith is a ground of belief and of action distinct from science.

And who does not believe this? Come with me, my scientific friend. Leave your retorts and dried specimens. Here is an infant. See it look up with confiding love into the eye of its mother. Is there science in that? No. There is confidence in a person, and that is *faith*. This can never become either science or its basis. Is this now a less natural, or necessary, or rational principle of belief and of action than that first faith of this same infant in the constancy of nature, which is the basis of science; for in the last analysis even science will be found to rest upon faith of a certain kind? Are not, indeed, the functions of the first evidently higher and more vital than those of the last? Certainly they are as much higher and more vital, as the sphere of life, of society, of moral government, is higher than that of matter and mere physical laws. Faith is the essential bond between man and man. It is the bond of the family, of the state; on it every commercial and social interest depends. It unites every loving seraph to the throne of God; it unites the society of heaven. And is science to ignore this, and mock at it, while yet she is grinding in the prison-house of her own low uniformities? Nature might perish, and spiritual well-being remain, but if *this confidence* be lost, our highest good is inconceivable.

Science knows necessary relations and uniformities, but can it know any thing of love, or worship, or ultimate ends? Is science life? The *fact* of life lies back of science. Is science freedom? The *fact* of freedom is above science. Is it love? Love springs up by no rule of science. Is science wisdom? Wisdom uses science in the pursuit of ultimate ends, but of these science knows nothing. Is there science in a smile, a tear, a repartee? Can science make a home, or ever preside there? Science may cook the dinner; it always should; but "better is a dinner of herbs where love is," though it be poorly cooked, "than a stalled ox," scientifically cooked, "and hatred therewith." But freedom,

love, wisdom, involve faith; and give this to human beings—give them faith in each other and in God—and the ministrations of science are secondary. This is what is needed on earth, this will underlie the joys of heaven.

This difference between persons and things, and between the principles by which we are fitted to act with reference to each, has not been sufficiently signalized. Persons and things form distinct spheres, and when I trust property in the hands of a person simply on his word, the ground of my reliance is not the same as when I trust, or expect that the sun will rise to-morrow. One is an instinctive confidence in the constancy of nature confirmed by experience, and may underlie science; the other implies an apprehension of freedom, responsibility, goodness, and a voluntary confidence in the person possessing these. This is faith, and can never be the basis of science. What is natural, fixed, recurrent, is the sphere of science; what is personal and free is the sphere of faith.

Now between these two spheres of persons and of things, of faith and of science, and the two kinds of movement in nature already referred to, there is a beautiful correspondence. As there are in astronomy circular and recurrent movements among the bodies of the system which science can calculate, and also an absolute movement in space of which science can only say that it is, so is it everywhere in the works of God. Everywhere these two movements are wonderfully mingled; everywhere science knows something of the one, and nothing of the other, which is yet the great movement. Of all that pertains to human life that is fixed and recurrent science may speak, but that flow of thought and feeling and moral life which is once for all, and turns not back, is not within its sphere. It knows not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.

So that onward movement in the march of creation, of which I have spoken, how grand it is! how mysterious in its origin! How inscrutable, how utterly beyond the scope of science are its issues! Only after the dethronement of chaos, and during the first epoch in which there were orderly arrangements and recurrent movements, was science possible. Then she might have pitched her tent, and polished her glasses, and built her laboratory, and have begun her observations and her records. She might have counted every scale on the placoids, and every spot on the lichens, and every ring on the graptolites, and have analyzed the fog from every standing pool; and so have gone on thousands of years, feeling all the time that her tent was a house with stable foundations, and her recurring movements an inheritance forever. "Do you suppose," she might have said, "that this fixed order will be broken up?" "Do you not see that since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were?" But that epoch came to its close. The placoids, and lichens, and graptolites, and all the science connected with them, were whelmed beneath the surface, to be known no more except as they might leave their record there. Then again, in the second period, sci-

ence might have gone the same round, and fallen into the same infidelity. And, indeed, from her own stand-point alone, how could she do otherwise? The circular movement can not speak of that which is to end it. And so it has been through the epochs.

According to its own records, the coming up of the creation out of the past eternity has been as the march of an army that should move on by separate stages with recruits of new races and orders at the opening of each encampment. During those long days of God there was scope for science, and for a new one in each. In each, science could pitch the tent, and forage, and perfect the arrangement for the encampment; but she could not tell when the tents were to be struck, or where the army would march next. And so the movement has been onward till our epoch has come, and we have been called in as recruits. And now again science is busy with her fixed arrangements and recurring movements; but knows just as little as before of the rectilinear movement—of the direction and termination of this mighty march. *It is within this movement, and not in the sphere of science that our great interest lies.* Belonging to arrangements and movements in this world, science can do much for us in this world, but she can not regenerate the world, she can not secure the interests which lie only in the rectilinear line of movement, and which are "the one thing needful." Of that movement we can know nothing except through faith. Through that we may know. We believe there is one who has marshaled the hosts of this moving army, and who has the ordering of them, and that he has told us so much of this onward movement as we need to know; and here it is that we find that sphere of faith which we say is distinct from science, but not opposed to it.

Into this sphere, if you have not done so, we invite you, my honored friends, to enter. We say it is the higher sphere, and we invite you to come *up* into it. You admit and illustrate a unity in all fixed arrangements; why not admit and study a grander one in consecutive movements? You know one thing, we ask you not to be ignorant of another, without which all other knowledge will, in the end, seem folly. We ask you to join to the attainments of science the humility of the Christian, his benevolence and high aims. We ask you not only to learn the teachings of nature, but also to learn of him who has said, "Come unto me;" who is "meek and lowly of heart." Thus, and thus only, shall you "find rest unto your souls." Here is rest; here we bring you to knowledge that is permanent. The recurring movements of science shall cease. The heavens and the earth "shall wax old as a garment, as a vesture shall God fold them up, and they shall be changed," but his moral government shall endure, and in the onward march of that, what scenes of awe and terror, what bright scenes of joy and wonder may arise, no tongue can tell.

Of this onward movement we know but in part, but what we do know

not only meets the wants of our moral nature, but also corresponds with the teachings of physical science. The termination of this present epoch, foretold by Peter and Paul, who knew nothing of geology or chemistry, is precisely such as geology shows has taken place heretofore, as chemistry shows may readily take place again. And then the simplicity, and worthiness, and moral grandeur, of the epoch foretold as lying beyond, fully correspond, and more than correspond, with the magnificence of past movements, as revealed by geology, and with the terrific termination of the present scenes which the Scriptures reveal.

In these coming scenes, not only, as heretofore, will the fountains of the great deep be broken up, and the surgings of the internal ocean of fire rend the earth, and matter be unchained from its present affinities, and the electrical agencies flash and thunder from pole to pole; but above the crash and roar of the earthquake, louder than the thunder, shall be heard the "voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the dead shall arise." "Then shall the Son of man come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, and he shall sit on the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." "Then shall the wicked go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Then, according to his promise, do we "look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

DISCOURSE XXI. I.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

This distinguished author and divine was born in New York, March 18, 1805. He was the only son of Mr. Divie Bethune, a native of Ross-shire, Scotland, who was eminent as a merchant, and for his intelligent, active piety, exerting his influence at the starting of almost every large charitable religious society. He printed, or had printed, the first religious tract, long before the Tract printing-house; imported Bibles for distribution, long before the Bible Society; was a foreign director of the London Missionary Society, long before any missionary society existed here; was one of the founders of the American Colonization Society; and among the very earliest movers in the cause of seamen, long before the Seamen's Friend Society.

His mother, Mrs. Joanna Bethune, is still living, in her eighty-ninth year. Her mother was the celebrated Mrs. Isabella Graham. Mrs. Joanna Bethune was very active in founding the Widows' Society and the Orphan Asylum, in New York, introducing the Sunday-school system, after Raikes's plan, into this country; originating the first society for helping poor women, through their own industry, and the Society for the Promotion of Industry. She also introduced the infant-school system here.

Dr. Bethune was converted in early life, and united with the Presbyterian church, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, under the pastoral care of his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Duffield, having been led to trust in Christ during a remarkable revival the same year, 1822, at Dickinson College.

He studied three years in Columbia College, New York, and spent the last year and that of his graduation at Dickinson College, Carlisle. His theological education was received at Princeton Theological Seminary, of which his father was one of the founders.

He was ordained by the Second Presbytery of New York, 1827, and first settled over the Reformed Dutch church, Rhinebeck, Dutchess county, New York. His second charge was assumed in 1830: that of the Reformed Dutch Church at Utica, which he gathered and built up. This he resigned in 1834, to go to the First Reformed Dutch church, Philadelphia, of which he held the pastorate until 1836. He was settled, in 1837, over the Third Reformed Dutch church, Philadelphia, which was built for him, and the congregation of which he gathered; and in 1849, desiring to be near his aged mother, he became the stated supply of the Central Reformed Dutch church of Brooklyn. In 1851, he was settled over the Reformed Dutch church on the Heights, Brooklyn, which had been built for him, and the congregation of which he gathered. Of this church, now numbering over 300 communicants, he still has the pastoral charge.

Dr. Bethune was offered, by President Polk, the professorship of Moral Philosophy and Chaplaincy at the Military Academy, West Point, which he declined. He was also elected Chancellor of the New York University, 1850, which he in like manner declined.

He was, in 1840, President of the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, and is now a member of the American Philosophical Society, and of many historical and other literary societies, besides being largely identified with the great benevolent institutions of the day.

He is widely known as the author of many valuable publications, such as sermons before the Foreign Evangelical Society, the American Sunday-school Union, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Newark, 1856, with numerous others on different public and special occasions, including some eighteen or twenty orations before various literary societies. His more permanent and useful works are, "The Fruit of the Spirit;" "Early Lost, Early Saved;" "The History of a Penitent;" "Lays of Love and Faith;" a volume of sermons; and "Orations and Occasional Discourses," published in 1851. Several of these works are very able; but the Doctor calls the "FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT," his "pet" book. It is a most edifying volume. He has also edited several works.

Dr. Bethune has one of the largest private libraries in the country (over 5,000 volumes), and he works it with a will. It is especially rich in ancient and English literature and *belles-lettres*, of which he is particularly fond. He is an ardent admirer of the beautiful in nature and art, and has composed some *gems* of poetry. He is one of the most fervid yet chaste orators in the American pulpit, and his written style is eloquent, and marked frequently by remarkable verbal felicities.

His sermons are characterized by the prominence which he everywhere gives to the doctrines of the cross. The last words of his dying father have not been forgotten: "*Preach the gospel! Tell dying sinners of the Saviour: all the rest is but folly!*" His discourses are also carefully prepared, and often highly elaborated. In style and movement they are easy, graceful, simple, yet adorned, but not with dazzling ornaments. He is a master of rhetoric, and applies his acquisitions in this department with great advantage. His *soul* is in his preaching, and not unfrequently shows itself in great vigor of gesture and action of body. Few men, if any, in the country, have a wider reputation as a platform speaker, lecturer, and pulpit orator. He has hundreds of applications in a year to lecture before Lyceums, Young Men's Christian Associations, Literary Societies, and the like, most of which, of course, must be declined. He is seldom absent from his pulpit, loves his people, and is beloved as an affectionate pastor.

Of the many admirable sermons of Dr. Bethune which have come under our notice, no one is more worthy of his reputation, than that which is here introduced. The opening is happy, the divisions natural, the peroration apt and impressive, and the language and course of thought throughout highly eloquent and entertaining. A passage is not often met with, which is more truly sublime, than that toward the close, in which the words occur, "Hark! the trumpet! the earth groans and rocks herself, as if in travail! They rise, the sheeted dead; but how lustrously white are their garments! how dazzling their beautiful holiness," etc.

VICTORY OVER DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor., xv. 55–57.

The sublimity of the text overpowers us. It is the exultation of an inspired apostle. How shall we, weak and imperfect Christians, dare to take words of such fearless joy upon our sinful lips?

My brethren, the apostle, inspired of God, speaks also as a sinner saved by grace. The truth which gives him all his courage, he preaches for our confidence. His conquering Champion, in the fight with death and the grave, "was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification." He exults as a Christian in God the Saviour, and he invites all who receive the gospel to join in his triumphant faith, when he exclaims,

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

It is, therefore, our privilege and our duty to make the words of the text our own. God strengthen us, by their holy teachings, to rejoice in the victory, and to utter the thanksgiving with our whole hearts!

The apostle has demonstrated the glorious resurrection of the just in Christ, by an elaborate argument, and states his conclusion as the fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy (xxv. 5), that the Lord "will swallow up death in victory, and will wipe away tears from off all faces." "So," says he (54), "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass this saying that is written: 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'" His pious soul, with that faith "which is the substance of things hoped for," anticipates the full triumph, now made certain by the resurrection and ascension to glory of Christ the Saviour, the Life and Forerunner of his church. He remembers the promise of God by the prophet Hosea (xiii. 14): "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction;" and in a burst of eloquent exultation, he defies his former enemies: "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" Thou hadst a sting, O death! "The sting of death is sin;" and that sting was deadly. "The strength of sin is the law;" but now is thy sting plucked out, and all its venom turned into life. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The natural division of the text, and that which we shall follow, is: The Challenge and the Thanksgiving: I. The Challenge: "O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory!" II. The Thanksgiving: "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Under the first head we shall consider the sting of death and the victory of the grave; under the second, the Christian's victory over them; which will include an explanation of the intermediate verse: "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law."

I The Challenge:

"O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory!"

The apostle, following Hosea, and by a strong figure, challenges death and the grave separately, though, strictly, they are one. The victory of the grave is the consequence of the sting of death. It is a bold challenge to demand of Death, Where is thy sting? and of the Grave, Where is thy victory?

Where is the sting of death? Alas! and is it nothing to die? Nothing to be made sure that we must die? Is it nothing to leave this fair earth, the light of the cheerful sun, our pleasant homes, our loving friends, and to be buried and become as dust beneath the sod, and under the shade of the gloomy cypresses? Is it nothing to close our senses forever upon all we have cherished, and sought, and hoped for, and prided ourselves in? Is it nothing to have the sad certainty before us at all times, in the midst of our best successes, that the hour is coming when the cold, narrow, ignominious grave, shall hide us from them all? That our plans, contrive them and pursue them as we may, of ambition, gain, knowledge, service to those who are dear, zeal for our country and the welfare of mankind, must be broken off, and the brain which projected, the hand which wrought, and the heart which beat strong, become still as the clod, and the luxury of worms? Is it nothing that every step of humanity, the first tottering effort of the crowing child, the sportive spring of youth, the firm tread of adult vigor, and the halt of the old man, leaning upon his staff, is to the same vile end? That every hour of sleep or activity, pleasure or sorrow, thoughtfulness or gayety, alike urges us irresistibly on? Is it nothing that the blood shall be chilled at its fountain, and the clammy sweat-drops start out upon the forehead, and the breath come slow, and in agony, and the life, clinging desperately, be torn away and cast forth by fierce convulsion?

Has death no sting, when we hold the beloved, who made life precious, and the world beautiful, by so frail, brief, melancholy a tenure? Has it no sting for the yearning bosom, from whose warm sanctuary the little one has been taken, never again to nestle sweetly there at waking morn, or for the noon-tide sleep, or in the drowsy evening?

Has it no sting in that "life-long pang a widowed spirit bears?" Has it no sting when the faces, which reflected our smiles, and beamed back upon us tenderness, and sympathy, and faith, are so changed that we must send them away and bury them out of our sight? Or when we follow the good man, the just, the generous, the friend of the sorrowful and the stranger and the poor, the wise teacher of truth, the advocate

of right, and the champion of the weak, to that bourne from which he will return to bless the world no more? No sting in death? Is there one among us such a miracle of uninterrupted happiness, so insensible to others' grief, as not to have felt its keen and lingering sharpness?

Where is the victory of the grave? Where is it not? Power can not resist it. The kings of the earth lie in "the desolate places they built for themselves." Riches can purchase no allies skillful to avert the blow. The marble in its sculptured pomp acknowledges the struggle to have been in vain. There is no discharge in this war for wisdom, or youth, or virtue, or strength. In the crowded burial-place they lie together, smitten down by the same hand. Obscurity affords us refuge. The slave falls beside his master, and the beggar is slain by the wayside. Some may maintain the fight a little longer, but "the same event happeneth unto all."

Where is the victory of the grave? What conqueror is so mighty, when all conquerors fight in its battles, and then bow themselves to death with their victims? The track of its march is cumbered with the wreck of fairest symmetry, and beauty, and vigor. The entire generations of past ages are crumbled into dust; all the living are following in one vast funeral; all posterity shall follow us. Were all the cries of those who have perished by flood, or battle, or famine, or fire, or sickness, and the wails of the bereaved over their dead, crowded into one, the shriek would shake the earth to the center. Were all the corpses that are crumbling, or have crumbled to dust, laid upon the surface, as the slain upon a battle-field, there would not be room for the living among the disfigured trophies of the conquering grave, which, with the world for its prison-house, must consume its captives to make room for more. Where is the victory of the grave? The silence of the dead, the anguish of the surviving, the mortality of all that shall be born of mortals, confess it to be universal.

Yet, were there nothing beside this, the calamity would be light. A gloomy anticipation, a few tears, a sharp pang, and all would be over. We should sleep, and dream not. We should forget, and be forgotten. But there is more than this. Whence came death? Why must man, with his upward-bearing countenance, his vast affections, his far-reaching thought, the most fearfully made of all God's wonderful works, die? How came there to be graves in this decorated earth, which God looked down upon with smiles, and pronounced very good? My fellow-children of the dust, God is angry with us. None but God could take the life God gave, or dissolve what God has made. God has armed Death with fatal strength, and sent him forth, the executioner of a divine sentence, the avenger of a broken law. The victory of the grave is the conquest of justice over rebellion. It is omnipotence, putting to shame and eternal defeat the treason of man against his Maker. It is holiness consuming the sinner. Death is God's wrath, for his favor is life.

"The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." Death had no sting for man, and the grave no victory, till sin entered into the world; but now "death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The law of God, which condemns the sinner, gives Death power to seize and hold him fast, with all the strength of God's wrath against the guilty. Wherever there is sin, its wages are death. Wherever death is, there must be sin. Yes! even in thy death, thou sinless, crucified Lamb of God, for thou didst bear the sins of thy people! It is enough that we are mortal, to prove that we are sinners, and condemned already by him who declares, "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Does any one doubt this? Let him solve the question why God slays his creatures. There is no evading it. Man must be a sinner, or his Maker a tyrant.

Here is the sharpness of death's sting. It is the evidence and punishment of sin. It is the lowering darkness of the storm of wrath, which is eternal. It is the hand of God tearing the sinner's shrieking spirit out of the world, and dragging him to judgment, thence to be cast down into pangs everlasting; while the grave holds the body in its unyielding grasp, till the Son of man comes in the clouds to execute his final vengeance upon each guilty soul, and its guilty instrument the polluted flesh. O my hearers, it is the bitterness of death, that pleasant as sins may be now, death will soon and surely come; and after death the judgment, when every sin shall find us out, and the sinner have no excuse, nor plea, nor refuge from the flashing terrors of the inexorable law; and after the judgment, eternal woe for all the condemned, and a prison-house, whose doors allow no escape, where remorse preys upon the soul like a venomous worm that never dies, and the wrath of God burns in fire unquenchable. O my God, what a strange lethargy must that sinner be in, who feels not the sting of death, but sleeps stupidly on, dreaming of lust, and gain, and pride, till death wakens him with eternal agony!

Here we see the apostle's boldness, the strength and valor of Christian faith; for, knowing that he must die, and the grave cover him, he stands up bravely, and flings defiance in their faces:

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

To learn the secret of his courage, we must consider,

II. The Thanksgiving.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

This, with the preceding verse, answers three questions: Whence is the victory? How is it given us? In what does it consist?

1. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory!"

God gives death its sting, and the grave its victory. So long as God arms and strengthens them, it is impossible to resist them. They are God's ministers, and in their ministry omnipotent. God, therefore, alone can give us the victory, by becoming our friend. When he is our friend,

his ministers, which were our enemies, must be our friends and servants. Thus the believer looks to God, and relies wholly upon him. If there be no help from God, there can be none. He hopes not to deserve, or earn, or work the victory for himself. It must be given him by an act of free grace, sovereign mercy, and redeeming love. But when God comes to his rescue, his deliverance is certain. Therefore he says, "Thanks be to God!"

2. How is the victory given? Will the sting remain with death? or strength with the grave? If so, how will the believer conquer? Will God arm his enemies against him, and yet fight for him? Will omnipotence contend with omnipotence? or mercy deliver the sinner whom justice holds bound? Does sin cease to be guilty, or the law abate its force? Hear the apostle:

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory *through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

"The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." Death is the penalty of sin, and, while the law condemns the sinner, he must remain captive to death and the grave. But our Lord Jesus Christ, by satisfying the law for his people, plucked out the sting of death, and ravished the victory from the grave.

For this the Son of God became incarnate, that, as man, in the place of man the sinner, he might be capable of suffering the punishment of the law, which is death; while his indwelling divinity gave to those sufferings an infinite worth. As God, he had the power to dissolve the bonds of death; but as the Redeemer, by his infinite atonement, he purchased the right to remit the penalty of the law, which passed death upon the sinner. He became man to suffer; he died that man might live. This the apostle expressly says (Heb., ii. 9), that Jesus "was made a little" (or, as some read, a little while) "lower than the angels for the suffering of death;" and, again (14, 15), "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death; that is, the devil (the tormentor of the damned sinner), and deliver them, who through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage."

He stood forth in our stead, to answer all the demands of the law against us; and the Sovereign Lawgiver accepted the substitute, and laid upon him the iniquity of us all. Then, having for us honored the law, by a life of perfect obedience, and infinite merit, he came to the passion of death. On the cross he invoked the death we deserved, in its most cruel and shameful forms. He stood between the venomed monster and us, and into his heart death struck his sting deep, so deep that he could not draw it forth again; and losing all his power to harm, hung gasping and dying with the dying Saviour, and died in slaying Christ. In plain words, he exhausted the penalty, and satisfied the law,

and thus death lost all its strength to hurt those who by faith are crucified with Christ.

More than this, he demonstrated his victory over the grave. For, though he was buried, and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulcher in the rock, and sealed and guarded, and the grave and the powers of darkness struggled mightily to hold him fast, "it was not possible that he could be holden by them;" but, bursting the bars asunder, he dragged them forth, captivity captive, making an ostentation of his spoils, openly triumphing. Thus did God the Father own him as his Son, and acknowledge the penalty paid, the atonement complete. Thus did the Holy Spirit crown him conqueror, and anoint him Prince of Life. Thus did he show himself to the believing sight of his church, as their triumphant champion, JEHOVAH THEIR RIGHTEOUSNESS, and their "Living Way" through death and the grave, to the glory on high.

But the full manifestation of his triumph and ours, is kept for that day when the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall proclaim his final coming to judgment; and all the dead, the countless dead, whose dust is scattered over the earth, beneath the sea, and in the very air, shall start to life; his redeemed, glorious in beauty, incorruptible, like his own glorified body, to shine with him, his brightest trophies, forever; and the wicked, who would not have him to reign over them, confounded and terrified by the terrible splendor of the once crucified Jesus, to hear the sentence of death, whose mortal agonies are eternal, and to be cast down to shame unspeakable, horror, and fiery torment, whose smoke shall rise forever. Thus will our Lord vindicate his conquest over death and the grave, by compelling them to give freedom to the holy bodies of the redeemed; that, as Adam walked in Paradise, body and soul, a perfect man, they, in their entire humanity, may enter the second Paradise of their inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away; and by making them ministers of his just vengeance upon the souls and bodies of all the wicked.

3. Wherein does our victory, through the Lord Jesus Christ, consist?

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The believer triumphs in Christ's perfect atonement.

By faith he is born again with Christ, and as Christ became incarnate for him, so is Christ formed in him, the hope of glory. By faith he obeys in Christ, walks with Christ in his holy life, and through Christ honors the divine law, which before he had broken. By faith he is crucified with Christ: "I am crucified with Christ," says the apostle (Gal., ii. 20). Every drop of the bloody sweat, every pang of the lacerated flesh, every agony of the sinking spirit, in which Christ poured out his soul unto death, went to pay his penalty, and discharge him from the grasp of death, the executioner of the law's vengeance. For him death has no more sting. Death remains. Its precursors, pain and sick-

ness and infirmity remain. But their mastery over him exists no longer. He knows that they are changed. The curse is changed to blessing, the enemies to friends. Pain and sickness and infirmity are now God's faithful chastenings; not precursors of death, but of a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory; and death is no more death, but life, life eternal, life exalted and heavenly. The grave has no victory over him; for there he buried his sins, his sorrows, his misery, lusts and vileness. He leaves his body there to be purified against the final redemption, while his soul goes free to exult where it can feel no shackle, no warring law, nor foul temptation. Thus he bears affliction with patient hope, as he would take a medicine with the certainty of better health, or submit to surgery, that an inveterate plague may be eradicated; and he calmly awaits the coming of death to unbolt his prison door, knock off his fetters, and lead him forth into purer air and boundless delight. The sting of death lost its power when his sins were pardoned; and death itself waits like a captive upon its Christian master.

The believer triumphs in Christ's resurrection. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," says the apostle. (Galatians, ii. 20.) He was dead in trespasses and sins; but as the apostle reasons in Ephesians, first and second chapters, he is quickened, together with Christ's body, by the same Holy Spirit, to a new and better life. He has a divine life in him. He is a new man in Christ Jesus; not in body, for there are natural causes which render its dissolution necessary; but a new man in soul, strengthened to bear the burden and resist the evil lusts of the flesh. Eternal life is begun in him, faint, indeed, as life in the new-born babe; but, more than the earnest, the very pulsations of immortality. For this is the office and power of Christ, to give *eternal* life to as many as receive him; and this is the privilege of the Christian, even on earth, to have his conversation in heaven. Death has lost its power to divide him from God. He soars upon the wings of faith far above and beyond the gloomy barrier, enters the company of the church of the first-born, and listens to the harpings of innumerable angels. Is not this a victory over death and the grave?

The believer triumphs in the final resurrection. Christ not only arose, but ascended up on high. There the body, which was here bent by sorrow, has been made glorious in divine beauty; and the countenance, here channeled by tears, buffeted and spit upon, is altogether lovely, the radiation of its smile, the fairest light of heaven; and the crown of all power, might, and dominion, is bright in the splendor of many priceless jewels upon the brow scarred by the mocking thorns; and heaven rolls up its waves of hallelujahs to the feet, in which the prints of the nails perpetuate the memory of the cross; and the hands, yet manifesting the cruel malice of men, are stretched forth to bless the countless throngs uttering praises to the name of Jesus, the Lamb that was slain.

As the Redeemer is glorified in his flesh, so shall the believer be raised

up to glory at the last day. What then to him, whose faith can grasp things hoped for and unseen, are all the passing ignominies, and pangs, and insults, which now afflict the follower of the man of sorrows, the Lord of life and glory? Every revolution of the earth rolls on to that fullness of adoption, "when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption shall put on incorruption, and shall be brought to pass this saying, Death is swallowed up in victory;" when these eyes now so dim and soon to be closed in dust, shall behold the face of God in righteousness; when these hands, now so weak and stained with sin, shall bear aloft the triumphant palm, and strike the golden harp that seraphs love to listen to; and these voices, now so harsh and tuneless, shall swell in harmony ineffable to the song of Moses and the Lamb, responsive to the Trisagion, the thrice holy of the angels. Yes, beloved Master, we see thee, "who wast made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor;" and thou hast promised that we shall share thy glory and thy crown!

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Us!" And who are included in that sublime and multitudinous plural? "Not to me only," says the apostle, "but to all them that love his appearing." (2 Tim., iv. 9.) Ye shall share it, ancient believers, who, from Adam to Christ, worshiped by figure, and under the shadow! Ye shall share it, ye prophets, who wondered at the mysterious promises of glory following suffering! Ye shall share it, ye mighty apostles, though ye doubted when ye heard of the broken tomb! Ye, martyrs, whose howling enemies execrated you, as they slew you by sword, and cross, and famine, and rack, and the wild beast, and flame! And ye, God's humble poor, whom men despised; but of whom the world was not worthy, God's angels are watching, as they watched the sepulcher in the garden, over your obscure graves, keeping your sacred dust till the morning break, when it shall be crowned with princely splendor! Yes, thou weak one, who yet hast strength to embrace thy Master's cross! Thou sorrowing one, whose tears fall like rain, but not without hope, over the grave of thy beloved! Thou tempted one, who, through much tribulation, art struggling on to the kingdom of God! Ye all shall be there, and ten thousand times ten thousand more! Hark! the trumpet! The earth groans and rocks herself as if in travail! They rise, the sheeted dead; but how lustrously white are their graments! How dazzling their beautiful holiness! What a mighty host! They fill the air; they acclaim hallelujahs; the heavens bend with shouts of harmony; the Lord comes down, and his angels are about him; and he owns his chosen, and they rise to meet him, and they mingle with cherubim and seraphim, and the shoutings are like thunders from the throne —thunderings of joy: "O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Christian, death is before us. The graves are thick around us. There lie many dear—dearer because they are dead. We must soon lie with them.

I do not say, Suffer not—Jesus suffered. Faith teaches no stoicism. But suffer like men valiant in battle, whose wounds, when they smart the most, are incentives to new courage, and earnests of future honor.

I do not say, Weep not—Jesus wept. But sorrow not for the Christian dead. They are safe and blest. Weep for the sins that unfit you to follow them.

I do not say, Shudder not at the thought of death—Jesus trembled when he took the cup into his hand, dropping with bloody sweat. It is human nature to shrink from the grave. But I can say, Fear not. Now it is your duty to live. When death comes, you shall have grace to die. Look through the dark avenue. Think of the good who are awaiting you at home, in our Father's house; think of the precious ones for whom you weep; but who weep no more. Fear not to leave behind you the living, whom you have commended to Jesus; he will remember your trust. Be ready to go where you shall not be unwelcome to your Father, your Saviour, and the family around the throne. There await the resurrection morning, when the family shall be complete—"no wanderer lost."

But O! be sure that you are in Christ; that you are covered by his atonement; that you have indeed received the spirit of adoption, and have put on the whole armor of God. Then may you be sure of the victory.

But O, my God, what shall I say to those who have no faith in thee, no repentance, no consideration? They are going down to death and the grave; yet they live and laugh on, as though they were to live here forever! How shall I tell them of the sting of death! The victory of the grave! The sting of eternal death! The grave of everlasting fire! Speak thou to them, O Holy Spirit! O merciful Saviour! O Father, pitiful of thy children! Turn them, draw them, compel them, to come under the wings of thy pardoning love! Spare them from a hopeless death, an unsanctified grave, judgment without an advocate in Christ, and the bitter pains of body and soul in hell forever!

DISCOURSE XXIV.

ALONZO POTTER, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop Potter was born in Dutchess county, New York, July 10th, 1800—the son of a farmer (Joseph Potter), whose ancestors came from England and settled in Rhode Island. Joseph emigrated from Rhode Island to Dutchess county, in 1795, and represented that county in the Legislature, two or three terms. He also served in the army of the Revolution. The son was confirmed and admitted to first communion by Bishop White, early in 1819, in Philadelphia, and received his academic education in the Dutchess Academy, Poughkeepsie, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady. He was ordained in 1822, and the same year became Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in Union College, where he had been previously tutor. In 1826 he became Rector of St. Paul's church, Boston, and resigned on account of ill health, in 1831. He then became Professor of Moral Philosophy, and acting Vice-President of Union College, where he continued till 1845, when he was elected Bishop of Pennsylvania. He had, previous to this, been elected first President of Geneva College, and in 1838, Assistant Bishop of Massachusetts, and afterward Rector of Trinity church, Boston; all of which offices he declined. Similar overtures were made, formally or informally, from the Dioceses of Western New York, and of Rhode Island, on their first organization—also from St. Andrew's church, Philadelphia, church of the Ascension, New York, etc., etc.

Bishop Potter is the author of a work called "The School," being the first half of a work entitled "The Schoolmaster;" also a volume entitled "Science and the Arts of Industry," and another entitled "Political Economy." He also edited, with Introduction and Notes, "Paley's Natural Theology," "Bacon and Locke's Essays," "Lieber on Property," "Philadelphia Lectures on Evidences," etc. Notwithstanding his numerous official engagements, he has for many years interested himself deeply in the educational operations of the country. His efforts in this direction are all highly appreciated by the educators of the land, and are widely influential for good.

In any assemblage of men, Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, would be remarked for his personal appearance; and should there be occasion for the encounter of mind, it would be found that his stature was no mean index of his intellectual power. He is over six feet high, strongly built, and naturally gifted with a vigorous constitution, which has been tasked to the uttermost by unremitting literary and episcopal labors. His head is massive; his hair iron-gray; his forehead broad and well developed; with a physiognomy indicative of firmness. His bearing in the pulpit, and in the discharge of his functions, is unaffected and dignified; and even in social life there is something of reserve mingled with simplicity and court-

esy of manner. As an effective speaker, he holds the first rank in the House of Bishops, and his argument in the General Convention of 1836, in behalf of the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, has been characterized by competent judges, as worthy of Daniel Webster in his best days.

Bishop Potter gives one the idea of a man who neither trifles, nor is to be trifled with; who unites large sympathies to large experience of life; and for whom Terence's words might stand:

"Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto."

The discourse which Dr. Potter has furnished for this work, is a fair index of his pulpit productions; clear, solid, finished, and effective. It contains some thoughts which are quite original and striking, upon a subject of great and vital importance.

THE INTERNAL CREDENTIALS OF THE BIBLE.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."—2 Tim., iii. 16.

The Bible was never more widely or industriously circulated, and yet never perhaps was its proper influence and authority in more imminent danger. Among its most subtle and untiring foes are many who call themselves Christians, and who add to zeal the most fervent, consummate ability and learning. Not they alone who deny altogether the inspiration or credibility of the Bible are to be met. They who admit it to a partial but divided sway; they who would supersede some of its records by the teachings of science or the conclusions of a speculative philosophy; they again who would exalt to the same divine honors the teachings of the church—all these are to be encountered. Assumptions which, sixty years since, might be regarded as part and parcel of the Protestant mind in every Anglo-Saxon land, can not be so regarded now. These assumptions in behalf of holy Scripture, are arraigned on one hand at the bar of a high philosophy; on another, at the bar of venerable tradition, so that he who would match himself against some of the mightiest leaders of thought in our time, leaders whose writings are spread abroad with indefatigable industry, will have to go back more than ever to the uncorrupted Word. He must review it in the light of these new assaults upon its integrity and supreme authority. He must remember how insidiously it may be undermined, through a skepticism which clothes itself in the guise of reverence and voluntary humility, and how this most captivating form of unbelief is even now going forth under the auspices of a great communion, which we fondly desire, but can hardly hope, to see reformed. From the ranks of our own clergy, and from those of our Anglican mother, that communion recruits its decaying strength with minds of no mean capacity, and it is not to be

doubted that the prevailing attraction, with most of them, is the fond desire to add to the unerring word an unerring interpreter. The work of defection still goes on, and who shall stay it but they who have gained for themselves, that they may impart to others, clearer and stronger views of the claims, credentials, contents, and capabilities of that one book, which in each of these respects, is high and paramount above all other oracles, written or oral, living or dead?

For the Bible has the strongest credentials, even from its enemies, in the impotence of their attempts to overthrow its credibility and divine authority. No book ever had so many points of contact with the human mind as Scripture; and if false, therefore, none was ever so vulnerable. Miscellaneous in its contents, the work of many different minds who were unconnected and unacquainted with each other—composed in different languages, and at periods that stretch back from St. John to Moses, through sixteen hundred years—embracing history, jurisprudence, ethics, poetry, prophecy, with manifold allusions to the physical and topographical state of different countries and of the earth at large, it seems to invite the scrutiny of every class of scholars and philosophers. It can be compared with profane history. It can be compared with the story told by moldering ruins. It can be compared with the inscriptions on half-defaced medals. It can be compared with the sculptured or painted figures on towering pyramids, with the disinterred remains of buried cities; with the cemeteries of dead races that encircle the whole earth, with calculated motions of the sun, moon, and stars. Have these comparisons been made? Have they been made by men, able, acute, learned, and in many instances hostile to revelation? In each case, where any thing like a full and fair conclusion was reached, has it been on the whole favorable to this depository of our faith? Then may we cherish the assurance that what has been, will be. New investigations shall result in new and independent verifications. Philology, Ethnology, Archæology, Numismatics, Physiology, History, Physics, each by its own proper methods shall reach conclusions which tend more and more to corroborate revelation, so that the time shall at length come, when through an improved biblical interpretation on the one hand, and more thorough critical and scientific exploration on the other, Science and Scripture shall become clearly accordant, and the strains that go up from the temple of nature shall mingle and blend sweetly with those that go up from the temple of grace, and all be lost in the one swelling chorus, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

But let us examine now the *Contents* of Scripture, as evidence of its divine origin. The history of its *canon*, the judgment of the church, the consent of ages and nations most eminent for intelligence and virtue, and the futility hitherto of all attempts to overthrow its authority, or permanently to arrest its progress—these may proclaim that it comes from

heaven, and yet its contents may go far to weaken that conclusion. Books and writings always afford some clew to their origin, whether it be in wisdom or folly, in force or feebleness. There are *internal* credentials not less convincing, and perhaps more impressive, than any that are external. When a book is the offspring of true genius, it attests the fact by the spell which it casts upon our hearts. So if its source be divine, it must bear on every page traces of his hand, who is the head over all things to the church.

We are not without intuitive notions and spontaneous tendencies which lead us, independently of revelation or formal teaching of any kind, toward the idea of an intelligent First Cause, and which enables us to discern in nature, and in our own souls, traces of his infinite perfections. Hence we have pre-existent ideas and great first principles, which prepare and predispose us to welcome a book claiming to be from God; and which enable us to try its claims by outward and by inward criteria.

No conception of God meets the real, though ever so much suppressed, wants and cravings of the human mind, but that which represents him as infinitely good and infinitely holy. Hence, when alleged miracles come before us, to authenticate the commission of one who claims to be our teacher in religion, we may at once judge whether they are from Satan or from God. A house divided against itself can not stand; and we therefore conclude, that if the miracle be wrought or the prophecy uttered and fulfilled, to recommend and enjoin high moral duties which commend themselves to every conscience not wholly seared or besotted, or if they are employed as harbingers to introduce one whose doctrine is worthy of God's eternal power and majesty—then in such case the miracle and the accompanying instruction are to be owned, not as diabolical, but as divine.

So when we separate from Scripture its record of miracles and prophecies, and confine our attention to the simple *matter* taught or to the *manner* of teaching, both, if the book were really given by inspiration of God, must stand, in some sense, self-authenticated. In such a book, we anticipate that its style and structure, its principles and revelations, shall be at once *natural* and *supernatural;* natural, so far as to violate no deep-rooted and healthy sentiment of our minds, to misrepresent no well-established truth or law, and yet supernatural because recording facts, and inducing impressions, and unfolding plans which no human intelligence could give birth to. On comparison with all other books, ancient or modern, the Bible, if divine, should vindicate its transcendent power and greatness, and should compel from all gifted souls, not perverted by pride or darkened by sinful passions, the admission that the Spirit that designed and the power that achieved it, could have sprung from no earthly or human source.

And is not such its character? Is not that book a phenomenon, which

can find adequate explanation only in the presence and agency of God? Is it not a volume which, from title-page to colophon, seems written over and over, with a divine and heavenly signature? Look at its human authors, herdsmen and shepherds, fishermen and publicans, men who wrote without even ordinary art or learning, and often in the rudest style; and yet, where among the great poets and philosophers of antiquity, those masters of language and models of taste, find we such burning words, such expanding and soul-enrapturing conceptions. Or, to place the comparison on other grounds, range side by side the writings of the apostles in the New Testament, and those which have come down to us as works of apostolic fathers, cotemporaries and companions of those apostles—and who does not feel that the one repose upon a serene height, from which, to reach the other, there is a descent as great as it is sudden and abrupt?

Minds of the most opposite tempers and tastes have found themselves constrained to confess, that when thoughtfully perused for a few hours, there is in this Book of books a spell which attests its origin to be unearthly. "Read to me," said the dying poet, the mighty wizard of the north, who for more than a quarter of a century had held the reading world of both hemispheres in rapt delight with the offspring of his teeming brain. "Read to me." "In what book?" was the question. "Can you ask? there is but ONE," and he bade him open the Gospel of St. John. Says Calvin, a mind how different in type, addressing scoffers and unbelievers, "John, thundering from his sublimity, more powerfully than any thunderbolt, levels to the dust the obstinacy of those whom he does not compel to the obedience of faith. Let all those censorious critics, whose supreme pleasure consists in banishing all reverence for the Scripture out of their own hearts and the hearts of others, come forth to public view. Let them read the Gospel of John; whether they wish it or not, they there will find numerous passages, which will at least arouse their indolence; and which will even imprint a horrible brand on their consciences to restrain their ridicule."

There is one characteristic of Scripture that deserves an ampler development than has yet been given to it. I refer to the intrinsic, and even monstrous improbability of many of the facts recorded, and many of the predictions made, if we are to explain them on principles merely natural; and the absurdity, therefore, of supposing that those who wrote of their own mere motion, could have invented them, or would have asked for them the faith and affections of mankind. On the other hand, try these alleged facts and predictions by a divine and supernatural standard, and they become not only conceivable, but probable. "It it impossible, and therefore true," said Tertullian, speaking of the resurrection of Christ, *i. e.*, impossible to any power but that of God, and therefore impossible that men, not idiots, who wrote from the dictates of mere reason, and for purposes of imposture, could have invented that which

was so essentially incredible. This principle admits of extension to a large portion of the sacred narrative, and in connection with the moral and doctrinal test, which I have noticed already, constitutes one of the strongest guaranties for its fidelity to truth. Events and sayings, the most strange to our natural ears, are recorded without one word of comment, and with perfect simplicity. Even when they involve that which is most discreditable to the writers themselves, or to the nation of which they are a bigoted and enthusiastic part, they are still set down without any attempt at extenuation; and in the case of the Old Testament, these records when once made, though throughout their whole extent they compromise that nation grievously, are yet preserved, and guarded, and cherished by them with a care almost fanatical. Here, then, is a branch of Christian evidences most worthy of our study at this time, when the external or historical proofs are assailed alike by the advocates of authority, and the votaries of a licentious freedom; but it can be duly studied only by him who reads the Bible with all care and diligence for himself.

If we look at Scripture, again, as a threefold revelation, first, of God to man, second, of man to himself, and third, of nature in its relation to both, we shall meet other and more striking proofs of its divine origin.

Consider holy Scripture then as *a revelation of God to man*. When the learned Grotius would lay a secure foundation for the Law of Nations, in that great work of his, which may be said to have created a new science, he began by gathering from the sages and poets, the historians and orators, the lawgivers and moralists of ancient and modern times, a consensus of passages, which recognize certain first principles of moral obligation, certain fundamental and sacred duties as binding everywhere and in all ages, and which are to be accepted therefore as the universal dictate of reason and conscience. He thus demonstrates, that deep in human nature itself has been planted *one great law*, which is obligatory not only upon individuals, but upon nations regarded as moral persons, and which can never be rightly superseded by custom or by positive institutions—a law before which power in all its might and majesty is bound to bow, and under the shelter of which weakness and innocence may always claim sanctuary. I need hardly add, that the principles, thus laboriously collected out of the best wisdom of the past, are only a faint outline of that better law, which we find traced in our Bibles, thus showing that the commandments of Christ are re-echoed in the laws of our own moral constitution. Would it not be a boon to Theology, if a similar course were taken with respect to *the first principles* of that science; if from those great intellectual lights, who have lived and labored without the Bible, were collected their best thoughts respecting the divine nature, whether such thoughts came to them from tradition, or were imparted to them directly as a reward for severe meditation and self-discipline, or broke upon their view, when their souls were most sorely tried by dan-

ger, suffering or temptation? Such a collection would represent the universal religious sentiment of mankind in its noblest and purest manifestations when left without direct revelation, and together with our own intuitions and irrepressible convictions, would furnish a test by which we could measure the probable value of Scripture as an exponent of the divine character.

But to apply this test thoroughly, requires a large and most thoughtful consideration of all that the Bible directly or indirectly teaches of God—of his personality as opposed to pantheism—of his unity as opposed to polytheism—of his holiness as loathing sin—of his mercy and long-suffering as pitying the sinner, and of the wondrous blending of wisdom, goodness, justice, and mercy, which is seen in all his dispensations. It requires, too, a patient comparison of such teachings with the best, the average and the worst on the same subjects, which have emanated from the heathen mind. No candid student could make that comparison, without rising from it with conceptions of the greatness and excellency of Scripture, which he never enjoyed before, without feeling that if Socrates and Plato spake of God as became sages, Moses and the prophets, Christ and his apostles, speak of him as becometh God himself, when addressing men. Uninspired poetry, in its loftiest flights, unaided philosophy, in its most unearthly moods, how faint the glimmer of their light, beside the blaze of glory which breaks from David and Isaiah —from Job and Ezekiel! Compare, for instance, the divinities of the Iliad with the Jehovah of the Old Testament, or compare the invisible world of Virgil, which no Bible helped him to conceive, with that portrayed by Milton or by Dante. If it be said that through the vast mass of fable and conjecture, collected by pagan minds, may be found scattered, confusedly and dimly, the same views of God which are presented by Moses and the prophets, and that therefore these last may have been borrowed, then we ask whence the instinct which enabled such men, and they only, to choose the gems and reject the refuse; to bring together all the pure gold, and leave behind all the dross and all the baser metal. To *select*, under such circumstances, requires as much of inspiration as to conceive or invent.

When by such considerations, in connection with others, we become convinced of the supremacy and divinity of Scripture, how readily may we accept its more mysterious, its awfully sublime revelations respecting the threefold personality of God—the wonderful union of the divine and human in him, who is both Son of God and Son of man; the humiliation of a Being so august—his passion and death, his resurrection and ascension, with the outpouring of his Spirit—all that we might not perish. Our hearts cry out that we need such a divine redemption, and our conscience and our experience accord with the declarations of the Bible, that if we would see God aright in this wondrous manifestation of himself, we must be born again—must become pure in heart—must be meek

and lowly—must be content to do, in faith nothing doubting, the whole will of Christ. There is nothing more characteristic of Scripture, because there is nothing, in one sense, more alien from our natural habit of thought, yet nothing more in harmony with our highest reason, and therefore nothing more indicative of a superhuman origin—than this stress which the Bible everywhere lays upon the development of a regenerated consciousness, upon the presence in the heart of a strong conscientiousness, and an humble fear of God—as the indispensable condition of the highest Christian knowledge.

But, again, we may consider the Bible as a *revelation of man to himself*. There are depths in our own nature which no consciousness has yet sounded; there are incongruities and contradictions, before which man's philosophy, though it has watched and discussed for near six thousand years, is confounded. All the systems that have been framed by man's device, have failed, because they overlooked some essential element in the human constitution, or because they misconceived the true end and highest good of life. Even those which have been constructed by men who read the Bible, have rarely had the amplitude or the fidelity to truth, which could satisfy our minds. He who studies the Bible as a portraiture of human nature, will soon feel that for penetrating motives and revealing unconscious propensities—for touching, with bold and skillful hand, the master-springs of human action in general, and the twisted, complicated web of influences that surround each one in particular—the myriad-minded of our own language and the greatest masters of other languages and other times are as pigmies. Collect all that has been well and wisely said of the best poets and moralists as painters of man, or of the profoundest psychologists and metaphysicians, or of the most sagacious and truthful historians, and it will be seen by those who have studied holy Scripture thoroughly, that all this, and more, is true of that one volume. And, therefore, it is in part, that while other books have been bounded in their influence, by country, by race, or by civilization, the Bible seems to be free of all lands, races, and estates of men. Other writings have succeeded in gaining an imperial sway over the world only for some specific purpose, as the classics for beauty, natural philosophers for knowledge; but here is a volume which is at once a classic, a history, a philosophy, a collection of divine hymns, a code of universal morals, and in each capacity it holds the mirror up to nature, as is done in no book besides. Dante has been styled the priest of the Catholicism of the middle ages. The Bible is the organ of the Catholicism of all ages and of all people. Its voice gives meet utterance and articulation to the highest conceptions and desires of the enlightened, while it is at the same time joy and strength to the rude and unlettered. It is the book to which the child takes soonest, and clings the closest. It is the book to which manhood in its prime—in the fullness of its active strength, its far-reaching thoughtfulness—instinctively seeks, when it

would gain the highest wisdom or the surest solace. Its appeals ring, like a trumpet summons, on the heart and conscience of all who are alive to duty or to the soul's eternal weal; and when we reach the evening of our life, or stand on the verge of the eternal world, then it is that the still small voice of this same word is all our stay. What hoarded wealth, then, does it not contain? How little of that wealth has yet become theirs, who are its most devoted students. What a duty binds us, as ministers of God, to gain, through intimate and living communion with its pages, the divine art of giving the "word in season," to those of every class whom we would know at last as "our joy and crown."

This theme is too large for an occasion like this. It would need volumes to show how true to man's universal nature the Bible is; how it speaks to every faculty and through every faculty; how there is no constituent element in our complex being which it does not discern and own as legitimate, while it points to each as disfigured by sin. The grand problems before which man's wit has stumbled, it solves with an ease and simplicity only surpassed by its originality. Is it the question, for example, which divided so long the ethical sages of old, touching the *summum bonum*, the chief good of man? Some held that it must be in the mind, others in the outward estate, others in both combined. Christ goes up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them saying, *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.* Nothing could seem more strange or paradoxical to the world as it then was, than teaching like this; and yet Bayle the skeptic admits, that its wisdom is corroborated by the whole history and experience of mankind. Or do we consider again the contrarieties in our human nature, the magnanimity and the meanness, the lofty promises and the slim performance, the perverse moral eye that can see motes in others and overlook the beam in ourselves; the resolving and re-resolving and yet living unchanged; the heart that honors virtue, and the hand that perpetrates sin; the intellect that will not be content unless it asks for truth, and the affections that shrink from that truth lest they be reproved? Would we find the key to this vast enigma? It is all supplied in one utterance of this divine oracle: *God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.* Or look we at ourselves, so full of sin, at God so awful in holiness, and does our trembling spirit cry out: "Wherewith shall we come before the Lord?" There is breathed forth, even from the Old Testament, the words of hope: "O man, what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Again, however, does conscience, taught of enlightened reason, insist on inquiring, how man the guilty, can be just with God the holy? Lo! strains of a sweeter and better promise rise and swell,

until in one grand symphony we hear: *Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

In one word, the Bible has a balm for every wound, a medicine for every sickness. What Hooker has said so nobly of the Psalms, is truer still of the whole of Scripture. "The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books, the Psalms, do both more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form, wherewith they are written. The ancients, when they speak of the book of Psalms, used to fall in large discourses, showing how this part above the rest, doth of purpose set forth and celebrate all the considerations and operations which belong to God; it magnifieth the holy meditations and actions of divine men; it is of things heavenly—an universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspireth with the due consideration thereof—a habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels both for receipt and for delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection. What is there necessary for man to know that the Psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect among others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come; all good, necessarily to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident unto the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house, a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found."

This abounding fullness that there is in Scripture, who shall appreciate it as he ought, save he who gives to his Bible something of that unyielding toil, that enthusiastic study which is so often bestowed on mere human compositions? Or what minister of Christ will be able, out of this exhaustless store-house, to make distribution to every one according to his need, save he who by careful inventory of its treasures, and thorough intimate knowledge of the manifold nature and wants of men, shall have come to see the soul as it stands revealed in the light of redemption and eternity?

There is, perhaps, nothing more striking, throughout the Bible, than the manner in which the natural and supernatural worlds interpenetrate. Man is presented as working on in all freedom, and frequently with all perverseness, and God is presented as working now *in* him to will and to do; now *through* him, to overrule even his rebellions to the triumph

of law, and the wickedness alike of individuals and nations to his own glory. From Genesis to Revelation, God is in the foreground, working here by miracle, there by providence, and yet man remains always true to his own nature, and seems never bereft of his inherent liberty. Thus we see in mute prophecy and dim shadow, the way preparing for that mystery of mysteries, *God manifest in the flesh; the incorporation, as it were, of the finite and the infinite, of the human and the divine;* prefiguring also, how closely we may all become united, by spiritual bonds, with God in Christ; how our whole soul, and body, and spirit may be sanctified, through the indwelling of the Spirit; how, retaining all our personal identity, we may still be gradually filled with the fullness of God, and thus be made ready for that final and glorious transfiguration, when, risen and renewed in the likeness of Christ, we shall be permitted to dwell forever with the Lord.

The Bible may be regarded again as a *revelation of nature*, in its twofold relation to the Creator and to his earthly creatures, especially to us, who are self-conscious, and accountable. Considered even by itself, nature is rendered nowhere with such spirit and life as in the Bible. He who would awaken a love for it, in its grandeur and beauty, in its rich variety and boundless magnificence, will find that even for such a purpose there is no book like Scripture. As seen, however, through that book, nature is no isolated or self-subsisting machine. It is full of relations to God and to man. Every object, from the blazing sun to the faintest twinkling star—from the tallest cedar on Lebanon to the hyssop in the wall, acquires, when seen through this medium, a divine import. In each we behold the agency, and in most we can trace the wisdom and the goodness of a present God; in each, too, the marks of a Providence, such that the meanest are not too lowly for its care, nor the greatest too great to be upheld by its abounding goodness; in each an image likewise more or less distinct of some high and specific truth in morals or in religion.

And if from the poetry of nature we pass to its science, we shall find that even there the Bible is a great and most necessary teacher. Neither telescope with its farthest reach, nor microscope with its most amazing revelations, nor the calculus with its widest sweep of inductions and generalizations, ever kindled conceptions of the greatness and manifold wisdom displayed in the material universe equal to those which filled the mind of Job or David, and which gave birth to those sublime utterances that must forever outrun the discoveries of science.

To read the book of nature aright, we always need to draw aid from the book of grace. He but half knows the thing formed, who does not see in it the mind and hand of him who formed it—a mind, that having once made, would now forever superintend it, and that may come forth, too, from time to time to stay its onward movements, or even to reverse its course; that, so, when laws and uniform succession fail to instruct us,

we may be roused to reflection by laws suspended, by forces disarranged, and thus be constrained to rise, even through nature convulsed, to nature's God.

Mere physics, whether inductive or deductive, evince too often a tendency toward fatalism and sensualism, which can be arrested only through such teaching as will keep the supernatural always in mind, and remind us that our pledge for the stability of nature is to be found, not in the laws themselves, nor in the necessity of things, but in the will of God. The grand secret of the success of modern, as compared with ancient science, lies in the more docile and tractable spirit which has guided its researches; precluding rash assumptions; recognizing everywhere an intelligent purpose; waiting for sufficient light before conclusions are finally adopted; and beholding, in every law, a provision through which God dispenses good, directly to men, and to his other creatures; and through which, too, by art and industry, man himself is enabled to multiply to an indefinite extent his own resources and enjoyments.

Nature, too, as seen through Scripture, reveals herself *as an instrument of trial and discipline.* The whole material system of things, beginning with our own bodies and extending away to the remotest part of the visible world, is made subservient to the development of character—the education of the soul. What the garden was to our first parents, with its forbidden tree and tree of life, the same in some sense is the whole outward world to us. We may indulge ourselves and be ruined; we may deny ourselves and rise through self-denial to a better life. We may ply the hand of industry, and through it evolve plenty for our bodies and enjoyment and improvement for our minds. Or we may play the sluggard till want comes upon us as an armed man, and our higher powers are wholly paralyzed. We may, again, in laboring to supply our humblest material wants, so proceed as to exercise and strengthen the loftiest virtues and the holiest charities in the fear of God; or we may so proceed, that we shall grow only more selfish, more sordid, more cruel, more godless, more God-defying and God-forsaken. The Creator has given us bodies; through these bodies he has put our minds in relations, both active and passive, with all external objects, and all other terrestrial inhabitants; so that at every step we may use the material in order to unfold and discipline the spiritual and immaterial, or we may use it to debase and enslave them.

There is one more characteristic of holy Scripture which I desired to insist upon at much more length than time will now permit. It is what may be termed its *capability as the educator of the individual and the educator of the race.* In man there is capability for progress and development unknown in any other earthly creature; and in the Bible there is capability for promoting that progress without measure or limitation. Bounds can hardly be set to the powers and the knowledge that even one mind can compass, if it have time enough and a fitting field. What,

then, shall limit the progress of society or of the race, working as they do through associated effort and through all time, if only they have a guide to keep always in advance, urging them on to new achievements, and teaching them how, in attaining the new, they lose not the old. Thus far in the history of the world, civilization in its highest forms has not permanently advanced, on the same theater. It has kept migrating, from one seat to another, toward the setting sun. Though it has gained new elements as it moved on, and has transplanted itself with more and more power of self-perpetuation, it is still sad to observe how nation after nation has gradually grown unworthy of the trust, and has been obliged to sit down humbled, amid the ruins of its own greatness. Time will not allow me to suggest all the causes of this mournful and most striking fact; but, I shall not presume too much on your opinions, if I assume, that moral deterioration has always preceded that which was material and intellectual, and that decay and weakness have invariably ensued when "the salt had lost all its savor." The faith, the virtue, the nobleness of soul, which are our only sure and abiding guaranty for the loyalty of individuals to each other or to their country—die out, and universal stagnation or dissolution follows as the inevitable consequence. Now, is it not a fact, that of no people having the Bible, and cherishing that Bible aright, can this be alleged? A nation without a Bible, or with a Bible suppressed, or a Bible neglected, may well decline; for it finds it hard to keep open those fountains of high enthusiasm, or to maintain that sense of responsibility which are the best preservatives of society from effeminacy and corruption. A bold, hardy, enterprising people, who cherish the domestic virtues and fear God, need but a generous culture to make them steadily and constantly progressive; and is not the Bible, whenever read and honored, the fruitful parent of hardihood and heroic enterprise? Is it not the palladium too of the domestic virtues, and does not its voice ever urge in all-commanding tones to the fear of God and to works of righteousness?

The Bible, however, is not merely a conservator of good already compassed, nor is it merely an authoritative summons to come up higher. It is itself the well-spring, the exhaustless fountain, of the noblest truths and impulses, that have been given to mankind. It has not only supplied new views of God, and put its ban on Polytheism, Pantheism, and Superstition; it has not only solved the awful problem of evil in its relation to man, and taught us the way of redemption through the Son of the Highest—it has invested every individual soul, for which Christ died, with a new and inconceivable dignity. It has developed in all, who have received its great truths in the love of them, a sense of responsibility which takes in both worlds. It has proclaimed the idea of a true brotherhood among all men in Christ Jesus, and has thus laid the axe to the root of the tyranny with which man once lorded over woman, patrician over plebian, noble over prince, master over slave. It has

developed the true function of the State, as one of the agencies through which the individual mind is to be trained, under God, to full capacity and taste for all its duties and prerogatives, and as having right to exist and to rule, only as it promotes to the uttermost, in all its people, this high culture.

These ideas, when first propounded, met with universal contempt or execration. Slowly but surely, however, they have spread like leaven through bodies, politic and social—charging mind after mind with their sacred influence, and gradually achieving that amelioration which places us this day high above the highest condition ever attained under Pagan or Mohammedan sway. And thus are mankind to be always taught of God. Thus have they been learning for six thousand years—from the Patriarchal to the Mosaic—from the Mosaic to the Christian stage. In the infancy or childhood of the world, it was the absolute regimen of parents—in its hot and fiery youth, it was the fixed and well-defined dominion of law as prescribed in the Old Testament; and in its riper and more thoughtful manhood it is the gospel of the grace of God. First, there is outward truth to make men wise, then there is subjective preparation to receive that truth. There is glory without, hidden from the proud and self-complacent, but revealed to those who in meekness are babes. There are laws for earlier stages, and there are laws again which shall be fully comprehended in all their applications and cordially obeyed, only when society through a larger experience and a deeper moral sense, shall come to see their wisdom and to own their sanctity and binding force.

What an instrument have we here for regenerating universal humanity. Ours is not a religion for a favored family or a preferred people. We are put in trust of the gospel, and we hold it for mankind; for the distant, the benighted, the down-trodden, the afflicted. Nations in their loftiest successes, in their purest forms of civilization, are but traveling toward the *ideal* presented in Scripture; and as new phases of society appear, that Scripture will be found adapted to each, so far as it may be legitimate, and be calculated to advance each to new glory and perfection. If this book be of God, then it was written with foresight of all coming conditions of the world, and it will be found to have for every one of them appropriate instructions and influences.

But if the Bible be such an educator for nations and for the race, it must have capabilities equally great for the culture and improvement of the individual. And what could we desire in a book, to rouse our dormant faculties or to invigorate and refine them, that we may not find here? Holy Scripture comprehendeth History and Prophecy, Law and Ethics, the Philosophy of Life that now is, the Philosophy of Life that is to come. At one time, it clotheth its teachings in strains of the sublimest or tenderest poetry—at another, in narratives, as beautiful and touching for their simplicity as they are unrivaled in dignity. It has

reasoning for the logical understanding; it has pictures for the discursive imagination; it has heart-searching appeals for the intuitive powers of the soul. There is no duty omitted; there is no grace or enjoyment undervalued. It provides a sphere for every faculty, and even for every temperament and disposition. This many-toned voice uses now the logic of a Paul, and now the ethics of a James—here the boldness and fervor of a Peter, and there the gentleness and sublimity of a John. With one it discourses of the awful guilt and curse of sin, and points us to the only way of escape; while with another it expatiates on the unutterable love of God and the attractions of the Cross of Christ. The Bible is no formal, lifeless system of propositions and inferences and precepts. It is as rich in the variety and vivacity of its methods, as it is in the overflowing abundance of its materials. While it draws some to religion, through the ideal, and some through the real and demonstrable, it allures others by means of the affections and sensibilities, and others it overawes, as a son of thunder, by its appeals to conscience and the dread of an hereafter.

And how is it, if we look to the culture of the intellect merely? How vast is the field which the Bible opens to our inquiries! What rich results may we not win, in almost any conceivable line of research! What discipline does not the proper study of it provide for our reason and our faith, for patience and humility, for fortitude and moderation! And in respect to those momentous questions, which pertain to God and the soul's destiny, there is light enough for every humble, robust mind; there is darkness enough for every proud and self-confiding one. To attain to perfect and all-embracing knowledge belongs not to us, who are still in the twilight of our being, and who are called to work our way, through patient and ennobling labor, to that state where we can see even as we are seen, and know even as we are known. That way will open gradually but surely before all who go forward trustfully and manfully with the Bible as their guide. They shall have no infallible certainty, but they shall have unshaken and soul-satisfying confidence. To the question of questions, "What shall I do to be saved?" they shall find an answer on which they can stay themselves in perfect peace. Their assurance will be the gift of no ghostly confessor; it will be the offspring of no sudden and undefinable impression or inspiration. It will be faith well-grounded and settled—an anchor to the soul. It will have the witness within that we love and strive to serve God; and it will have the witness without that they who do Christ's will shall know of his doctrine—that the Holy Spirit will guide the meek in judgment, and instruct them in God's way, and that he who cometh with a faithful and penitent heart in Christ's name, shall in no wise be cast out.

DISCOURSE XXV.

FREDERIC D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.,

The celebrated Plummer Professor and University Preacher at old Harvard, is yet young in years, having been born May 28th, 1819, at Hadley, Massachusetts. His father, Dan Huntington, is a minister of the gospel, and in early life was settled in Litchfield and Middletown, Connecticut. He was a graduate of Yale College, and a tutor in Williams' and Yale. The son had a "Christian nurture," and can recall no period when he was not interested in religious things. He came first to the Lord's table at sixteen years of age. This was chiefly by means of the special and the constant prayers and example of an excellent and saintly mother. His academic education was obtained at Hopkins Academy, at home, and at Amherst College, where he graduated, with the first honors of his class, in 1839. He afterward studied three years in the Theological School in Cambridge. In October, 1842, he was ordained over the South Congregational Church in Boston; and in September, 1855, inaugurated at Cambridge as "Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Chistian Morals in Harvard College." He also acts as pastor of the church in Harvard College, of about fifty communicants.

He is the author of "Sermons for the People;" "Parables of the Saviour;" and various occasional discourses, sermons, etc., and has edited, several years, the "Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal."

Professor Huntington is not properly a representative of the Unitarians. Though elected by them conjointly with the "Orthodox" Congregationalists, they did not elect him to stand for their creed, and it would be unjust on both sides to make him answerable for their cause. His training and associations have been chiefly, not wholly, among them. His preaching is in Unitarian pulpits, when away from home, but only because *asked* to preach there rather than elsewhere. He respects their liberty, and prizes and loves many of their men. But he yet refuses to be recognized as belonging to that body. To use his own words (for we have said the above with his authority), "In doctrine and devotion both, I consider the Unitarian *body—as* a body—radically diseased and defective. My humble position is that of *entire independency*."

As we understand him, he is an earnest Christian man, seeking to awaken and develop a higher and deeper spirituality, and render less sharp existing outward distinctions between those who hold the essential verities of the revealed word. Whether he is strictly *orthodox*, in the proper sense of that word, is a question which is much discussed, but which it does not fall within our province to decide. That he is becoming the means of the revival of a more evangelical and earnest piety, in this honored seat of learning, is surely matter for universal and devout con-

gratulation, and thousands are looking to him as raised up to be the restorer of a more operative faith to many of the churches, as well as to the university, of Massachusetts; or at least to be the leader in such a restoration, to be perfected in the coming times.

In the pulpit, Dr. Huntington combines dignity with grace; and his whole bearing produces a conviction of the thoughtfulness and earnestness of the man. The tones of his voice are full, firm, and smooth, and well modulated; and his countenance beams with intelligence and benignity. He is said to infuse a full soul into all his discourses, uniting thereto a chastened and buoyant rhetoric. His manner is easy, and half colloquial, and his composition abounds in similes and strong and comprehensive sentences.

The volume of sermons which Professor Huntington has recently published, has already had a wide and influential circulation. The subjects are varied and pertinent, and the discourses are replete with the Christian element, and with fresh and striking thoughts strongly and clearly expressed. Their style is uniformly elevated and elaborate—perhaps too much so for ordinary pulpit address. They are also remarkable for breadth and depth of thought, classic gracefulness and terseness, a touching earnestness, the traces of an affluent imagination, and the plain and manly avowal of views sincerely entertained.

The sermon which is here given has been kindly furnished for this work, and appears now for the first time in print. It will increase Dr. Huntington's distinguished reputation, as a vigorous, stirring, and eloquent preacher.

THREE DISPENSATIONS IN HISTORY AND IN THE SOUL.

"Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. The law was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—GAL., iii. 6, and JOHN, i. 17.

THE spiritual growth of mankind has proceeded through three great stages. Each of these has been marked by the evolution of one predominating element, or salient principle of religious action. On examination, we shall be able to discover an impressive correspondence between these successive epochs in the history of humanity at large, and the process of life in a well-disciplined, Christianized individual. This analogy is so thickly set with points of interest, as well as so fruitful of practical suggestions touching right religious ideas, and right living, that I shall let it fix the form, and be the subject of the discourse. That subject is: *The threefold discipline of our spiritual experience, as compared with the threefold order in the expanding nurture of the human family.*

The three Biblical Dispensations are types of three great principles of conduct, or rather three schools of religious culture, under which we must pass as persons, just as the race has passed in history, before we can be built up into the symmetrical stature of a Christian maturity.

I. First, was the dispensation of natural religious feeling. The race was in childhood. It acted from impulse. It obeyed no written code of moral regulations, but, so far as its life was right, it either followed some free religious instincts, or else depended on direct intimations from the Deity, directing or forbidding each specific deed. The man chosen as the representative of this period was Abraham. The record of it is the book of Genesis. That writing is the first grand chapter in the biography of man; and its very literary structure—so dramatic in contents, and so lyrical in expression, so careless of the rules of art, so abounding in personal details, and graphic groupings of incident; so like a child's story in its sublime simplicity—answers to the spontaneous period it pictures. "The patriarchal age" we call it. The term itself intimates rude, unorganized politics; the head of each family being the legislator for his tribe. But, in the absence of systematic statutes, every man, by a liberty so large as to burst often into license, was likely to do very much what was right in his own eyes. If he had strong passions, he would be a sensualist, like Shechem, or a petty tyrant, like Laban. If he were constitutionally gentle, he would be an inoffensive shepherd, like Lot. Such were the first two brothers. Cain's jealousy made him a murderer; Abel was peaceable, kept sheep, and the only voice he lifted up against outrage, was when his blood cried from the ground. Some of these nomadic people, having devout temperaments, "called upon the name of the Lord," we are told, like Enoch and Noah. Others were bloated giants, mighty men in animal propensities, gross and licentious, given to promiscuous marriages; so that presently God saw that the wickedness was so great, and the imaginations of men's hearts were so evil, that he must wash the unclean earth with a deluge. But there was no permanent restraining power; no fixed standard of judicial command; and so, when the flood dried, the tide of sin set in again, streaked only with some veins of nobleness. On the plains of Shinar pride fancied it could build a tower that should overtop the All-seeing Providence; and it had to be humbled by a confusion of tongues, scattering the builders. Even Noah, a just man for his times, so pure in *that* comparison, that he was carried over on the waves from a drowned generation, to install a new one, had scarcely seen the many-colored splendors of the promise in the rainbow, before he was drunken of overmuch wine. Abraham himself, so full of trust that his trust finally saved him; strong enough in the power of it to lay his son on an altar; at an earlier age stained his tongue with a cowardly falsehood, calling his wife his sister for safety's sake—first pattern of politicians of mere expediency—and was rebuked for it by a Pharaoh, who had seen less of the heavenly visions than he. Sodom, with its indescribable pollutions, was not far from Beth-el—house of God. Jacob received a revelation from opened heavens; yet he over-reached his brother to appropriate the family blessing, and defrauded his father-in-law. Through-

out the whole of this patriarchal era, reaching from Adam to Joseph, and covering, by the common computation, twenty-three hundred years, there were beautiful virtues, flowering into the light by the spontaneous energy of nature, but poisoned in many spots by the slime of sensuality. The human stock threw out its forms of life with a certain negligence, as the prodigal force of nature does her forests—as a boy swings his limbs in the open air. There were heroic acts; but they were dispersed over intervals, with dismal contrasts of meanness and cowardice between. There were ardent prayers; but foul passions often met and put to flight the descending hosts of the angels of God. Character needed a staunch vertebral column to secure its uprightness. No permanent sanction lent impregnability to good impulses. Even the saint, whose spirit rose nearest to heaven, walked on the verge of some abyss of shame. For though Abraham believed, Moses had not yet legislated, nor Christ died.

Corresponding, now, to this impulsive religious age of the race, is the natural state of the individual. It is the condition we are born into, and the multitudes never pass beyond it, because they are never renewed, or made Christian. Morally they are children all their lives. Bad dispositions mix with good; one moment holy aspirations; the next a flagrant immorality. What is wanting is a second birth of spiritual conviction. Conduct is not brought to the bar of a governmental examination, and judged by an unbending principle. Temptation is too much for this feeble, capricious piety. Nature, true enough, is always interesting; and spontaneous products may be beautiful. But man, with his free agency, beset before and behind by evil, is not like a lily growing under God's sun and dew, with no sin to deform its grace or stain its coloring; he is not like the innocent architecture of a cloud, shaped by the fantastic caprices of the summer wind; nor yet like the aimless statuary of the sea-shore, sculptured by the pliant chisel of the wave. He has to contend, struggle, resist. He is tried, enticed, besieged. Satan creeps anew with every new-born child into the Eden of the heart, and flaming swords are presently planted on its gates, proclaiming—no return *that way* to innocence. The natural religion, of which modern mystics are so fond, and modern peripatetics prattle, is not enough for him. It might possibly answer in the woods, unless this feeble pantheism would substitute artistic ecstacy for worship, and moonlight for the sun, that flashes down the glories of revelations; or in some solitary cell, though even there monk and hermit have often found the snare of impure imaginations spread too cunningly for it. But let the boy go to the shop, and the girl to school; let the young man travel to the city, and the young woman lend her ears to the flatteries of that silver-tongued sorceress, Society; and all this natural piety is like a silken thread held over a blazing furnace. We may put ourselves at ease, fancy we shall fare well enough under so kind a Father; come out

comfortably at last; there is such tender pity in the skies. But the dispelling of that delusion will be the sharp word out of the throne of judgment—"Depart from me, I never knew you." No Babel of refuge will be built to the top. No friendly intervention will avert the perdition of the Sodom in the heart. No Tamar of custom will cajole with her coquetry the ancient and everlasting justice. No thrifty leagues of a low commercial instinct, postponing conscience to the arithmetic of traffic—no corrupt political majorities, subscribing patriotic manifestoes as stock for party or private dividends, though they be as eleven against one, and though they piously profess to be sons of Israel by church subscriptions, shall buy national prosperity by their brother Joseph's blood.

There is often a vague assumption that certain principles of natural right, evolved and compacted by ethical science, might save our social state. But, remember that society, without Christ, in its philosophy, its literature, its art, its morals, obeyed a law of deterioration and decay. Without him, it would have been sinking still. Instead of the Christian justice that hangs its balances over our seats of lawful trade to-day, we should have not even Punic faith; but something more treacherous than that—not even the hesitating Roman honesty, but a zone of restraint more dissolute than the Corinthian, and principles looser than the Spartan's. Instead of a respected merchant, or steady mechanic, going out to his business to-morrow, amid a public order that Christ has organized, might have been seen a barbarian with the concentrated falsity of a hundred Arabs, waking into a world convulsed with perpetual anarchy, or skulking away to transact his base affairs in a worse than Circassian mart. We may baptize the interesting displays of our intermittent virtue with a Christian name; but they may yet contain no quality of Christ's peculiar sanctity. They may leave human life quite untouched by that unrivaled glory, however bright their transient beam. They are not redolent of the New Testament. Their uprightness does not bear the sanction of the Sermon on the Mount. Their slender rectitude is not the principle that treats men justly because they are God's children, which was the law of Christ's great honesty. Their kindness is not the sweet charity of the beatitudes. Their moderation is not guarded by those majestic warders, reverence for God, and a Saviour's love. Nor is their worship, if they adore at all, fervent with the prayers of Olivet and Gethsemane.

And as the first dispensation ended in a slavery in Egypt, or broods darkly over Pagan nations waiting to be brought nigh by the blood of Christ to this hour, so the lawless motions of every self-guided will end in a servitude to some Pharaoh in the members that cries aloud for emancipation—a settled alienation from the household of the good.

II. Next after this impulsive or spontaneous period, which is the period of Childhood, comes the legal or judicial—a second stage in the history of the religious consciousness. Moses, the lawgiver, is its representa-

tive. From this crisis, the chief significance of the world's religious experience is concentrated, for some sixteen hundred years, in Judea, and human progress runs on through the channel of Hebrew nationality. Other families have wandered off into hopeless idolatries. The religion of instinct has found its appropriate termination in a degraded Egyptian priesthood, mixing civil despotism with the incantations of an impure mythology.

And now, God calls up Moses *out* of this miserable oppression into the summit of Sinai, and appoints him the head of the second august human epoch. A period of laws, after instinct, begins. Instinct must be curbed, for it has done mischief enough. Impulse must be subjected to principle, for it has proved itself insufficient alone. There must be positive command, controlling wayward inclinations. "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," are the watchwords. It is an age of obedience. Ceremonies and ordinances are set up to bring the wild will under discipline. And the better to secure exact obedience, a visible system of formal observances is announced—so many sacrifices every day, and so many meat-offerings, drink-offerings, cattle, doves, fruits, cakes, for every sacrifice. To withstand the surrounding seductions of nations still steeped in the vices of their natural propensities, a scheme of coercive restraints comes in. The people must have multiplied festivals, jubilees, national gatherings, regularly kept, and by divine appointment. To draw them, there is a gorgeous temple with an imposing altar, a tabernacle, a covenant, a shekinah lighted from heaven, a priesthood clad in splendid garments, and all the superb apparatus of a magnificent ritual. Even the daily habits, materials of common dress, qualities of food and kinds of flesh, are all to be regulated in detail by specific statutes. Law reaches down to determine the most minute particulars—the cleansing of houses, the shape of the beard, the sowing of the field—all having reference to neighboring idolatrous usages, of which these twelve tribes must, by all means, be kept clear. And for the breach of every law, from greatest to least, there must be penalty. That part of human nature, that terror and dread appeal to, is addressed. On the transgressor woe is denounced. There is a Mount Ebal, full of menacing curses, as well as a Gerizim pledged to blessings. Smoke, earthquakes, thunders and lightnings, marshaling their awful pageant about Sinai when the law was given, only prefigured punishments that should always torment the disobedient. And, accordingly, down through all the Hebrew fortunes, while prophets were set to admonish and call back the rebellious, the great staple of Israelitish history was, the divine chastisement that followed violations of law, and the prosperity that rewarded its observance. Sieges and campaigns, conquests and captivities, judges and kings, Joshua, Gideon, and Ezra, David, Saul, and Rehoboam—all were of less consequence, as events, or as individuals, than as instruments of that mighty, organized power *lying behind them—Moses and the law.*

So with all of *us ;* there comes a time, when we feel that we can not act by inclination, but must follow law. The principle of duty is that law. Babyhood is past, and its instincts suffice us no longer. To do as we like, would still be pleasant ; but it is dangerous and false. We become stewards, and *must* give account of our stewardship. Life has put its harness upon us, and we must work in it. Passions have sprung up, and conflicts have commenced within us, that make impulse an unsafe guide. We find a meaning in that hard word, *must*. We are free to do as we will, and yet we feel somehow bound under God's necessity. It begins to be evident that as sure as a stone falls or fire burns, sin will bring trouble ; indulgence, pain ; impiety, remorse ; dissipation, disease ; dishonesty, infamy. The spendthrift *must* be pinched, the fraudulent bargainer lose his soul though he gain the world, and the false professor be spiritually damned. Here are laws—laws of the Almighty's ordaining—laws that bring retribution. If we would live peaceably, we must come under them and obey.

Very often it happens that by obeying a law, we acquire superiority to it. Voluntarily submitting to certain rules for a time, our virtue is strengthened and finally becomes independent of them, so that it can go alone. The inebriate binds himself by a pledge, and thus regains his freedom. The disciple appoints specific hours for praying, and by that means gains the devout spirit which breathes a perpetual aspiration, at last inaugurating a silent converse of the soul with heaven, as natural as the pulse in the veins. The methodical division of time for business is only a form of law, coercing industry and efficiency. Many a man has to spur his sluggishness, by definite tasks ; and many more would bring nothing to pass, but for fixed methods and seasons. Without a morning and evening sacrifice, forgetful worldliness would render poor service to God ; and memories, like Martha, so careful and troubled about many things, would fail of Mary's one thing needful. The laying apart of exact sums for charity has been all that stood between some men and the doom of avarice ; benevolence had to be put out to school, and philanthropy be drilled into promptitude like a cadet. Let us not despise law, for every day practical proofs are scattered before us, that it is a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ.

Even fear, though fastidious nerves are apt to discredit it as a lower sentiment, has its office in disciplining thoughtless and stubborn wills, breaking down pride and prompting insensibility, till it is ready to hand us over to motives of a nobler order. There is a meaning in a tradition of an ancient German prince, who, in early life, was bidden by an oracle to search out an inscription on a ruined wall which should prefigure his mortal fate. He found the Latin words, signifying *after six*. Supposing they revealed the number of days he was to live, he gave himself for the six days following to his hitherto neglected soul, preparing himself to die. But finding death did not come, he was still held to his sober resolutions by supposing six weeks were the interpretation ; and then he

prolonged his holy life to six months, and six years. On the first day of the seventh year, by reason of the excellent manhood into which he had thus formed his character, he had gained the confidence of the people, and he found the fulfillment of the ambiguous prophecy, by being chosen Emperor of Germany. Here is a figure of common experience. We may conceive it to have been a more "spiritual" process, that the prince should have been drawn to piety, by loving goodness for its own sake. But it was the timid dread of dying that drew him, and the royal benefactions of a truly Christian monarch justified the agent. Have you never known a fever, or an accident, or the incipient symptoms of a consumption to be the determining cause that bent the whole current of a life from earthward to heavenward? Have you never known that a mere dread of punishment or pain, of hell or disgrace, has stopped the erring feet of lust, silenced profanity, driven back the Sabbath-breaker? God is not ashamed to take into the sublime economy of his purposes these stimulants to virtue; and let not us, in our puerile conceit, venture to pronounce them unworthy. Outgrow them if you will, and can; but take care that you are not found, after all, *below*, instead of *above* the plane of their influence.

For be assured, though we have read the New Testament, named the name of Jesus, and quite looked down on the Jews, some of us have not yet climbed up so far as to Moses and his Jewish law. In the Bible's older Testament there are needed examples for us yet. Not all of us have learned that majestic, unchangeable fact, that God is Sovereign; nor those related facts that, if we *will* perpetrate *the wrong*, we must suffer the penalty; that we can not dodge the consequences of what we do; that indolence must sap our strength; that selfishness must end in wretchedness; that falsehood is a mint, coining counterfeits that must return upon our hands; that hypocrisy to-day is disgrace to-morrow. This is law, everlasting, unrepealable law; and our poor attempts to resist, or nullify it, avail not so much as a puff of mortal breath against the gulf stream in the Atlantic. Blessed will it be for our peace, when we accept it, and bow to it, turning it into a law of liberty.

Remember that the grandest examples of sainthood, or spiritual life, that the ages have seen, have been souls that recognized this truth —the firm, Puritanical element, in all valiant piety; and without it mere amiable religious feeling will be quite sure to degenerate into sentimentality. We need to stand compassed about with the terrible splendors of the Mount, and with something of the somber apparatus of Hebrew commandments, to keep us from falling off into some impious, Gentile idolatries of the senses. Holy places, and holy days, and solemn assemblies, still dispense sanctity. Our appetites have to be hedged about with almost as many scruples of regimen for Christian moderation's sake, as the Jew's for his monotheism. "We wish," says some one, "that it was not so difficult to be good. We wish that we could

be self-indulgent, and yet be good for all that; that we could idle off our time, and yet be wise for all that." The worldling wishes he could combine his worldliness now with a heaven hereafter; the voluptuary, that he could have "the clear eye and steady hand of the temperate;" the vain, ambitious, capricious woman, that she could exhibit the serenity that comes of prayer. But Sinai stands unmoved, at the outset of every life-journey through the wilderness; and at the further end, beyond the river, Ebal with its curses, and Gerizim with its blessings. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

III. But there is a Third Dispensation, profounder and richer than that of statutes; and, at the head of it, One greater than Moses. The period of literal commandments was insufficient; humanity outgrew it. It became a dead profession, a school of foolish questions, a shelter of hideous hypocrisies. Lo! the enlarging soul of the race asks a freer, more sincere, more vital nurture, and it comes. If the simple religious instincts of Abraham had been accepted for righteousness; if the law had been given by Moses; grace and truth enter in by Jesus Christ; grace for the heart, truth for the understanding; favor for man's stumbling feet, and light for his eyes. Christ does not abrogate law, but by his own life and sacrifice first satisfies its conditions. He says expressly, "Think not that I came to destroy Moses, but to fulfill." The cross does not unbind the cords of accountability, but tightens and strengthens them rather. The gospel affords no solvent to disentegrate the commandments; it only lets "the violated law speak out its thunders" in the tones of pity. Divine laws never looked so sacred as when they took sanctity from the redemption of the crucified.

Witness now a new light, "lighting every man that cometh into the world." It is the deliverance of the heart. It is the purifying of the life. It is the sanctification of the spirit. The law, by which no man living can be justified, because no man ever yet kept it inviolate; which makes no allowance for imperfect obedience, and yet never was perfectly obeyed—which, therefore, is a rule of universal condemnation when standing alone—this stern, unrelenting law gives place to a gospel—gladder tidings—a voice that comes not to condemn but to save, a ministry of mercy, asking only a penitent spirit that it may offer forgiveness, and only an inward faith changing the motives that it may confer eternal life.

Law and Prophets, then, are not annulled; what they lacked is supplied. They are absorbed by Evangelists. The gospel takes up all their contents, recasts them, and quickens them with the vitality of a fresh inspiration. Moses remains, but only as a servant to Christ. The decalogue still stands; but the cross stands on a higher pedestal, invested with a purer glory. Humble Calvary is the seat of a loftier power than towering Horeb. We must still be under discipline; but the Lawgiver

is lost in the Redeemer. What *was* a task is transfigured into a choice. The drudgery of obedience is beautified into the privilege of reconciliation. Love has cast out fear. Man no longer cowers before his sovereign with terror, but pours out his praises to a Father. The soul is released from the bondage of a thrall into the liberty of a child. Out of the plodding routine of mechanical sacrifice, it ascends into spiritual joy, where the handwriting of ordinances is done away; the Great High Priest has ascended once for all into the heavens, and suffering is willingly borne because it makes the disciple like the Lord.

Thus the word spoken by the third epoch of religious culture is not, "Act thy nature out and follow thy lawless impulses"—nor yet, "Do this circle of outward works, and then come and claim salvation for thy merits"—but, Believe, first, and then out of thy faith do the righteous works which thou then canst not but do. Repent of thy short comings, and be forgiven. Lean on Christ, thy Saviour. Love God, thy Father. Help men, thy brethren. And come, inherit thine immortal kingdom!

Now, at last, if it only keeps on in the path divinely marked for it, the soul emerges into that wide fellowship of Christ—that open hospitality of spiritual freedom, where the impulse of nature is only guided, not stifled, by law; where law is ripened and fulfilled into faith. The highest victory of goodness is union with God. That union comes only by a Mediator. For reconciliation between finite and infinite, there must be a Reconciler combining both. The way to peace lies by Calvary. Humanity realizes its complete proportions, only by inward membership with him who fills all the veins of his living body with his blood, and the chambers of his church with the glory of his presence to-day. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

For, observe, by all means, this striking condition pertaining to the doctrine; that neither of these three stages, whether of the general or the personal progress, denies, or cuts off, its predecessor. Nature prepares the way for law—making the heart *restless*, by an unsatisfying experiment, without it. Abraham saw more glorious ages coming than his own, and the promise given to him and his seed, Emmanuel accomplished. The law disciplined wayward, uncultured man, making him ready for the church that was to descend "like a bride out of heaven." Every ordinance in its ritual was a type; every statute was a prophecy.

All Judaism was prospective. Moses looked forward to the Messiah. So, in the heart of childhood, there are expectations, vague and yet brilliant, of the responsible second stage of manhood; it is too thoughtless yet to look beyond, to the age of mature Christian holiness. But see, again, when that second age of stern command and strict obedience comes, it grows sober and reflective. It feels heavily that it is not suffi-

cient to itself. It must look longingly forward for the consolations of the cross. Nature does not comprehend law, nor law gospel; Abraham Moses, nor Moses Messiah; but the Son of God understands all, and the gospel, in its majestic orbit, while embracing law and nature, transcends them both.

Remember, also, for its practical fruit's sake, this fact, that each stage requires fidelity in the preceding. You must have been true to the better impulses of youth, that you may be, to the best advantage, a servant of the law of maturity. You must be faithfully obedient to duty, before you are fit to be a subject of grace. Do not imagine you can glide over into the favor of heaven, without first keeping the commandment. It is a strait gate, and a narrow way that leads to life. I must be a cheerful servant, before I can know the joy of adoption, and cry, "Abba, Father." Willing to be constrained by the positive precept, I may hope, by-and-by, for the freedom of a child and heir. Many things that I would rather not do—irksome to the sluggish will, hard to the love of ease, offensive to pride, bitter to selfish pleasure—I must do, before I can ascend to that sublime self-mastery with Christ, where I shall *desire* to do only what I ought. You have seen a seabird, which in rising from the waves has to run some way with difficulty upon the water, striking the surface laboriously with its pinions; but when it has once lifted itself into the upper air, it balances its flight with a calm motion, and enfranchised into the freedom of the sky, the slow beat of its wings is imperceptible. It is by pain and toil *under* the commandments, that the soul gets the liberty of its faculties; but when it has been taken up out of itself by love and trust, it moves in harmony with God. The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might "be justified by faith." But "after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster." "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." No longer at Gerizim, nor yet at Jerusalem, but everywhere, we may worship the Father!

You have seen the religionist of mere passion. That impulsive temperament is doubtless capable of good services to the master. But, to that end, the master must have the reforming of it. That unsteady purpose must be made steadfast through a thoughtful imitation of the constancy, that said, "Behold, I go up to Jerusalem to be crucified." That fluctuating wing of worship, must be poised by some influence from those hills, where whole nights were not too long for a Redeemer's prayers. That inexpert swimmer in the sea of life, now rising, now sinking, and now noisily splashing the waters, must be schooled by sober experience to glide onward with a firmer and stiller stroke. Ardor must be matched with consistency. You are not to be carried to heaven by a fitful religion, periodically raised from the dead at seasons of social exhilaration; not by a religion alive at church, but stagnant in the streets and in the market-places; not by a religion kindling at some favored

hour of sentimental meditation, only to sink and flicker in the drudgery of common work. It is to little purpose that we read, and circulate, and preach the Bible, except all our reading and all our living gain thereby a more biblical tone. And it is quite futile that our breasts glow with some fugitive feeling in the house of God, unless that feeling dedicates our common dwellings to be all houses of God.

So have you seen the religious legalist. In business, in the street, in sanctuaries, at home, you have seen him. In business, measuring off his righteousness by some sealed measure of public usage, as mechanically as his merchandise, and making a label or a dye-stuff his cunning proxy to tell the lie that some judicial penalty had frightened from his tongue; disowning no patent obligation, but cheating the customer, or oppressing the weak, in secret. In the street, wearing an outside of genial manners, with a frosty temper under it, or a cloak of propriety with a heart of sin; in the sanctuary, purchasing, with formal professions, one day, the privilege of an untroubled self-seeking the other six, or possibly opening the pew door and the prayer-book here to-day, with the same hand that will wrong a neighbor to-morrow; and at home, practicing that reluctant virtue that would hardly give conjugal affection but for the marriage-bond, and that, by being exported to another continent, would find a Parisian atmosphere a solvent of all its scruples. Not descending, at present, to the depth of depravity, he certainly never rises to a pure piety. Whatever respectable or admirable traits you see in him, you miss that distinctive mark which every eye takes knowledge of as a spiritual consecration.

Engraft, now, on that "wild olive" stock, the sweet juices of Christian love, drawn from their original stock in Bethlehem, "of the seed of David and the root of Jesse;" soften that hard integrity by Christian charity; in place of duty done from sheer compulsion, put duty done from a willing, eager, and believing heart. Do this, and thou shalt live.

Abraham, Moses, Christ; impulse, discipline, faith; nature, law, gospel; instinct, obedience, grace; Mamre, Sinai, Calvary; this is that divine order—not bound by rigid rules of chronological succession, but having the free play and various intershadings of a moral growth—to which we are to conform our lives. When the "*Thus saith the Lord*" shall have controlled our impatient will, our hearts will be ready to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven!" Seek, first, after that indwelling goodness that has its fountain in the center of the soul, and good works will be the constant stream. Be children of light. Live by the spirit, not the letter; by faith, not by fear. For you are called to be disciples of Jesus. Henceforth the Christian is to be known, and to be saved, not by the hand so much as by the heart; not by a righteousness that is legal, but spiritual. Let not your piety be the occasional piety of Rabbinical Sabbaths, with ghastly intervals of worldliness between, like iso-

lated springs in a desert of sand; but a piety, whose perennial influence, like the river that keeps the meadows always green, shall penetrate and fertilize the whole soil and open field of your being, and thus make glad the city of your God. No rich, or beautiful, or accepted life can be had by us, except Christ be its inspiration. Hope will not reach up to immortality, except it climb by the cross. Let not your lives be dead shapes of outward decency—the carved and gilded wood of an ark and a tabernacle deserted by the Spirit—but vital branches, filled with leaping and vigorous currents of holy feeling, on the living vine! "For if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

DISCOURSE XXVI.

RICHARD FULLER, D.D.

This distinguished pulpit orator was born, the son of Thomas Fuller, a planter, in Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1808. He was sent to Harvard College, where he applied himself diligently to his studies, and took his degree as a graduate with his class in 1824, although he had left college at the end of his junior year. On his return to his native State, he commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar before the required age (twenty-one). His practice is said to have increased so rapidly, that at the third term of the court, after he was admitted, he had one hundred and fifty cases to plead. During a fit of sickness his mind was turned toward religion, and, on his recovery, he became a member of the Episcopal church. He afterward adopted Baptist sentiments, changed his denominational connection, abandoned his profession, and devoted himself to a preparation for the ministry. He pursued his studies diligently for a year, when he was ordained, and took charge of the Beaufort Baptist church, S. C., in 1833. Besides his regular duties, he made excursions as an evangelist, preaching the gospel among the slaves. In 1836, his health having become impaired, he spent a year in Europe, and, on his return, resumed his labors with great success. In 1847, he took charge of the seventh Baptist church in Baltimore, where he still holds the pastoral charge of a large and influential church, now numbering over nine hundred communicants.

Dr. Fuller's manner in the pulpit is peculiar. When he first rises to address an audience, he generally surveys them leisurely, sometimes draws a deep heavy breath, or sigh, and then commences to speak in a calm, low tone, so softly that he can hardly be heard. He also reads his hymns in a similar tone, and prays—sometimes with great earnestness—in a subdued voice. His gestures are not numerous, but exceedingly graceful and natural, and at times very animated, almost violent. In his more youthful days he was far more saltatory in his gesticulation than he is now. He preaches altogether without even a sketch. He probably never wrote a sermon before its delivery. Every Sabbath evening he has the pulpit-desk removed, and comes forward upon the platform, with a small Bible or New Testament in his hand, reads his text, makes a few introductory remarks, then easily and gracefully lays the book aside, and proceeds with his discourse with nothing before him. We believe he thinks this method enables him to approach the hearts of his hearers more readily than when he is intrenched behind a wooden barricade.

As a pulpit orator, Dr. Fuller has few equals, and probably no superior, in the country. Besides rare natural endowments for such a position, his practice at the

bar no doubt contributed to this result; and then, too, he has the advantage of a delivery untrammelled by *notes*. On some occasions, as before stated, even the ordinary breast-work of the pulpit is removed, and he stands out wholly at ease upon the platform, pouring forth volumes of fervid and instructive oratory upon an almost entranced congregation. With a full, round, manly form, tall and dignified; a frank, open countenance, bespeaking the benignity of his heart; a flashing eye, beneath a stately forehead, overhung with thick, bushy, dark brown hair; a voice clear, deep, and musical, now gentle and tremulous, and now powerful and explosive, filling every part of the largest auditory; and with warmth and earnestness, and depth of pathos, and often, cheeks suffused with tears, he melts and carries the coldest heart, and awakens in the hardest a responsive throb.

In his official position as pastor, he is very busily engaged in visiting and praying with his people, and has great tact in introducing the subject of religion, without appearing to *force* it in. He is remarkably easy and pleasant in his manners, and is consequently a favorite in society. Without losing his dignity, he has decided conversational power, and sometimes sparkles with witty and epigrammatic sayings. He is said not to have much *executive capacity*, and with all his genial and social nature, he has comparatively little intercourse with his brother ministers.

Dr. Fuller is withal quite a student, and is seldom absent from his pulpit. The marked feature of his preaching is the highly spiritual and evangelical element. He aims incessantly at the exaltation of Christ, and the immediate conversion of men. On no theme does he so warm and glow as on that of Christ and him crucified. As an instance, mention may be made of his celebrated sermon on "The Cross," preached before the General Convention of the Baptist denomination, April 28, 1841. Such an outpouring of chaste and fervid eloquence, such gushing forth of feelings, such zealous, pointed, and affectionate appeals, drawn from the sufferings on Calvary, are not generally seen oftener than once in a man's lifetime. The place was indeed a Bochim.

The substance of the discourse, of which Dr. Fuller has kindly furnished a copy for this work, was delivered before the Southern Baptist Convention at its first session in Richmond, Va., June 10, 1846. It does not contain passages of equal power with some which might be selected from the sermon referred to above, and which has been widely circulated in various forms; but yet, as a whole, it does equal credit to the author's reputation. The thoughts are edifying and instructive, and are expressed with the essentials of true eloquence.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

"And the desire of all nations shall come."—HAGGAI, ii. 7.

THE text foretold a strange phenomenon. It declared that the High and Lofty One who inhabited eternity, would be seen among sinful men; that he who from everlasting had dwelt in light unapproachable, would assume some form, and make his entrance upon this globe; that the invisible and ever-glorious, whom no man had seen, nor could see—

the Eternal forever concealed behind stars and suns, would vail his effulgence, and push aside those stars and suns, and come into the world. Such is the prophecy; and if this wonderful event, dimly anticipated, could agitate and transport the inmost spirit of patriarch and prophet, flooding them with rapture, what should be our emotions now —now when he has come; when we have seen "the brightness of the Father's glory" "come forth from the Father, and come into the world;" when he who, "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God," has "made himself of no reputation, and taken upon him the form of a servant, and been made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, has humbled himself and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" when we can say, "without controversy great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory;" when, with adoring confidence, each of us can exclaim, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Of this stupendous and overmastering deed of love, how can I worthily speak, who am a man of unclean lips, and live among a people of unclean lips? Well have we done, to commence from it a new era in the biography of our race. Amid the wrecks of past ages, *that* transaction stands alone by itself, in unique and solitary grandeur: and stand it forever shall, amid the waste of future ages, the great epoch in the cycles of eternity, the master-piece of infinite power, and wisdom, and love, to absorb our expanding souls long after this globe shall have been purged by fire, and when all its records and annals shall have been forgotten. Turning, then, from the mysterious unutterable glories of this "new thing which God has made in the earth," let us come to what we may compass by our thoughts; let us confine ourselves to the text, and speak of the title here applied to the Redeemer, regarding the term "Desire" as referring to the *expectation*, and the *wants*, and the *happiness*, of the whole human family.

I. First, then, it is a fact deserving more attention than has, I think, been bestowed upon it, *that among the nations there has ever existed a wide-spread, if not universal expectation, of a glorious person, to be the renovator of mankind, and to impress a new character on the spirit, habits, and morals of the earth.* A truth this, wholly inexplicable to the infidel, but quite incontestable for all that, and to every Christian admitting of an easy solution.

Why, my brethren, such a catastrophe as the *fall*—who will believe that *it* could ever be obliterated from the memory of man? And if our ruin, much more surely would the promise of our *redemption* be transmitted—a promise which in so peculiar a manner assured the guilty

that—"the *seed of the woman* should bruise the serpent's head," and which was performed when, "the fullness of time being come, God sent forth his Son, *made of a woman*, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

It is a famous question, which I shall not disturb, whether the benefits of the atonement by Jesus extend to other beings besides man. The Bible conveys clear intimations, that among intelligences peopling other portions of God's empire, the knowledge was dispersed, both of the degeneracy of our race and of some wonderful expedient for our rescue. And if in distant provinces of creation, the advent of a Saviour into the world was matter of adoring study—away with the thought that God would leave the posterity of Adam in ignorance of a transaction so deeply affecting their destiny, and of which this earth was to be the theatre. Accordingly, we find that such a revelation was not only given, but perpetuated. And those of you who are acquainted with antiquity know, that in all ages, and among nations most distant from each other, the expectation of a deliverer has been cherished, and cherished everywhere as an express communication from heaven.

The truth is, that scarcely had the fall occurred, when God began to announce a retriever from the ruins of that fall; and in antediluvian ages we see him so busied with this great promise, that, studied by the light of faith, the history of the world even then will appear as the first act in the grand drama of redemption. It is a touching proof of God's compassion, that before the sentence was uttered against our guilty parents, the gospel was preached to them, and its golden notes mingled tenderly with those accents of wrath, which otherwise might have driven them to despair. Directly after this, sacrifices seem to have commenced—an institution by which an innocent victim was to be immolated for the sins of man; a thing so entirely above the dictates of reason, that we at once recognize in it the appointment of heaven, and a type of the Messiah. The offering of Cain was as choice as that of Abel; the latter, however, was an expiatory sacrifice, and the conduct of God to the two worshipers was a proclamation never to be forgotten, that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins; hence, "by *faith* Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." In short, brief—to me instructively, most affectingly brief, as is the record of those who lived before the flood, their cares, and passions, and pleasures, and pains, all summed up in a few pages—yet the Spirit has supplied one important fact. There were preachers in those days, whose theme was the same Jesus we preach—Enoch especially foretelling his coming, and preparing the world for his reception.

From the flood to the call of Abraham, we see God still occupied in consoling the earth with the promise of its great restorer. The Scriptures, indeed, declare that the very manner of Noah's escape was emblematical of salvation by Christ. "The like figure whereunto," says

Peter, "even baptism, doth also now save us; not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." No sooner is that patriarch landed, than this second father of mankind, by sacrifices of blood, inculcates on his family, then the whole population of the earth, the faith of the grand atonement. And upon all of Jehovah's dispensations at this period we discern the plain shining signatures of this illustrious doctrine. Audience is never given to man as an innocent being, but always as guilty, and through the medium of sacrifices.

In process of time we find God adopting a singular measure. He separates one nation from all the nations, choosing them, not because they were more in number than any people, but for this peculiar purpose, that they might be the depositories of the "faithful saying;" and might show from afar the magnificent redemption to be one day wrought out for man. If patriarchs rejoiced, it was in anticipation of that event—Abraham desiring to see Christ's day, and gladdened by the sight; and Jacob exulting over death, as he leaned upon the top of his staff, and turned his eye to the triumphant Shiloh. If prophets were inspired, it was to confirm the faithful in their aspirations for the Messiah; so much so, "that the testimony of Jesus was the spirit of prophecy"—"the Spirit of Christ which was in them, testifying beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." Amid the pomp of royalty, if monarchs pined with a longing for the gratification of which they would have bartered their crowns, it was to see him who was all their desire and all their salvation. "Many kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." Types, altars, oblations, and all the gorgeous machinery of the temple, were but shadows of the promised mercy. In short, wherever among the Hebrews "righteous men" were found, the consummation of all their desires would have been to witness the ingress of the Prince of Peace; and in every Hebrew woman's bosom, concealed but glowing, there was such an ambition of the honor afterward conferred upon Mary, that the prophet calls the Saviour, "*the desire of women*"—the fondest, highest, holiest dreams of the sex terminating in the bliss of becoming mother to that Son whom a virgin was to bear, whose name would "be called Immanuel, Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and of whose government and peace there should be no end."

Up to this point, then, in all ages preceding the birth of Christ, you see how that wonderful epiphany was the engrossing theme of piety and inspiration. And here let me repeat two important remarks which have been already made, and which we should always take with us when perusing the books of the Old Testament. The first is, that during this period the expectation of a wonderful personage to change and mold the destiny of the world, was not confined to the Jews, but was diffused

through the earth. It was impersonated in Melchisedec; it sustained the sufferer of Idumea—who, when all was desolation around and within, exclaimed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth;" it fired the lips of Balaam; it was scattered over Asia, Africa, Sicily, and the islands of the Archipelago, and from thence was conveyed to Rome, and treasured among those Sibylline oracles which even the wisest men revered as sacred; and it prevailed, as Tacitus and Suetonius inform us, most anciently, all over the East.

This is one striking fact, and the other is, the existence everywhere of sacrifices, and the faith of appeasing the Deity by blood, by the substitution of the innocent for the guilty. Unite now these two truths, and how incontestable is the assertion, that from the fall to the advent of Jesus Christ, there was a general expectation of the mighty victim of Calvary, which justifies the application to him of this title "the Desire of all nations."

We come now to the great advent; and as the nativity, and afterward the public manifestation, of the Saviour approach, the truth I am urging becomes confirmed on all hands, and the earth is agitated by premonitions and prognostications exciting most intense concern. In the west, at Rome, the metropolis of the earth, and only a few years before the appearance of Christ, Julius Cæsar seeks to subvert the liberties of his country, aspiring to a throne; and by what argument is his claim supported? His friends appeal to an oracle in the temple, predicting a king to arise at that time whose reign should be without bounds, and whose government should secure the happiness of mankind. And in a work almost contemporaneous with the birth at Bethlehem, the most celebrated of the Latin poets rehearses this oracle, declaring it now about to be accomplished, and employing, as to the wonderful offspring, almost the very images and language of Isaiah himself. In the East, the light to enlighten the Gentiles is not only seen from afar, but shines so clearly, that the sages leave their homes and studies, and repair to the birth-place, doing homage to the kingly Star of Jacob.

Above all, in Judea, and at the scene of this amazing mystery, how is every thing in commotion, and from every quarter what notes of preparation! Does the Hebrew enter the temple or walk the streets of Jerusalem? he sees the most devout and venerable of his nation bending with years, yet rejoicing that even their fading eyes should "behold the Consolation of Israel." Does he leave the city? among the hills, and buried in cells upon the mountains, he finds those holy hermits of whom Josephus speaks, absorbed with the immediate coming of Messiah, waiting to form his escort, and vindicating their sublime hope by prophecies not to be mistaken. From out the dreary depths of the wilderness, and along the verdant banks of the Jordan, resounds perpetually the voice of a most extraordinary man, an austere herald, who has drawn all

eyes upon him as a prophet "with the spirit and power of Elias," and who still utters the startling cry, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God." In fine, my brethren, so eager and universal was the expectation* of a great deliverer, that as soon as John appeared, multitudes flocked and crowded about him; and the inquiry, "Art thou he? Art thou he?" a question never before proposed to any of the prophets, now breaks from their impatient lips; and if they surrender their convictions, it is most reluctantly, and only when the Baptist "confesses and denies not, but confesses that he is not the Christ," but merely his harbinger, and not worthy to perform even the most menial office, such as unloosing his sandals, for that exalted personage.

Nor, my brethren (though it is out of place to make the remark here), was the sensation felt by the inhabitants of this earth alone. Other and very different orders of intelligence were moved at the astonishing phenomenon. On the night when the Saviour was born, hell, I make no doubt, stood aghast and marshaled all its forces, and commenced in Herod and the massacre of the children, that infernal conspiracy which pursued the Redeemer through his life, and seemed to triumph, but was most gloriously discomfited, at the cross. And all heaven, we are expressly informed, was filled with a sympathy most thrilling and ecstatic. Man, those glorious beings had known in Eden, and had loved with the love of a brother for a younger sister. The dismal hour of man's fall they had witnessed; nor can any tell their emotions when, amid the bowers of Paradise, there rang that shriek, Death, death is in the world! And now when the brightness of the Father's glory stoops to that world, and on such an errand, what wonder and rapture seize their adoring thoughts. All along their radiant, countless files, roll anthems of high exultation, and then, wheeling down, they pour upon the listening ear of Palestine the music of the skies.

Yes, my brethren, not only on this scene of his love and grief, but in other and distant places were felt the communications of unutterable interest when the Day-spring from on high visited us. And if, when he came, the world knew him not, and honored him not, he was not without honor, such as no mere creature can receive. True, no star formed by mortal hands would ever glitter upon his breast, for he was to be despised and rejected of men; but a star made by eternal hands moves along the heavens, and, stopping in reverence, showers its lustre upon his cradle. No illuminated capital or palace hails his approach, for he comes at midnight, and in an humble village, but "the glory of the Lord shines around," and beams from the Shekinah irradiate the earth. No troops of admiring courtiers welcome the incarnate God—O no! Low lies his head in a manger, and among the herds of the stall; but a

* Luke, iii. 15, "And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ," etc.

retinue of strong and immortal cherubim and seraphim adore the Lord of glory, and shake the night air of Galilee with praises for that birth which would give "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The *Expectation* of all nations shall come! You now perceive, my brethren, with what propriety in this view the Saviour is called "the Desire of all nations." As in those regions where the sun is hid for months, all console themselves with anticipations of his light, and turn instinctively to the point where he will appear, and, when the dawn approaches, abandon their pursuits, and dress themselves in their richest garments, and climb the highest hills to greet his first rays, so was it with the Sun of righteousness. The expectation of a deliverer cheered the earth in its gloomiest darkness. As the fullness of time drew near, the gaze of all settled upon that quarter where the Luminary was to arise, the pious and the wise secluded themselves from all their avocations, and, in the sublimest faith and loftiest contemplations, watched for that morning which was to know no night, but forever give light to them who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, and guide the wretched in the way of peace.

But it is time to pass to our second article, and to consider this title of the Saviour in another view, and with reference to the *wants* of mankind; for as regards these also, he is emphatically "the Desire of all nations."

II. The words rendered "the Desire of all nations," mean, in fact, the want, the good needed, the grand desideratum of all the people of the earth. Nor, were this the place, would it be difficult to vindicate the text thus considered, both politically and socially, and to prove that those nations upon whom the gospel shines, occupy summits gilded and gladdened by the orb of day, while all others are still in the deep valleys, not yet penetrated by his rays. Why, my brethren, look abroad upon the governments of the earth. Who need be told that righteousness exalteth a nation, that Christianity alone can inbreed and nourish true patriotism, and that whatever be the form of civil polity, it will prove a blessing or a scourge, just as rulers obey or violate the precepts of the gospel? And so, too, as to the arts and sciences, as to liberty and order, as to every virtue which adorns a people (and woe, above all lands, to this republic, when such virtues come to be worn only with a loose and disheveled decency), in all these respects, while it is true that each age and nation hath its peculiar character, how unequivocal is the testimony of history, that the characters of all depend upon the infusion or rejection of the principles of the gospel.

I am not, however, a politician or a philosopher, but a preacher. It is not my design to speak of political or ethical defects, but of wants far more profound and pressing—the wants of the soul, the necessities of

the immortal spirit, exigencies which no earthly scheme of polity, or philosophy, or religion, has ever even recognized, but which the gospel both reaches and abundantly satisfies. The entire system of the Bible, indeed, and every provision of the gospel, has this great peculiarity: it addresses man as carrying within him the consciousness of wants overlooked by all teachers except Jesus Christ—wants which make him poor, and blind, and naked, and miserable, while he pretends to be rich and increased in goods. Christianity takes for granted a guilt and ruin, such as no human expedient could meet. It is precisely on this account—it is because of its exact adaptation to all the dreadful emergencies of our condition, that the great salvation has triumphed and must triumph; that Jesus must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet; that Christ lifted up will draw all men unto him; that all nations shall call him blessed, and that unto him shall the gathering of the people be. And if you do not already feel all the force of this truth, suffer me to explain it to you.

In the first place, then, my hearers, wherever a human being is found, there will be found a conscience—a moral sense—ignorant perhaps—perhaps stupefied, but still asserting, at least periodically, its mysterious power, and reverberating, through all the chambers of the soul, those thunders which awe and terrify the guilty. "This is the curse which goeth forth over the face of the whole earth," and secretly appalls the proudest, and flashes in upon the hardest, through all their steel and adamant, convictions that cleave, and agitate, and shake the soul with terror; nor from this pressure of unpardoned sin has man ever found, nor will man ever find, deliverance but by the blood of Christ. Let men affect to despise the gospel, and seek to persecute its ministers and stifle its light: that gospel has in their bosoms a ministry they can not resist, a radiance they can not extinguish; and while their hands are reeking with persecution, the fell murderers of Christ, the ruthless, ferocious Saul, the cruel jailor, ask what they must do to be saved. Let men plunge into excesses, and seek in vice and revelry to drown the inward forebodings, the fearful looking-for of judgment. "Though they dig into hell," saith God, by his prophet, "thence shall my hand take them; though they bury themselves in the bottom of the sea, I will command the serpent to sting them there." And Belshazzar, amid his delirious carousals, and Felix, triumphant in all his schemes of rapine and voluptuousness, find their faces gathering paleness, and their frames shivering with terrors they can not conceal. In a word, let men seek by mere repentance to atone for guilt: it is in vain. Everywhere the imploring cry is heard, for some medium, some mediator, between God and man. Wherever humanity is diffused, there the deep, earnest, imploring exclamation is, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God; shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old; will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or

with ten thousands of rivers of oil; shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" and blood, blood, flowing in every land, altars groaning with victims, hecatombs smoking with gore, lacerating hooks and torturing pilgrimages, the reddened axles of Juggernaut, and the wail of anguished women on the Ganges, attest the inefficacy of repentance to give peace to the conscience. No, my brethren, the great want of a guilty world is the atonement of Calvary. It is the Lamb of God alone who taketh away the sin of the world. To him, John, *the great preacher and impersonation of repentance*, pointed; in him there is a redundancy of merit for the vilest; from his cross there floats down a voice, saying, "Look unto me and be saved, all ye ends of the earth!" And in this view, how truly is the Saviour "the Desire of all nations," bringing "peace to them that are nigh and to them that are afar off."

Guilt! To the want produced by guilt, add now that created by the corruption which sin hath shed through our nature, blinding the mind, perverting the will, and not only encasing the heart in obduracy, but filling it with enmity to God; a corruption so entire, and universal, and self-propagating that the Bible employs, in portraying it, the most frightful image, and pronounces all men, not only without life, but dead—meaning by death not merely the *absence*, but the *opposite* of life: death as a principle, a power so active, so terrific in its destructive energy, that in a few hours it reduces to a mass of disgusting putrefaction all the vigor and beauty which the more sluggish element of life had been for years maturing and perfecting. "All," say the Scriptures, "are dead, dead in trespasses and sins." Such is the natural condition of the whole world; and were men left to themselves, this corruption, this virus, this leprous essence, would forever work, and spread, and forever feed the deathless worm and the quenchless fire. And as most gloriously "the Life of the world," as he who "has come that we may have life, and have it more abundantly" than by the first infusion; that the Spirit may quicken, and purify, and renovate, and pour into the imperishable fabric, the elixir of immortal strength and vigor—in this view, how truly is Jesus "the Desire of all nations."

In fine, take but one thought more: the just anger of God—that wrath which hangs in unmitigated blackness over a guilty world, and from which there is no refuge but at the cross of Christ. The wrath of God, my hearers, is a calamity without a name—a calamity which none can comprehend—which it will require eternity to comprehend and deplore; and even the possibility of incurring it, must fill a reflecting mind with unspeakable concern and alarm. In heaven it once burned a little, and, promptly as the peal follows the flash, came the crisis upon the crime. Forthwith, without any waiting for a second offense, without hope or respite, angels were weeded out of their "first estate." Radiant cherubim and seraphim, the choice and prime of all the celestial

hierarchy, withered into devils, and sank all flaming into hell, flung from eternal splendor down to bottomless perdition, where they now lie, "reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." And not only are all the children of Adam, "children of wrath," but all hear the premonition, all hear that cry, "Flee from the wrath to come." All know that the consciousness of guilt is the prophecy of vengeance; and, until sheltered in Jesus, all stand helpless and hopeless, exposed to the lurid cloud which is only suspended for a while—only waits till it shall have been charged and burdened with storms, and fires, and every deadly material, when it will break and beat forever on their heads, and pour a deluge of eternal wrath upon their souls. And in this view, is not Christ—that Jesus who "hath delivered us from the wrath to come"—O! is he not "the Desire of all nations?"

It would be easy to multiply details on this article, but I must not. It were easy to show, that in reference to the most profound and pressing necessities of man, the gospel is the great desideratum—literally, the one thing needful. The spiritual wants of every age, and clime, and class, declare how worthy of all acceptation is the faithful saying; and the assertion would not be at all extravagant, should I use the image of the apostle, and say, that where Christ is not known, the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for his manifestation, and the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, for a deliverance he alone can bestow. Justice pursues; vengeance thunders; conscience shoots its clear and ghastly flashes; Satan sways his baleful sceptre; death "reigns over all," trampling the nations under the hoofs of that terrible pale horse; and after death, "hell follows." Such is the state of man; nor is there any hope for him but in the Redeemer. Until that Sun of eternity arise, a canopy of perdition and despair envelops him, "clouds and ever during dark surround him," and he turns on every side

> "Eyes that roll in vain,
> To find the piercing ray, and find no dawn."

III. Our last article requires scarcely a word from me. Here, I had proposed to consider the epithet, "desire," as synonymous with happiness, and it can not be necessary to prove that the happiness of all must be found in Christ. Not that all feel this, for men, alas! ignorant on all subjects, are most ignorant as to what constitutes their true felicity, and thus call that good which they love, and reject and hate the gospel which condemns their sins. Yet it is not less true, that only Jesus can confer true happiness; he alone can say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Happiness, because the mind of man can only rejoice in truth, and Christ is "the truth." Without him, we grope darkling in mazes of error, and are perplexed and wretched amid doubts and speculations as

to all it most concerns us to know. Happiness, because the heart of man can be satisfied only with objects worthy of it, and Christ alone proposes those objects—objects which fix the heart, but without which the passions wander, in unrest and pining, through creation, fretting themselves with things gross and sensual, whose possession only stings us into a consciousness of our immortality, and whose best gifts are only a pleasing degradation. Happiness, lastly, because God is the life of the soul, and Christ alone reveals this being, and reinstates us in his favor and love. To be without Christ, say the Scriptures, is to be without God; and to be without God, is to be severed from the supreme good, to be cut off from the source of all joy, to have our souls cursed and blasted now, and, dying thus, they must become forever most desolate and wretched—the orphans of the universe, the outcasts of eternity. But, as I said, a word here will suffice.

The subject, my brethren, on which you have been addressed, is one very dear to me, not only for its interest, but as the common joy and glory of all Christians. It is because the disciples of Jesus wander from the cross, that they are separated, and walk over hidden fires forever flaming up in controversy. As they gather around this sacred altar, one heart glows in every breast, and all the elements of strife are melted and fused into one monopolizing love for God and for each other.

And, now, in applying this discourse, what shall I say? Why, my hearers, the very entrance of such a being into this world, and the mission of which this earth was the theatre, how astonishing and absorbing. There are times in the lives of all men, when we feel that we are not all matter; when our thoughts wander far away from the finite and mutable, and become familiar with eternity; when our souls are agitated with the mystery of that eternal Spirit by which they are encompassed—are athirst for God—and ascending to the perfect and ever-glorious, exclaim, in the language of Philip, "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

My brethren, that God, that eternal Spirit, has rent the vail and shown himself in our midst. The word which "in the beginning was with God, and was God, was made flesh, and dwelt among us." "Christ Jesus has come into the world." And, now, what movement should stir our minds? In Christ, "God was manifest in the flesh." He is "the image of the invisible God," "the brightness of the Father's glory, and express image of his person." "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." In his temper, the character of the Deity was impersonated; in his life, the attributes of the Deity were embodied; in his cross, the very *heart* of the Deity is disclosed to our love. What a being! Search creation through, explore the universe, scale all heights, fathom all depths—no such object can be found for the admiring, adoring contemplations of the mind, the imagination, the heart.

Having gazed upon this wonderful being, think next of the enterprise on which he came, and the cost at which that enterprise was achieved. The enterprise! Think of that—it was the salvation of man. The

devils saw him and exclaimed, "*What have we to do with thee?*" As if they had said, "Thou hast not come to save us." No, they had nothing to do with him; but we have every thing to do with him; since he came for us men and our salvation. O, when the Invisible steps forth upon this scene of visible things, on such a mission, and in such a form, must not our hearts yield, melt, love, worship, adore?

The enterprise—and, then, the *cost!* From everlasting there he sat, the princely majesty of the universe, amid admiring, adoring thrones, and principalities, and powers, who drank in love and blessedness from his smiling countenance, and forever caused the golden atmosphere to re-echo his praises. But he left all. He abdicated all "the throne and equipage of God's almightiness." There was something sweeter to his heart than all the harmonies and ecstacies of heaven. It was mercy —it was pity for our wretchedness—and he came, he flew, he stooped and took our nature in its meanest and most mournful conditions. And, in this nature, what sufferings did he not endure—sufferings which destroyed his life, though they could not destroy his love. Think of these, and how are you affected? "Christ," says Peter, "hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust;" but in that *once*, what sufferings were not concentrated. Ah! miserable sinner, from eternity had the only-begotten reposed in the bosom of the Father, and now see him leaving that bosom and taking the form of a servant for you. From eternity had the fairest among ten thousands, and the one altogether lovely, been rich in the glories and hosannas of the skies; and now see him becoming poor for you—so poor that, living, he had not where to lay his head; and, dying, he would have been buried, but for charity, like a common malefactor, by the highway side. Follow the adorable Jesus from scene to scene of ever deepening insult and sorrow, tracked everywhere by spies hunting for the precious blood. Behold his sacred face swollen with tears and stripes. And, last of all, ascend Mount Calvary, and view there the amazing spectacle; earth and hell gloating on the gashed form of the Lord of glory; men and devils glutting their malice in the agony of the Prince of life; and all the scattered rays of vengeance which would have consumed our guilty race, converging and beating in focal intensity upon him, of whom the Eternal twice exclaimed, in a voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." After this, what are our emotions? Can we ever be cold or faithless? No, my brethren, it is impossible, unless we forget this Saviour, and lose sight of that cross on which he poured out his soul for us.

That is an affecting passage in Roman history, which records the death of Manlius. At night, and on the Capitol, fighting hand to hand, had he repelled the Gauls, and saved the city when all seemed lost. Afterward he was accused: but the Capitol towered in sight of the Forum where he was tried; and, as he was about to be condemned, he stretched out his hands and pointed, weeping, to that arena of his triumph. At this, the

people burst into tears, and the judges could not pronounce sentence. Again the trial proceeded, but was again defeated; nor could he be convicted until they had removed him to a low spot, from which the Capitol was invisible. And, behold, my brethren, what I am saying. While the cross is in view, vainly will earth and sin seek to shake the Christian's loyalty and devotion—one look at that purple monument of a love which alone, and when all was dark and lost, interposed for our rescue—and their efforts will be baffled. Low must we sink, and blotted from our hearts must be the memory of that deed, before we can become faithless to the Redeemer's cause, and perfidious to his glory.

But this thought has carried me beyond all bounds. I return, and with a single reflection more I finish. That reflection regards our duties, and the solemn responsibilities which the subject charges home upon us all.

My impenitent hearer, how loudly does the text speak to you; and I can not sit down without asking, What think you of Christ? How are you treating him who came and who seeks to save you? You have heard that he is the desire of all nations; tell me, is he your desire or aversion?—will you receive and obey him, or are you resolved still to say, "not this man, but Barabbas?" Recollect, without him you can have no peace now—your deepest, strongest wants must be unsatisfied—the whole creation can not make you happy. Recollect, you will soon have nothing to do but to die; then "the desire of the wicked shall perish," and what will become of you? Soon the Saviour will come again, and very differently. "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." And then, when you call upon mountains to cover you, and abysses to shelter you, how will your present conduct appear? And what a wail will be yours when, shattering the air, and shattering your soul, that sentence shall be pronounced, "Depart, accursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!"

It is, however, to us Christians that the application of the text especially belongs at this time, and in our bosoms how many thoughts ought it to awaken. True (O blessed be God for this), Jesus Christ is all our desire and all our salvation. We know him as such, and our souls do magnify the Lord. But, with the possession of this blessing, what responsibilities devolve upon us!

My very dear brethren, *is Christ the Desire of all nations?* Then why are there so many nations still ignorant of Christ? The angel declared that the tidings should be to all people—why, then, have so many not heard those tidings? The Saviour's command is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"—why, then, have not the heralds of the gospel traversed the earth? The answer to these questions I blush to give; it is (shame on our covetousness—the reproach of our country and of our churches), that Christians have not done, and will not do, their duty.

Ah! my brethren, my brethren, just now, as I surveyed the cross, I pronounced it almost impossible for us to be faithless to Christ; but alas! when I turn from the cross to the conduct of Christians, I have most painfully to confess my mistake. Where is the Spirit of Christ among us? Upon whom has his mantle fallen, all wet with tears for the perishing? "When he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd;" how few are affected with such a sight now. "Five hundred millions of souls," exclaimed a missionary, "are represented as being unenlightened. I can not, if I would, give up the idea of being a missionary, while I reflect upon this vast number of my fellow-sinners who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Five hundred millions! intrudes itself upon my mind wherever I go, and however I am employed. When I go to bed it is the last thing that occurs to my memory; if I awake in the night, it is to meditate on it alone, and in the morning it is generally the first thing that occupies my thoughts." Nor is it only the heathen at a distance; among ourselves how many thousands of the sons of Ethiopia are stretching out their hands, and how have they been neglected. My brethren, let us awake to our responsibility ere the wrath of God wake us to sleep no more, and the cry which goeth up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth attract his righteous indignation.

Is Christ the Desire of all nations? Then, my brethren, let us preach Christ; and let our missionaries preach Christ. We do not want philosophers, nor metaphysicians, nor even theologians, but preachers of Christ and him crucified. Nor let us fear that God will not open a great and effectual door for us, if we are willing to be co-workers with him. What am I saying? My brethren, how wide a door is already open; and if, instead of indolently crying "There are yet four months and then cometh harvest," we would only "lift up our eyes and look on the fields," upon every side we would see them "white and ready to harvest."

Lastly, *is Christ the Desire of all nations?* Then how sure is our success. True, we must expect difficulties, and it is not improbable that, before the gospel conquers the earth, there will be many conflicts and convulsions. But when we consider what God hath promised and done, how intent and busy is the whole Trinity in the grand scheme of salvation, what difficulty can move us? Who can doubt that all events shall conspire to secure Immanuel's triumph, and even the passions of the world become ministers in its conversion to God? Many of us deprecated and deplored the disruption which lately divided our churches, but the man has blind eyes who sees not already the hand of God in this; and he, among us, has a cold heart who has not felt a glow at the noble conduct of our brethren at the North, and is not fired with holy emulation. And thus shall it ever be, the truth shall yet bind kings in chains,

and nobles in fetters of iron; the wheels of the Redeemer's chariot move not back, but shall roll on until "the Desire" shall become the Delight of all nations, and shall reign over them in righteousness. All the resources of the universe are in the hands of the ascended Jesus. To him the Father hath said, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever;" and the hour hastens on, when the whole earth shall become a temple, and that temple be filled with the glory of the Lord, and echo with the hallelujahs of

> "An assembly such as earth
> Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see."

Welcome the glorious consummation! O months, and seasons, and years, speed your tardy flight, and usher in the blissful period; that day when, from every hill and valley, shall ascend clouds of incense, to return in sparkling showers of mercy; when, from every human heart, shall swell the angelic hymn, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men; when the pealing chorus of a renovated world shall answer back the thundering acclamations of the skies, and every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them shall say, Alleluiah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. Amen!

DISCOURSE XXVII.

THOMAS H. SKINNER, D.D.

Dr. Skinner was born March 7th, 1791, in Perquimous county, North Carolina, north shore of Albemarle Sound, near Harvey's Point. His father was a planter, a man of high position, and greatly beloved in the Baptist church, of which he was a member till his death, in 1829. At the age of twenty years he was converted and united with the Presbyterian church in Princeton, New Jersey. The special means blessed to this end were sermons preached by the Rev. B. H. Rice, D.D., and a severe domestic affliction. His studies were pursued at Nassau Hall, where he graduated in 1809.

Dr. Skinner was ordained in 1813 and took the charge of the Second Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, as colleague of the Rev. Dr. Janeway, successor to Rev. Dr. Green. His other pastoral charges have been the Fifth Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, assumed in December, 1816, and resigned in 1832; and the Mercer-street Presbyterian church, assumed in 1835 and resigned in 1848, at which time he was elected Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, Pastoral Theology, and Church Government, in the Union Theological Seminary, New York; a position which he still holds. He was Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary from 1832 to 1835. He has a son in the ministry, Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, jr., now of Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Many years ago he published two volumes, called "Religion of the Bible," and "Preaching and Hearing," and, more recently, translations of Vinet's Pastoral Theology, and Vinet's Homiletics.

In personal appearance, Dr. Skinner is about medium height, rather tall, slim and spare; hair light and thin, mingled with gray; forehead broad and deep, and a general expression of intellectual capacity and studious habits. As professor in the seminary in New York, he is much respected, and highly acceptable and useful.

As a preacher, Dr. Skinner's marked characteristics are, ardent love for the truth, clearness and richness of thought, deep evangelical sentiment, and precision, directness, and strength of expression. Some of his views on preaching, of which he is himself a fine illustration, are presented in the preface of his "Religion of the Bible," where he says: "It is not when its theme is *controversy*, but *certain* and *fundamental truth*, that religious discourse should be most distinguished by discrimination, exactness of statement, clearness, order, and strength of reasoning, as well as by pungency and earnestness. Nor do I wish to be thought of the opinion, that all discussion in points of dispute among Christians, is unlawful, or unnecessary. The *ordinary* teaching of the ministry, should, I am persuaded, have little to do with disputes. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God. It is a 'point of great inconvenience and peril to entitle the people to hear controversies, and all

kinds of doctrine. They say no part of the counsel of God is to be suppressed: so is the difference which the apostle maketh between milk and strong meat is confounded: and his precept, that the weak be not admitted unto questions and controversies, taketh no place.'* If, nevertheless, Christians will discuss their differences with becoming moderation, and earnest endeavors be still used to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, there doubtless are times and places in which they may do so, without sin, and, perhaps, to edification. Where, however, the business directly in hand is that of saving men, earnestness and skill in conducting that great work, will, as far as possible, preclude the intrusion of controverted points."

The subjoined discourse, printed by Dr. Skinner's permission, has had a somewhat wide, and most merited, reputation. It was printed many years ago, and if we mistake not, the substance of it was incorporated into a Review article. We lately heard one of the first preachers in the country remark, that this sermon was read by him a great number of years since, and had deeply influenced his ministerial and Christian career. The recollection of it, he said, was yet fragrant in his memory.

SPIRITUAL JOY AS AN ELEMENT OF STRENGTH.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."—NEHEMIAH, viii. 10.

EXPOUNDING the rule of duty to those who have violated it, tends in the first instance, if they have ingenuous minds, to exercise them with sorrow, but that sorrow ends in joy. The children of the captivity, who by warrant from the King of Persia, returned to the land of their fathers, had for a long time been destitute of spiritual instruction, and almost as a matter of course, had fallen into spiritual insensibility and unconcern. But they were somehow led to gather themselves together as one man, to hear the word of God; and Ezra the Scribe, with certain Levites, his assistants, read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused the people to understand the reading. The effect was —an illustrious instance of the heart-melting power of divine truth—a deep sense of sin in the entire assembly. *All the people wept, when they heard the words of the law.* An unusual spectacle in this hard-hearted world! An immense concourse of men all in tears before God on account of their sins! Well might the ministers of religion hasten to fulfill the commission, *Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.* It is needful that sinful men should sorrow, but there is nothing desirable in sorrow on its own account, and God works it in his chosen, only that by means of it, he may open a fit channel into their breasts for the consolations of his Spirit to flow in. Hence Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, and Ezra the Priest, the Scribe, and the teaching Levites, dismissed that great assembly of mourners with these gracious words: *This day is*

* Lord Bacon.

holy to the Lord your God: mourn not, nor weep; go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, FOR THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH.

As is the sorrow of a penitent heart, such is the nature of the joy to which it leads. Both are the fruit of the Holy Spirit. There are joys of a different kind. There is a natural joy which one feels after escaping out of great danger, or being unexpectedly blessed with worldly good. There is also a religious joy which springs from mistaken impressions. These are not the joy of the Lord; they are but for a moment; they pass away, and leave the heart void, desolate, and despairing. The joy of the Lord, the same which fills the eternal mind, is the only joy that meets the desires and exigences of any rational being. To all rational minds, of God, angels and men, there is but one true happiness. Angels are not happy, and men are not happy, unless they share the happiness of him who is over all, blessed forever. With him is the fountain of life—not a rill, not a drop of bliss in the universe, which that fountain does not yield. They who go elsewhere for happiness, wander into boundless deserts, where all is drought, and burning winds and vast desolation. What is the exhilaration of the animal spirits, what were intellectual delights, what the pleasures of sin, the utmost indulgences of the lusts of flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, to that immortal spirit in man which bears the image, and pants for the blessedness of God? How can a man be called happy, when almost every thing belonging to him that raises him above the brute, is either wholly portionless, or is tantalized with what is no more suited to its nature, than shadows or dreams to sustain the bodily life?

And now what is the joy of the Lord? It is joy arising from the same causes, terminating on the same objects, and yielding the same results as that which the infinite Being himself possesses, without measure. Its spring is holiness; its objects are the divine perfections and works; its results are the various forms of true beneficence and kindness. It is the joy of holy love; of complacency in God and goodness, and of benevolence to his creatures. It is delight, sensible and satisfying delight, such as forms the boundless and fathomless ocean of heavenly beatitude. As existing in sinners of mankind, its precursor ordinarily, as has been intimated, is holy sorrow; and its medium is a living union with Christ, by faith. It is, as shared by them, the purchase of the Saviour's precious blood, and the fruit of the renewing influence of the Spirit of God.

Our object, however, at present, is not so much to describe this feeling, as to show the power of it, as a practical principle. The joy of the Lord is OUR STRENGTH. It is the spring of our greatest efficiency for good; the great mover and inciter of the soul to holy action and achievement; the sustainer also of our energies in accomplishing our benevolent undertakings; what, above all things, keeps the mind going cheerfully

forward in its spiritual efforts and adventures, and bears on without fainting or weariness to a successful issue of its struggles and conflicts. We propose to offer a few remarks in illustration of this sentiment.

Joy is the achiever of almost every good or noble thing which is done under the sun. There is nothing like it to make the spirit of man erect, resolute, persevering, patient, and indefatigable. Almost universally, where there is great labor, at least available labor, there is also great mental delight. The exceptions do but confirm the general principle. Men may be impelled to labor by ambition, by necessity, by fear, by avarice; but unless their labor becomes itself delight, what great thing, or noble thing, or what thing worthy of their pains, do they ordinarily accomplish? Consult the sons of the muses, the toilers at deep investigation and exact analysis, the makers of those books—the best products of human labor—that come forth into the community like living luminaries to pour the light and heat of mind through ages to come; consult all successful artists, jurists, statesmen, merchants, and agriculturists; and you will find, that these several classes of laborers are held to their respective sorts of work mainly by the cord of sensible delight or pleasurable interest in the object of attention. Who would anticipate brilliant success from any course of exertion in which the man went forward under some other impulse than that of lively interest in his work? Where there is no delight, the heart will not be found; and what can a man do in one sphere, when his heart is in another? But we need not enlarge on this point. All men see it, feel it, perfectly understand it. It is responded to at once from the breast of every one.

Now, our remark is this, that the principle is as true in its application to man's moral agency, as to his physical and intellectual. It is joy, for the most part, that makes men industrious and indefatigable in the fulfillment of moral claims and undertakings. This is the great principle of Christian attainment; of holy zeal and enterprise in the people of God. Why should it not be so? Would it not be surprising and unaccountable to find it otherwise? Should we not ask with wonder, how is it that a principle which holds good in every other department of rational agency, should fail in this department? Are the laws of nature violated in the spiritual kingdom? No; reason requires us to believe that this is the very sphere in which, above all others, the efficiency of this influence is discovered. The influence itself exists here in a far nobler kind, than anywhere else. The joy of the Lord is as far above all other kinds of joy, as holiness is better than other kinds of excellence. The just conclusion is, that the effects of this joy are proportionately superior; the conclusion of common sense, confirmed by the universal testimony of Scripture and experience. It may, however, be useful, to enter somewhat particularly into an examination of the tendencies of this feeling; to inquire, in several instances, into the ways in which its efficacy is exerted and discovered.

1. We observe, then, in the first place, that joy gives life and spirit to all the mental powers and operations. A delighted mind is full of brightness and alertness, finds action easy, has all its faculties at command, and exerts them with intensity of application. Under the vivifying effusions of joy, imagination awakes, perception becomes acute, the range of observation is enlarged, judgment is invigorated, memory is sharpened, taste refined, the whole soul, in short, is instinct with the spirit of intellectual life, and waits only for the orders of the will, to put forth its utmost energies, and to accomplish the highest results of which it is capable. And the will itself is in a great degree influenced, if not determined by joy. It is when men have delight in the things about which their volitions and purposes are conversant, that they form bold and firm resolutions; then it is that they decide freely and promptly to enter upon courses of mental exertion, of which perhaps the thought would not have occurred to them in the absence of joy.

We offer no proof of what we now affirm, but make our appeal directly to human consciousness. No one who reflects on the history of his own mental states and operations, can call it in question. To every one the matter is as certain as consciousness itself; nor is it inexplicable. Happiness is the ultimate end of rational being. All sentient being, indeed, of whatever nature, languishes and pines, when kept back from the final end of its existence; it is, on the other hand, in its state of greatest perfection when it perfectly enjoys that end. It is so with the mind of man: joy is its ultimate end; in possession of that end, all its faculties are in their best condition. We only add, if other kinds of joy have an invigorating influence on the mind, much more must that incomparably higher joy, of which we speak.

2. Again, as this feeling imparts such life to the mind itself, so does it brighten by this means the objects of intellection. Its influence in this respect is sometimes as if a new sun had been created, to irradiate the world in which mind moves. You yesterday read Milton with a wearied heart, and fell asleep over the sublime glories of his page; this morning you perused the same page with a spirit refreshed by sweet and sufficient sleep, and you were amazed and overpowered by its wondrous creations of fancy and taste. The world of faith—the world revealed in the gospel—a short time since, when you endeavored to think upon it, with a soul almost dead to spiritual excellence, was nearly as the region of emptiness and darkness; now, when the spirit of a revival sheds its life through your bosom, that world of invisible glory eclipses the world of sense, and absorbs the powers and sensibilities of your being. What was the holy One to you, some weeks ago, when you pretended to worship him with a dull and worldly heart? What is he now, when a joyful sense of his excellency draws from your breast the ardent exhortation to those who know nothing of your blessedness, to taste and see that the Lord is good? What a difference in the character of the Saviour at

present, from what he seemed to you then? The whole Bible—the whole subject of religion—how immensely different. Yet the whole of this difference is the result of spiritual delight in your own mind. The joy of the Lord, then, is it not your strength? If you had an angel's powers, what could you do, with no distinct views of the objects with which those powers are conversant?

3. Attend, next, for a moment to the influence of spiritual pleasure on the performance of devotional exercises. Who is it that has grown weary of his closet, his Bible, his domestic altar, the meeting for prayer, and the solemn services of the Sabbath? Could you inspect the heart of such a person, is it probable that you would find it the abode of much religious enjoyment? Do you think it would be possible to discover any thing in such a man's heart, to justify his saying, with the spiritually-minded Psalmist, "One day in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand?" No one, I am sure, could believe it possible. A deserter from the throne of grace, a neglecter of devotional duties, is one who takes little or no delight in the performance of those duties. To him who has heavenly joy springing up in his mind, the sanctuary, the place of social prayer, the closet, the solitary walk, will be the gate of heaven. Such a man will be inclined to pray, not merely thrice, nor even seven times a day, but to be praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit; to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, to abide in the tabernacle of the Almighty continually. The spirit of devotion never tires, while the joy of the Lord is its prompter. Day and night it can continue its aspirations and outpourings of affection. It has no content in shortness, in interruption, in lifeless exercises. No; the joy of the Lord lifts the heart up to heaven, and keeps it there, communing with holy angels, with the church of the first-born, with the spirits of just men made perfect, with God the Judge of all, with Jesus the Mediator, and with his most precious blood of sprinkling.

4. We will now advert, in few words, to the influence of this grace on other gracious states of mind. We refer not to the indirect influence which it exerts upon them, by promoting the mind's spiritual intercourse with their objects, by inclining it to heavenly meditation and prayer, but to a direct and necessary connection between this and any other holy feelings. All the gracious affections, being of the same family, and intimately allied to each other, exert a reciprocal influence upon one another, promotive of each other's strength and growth; but there appears to be a pre-eminence in the friendly power of joy upon its sister graces. The reason seems to be, that joy, being the end of all the heavenly affections, when this feeling connects itself with them, they must, of course, be more vigorous than in any other circumstances.

Let us illustrate in a few instances. Love often *exists* apart from joy, but it seldom *flourishes* apart from it. It is when the heart finds delight in loving, that it loves with great intensity and enlargement. Then it

is that it gives itself away to the beloved object, and, as it were, loses itself in it. Hope, too, is fed by joy; joy, in this world, being the earnest and foretaste of the object of hope. The full assurance of hope is always the effect of joy reigning in the soul: it can come from nothing else; it can not be gained from inference, or any witness without; no, it is the beginning of heaven—the peace of God which passeth all understanding. This it is that displaces every doubt in the soul, and fills the mind with certainty respecting its eternal blessedness: joy does it, and nothing else can. Faith, likewise, rises and approximates to vision, when joy gives it wings; for when the things believed are at the same time rejoiced in, how can it be otherwise than that faith in the reality of those things should amount to the utmost confidence and boldness? How, also, does the relenting of the heart, in view of sin, and the mercy of God abound, when the soul turns her eye to these objects, after being melted into tenderness and sweetness, by a rejoicing sense of the beauty of holiness? We could add to these instances if it were necessary; but they are sufficient. It is exceedingly manifest that it must give zest and strength to every good feeling of which the mind is capable, to have that feeling attended with conscious delight, and such delight, too, as the joy of the Lord, the very joy of the supreme and blessed God.

5. Let us next notice how nobly this feeling of spiritual delight can bear up the mind amid assaults of outward affliction. Through these assaults must all make their triumphant way, who at last gain entrance into this world of rest. *As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.* Here it is that strength is demanded; and what, in these circumstances, imparts strength like this holy joy? Hope and faith are indeed needful; but it is joy, commonly, which gives faith and hope their strength. Unattended by joy, they may stay up the mind in some sort, amid these seasons of storm and darkness. They may keep it from sinking into the deep waters of despair; but they may not do even this without a great inward strife. Many a saint, going through the floods of trouble in the mere exercise of hope and faith, has meanwhile trembled in himself, lest by failing to retain these supporters, he should perish in the passage. But how is the scene changed at once, when the light of heavenly joy springs up in darkness? What can any floods or fires of tribulation then do, to hinder the mind's steadfastness and swift progress in its upward course to God? These trials seem to assist rather than hinder it on its way.

How matchless the efficacy of this divine joy! It enlivens faith and hope, and all the other heavenly affections. It is as if omnipotence itself had entered into all the feelings of the mind. The mind becomes more than a conqueror. The very violence of fire is quenched; and sometimes, as in the case of the martyr, the fiercest flames, under the influence of spiritual joy, not only lose their peculiar power, but become an instrument of ease, as the dying martyr found the flames were to him a

bed of roses. This may savor of mere ardor to the externally-strict religionist; but he is not set to judge in the case. We appeal, in verification of what we have said, to the Scriptures of truth and the history of the church. It has been fulfilled in thousands of real examples, of whom the world was not worthy.

6. The power of this feeling, as evinced in its resistance to the influence of worldly good, is a further commendation of it. It is this influence, far more than that of outward affliction, which tries and insnares the spirit of man. Indeed, what is it that constitutes the bitterness of affliction but its abridging or destroying our enjoyment of the world? Were we wholly dead to worldly good, small would be the power of affliction to disturb us. It is this, then, the world's influence, that forms our grand encumbrance. Here is the great adversary of our souls. Here is what gives all other temptations their strength. It is this which gives the great destroyer himself all the advantage he has against us; which enables him to reach our spirits with his wiles and darts of perdition; and which makes us his willing captives and vassals. What, then, can most effectually secure us against the enchantment and tyranny of this present evil world? Whatever that is, it is more to be desired than all things in the universe besides; he who has it, would be a madman to part with it for the treasures of creation.

What, then, is this priceless treasure? It is, unquestionably, a happiness higher than that which the world has to offer. The human mind, by the nature God has given it, evermore seeks enjoyment. Since its sad perversion by the original apostacy, it looks for enjoyment to the visible and outward world. That world besets it with its insnaring temptations at the commencement of its existence, and works in it the fatal delusion that in worldly good lies the supreme blessedness. This gross delusion—the grand difficulty to be overcome in recovering the mind to the dominion of virtue and truth—can no otherwise be disarmed of its controlling influence than by the presence and experience in the mind of a better happiness than the world can give.

We appeal, for confirmation of this remark, to human consciousness in all the generations of mankind. Many means have been employed to break the world's power in the heart; the world's deceitfulness has been set in the strongest light; the terrors of eternity have been set in array against the idolatry of the world; the utmost power of motive and persuasion has been exhausted; and to what result? The understanding has been convinced, resolutions have been formed, vows have been made, seclusion from the society of men has been tried; but the world's pleasures have been secretly loved; and if they have not been returned to, with increased eagerness, the effects of forced mortification and abstinence have been worse, if possible, than those of indulgence itself. Forlevity and smiling deceit, and contemptuous indifference to divine things, there has been an exchange of disdainful self-righteousness, and grave

formality, and bitter misanthropy. No; never has the influence of the world been truly excluded, or even interrupted, except where the mind has been conscious of having within itself a joy superior to any which can be obtained from created and temporal things. And what is such a joy but that whereof we speak? Besides this, and creature joy, there is no other. Here, then, is the one thing needful for the effectual resistance and banishment of the spirit of the world, the strength of all temptation, and of the tempter himself.

This is the world's vanquisher; and how easy, how perfect is its triumph. The heart takes a farewell of the world—a glad and rejoicing farewell—a farewell, final and everlasting. Why should it not? Does he who eats at the table of a king care for the beggar's crumbs? The man who walks at large, enjoying the sweet influence of God's works, and exulting in the consciousness of being an illustrious family's boast, or a nation's benefactor, does he envy the fancied greatness of the naked maniac chained to the floor of his cell? No more can he who tastes the joys of the Lord, long, while he does so, for the low pleasures of the world. How can he be tempted by appeals to ambition, whose ambition is already fixed upon higher honor than that of any throne in creation? or by appeals to the love of possession, who is, by enjoyment, at this moment the heir and possessor of all things? or by appeals to the love of pleasure, whose spirit is drinking of the pure river of the water of life? The joy of a renewed soul, when it first sees and adores the beauty of the divine character, what a poor recompense would the wealth and the glory of a thousand creations be to that soul for the loss of what it then feels.

O there is nothing so much needed, in order to invest Christians with the mild glory of a heavenly conversation, as this frame of soul! Were this sacred feeling habitually dominant in their breasts, how would it adorn them in the eye of God and man, in all the beauties of practical spirituality? Holiness to the Lord would be inscribed on all their secular actions and pursuits; they would be, in respect to fare for the body, as the fowls of heaven for their food, and the lilies of the field for their clothing; in room of a fretted and peevish spirit, under the bitter disturbances of life, they would have enduring meekness and quietness; instead of aiming, by covert measures, at self-promotion in the church, there would be brotherly love, in honor preferring one another; and, instead of that spirit of mutual contention and concision, which has ever been the reproach of the Christian name, there would be the keeping of the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. O this is the greatest desideratum for the times in which we live! Have what we may—be the signs of the times more animating than they ever have been—let revivals be more and more multiplied—there will not, there can not, be the needful improvement in Christian character and temper, until God, in his mercy, shall send abroad the spirit of holy joy in the hearts of his unfaithful, unworthy people.

7. Again. Notwithstanding the advancement of this age on former times, in respect to liberality and labors of love, there will never be what we judge needful, in these grand respects, to the conversion of the world, until the time comes for the more general effusion of this spirit upon the church. The joy of the Lord is our strength, for making what we deem to be the requisite sacrifices and exertions for the universal spread of the gospel.

We have more than enough of treasure in our hands, but we have no heart to use it for the purpose in question. We admit that we ought so to use it; we confess this to one another; we confess it in prayer to God; we lament over our parsimony; but we still lavish our possessions on our lusts, or hoard them for the ruin of our children; and reluctantly give, it may be, the fraction of a tithe to aid in pouring the glorious light of a Christian hope over the wide world of heathenism. Appeals on appeals, the year round, are rung in our ears from every quarter of the earth. We are plied almost daily with a system of strenuous solicitations; the universe of motive is searched for materials of persuasion; but, still, the mass of Christians, having ears to hear, hear not, and having hearts to perceive, yet, in this matter of giving for the spread of the gospel, they do not understand. That it is a privilege and a mercy to be allowed to contribute any thing for the furtherance of this object, is to them a mystery indeed; they can not even comprehend the extent of *duty* here; they are wearied beyond their patience by incessant calls for aid; and after all is done, the burden of the expense of carrying on the great enterprise, to which Christians have, by profession and covenant, devoted all they have, is borne chiefly by a few.

Can we be ignorant of the cause of this insensibility to sacred obligation in the Christian church? Do we not see what it is that makes members of the church so merciless toward the souls of their fellowmen? Is it not palpable that the joy of God's salvation is wanting in their own hearts; that they take little or no lively pleasure in the things of the Spirit? If their own hearts were but moderately expanded with this pure feeling, they would not be able to shut up their compassion from the wretched children of darkness, who, by myriads a day, are dying without hope. It must verily be so; the Christians of this age have generally but little happiness, little sensible delight in God. They are not, as to any feeling of blessedness, happy Christians. They have little communion in spirit and feeling, from day to day, with the Head and members of the heavenly church. The first touches of this joy would break asunder every cord of avarice, and open wide the heart and the hand for beneficent action. There seems to be a tendency in all delight to incline us to liberality. Hence, those who solicit our favor, prefer making their approaches to us when our mood of mind is happy.

But this joy is the very life and strength of benevolence; it is the parent of all good; the source of every stream and drop of blessedness

in creation. Let it enter the heart, and covetousness is gone out of it, by the same necessity by which darkness flees before the face of the sun. See how its contrariety to covetousness showed itself in the first converts to the cross of Christ. What solicitation did they need to induce them to give for the extension of the gospel? They gave all they had, and who can suppose that they could have had as much pleasure in appropriating it to themselves, as they enjoyed in parting with it, for the good of the common cause? Instances of the like kind, in individuals, at least, are not wanting in modern times. Such instances our recent revivals have supplied. The joy of the Lord is the strength of revivals; and who knows not that revivals are the church's only hope, both for the means and the men, by which the world is to be converted?

Assuredly, we want nothing else to replenish the treasury of the Lord, and supply all requisite resources, but that the hearts of Christians should cease to be so void of that sensible enjoyment of God, with which they should always be full. Had the church but that fountain within herself to draw from, rivers of treasure, if needed, would be at her command; and she could supply at once, the very ends of the earth with the means of salvation. She would have a missionary in spirit in each of her sons and daughters. It is this blessedness I speak of, which looses the tongues of Christians, and makes them eloquent in teaching, every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, that knowledge of God and Christ which is unto life eternal. "Restore to me the joy of thy salvation," said the mourning Psalmist; "then will I teach transgressors thy ways." It would wing their feet for swift journeys through the length and breadth of the earth, and the glad tidings of saving love would spread from land to land, and be heard in every island, every hamlet, every dwelling on the globe, before the present generation has passed away.

8. And, finally, we are not sure, that if the joy of the Lord pervaded the Christian church to the degree to which it might, and by all means should extend, the work of saving the world *would not go on of itself*, almost without labor. Certain it is, that, in that condition of things labor would itself be a joy; but may we not believe (now that Christianity is no stranger in the earth, but has, for eighteen hundred years, been giving infallible proof of her celestial descent, and her continued connection with the place of her origin), that the necessity for patient and agonizing effort, if the church were in the state supposed, would be superseded?

Heaven then, would, in a sense, come down to earth; the tabernacle of God would be with men; and mankind would know and see the place of happiness; and would they not also, by the grace of God, through the operation of that new spectacle, be drawn thitherward as of themselves? The nature of man still inclines him after happiness. The disappointment of six thousand years has not abated the strength of this indestructible propensity.

Who can tell but that such a sight as the general church of Christ, filled with the joy of the Lord, would, under the divine blessing, determine that propensity to its proper end? That it is of all things the best adapted to have this effect, is certainly a good reason for supposing that the Spirit of grace, who is also the Spirit of fitness and order, would prefer it before any other instrumentality. For our own part, we can not but think it would do more in a few years, independently of labor, than the labor of many ages without it. It would make the church a wonder in the earth. The mountain of the Lord's house would stand upon the top of the mountains; it would be illuminated with divine glory; its luster would outshine that of the sun; it would enlighten the world; the remotest nations would see it, and would not all nations flow unto it?

The world hitherto has not regarded the church as the seat of blessedness. It has had too little reason thus to regard it. Religion, by old report, is happiness; but it is religion as contained in books, not as dwelling in the hearts, or as shining out in the examples of its possessors. With comparatively few exceptions, since the primitive times, the lives of Christians have misrepresented the spirit of their religion. The world have judged it a sour, unhappy, gloomy spirit; and they have not wanted occasion to do so. They who have called themselves Christians have seemed little happier than others. The great majority of them have practically declared their religion a gloomy thing, by going to the world itself for pleasure. Of the rest, the generality seem to pass through life, either with just enough of interest in religion to keep their membership in the church; or in a cold, perfunctory preciseness; or in austerities which make religion identical with penance; or in a forced, driving zeal, which bespeaks more of fierceness, than calm, heavenly peace and joy. A few noble exceptions, indeed, there have been; but to the world's eye these exceptive cases have commonly been lost in the multitude of their gloomy, or earthly-minded brethren.

Has not the church been the dwelling-place, rather of doubt and fear, than of sensible delight in God? Is it not the way of even the best of her members to be habitually questioning in themselves whether they be not reprobates, instead of exulting in the full assurance of hope? Besides, has not the church been almost continually a scene of contention, and confusion, and bitter wrath, a dread and terror, rather than a charm to the world? O, let it not be said that the experiment of what may be done to save the world by the influence of a general example of spiritual peace and joy, has yet been tried. Enough has been ascertained to encourage the highest expectation; the success of the first Christians, the fruits of the individual examples of such blessed men as Baxter, Flavel, and Edwards, beget the greatest confidence as to what would be the result of experiment; but the experiment remains to be made. Come the day when it shall be in full operation. Hope is fixed on the appearance of that period, and that it will appear, can there be a doubt? Have

not the prophets declared it? The Lord in his compassion cut short the delay; make Jerusalem a rejoicing, and so a praise in the earth; give to all Christians, in answer to the prayer of Christ, that unity of soul, in which the Father and the Son are united to each other, the unity of divine love and joy. Then shall our unhappy world learn the error of its way, forsake the broken cisterns of sin, and come to the fountain of living waters.

These considerations make it manifest that none of those who call themselves Christians, ought to live so much as one day, or one hour, except when taking their rest in sleep, without the feeling of spiritual delight, potentially at least, in their hearts. It should suffice no member of the Christian church, to maintain a conversation externally irreproachable, to live in honesty and in credit with mankind, and to observe the stated times and services of religion; no, not even, if, in addition to this, he sets an example of liberality. This is but a low standard of religion, and no man who has any just concern for the cause of God in this world, or for his own salvation, can content himself with it. A man may live in this manner, and live in darkness, in coldness, in fear, respecting his own soul, and his fear may be realized. Every Christian on earth ought to be a specimen of the happiness Christianity is adapted to impart; a reflector by example of the light of heavenly joy. He ought to be not only a conscientious, a devout, a liberal Christian, but a happy Christian also; happy in God and the spirit of heaven all the day long. He owes it to the cause of his Saviour, to himself, his family, his brethren in the faith, the world of mankind, to live a serene, cheerful, and heavenly life. This is plainly a just inference from the preceding remarks, and it is an inference which divine authority confirms.

To rejoice in the Lord, is a command urged with great earnestness upon all Christians. Scripture is exceedingly strenuous in its mode of enforcing this command: *Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice.* What has been said may show us that there is a sufficient reason for this requirement; and is it not strange, indeed, that Christians, whose characteristic spirit is submissiveness to the divine will, should scarcely seem to blame themselves for an habitual disregard of it? What more could God have done, than he has done, to give his people grounds and occasions for joys? Has he kept his glory out of their view? Has he not shown himself good enough? Could he have loved them more than he has done? Could he have made greater sacrifices for their sakes? Could he have gone to greater lengths to win their complacency, than to give up his own dear Son for the ransom of their souls? Could he have added a greater blessing after that, than to send down his Spirit to dwell with them forever? Could he have been more explicit and more full in his assurances of kind feeling and tender love? Could he have given them better promises, or spread before them brighter prospects, or called them to greater privileges, or to a more

honorable service? Has not God seemed in all his dispensations and doings toward his people, to have had distinctly in his purpose, that they should want nothing which infinite love could supply, to call forth their joy and gladness of soul? When, by his apostle, he lifts up the voice of authority, commanding them to rejoice in the Lord always—can they be justified in replying to him, We have no causes for joy; the state of mind required, demands an object suited to produce it, and no such object has been presented to us?

There are, it may be thought, *subjective* difficulties in the way. But, can it be that there are insurmountable difficulties of this kind, when obligation to rejoice is in full force upon the mind? Who can believe this? Surely nothing but mental insanity, or such a condition of the body as sets aside self-control, in either of which cases, obligation ceases, can be a just apology for not exercising holy joy. So abundant are the promises of divine grace, that if we are not straitened in ourselves, we may be able to keep up a calm, and cheerful, and heavenly frame of spirit in any circumstances of worldly discomposure which do not produce a real derangement of intellect. The triumph of some Christians over such circumstances has been complete; nervous debility, severe sickness and pain, and the very agonies of dissolution have not been able to keep them from rejoicing in the Lord. If any feel incredulous in respect to this matter, let us ask them to consider whether, if they walked as closely with God as did Baxter, or Paul, or Enoch, they would be likely to retain their present doubts. Alas! we destroy the health of the body by our reckless way of treating it, and then make bodily indisposition an excuse for keeping the soul in darkness, and leanness, and spiritual distempers.

The plain truth is this, that what hinders our joy is allowed sin. The power of sin to do this is great. This little hand, said Whitefield, placing his hand near his eyes, as he was preaching in the field, while the glorious sun was flooding creation with his beams—this little hand hides all the luster of the sun from my eyes; and so a little sin may involve the soul in darkness, though the spiritual world be all bright as heaven itself. But should we, therefore, be content to live in darkness, or set ourselves with more resolution against all forms and degrees of sin? The latter is the course of duty, and is it not also the course of wisdom? Is it idle to ask the question, What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? Why is it we do not understand, that our only concern in this world is to keep a guileless spirit, a conscience void of offense? Alas! that we should suffer such things as love of lucre, or of pre-eminence, or of sensual pleasure, or jealous, and envious, and irascible feelings, to rest in our bosoms, and stay there from day to day, and week to week, and month to month, in the place which should be ever sacred to the gracious affections; in the temple of the Holy Ghost! Alas! that we should be so infrequent, so cursory, so cold

in prayer; so seldom in fastings, so formal and lifeless in the duties of the sanctuary; that we should be so uncircumspect in speech, so little intent on walking in the Spirit; in all the pursuits of life, so regardless of the great principle of Christian morals, which demands that we do all things, even to eating and drinking, to the glory of God; that we should have so little fellowship (might we not rather say, such disagreement?) with Paul, in his purpose to do but this one thing all his life long —forgetting the things behind, and reaching forth to those before, to press toward the mark, for the prize of his high calling? Here is the secret of our want of religious joy, of our spiritual doubts and fears; and also of our readiness to justify them.

But shall such things vitiate and set aside the law of Christ's kingdom before recited, Rejoice in the Lord always; and again, I say, Rejoice. No, this is as irreversible as any other statute of the eternal realm. It has been given out, not to be neglected, but obeyed. It is the duty of all Christians to rejoice evermore, and the importance of their fulfilling this duty, no tongue can fully tell. Immortal souls, in countless multitudes, have gone to an undone eternity, in consequence of its not having been fulfilled; the salvation of the world still lingers from the same cause; for want of holy joy in the church, all the means of grace in operation, are comparatively ineffectual; the triumph of the gospel is kept back on this sole account; and the gloominess and sadness of Christians keep up a sort of rejoicing among the spirits of darkness.

DISCOURSE XXVIII.

ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D., LL. D.

The venerable President of Union College was born of poor parents in Ashford, Connecticut, in June, 1773. He lost both his parents while yet a boy. It is said that a thirst for learning was suffered to prey upon him in secret until he had reached the age of nine or ten years; when, upon perceiving one day a neighboring physician ride past the field where he was at work, his feelings were too powerfully excited to be longer restrained. He dropped the hoe with which he was laboring, resolved that his life as a farmer should end there; and going to the residence of the physician, requested to be received as a student. He was advised by the physician to devote himself to the acquisition of knowledge, if his friends favored it; and he soon after this went to live with his elder brother, the Rev. Samuel Nott, pastor of a Congregational church, at Franklin, Connecticut. Here he was enabled to gratify his desire for learning, and acquired some knowledge of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, at the same time teaching district school in the winter, in order to obtain the means of support. At the age of seventeen he took charge of a school at Plainfield; and two years later, obtained his bachelor's degree at Brown University. Young Nott then turned his attention to the ministry, and when twenty-two years of age was licensed to preach. The first year of his ministry he labored as a missionary at Cherry Valley, in the double relation of pastor and principal of the academy; and in the latter capacity he soon gathered around him quite a large number of pupils. He remained there but for two years, however, and in 1798 he became the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Albany, where he preached for six years with great success. While here, he preached his celebrated sermon on the Fall of Hamilton; and very soon afterward, in 1804, was elected to the presidency of Union College. He has been to this institution, ever since, its financier, its president, and its most liberal pecuniary benefactor.

When Dr. Nott took charge of the college, it had but fourteen students; its buildings were unfinished, its funds exhausted, and its prospects generally gloomy. He obtained grants of land from the State, endowed professorships, built libraries, furnished apparatus, and raised the institution to the rank which it now holds. Dr. Nott has also claims to notice by his labors in the field of practical mechanics. By his experiments in heat, and the improvements he introduced, he effected an entire revolution in the mode of warming buildings. Nott's stoves have had quite a reputation. Although Dr. Nott is said to have written much, he has published but little. As a pulpit orator, he is said to have had, in his prime, but few equals. He still continues in the active discharge of his duties, at the very great age of eighty-four years. His ecclesiastical connection is with the Old School Presbyterians.

The leading characteristics of Dr. Nott are candor, discrimination, and versatility, joined with wonderful power of application. As a speaker and writer, his power consists not so much in the logical as the imaginative. His mind is naturally poetic and descriptive. One of his students says: "We have seen him, while lecturing on Kames's Elements of Criticism, draw a picture so touching and life-like that half of the class would be in tears." It is impossible to escape the charms of his eloquence. One has said of his writings: "In Dr. Nott's prose there is more genuine poetry than in two-thirds of the volumes named such on title-pages." It is believed that some of the finest specimens of English literature in the language, lie locked up in his desk.

The famous discourse here furnished, by permission of Dr. Nott, was occasioned by the death of General Alexander Hamilton, who was killed, in a duel, by Aaron Burr, at Hoboken, N. J., July 11th, 1804. It was delivered in the North Dutch Church, Albany, on the 29th of that month; and passages of it have been incorporated into our literature as specimens of singular and thrilling eloquence. Dr. Nott expressed himself as the more willing that we should reproduce it, from the fact that the false "code of honor" seems of late to be somewhat revived.

THE FALL OF HAMILTON.

"How are the mighty fallen!"—2 SAMUEL, i. 19.

THE occasion explains the choice of my subject—a subject on which I enter in obedience to your request. You have assembled to express your elegiac sorrows, and sad and solemn weeds cover you. Before such an audience, and on such an occasion, I enter on the duty assigned me with trembling. Do not mistake my meaning. I tremble, indeed—not, however, through fear of failing to merit your applause; for what have I to do with that, when addressing the dying and treading on the ashes of the dead?—not through fear of failing justly to portray the character of that great man, who is at once the theme of my encomium and regret. He needs not eulogy. His work is finished, and death has removed him beyond my censure, and I would fondly hope, through grace, above my praise.

You will ask, then, why I tremble? I tremble to think that I am called to attack from this place a crime, the very idea of which almost freezes one with horror—a crime, too, which exists among the polite and polished orders of society, and which is accompanied with every aggravation—committed with cool deliberation, and openly in the face of day! But I have a duty to perform; and difficult and awful as that duty is, I will not shrink from it. Would to God my talents were adequate to the occasion; but such as they are, I devoutly proffer them to unfold the nature and counteract the influence of that barbarous custom, which, like a resistless torrent, is undermining the foundations of civil govern-

ment, breaking down the barriers of social happiness, and sweeping away virtue, talents, and domestic felicity, in its desolating course. Another and an illustrious character—a father, a general, a statesman—the very man who stood on an eminence, and without a rival among sages and heroes, the future hope of his country in danger—this man, yielding to the influence of a custom which deserves our eternal reprobation, has been brought to an untimely end!

That the deaths of great and useful men should be particularly noticed, is equally the dictate of reason and revelation. The tears of Israel flowed at the decease of good Josiah, and to his memory the funeral women chanted the solemn dirge. But neither examples nor arguments are necessary to wake the sympathies of a grateful people on such occasions. The death of public benefactors surcharges the heart, and it spontaneously disburdens itself by a flow of sorrows. Such was the death of Washington, to embalm whose memory, and perpetuate whose deathless fame, we lent our feeble, but unnecessary services. Such, also, and more peculiarly so, has been the death of Hamilton. The tidings of the former moved us—mournfully moved us—and we wept. The account of the latter chilled our hopes and curdled our blood. The former died in a good old age; the latter was cut off in the midst of his usefulness. The former was a customary providence: we saw in it, if I may speak so, the finger of God, and rested in his sovereignty. The latter is not attended with this soothing circumstance.

The fall of Hamilton owes its existence to mad deliberation, and is marked by violence. The time, the place, the circumstances, are arranged with barbarous coolness. The instrument of death is leveled in daylight, and with well-directed skill pointed at his heart. Alas! the event has proven that it was but too well directed. Wounded, mortally wounded, on the very spot which still smoked with the blood of a favorite son, into the arms of his indiscreet and cruel friend, the father fell. Ah! had he fallen in the course of nature, or jeopardizing his life in defense of his country; had he fallen——But he did not. He fell in single combat. Pardon my mistake—he did not fall in single combat: his noble nature refused to endanger the life of his antagonist. But he exposed his own life. This was his crime; and the sacredness of my office forbids that I should hesitate explicitly to declare it so. He did not hesitate to declare it so himself: "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to dueling." These are his words before he ventured to the field of death. "I view the late transaction with sorrow and contrition." These are his words after his return. Humiliating end of illustrious greatness! *How are the mighty fallen!* And shall the mighty thus fall? Thus shall the noblest lives be sacrificed and the richest blood be spilt! *Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askalon.*

Think not that the fatal issue of the late inhuman interview was fortuitous. No: the hand that guides unseen the arrow of the archer,

steadied and directed the arm of the duellist. And why did it thus direct it? As a solemn *memento*—as a loud and awful warning to a community where justice has slumbered, and slumbered, and slumbered—while the wife has been robbed of her partner, the mother of her hopes, and life after life rashly, and with an air of triumph, sported away. And was there, O my God! no other sacrifice valuable enough? Would the cry of no other blood reach the place of retribution, and wake justice, dozing over her awful seat? But though justice should still slumber and retribution be delayed, we, who are the ministers of that God who will judge the judges of the world, and whose malediction rests on him who does his work unfaithfully—we will not keep silence.

I feel, my brethren, how incongruous my subject is with the place I occupy. It is humiliating, it is distressing, in a Christian country, and in churches consecrated to the religion of Jesus, to be obliged to attack a crime which outstrips barbarism, and would even sink the character of a generous savage. But humiliating as it is, it is necessary. And must we, then, even for a moment, forget the elevation on which grace hath placed us, and the light which the gospel sheds around us? Must we place ourselves back in the midst of barbarism? And instead of hearers softened to forgiveness by the love of Jesus, filled with noble sentiments toward enemies, and waiting for occasions, after the example of divinity, to do them good—instead of such hearers, must we suppose ourselves addressing hearts petrified to goodness, incapable of mercy, and boiling with revenge? Must we, O my God! instead of exhorting those who hear us, to go on unto perfection, adding to *virtue charity, and to charity, brotherly kindness;* must we, as if surrounded by an auditory just emerging out of darkness, and still cruel and ferocious, reason to convince them that revenge is improper, and that to commit deliberate murder is sin? Yes, we must do this. Repeated violations of the law, and the sanctuary which the guilty find in public sentiment, prove that it is necessary.

Withdraw, therefore, for a moment, ye celestial spirits, ye holy angels, accustomed to hover round these altars, and listen to those strains of grace which heretofore have filled this house of God. Other subjects occupy us. Withdraw, therefore, and leave us; leave us to exhort Christian parents to restrain their vengeance, and at least to keep back their hands from blood—to exhort youth nurtured in Christian families, not rashly to sport with life, nor lightly to wring the widow's heart with sorrows, and fill the orphan's eye with tears.

In accomplishing the object which is before me, it will not be expected, as it is not necessary, that I should give a history of dueling. You need not be informed that it originated in a dark and barbarous age. The polished Greek knew nothing of it; the noble Roman was above it. Rome held in equal detestation the man who exposed his life unnecessarily, and him who refused to expose it when the public good

required it.* Her heroes were superior to private contests. They indulged no vengeance, except against the enemies of their country. Their swords were not drawn, unless her honor was in danger; which honor they defended with their swords not only, but shielded with their bosoms also, and were then prodigal of their blood. But though Greece and Rome knew nothing of dueling, it exists. It exists among us; and it exists at once the most RASH, the most ABSURD and GUILTY practice that ever disgraced a Christian nation.

GUILTY—Because it is a violation of the law. What law? The law of GOD: THOU SHALT NOT KILL. This prohibition was delivered by GOD himself, at Sinai to the Jews. And, that it is of universal and perpetual obligation, is manifest ftom the nature of the crime prohibited, not only, but also from the express declaration of the Christian lawgiver, who hath recognized its justice and added to it the sanction of his own authority.

"Thou shalt not kill." Who? Thou, creature. I, the Creator, have given life, and thou shalt not take it away! When, and under what circumstances may I not take away life? Never, and under no circumstances, without my permission. It is obvious that no discretion whatever is here given. The prohibition is addressed to every individual where the law of GOD is promulgated, and the terms made use of are express and unequivocal. So that life can not be taken under any pretext, without incurring guilt, unless by a permission sanctioned by the same authority which sanctions the general law prohibiting it. From this law, it is granted, there are exceptions. These exceptions, however, do not result from any sovereignty which one creature has over the existence of another; but from the positive appointment of that eternal being, whose "is the world and the fullness thereof. In whose hand is the soul of every living creature, and the breath of all mankind." Even the authority which we claim over the lives of animals is not founded on a natural right, but on a positive grant made by the Deity himself, to Noah and his sons. This grant contains our warrant for taking the life of animals. But if we may not take the life of animals without permission from GOD, much less may we the life of man made in his image.

In what cases, then, has the sovereign of life given this permission? IN RIGHTFUL WAR; BY THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE, and IN NECESSARY SELF-DEFENSE. Besides these, I do not hesitate to declare, that in the oracles of GOD there are no other.

He, therefore, who takes life in any other case, under whatever pretext, takes it unwarrantably—is guilty of what the Scriptures call murder, and exposes himself to the malediction of that God who is an avenger of blood, and who hath said, "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. The duelist contravenes the law of GOD not only, but the law of man also. To the prohibition of the former have

* Sallust, de Bell. Catil., ix.

been added the sanctions of the latter. Life taken in a duel by the common law is murder. And where this is not the case, the giving and receiving of a challenge only, is by statute considered a high misdemeanor, for which the principal and his second are declared infamous and disfranchised for twenty years.

Under what accumulated circumstances of aggravation does the duelist jeopardize his own life, or take the life of his antagonist. I am sensible, that in a licentious age, and when laws are made to yield to the vices of those who move in the *higher circles*, this crime is called by I know not what mild and accommodating name. But, before these altars —in this house of GOD—what is it? It is MURDER—*deliberate aggravated murder!* If the duelist deny this, let him produce his warrant from the author of life for taking away from his creature the life which had been sovereignly given. If he can not do this, beyond all controversy he is a murderer; for murder consists in taking away life without the permission, and contrary to the prohibition of him who gave it.

Who is it, then, that calls the duelist to the dangerous and deadly combat? Is it GOD? No: on the contrary, he forbids it. Is it, then, his country? No: she also utters her prohibitory voice. Who is it, then? A man of honor! And who is the man of honor? A man, perhaps, whose honor is a name; who prates with polluted lips about the sacredness of character, when his own is stained with crimes, and needs but the single shade of murder to complete the dismal and sickly picture. Every transgression of the divine law implies great guilt, because it is the transgression of infinite authority. But the crime of deliberately and lightly taking life has peculiar aggravations. It is a crime committed against written law not only, but also against the dictates of reason, the remonstrances of conscience, and every tender and amiable feeling of the heart. To the unfortunate sufferer, it is the wanton violation of his most sacred rights. It snatches him from his friends and his comforts; terminates his state of trial, and precipitates him, uncalled for, and perhaps unprepared, into the presence of his judge.

You say, the duelist feels no malice. Be it so. Malice, indeed, is murder in principle. But there may be murder in reason, and in fact, where there is no malice. Some other unwarrantable passion or principle may lead to the unlawful taking of human life. The highwayman, who cuts the throat and rifles the pocket of the passing traveler, feels no malice. And could he, with equal ease and no greater danger of detection, have secured his booty without taking life, he would have stayed his arm over the palpitating bosom of his victim, and let the plundered suppliant pass. Would the imputation of cowardice have been inevitable to the duelist, if a challenge had not been given or accepted? The imputation of want had been no less inevitable to the robber, if the money of the passing traveler had not been secured. Would the duelist have been willing to have spared the life of his antagonist, if the point of honor

could otherwise have been gained? So would the robber, if the point of property could have been. Who can say that the motives of the one are not as urgent as the motives of the other, and the means by which both obtain the object of their wishes are the same? Thus, according to the dictates of reason, as well as the law of GOD, the highwayman and the duelist stand on ground equally untenable; and support their guilty havoc of the human race by arguments equally fallacious.

Is dueling guilty? So it is ABSURD. It is absurd as a punishment, for it admits of no proportion to crimes: and besides, virtue and vice, guilt and innocence, are equally exposed by it to death or suffering. As a reparation it is still more absurd, for it makes the injured liable to still greater injury. And as the vindication of personal character, it is absurd even beyond madness. One man of honor, by some inadvertence, or perhaps with design, injures the sensibility of another man of honor. In perfect character, the injured gentleman resents it. He challenges the offender. The offender accepts the challenge. The time is fixed. The place is agreed upon. The circumstances, with an air of solemn mania, are arranged; and the principals, with their seconds and surgeons, retire under the covert of some solitary hill, or upon the margin of some unfrequented beach, to settle this important question of honor by stabbing or shooting at each other. One or the other or both the parties fall in this polite and gentlemanlike contest. And what does this prove? It proves that one or the other, or both of them, as the case may be, are marksmen. But it affords no evidence that either of them possesses honor, probity, or talents. It is true, that he who falls in single combat has the honor of being murdered: and he who takes his life the honor of a murderer. Besides this, I know not of any glory which can redound to the infatuated combatants, except it be what results from having extended the circle of wretched widows, and added to the number of hapless orphans.

And yet, terminate as it will, this frantic meeting, by a kind of magic influence, entirely varnishes over a defective and smutty character; transforms vice to virtue, cowardice to courage; makes falsehood truth, guilt innocence. In one word, it gives a new complexion to the whole state of things. The Ethiopian changes his skin, the leopard his spot; and the debauched and treacherous, having shot away the infamy of a sorry life, comes back from the field of PERFECTIBILITY quite regenerated, and in the fullest sense an honorable man. He is now fit for the company of gentlemen. He is admitted to that company, and should he again by acts of violence stain this purity of character so nobly acquired, and should any one have the effrontery to say that he has done so, again he stands ready to vindicate his honor, and by another act of homicide to wipe away the stain which has been attached to it.

I might illustrate this article by example. I might produce instances of this mysterious transformation of character, in the sublime circles of

moral refinement, furnished by the higher orders of the fashionable world, which the mere firing of pistols has produced. But the occasion is too awful for irony.

Absurd as dueling is, were it absurd only, though we might smile at the weakness and pity the folly of its abettors, there would be no occasion for seriously attacking them. But, to what has been said, I add, that dueling is RASH and PRESUMPTUOUS. Life is the gift of God, and it was never bestowed to be sported with. To each, the sovereign of the universe has marked out a sphere to move in, and assigned a part to act. This part respects ourselves not only, but others also. Each lives for the benefit of all. As in the system of nature the sun shines, not to display its own brightness, and answer its own convenience, but to warm, enlighten, and bless the world; so in the system of animated beings, there is a dependence, a correspondence and a relation through an infinitely extended, dying, and reviving universe, *in which no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.* Friend is related to friend; the father to his family; the individual to community. To every member of which, having fixed his station and assigned his duty, the GOD of nature says, "Keep this trust—defend this post." For whom? For thy friends—thy family—thy country. And having received such a charge, and for such a purpose, to desert it is rashness and temerity.

Since the opinions of men are as they are, do you ask, how you shall avoid the imputation of cowardice, if you do not fight when you are injured? Ask your family how you will avoid the imputation of cruelty —ask your conscience how you will avoid the imputation of guilt—ask GOD how you will avoid his malediction if you do. These are previous questions. Let these first be answered, and it will be easy to reply to any which may follow them. If you only accept a challenge, when you believe in your conscience that dueling is wrong, you act the coward. The dastardly fear of the world governs you. Awed by its menaces, you conceal your sentiments, appear in disguise, and act in guilty conformity to principles not your own, and that, too, in the most solemn moment, and when engaged in an act which exposes you to death.

But if it be rashness to accept, how passing rashness is it, in a sinner, to *give* a challenge? Does it become him, whose life is measured out by crimes, to be extreme to mark, and punctilious to resent whatever is amiss in others? Must the duelist, who now, disdaining to forgive, so imperiously demands satisfaction to the uttermost—must this man, himself trembling at the recollection of his offenses, presently appear a suppliant before the mercy-seat of GOD? Imagine this, and the case is not imaginary, and you can not conceive an instance of greater inconsistency or of more presumptuous arrogance. Wherefore, *avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the* LORD.

Do you ask, then, how you shall conduct toward your enemy who hath lightly done you wrong? If he be hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if thirsty, give him drink. Such, had you preferred your question to JESUS CHRIST, is the answer he had given you; by observing which, you will usually subdue, and always act more honorably than your enemy. I feel, my brethren, as a minister of JESUS, and a teacher of his gospel, a noble elevation on this article. Compare the conduct of the Christian, acting in conformity to the principles of religion, and of the duelist acting in conformity to the principles of honor, and let reason say which bears the marks of the most exalted greatness. Compare them, and let reason say which enjoys the most calm serenity of mind in time, and which is likely to receive the plaudit of his Judge in immortality. GOD, from his throne, beholds not a nobler object on his footstool, than the man who loves his enemies, pities their errors, and forgives the injuries they do him. This is, indeed, the very spirit of the heavens; it is the image of HIS benignity whose glory fills them.

To return to the subject before us: GUILTY, ABSURD, and RASH as dueling is, it has its advocates. And, had it not had its advocates—had not a strange preponderance of opinion been in favor of it, never, O, lamented HAMILTON! hadst thou thus fallen, in the midst of thy days, and before thou hadst reached the zenith of thy glory! O, that I possessed the talent of eulogy, and that I might be permitted to indulge the tenderness of friendship, in paying the last tribute to his memory. O, that I were capable of placing this great man before you. Could I do this, I should furnish you with an argument, the most practical, the most plain, the most convincing, except that drawn from the mandate of GOD, that was ever furnished against dueling—that horrid practice, which has, in an awful moment, robbed the world of such exalted worth. But I can not do this; I can only hint at the variety and exuberance of his excellence.

The MAN, on whom nature seems originally to have impressed the stamp of greatness; whose genius beamed from the retirement of collegiate life, with a radiance which dazzled, and a loveliness which charmed the eye of sages. The HERO, called from his sequestered retreat, whose first appearance in the field, though a stripling, conciliated the esteem of WASHINGTON, our good old father; moving by whose side, during all the perils of the Revolution, our young chieftain was a contributor to the veteran's glory, the guardian of his person, and the compartner of his toils. The CONQUEROR, who, sparing of human blood, when victory favored, stayed the uplifted arm, and nobly said to the vanquished enemy, "LIVE!" The STATESMAN, the correctness of whose principles, and the strength of whose mind, are inscribed on the records of Congress, and on the annals of the council-chamber; whose genius impressed itself upon the CONSTITUTION of his country, and whose memory, the government—ILLUSTRIOUS FABRIC—resting on this basis, will perpetuate while it lasts; and, shaken by the violence of party,

should it fall (which may heaven avert!) his prophetic declarations will be found inscribed on its ruins. The COUNSELOR, who was at once the pride of the bar, and the admiration of the court; whose apprehensions were quick as lightning, and whose development of truth was luminous as its path; whose argument no change of circumstances could embarrass; whose knowledge appeared intuitive, and who, by a single glance, and with as much facility as the eye of the eagle passes over the landscape, surveyed the whole field of controversy—saw in what way truth might be most successfully defended, and how error must be approached. And who, without ever stopping, ever hesitating, by a rapid and manly march, led the listening judge and the fascinated juror, step by step, through a delightsome region, brightening as he advanced, till his argument rose to demonstration, and eloquence was rendered useless by conviction; whose talents were employed on the side of righteousness; whose voice, whether in the council-chamber, or at the bar of justice, was virtue's consolation, at whose approach oppressed humanity felt a secret rapture, and the heart of injured innocence leapt for joy.

Where HAMILTON was—in whatever sphere he moved—the friendless had a friend, the fatherless a father, and the poor man, though unable to reward his kindness, found an advocate. It was when the rich oppressed the poor—when the powerful menaced the defenceless—when truth was disregarded, or the eternal principles of justice violated—it was on these occasions that he exerted all his strength. It was on these occasions that he sometime soared so high, and shone with a radiance so transcendent, I had almost said, so "heavenly as filled those around him with awe, and gave to him the force and authority of a prophet."

The PATRIOT, whose integrity baffled the scrutiny of inquisition; whose manly virtue never shaped itself to circumstances; who, always great, always himself, stood amid the varying tides of party, *firm*, like the rock, which, far from land, lifts its majestic top above the waves, and remains unshaken by the storms which agitate the ocean. The FRIEND, who knew no guile; whose bosom was transparent, and deep in the bottom of whose heart was rooted every tender and sympathetic virtue; whose various worth opposing parties acknowledged while alive, and on whose tomb they unite with equal sympathy and grief to heap their honors.

I know he had his failings. I see on the picture of his life, a picture rendered awful by greatness, and luminous by virtue, some dark shades. On these let the tear that pities human weakness fall: on these let the vail which covers human frailty rest. As a Hero, as a Statesman, as a Patriot, he lived nobly; and would to GOD, I could add, he nobly fell.

Unwilling to admit his error in this respect, I go back to the period of discussion. I see him resisting the threatened interview. I imagine myself present in his chamber. Various reasons, for a time, seem to hold his determination in arrest. Various and moving objects pass be-

fore him, and speak a dissuasive language. His country, which may need his counsels to guide and his arm to defend, utters her *veto*. The partner of his youth, already covered with weeds, and whose tears flow down into her bosom, intercedes! His babes, stretching out their little hands and pointing to a weeping mother, with lisping eloquence, but eloquence which reaches a parent's heart, cry out, "Stay, stay, dear father, and live for us!" In the mean time, the specter of a fallen son, pale and ghastly, approaches, opens his bleeding bosom, and as the harbinger of death, points to the yawning tomb, and forewarns a hesitating father of the issue. He pauses; reviews these sad objects, and reasons on the subject. I admire his magnanimity; I approve his reasoning, and I wait to hear him reject with indignation the murderous proposition, and to see him spurn from his presence the presumptuous bearer of it.

But I wait in vain. It was a moment in which his great wisdom forsook him; a moment in which HAMILTON was not himself. He yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost—lost to his country—lost to his family—lost to us! For this act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I can not forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. Had he have known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while it pointed, at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften—if it be not ice, it must melt.

But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I can not forgive. I can not forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I can not forgive that public prosecutor, who, intrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen those wrongs, and taken no measures to avenge them. I can not forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of State, who has lightly passed over such offenses. I can not forgive the public, in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary. I can not forgive you, my brethren, who, till this late hour, have been silent, while successive murders were committed. No, I can not forgive you, that you have not, in common with the freemen of this State, raised your

voice to the *powers that be*, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws. Demanded this in a manner, which if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and plead your excuse before the GOD that filled them. In whose presence, as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood which crieth against us, had I been silent. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses—the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

I enjoy another opportunity; and would to GOD I might be permitted to approach for once the late scene of death. Would to GOD, I could there assemble, on the one side, the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would intreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphans' sighs and tears. And having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of HAMILTON—I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody MANTLE—I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of GOD, I would ask, whether at the sight of IT they felt no compunction.

You will ask, perhaps, what can be done to arrest the progress of a practice which has yet so many advocates? I answer, *nothing*—if it be the deliberate intention to do NOTHING. But if otherwise, much is within our power. Let, then, the governor see that the laws are executed—let the council displace the man who offends against their majesty. Let courts of justice frown from their bar, as unworthy to appear before them, the murderer and his accomplices. Let the people declare him unworthy of their confidence who engages in such sanguinary contests. Let this be done; and should life still be taken in single combat, then the governor, the council, the court, the people, looking up to the Avenger of sin, may say, "we are innocent—we are innocent." Do you ask how proof can be obtained? How can it be avoided? The parties return, hold up before our eyes the instruments of death, publish to the world the circumstances of their interview, and even, with an air of insulting triumph, boast how coolly and how deliberately they proceeded in violating one of the most sacred laws of earth and heaven.

Ah, ye tragic shores of Hoboken! crimsoned with the richest blood, I tremble at the crimes you record against us—the annual register of murders which you keep and send up to GOD! Place of inhuman cruelty! beyond the limits of reason, of duty, and of religion, where man assumes a more barbarous nature, and ceases to be man. What poignant, lingering sorrows do thy lawless combats occasion to surviving relatives. Ye who have hearts of pity—ye who have experienced the

anguish of dissolving friendship—who have wept, and still weep, over the moldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

O, thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son, what must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom GOD hath not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O, God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless—if in the fullness of thy goodness there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in THEE!

On this article I have done: and may God add his blessing. But I have still a claim upon your patience. I can not here repress my feelings, and thus let pass the present opportunity.

How are the mighty fallen! And regardless as we are of vulgar deaths, shall not the fall of the mighty affect us? A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence; and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless, is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur. The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of HAMILTON, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues. Just attributes of respect! And to the living useful. But to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing.

Approach and behold—while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! How silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No fascinating throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change! A

shroud! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of HAMILTON! And is this all that remains of HIM? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

My brethren, we stand on the borders of an AWFUL GULF, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amid this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition, "Mortals, hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning, and avoid my errors. Cultivate the virtues I have recommended. Choose the Saviour I have chosen. Live disinterestedly. Live for immortality; and would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in GOD."

Thus speaks, methinks, our deceased benefactor; and thus he acted during his last sad hours. To the exclusion of every other concern, religion now claims all his thoughts. JESUS! JESUS is now his only hope. The friends of JESUS are his friends. The ministers of the altar his companions. While these intercede he listens in awful silence, or in profound submission whispers his assent. Sensible, deeply sensible of his sins, he pleads no merit of his own. He repairs to the mercy-seat, and there pours out his penitential sorrows—there he solicits pardon. Heaven, it should seem, heard and pitied the suppliant's cries. Disburdened of his sorrows, and looking up to God, he exclaims, "Grace, rich grace!" "I have," said he, clasping his dying hands, and with a faltering tongue, "I HAVE A TENDER RELIANCE ON THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST." In token of this reliance, and as an expression of his faith, he receives the holy sacrament. And having done this, his mind becomes tranquil and serene. Thus he remains, thoughtful indeed, but unruffled to the last, and meets death with an air of dignified composure, and with an eye directed to the heavens.

This last act, more than any other, sheds glory on his character. Every thing else death effaces. Religion alone abides with him on his death-bed. He dies a Christian. This is all which can be enrolled of him among the archives of eternity. This is all that can make his name great in heaven. Let not the sneering infidel persuade you that this last act of homage to the Saviour resulted from an enfeebled state of mental faculties, or from perturbation occasioned by the near approach of death. No; his opinions concerning the divine mission of JESUS CHRIST, and the validity of the holy Scriptures, had long been settled, and settled after laborious investigation and extensive and deep research. These opinions were not concealed. I knew them myself. Some of you who hear me knew them. And had his life been spared, it was his de-

termination to have published them to the world, together with the facts and reasons on which they were founded.

At a time when skepticism, shallow and superficial indeed, but depraved and malignant, is breathing forth its pestilential vapor, and polluting, by its unhallowed touch, every thing divine and sacred, it is consoling to a devout mind to reflect that the great, and the wise, and the good of all ages—those superior geniuses, whose splendid talents have elevated them almost above mortality, and placed them next in order to angelic natures; yes, it is consoling to a devout mind to reflect, that while *dwarfish infidelity* lifts up its deformed head, and mocks these ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES, though living in different ages, inhabiting different countries, nurtured in different schools, destined to different pursuits, and differing on various subjects, should all, as if touched with an impulse from heaven, agree to vindicate the sacredness of revelation, and present, with one accord, their learning, their talents, and their virtue, on the gospel altar, as an offering to Emanuel.

This is not exaggeration. Who was it, that, overleaping the narrow bounds which had hitherto been set to the human mind, ranged abroad through the immensity of space, discovered and illustrated those laws by which the DEITY unites, binds, and governs all things? Who was it, soaring into the sublime of astronomic science, numbered the stars of heaven, measured their spheres, and called them by their names? It was NEWTON. But Newton was a Christian. Newton, great as he was, received instruction from the lips, and laid his honors at the feet of JESUS. Who was it that developed the hidden combination, the component parts of bodies? Who was it that dissected the animal, examined the flower, penetrated the earth, and ranged the extent of organic nature? It was BOYLE. But Boyle was a Christian. Who was it that lifted the vail which had for ages covered the intellectual world, analyzed the human mind, defined its powers, and reduced its operations to certain fixed laws? It was LOCKE. But Locke, too, was a Christian.

What more shall I say? For time would fail me to speak of HALE, learned in the law; of ADDISON, admired in the schools; of MILTON, celebrated among the poets; and of WASHINGTON, immortal in the field and in the cabinet. To this catalogue of professing Christians, from among, if I may speak so, a higher order of beings, may now be added the name of ALEXANDER HAMILTON—a name which raises in the mind the idea of whatever is great, whatever is splendid, whatever is illustrious in human nature; and which is now added to a catalogue which might be lengthened—and lengthened—and lengthened—with the names of illustrious characters, whose lives have blessed society, and whose works form a COLUMN high as heaven—a column of learning, of wisdom, and of greatness, which will stand to future ages, an ETERNAL MONUMENT of the transcendent talents of the advocates of Christianity, when every fugitive leaf from the pen of the canting infidel witlings of the

day, shall be swept by the tide of time from the annals of the world, and buried with the names of their authors in oblivion.

To conclude. *How are the mighty fallen!* Fallen before the desolating hand of death. Alas! the ruins of the tomb! * * * The ruins of the tomb are an emblem of the ruins of the world! When not an individual, but a universe, already marred by sin, and hastening to dissolution, shall agonize and die! Directing your thoughts from the one, fix them for a moment on the other. Anticipate the concluding scene—the final catastrophe of nature. When the sign of the Son of man shall be seen in heaven. When the Son of man himself shall appear in the glory of his Father, and send forth judgment unto victory. The fiery desolation envelops towns, palaces, and fortresses. The heavens pass away! The earth melts! And all those magnificent productions of art, which ages, heaped on ages, have reared up, are in one awful day reduced to ashes!

Against the ruins of that day, as well as the ruins of the tomb which precede it, the gospel in the CROSS of its great HIGH PRIEST, offers you all a sanctuary. A sanctuary secure and abiding. A sanctuary which no lapse of time nor change of circumstances can destroy. No; neither life nor death; no, neither principalities nor powers. Every thing else is fugitive; every thing else is mutable; every thing else will fail you. But this, the CITADEL of the Christian's hopes, will never fail you. Its base is adamant. It is cemented with the richest blood. The ransomed of the Lord crowd its portals. Embosomed in the dust which it incloses, the bodies of the redeemed "rest in hope." On its top dwells the church of the first-born, who, in delightful response with the angels of light, chant redeeming love. Against this citadel the tempest beats, and around it the storm rages and spends its force in vain. Immortal in its nature, and incapable of change, it stands, and stands firm amid the ruins of a moldering world, and endures forever. Thither fly, ye prisoners of hope! that when earth, air, elements, shall have passed away, secure of existence and felicity, you may join with saints in glory to perpetuate the song which lingered on the faltering tongue of HAMILTON, "GRACE, RICH GRACE."

GOD grant us this honor. Then shall the measure of our joy be full, and to his name shall be the glory in CHRIST. AMEN.

DISCOURSE XXIX.

JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

The early life of this distinguished Methodist divine was spent in Kentucky, in which State (Bourbon county) he was born, the son of a farmer in humble life, October 10th, 1800. When he was fourteen years of age he became an apprentice in a cabinet maker's shop, where he remained three years. After this he worked one year at his trade, when, having within this time been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, he felt a holy impulse to set before others the light which had beamed upon his own spirit. He almost immediately joined the Western Conference, and commenced his labors as a pioneer and preacher in the north-west corner of Ohio, when now only about eighteen years of age.

Here the young preacher began his studies in the cabins, reading generally in the winter by fire-light, made by pine knots and dry wood. His principal books were Dr. Clark's Com. on Old and New Test. and Wesley's and Fletcher's works. A year after this he was sent to Indiana, where he began to study English grammar, committing rules and examples to memory while riding on horseback to his appointments. Toward the close of the year he commenced the study of Latin and Greek. Being afterward stationed in Cincinnati, he was admitted to the Cincinnati College, and there took the degree of A. M.

So untiring had been his application to study, and such his success, that he was almost immediately appointed Professor of Languages in Augusta College, Kentucky. In 1831 he was elected Chaplain to the Senate of the United States. His sermons in the Capitol are still remembered for their pungency and power. In 1832 he was elected Professor of Natural Sciences in the Wesleyan University, which he resigned upon being called, soon after, to the editorial chair of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. In 1834, without being consulted, he was elected President of Dickinson College, from which he retired in 1845, and subsequently preached in and around Philadelphia. In 1850 he was appointed Missionary Secretary, in the place of Dr. Pitman, who resigned on account of ill health, a position which he still holds with eminent success.

Dr. Durbin is the author of two popular works, "Observations in Europe," and "Observations in the East." He is distinguished both as a preacher and an executive officer. It is very difficult to describe his preaching. He begins with a tone, look, and style which would at once damp all favorable expectation, if you did not know him from former instances. The statement of his subject, and the nature of his discourse, do not strike you usually as remarkable; but as he advances, some unique thought, or some extraordinary thought uniquely presented, startles your interest, and your attention is riveted through the remainder of the sermon. Three

peculiarities are represented as keeping up this interest. The first is the entire self-possession and apparent facility with which the preacher proceeds in the discourse. We know of no one who excels him in this respect.

You are delighted with the relief which his manner thus affords to his voice and to the effort of your own attention. It is similar to pleasant, artless, but intelligent conversation. Another is the frequent recurrence of the unique passages we have referred to—unique often by their beauty, but often, also, by the mere manner of their utterance, yet always endowed with a strange, a mystic power over the soul of the hearer, calling forth spontaneous ejaculations or sudden tears. The third is a habit he has of introducing into almost every discourse some odd and equivocal speculative suggestions. This is considered by many an artifice, designed to interest the attention of the audience: it may be; but if so, it is not without high sanction.

"We have no hesitancy," says Dr. Stevens,* "in pronouncing Dr. Durbin the most interesting preacher now in the Methodist pulpit. We gave Dr. Olin this distinction once, but it remains now with Durbin. Others there are who excel him in particular respects, but not that equal him either in popular effect or in the interest of intelligent, thoughtful minds. His sermons are usually long, but no one tires with them, no one hears the last sentence without regret, nor leaves the church without a vivid, if not a profound, impression of the discourse. His language is remarkably simple. He excels in illustration, in picturesque description, and in pathos."

It is with great pleasure that we insert the valuable and eloquent discourse, never before printed, which Dr. Durbin has kindly furnished for this work.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

"But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens can not contain thee; how much less this house which I have built."—2 CHRON., vi. 18.

A CONSIDERATION of the character and condition of the author of the text, will show clearly that the highest degrees of *vital piety* are perfectly consistent with the most consummate *wisdom*, *grandeur*, and *power*. The words of the text are the words of Solomon, King of Israel, and the grand successor of the illustrious David, son of Jesse. A consideration of the chapter will convince us that his heart was fired with the liveliest devotion, of the most rational and exalted kind. It is the dedication service of the celebrated temple at Jerusalem, and was performed by the king himself, in the midst of the thousands of Israel, being a *prayer* which he pronounced in the attitude of kneeling, on a slightly elevated stage in the midst of the temple. The character and condition of the author, in regard to worldly wisdom, grandeur, and power, are too well known

* Article in "National Magazine," Vol. VI., to which we are indebted in the preparation of this sketch.

to require special notice in detail. As it regards his wisdom, it has passed into a *proverb* in all nations. "As wise as Solomon," is an adage pronounced by every tongue, when it would express the highest attainments in wisdom. As it regards his *grandeur*, the account of it, as detailed in the Scriptures, almost exceeds, and, indeed, would exceed, belief, did we not know their rigid integrity in stating the truth. His power, of course, must be considered, in this age, relatively; and although we can not rank his kingdom with the great empires and kingdoms of modern days, we can, with propriety, pronounce it the first in his own age, and not so much inferior to modern powers as we might imagine.

These observations establish the proposition, *That the highest degrees of vital piety are perfectly consistent with the most consummate wisdom, grandeur and power.*

An examination of the character of this extraordinary man in another view, will produce conviction on another important point, viz., *That no selection, or combination of any, or all the pleasures of the world, can vermanently satisfy the rational spirit of man.* Solomon, like most persons in similar circumstances, was well-nigh ruined by being brought up in luxury and ease, and succeeding to an immense amount of wealth and power. During his prodigality (he himself has left it on record), he indulged in every species of pleasure and gratification that heart could wish, or a licentious and excited imagination could devise. And yet he pronounces the whole "vanity and vexation of spirit," and in proof of his conviction he became deeply and uniformly pious. His is but the experience, on a broader scale, of every devotee of pleasure; but few make so happy an escape.

By a close examination of this prayer, it will be clearly seen that the whole service proceeds on the supposition, that God would make his abode in the temple built for him; from this place manifest his presence, and listen to the prayers of his creatures. The subsequent history of the Jews proves that this expectation was realized. This idea was not peculiar to the Jews, or to Solomon's temple. All nations, in all countries, in reference to all religions and deities, have considered their houses of worship as the peculiar residence of their gods, and have, of course, held them sacred; and required a corresponding sanctity in the utensils of worship, and in the persons and deportment of the worshipers, while in the temple. And this is consistent with the best dictates of reason and utility, and should be strictly observed in all Christian churches.

Impressed with this view, Solomon uttered the text, which is a parenthetical exclamation of surprise, hesitancy, and assurance blended and alternating. From it we may learn,

I. *The strong inclination in the human heart to exclude the presence and superintendency of the Divine Being from the world and the affairs of men.*

The *evidences* of this inclination are found in every portion of our lives. But we shall notice only *two*.

1. *Our conduct.* Because we lay our plans, and execute them, without any reference to God. In forming a scheme of wealth, ease, or honor, how few have any respect to the approbation of the Divine Being! Or in *executing* our plans, even when they are virtuous, how few look for success to the blessings of heaven!

2. *We call not on God in prayer.* If we did believe in the actual, and personal presence of God, and his continual agency in human affairs, it would be the clearest dictate of reason to make known our requests to him in prayer, in order to obtain his favor. Of course we should lay plans, and execute them, only when and in the manner he approves. The notorious fact, then, that men generally live most of their lives without the habit of prayer, establishes the conclusion, *that we are strongly inclined, by nature, to exclude the presence and superintendency of the Divine Being from the world and the affairs of men.*

The *causes* of this inclination, waiving the consideration of the native enmity of the human heart to God, are,

1. *The invisibility of the Divine Being.* Accustomed to think only by means of those impressions which we receive through our bodily senses, we are inclined to forget, or rather are almost incompetent, in our natural state, to conceive clearly of the omnipresence of God, because we see him not. Hence, at first, we ignorantly and involuntarily, and afterward habitually, exclude the presence of the Divine Being from the world.

2. *The imposition of our senses on our minds.* Accustomed to see effect follow cause when we act, we conclude ourselves the *remotest and only agents.* And observing that the effects partake of the complexion of their causes, we suppose there is something like an unalterable connection and dependence between them. Hence, following implicitly the dictates of our bodily senses, we, as Paul says, "walk after the flesh," forgetting the power that established, sustains, and controls the connection between cause and effect. Thus *we exclude the superintendency of the Divine Being from the affairs of men.*

From the text we learn,

II. *The infinite goodness of God in condescending to dwell "in very deed on the earth among men," and in superintending their affairs.*

But in what sense may God be said to dwell on the earth?

1. Some suppose the Divine Being present only *by the regular operations of the laws of nature;* by an inherent energy with which he has impressed matter. This opinion, when more fully developed, is this:— the Divine Being, having created and organized the world, gave to all its parts and relations life and motion, by causing the Spirit to brood over it, as it were, by incubation. That these, life and motion, were thus

rendered equal in duration with the world, or matter; and operate without reduction or increase of force, or derangement of tendency. Thus the world, abstractly, may be considered as a piece of *mechanism*, and with the addition of the laws of nature, *a piece of mechanism in motion*, which continues until the action is either spent or deranged, without the interference of the Maker; yet the wisdom, power, and skill of the Maker may be said to be present, though he himself be far distant. In this manner some reason in regard to the Divine Being, and thus exclude him from the world. I scarcely need proceed to show the defects of this hypothesis of the presence of God in the world. I may only suggest, *first:* it is defective, because we can not conceive of energy remaining impressed, and active, on matter, and the original source of that energy be completely separated, and remain detached from it. It is impossible for us to conceive of an effect continuing, when the cause has ceased. Therefore, as the impressed energy, constituting the laws of nature, was the effect of an *action* of the Divine Being (implying his contact with, and operation on, every particle of matter receiving the energy), this action having ceased, the effect must have ceased also. But this is contrary to the experience and observation of every day. *Secondly:* this hypothesis is defective, when compared with the *nature* and *perfections* of the Divine Being. Every enlightened mind conceives of God as possessing, *necessarily*, all possible perfections. Of these perfections, *omniscience* is one. But omniscience is founded on his *personal omnipresence;* as a being can not actually know, of himself, what does not come within his own personal observation. Consequently, if the Divine Being were not personally present, he could not know of an absent transaction, or a distant operation of the laws of nature, except by information derived from another; and if there were such information thus obtained, he would then be dependent on the being who gave it, for his knowledge of the event; which dependence destroys the idea of the perfections of the Divine Being. And, in the possible event, that there were no being present to obtain the information by observation, the Divine Being might never be conscious of such an action, or event; and thus it would appear that the knowledge of God might be limited, and, of course, the whole series of events might, in all and each of their parts, be but *imperfectly* known to him. Thus we see, that the hypothesis of *God being present only by the regular operations of the laws of nature*, is at variance with the nature and perfections of God.

2. Some suppose that the *laws of nature* are, in fact, only the continual exercise of his energy, through all parts of the universe; and thus understand the omnipresence of God to be *the continual presence of his energy, giving life, action, and direction to all things which exist.*

This hypothesis differs but little from the foregoing. The principal difference is this: it admits a modified connection between the Divine

Being and the world. It supposes that he, from the place of his proper abode, exerts a continual influence on physical and moral existences; but does *not* suppose his actual *personal* presence. It is liable to most of the objections which may be urged against the preceding opinion. And, in addition, it is liable to another serious objection, to wit: it limits the abode, and confines the personal presence of the Divine Being; and thus deprives him of his *personal immensity;* and this deprivation destroys the idea of a perfect divinity. Moreover, as this hypothesis attaches the idea of *locality* to the Almighty, it *must*, of course, attach the idea of *distance*, in regard to the objects on which he operates by his energy. And as we can not conceive of any power operating that is not affected by the *distance* or *space*, through which it operates (that is, increasing as the distance or space decreases, and decreasing in the same proportion, as the distance or space increases), so we may not only conceive the distance or space between an object and the source from whence the operating energy emanates, to be so great as to modify the force of the energy, but even to be removed *beyond* it; and thus place bounds to the exercise of the Almighty's power, and, of course, deprive him of his omnipresence, which would destroy the proper idea of God.

3. Without denying the existence of the laws of nature; or objecting to the opinion of those (on this point) who suppose that the laws of nature are the continual and universal exertion of the divine energy, the true idea of the omnipresence of God may be completed, by adding to these laws, or this energy, *the personal, universal, and continual presence of the Almighty, as a perfect and intelligent Being, in all possible places or spaces at the same time.* It should be distinctly understood, that the Almighty is *not* present, in all possible places or spaces, every moment of time, by a *diffusion* of his essence; for this would imply divisibility; which is inconsistent with the character of God; but his essence, or substance, that is to say, *himself as he is*, is in every possible place or space, every moment, precisely as if he were in but *one* place or space; and he is in any one place or space precisely as if he were in *no other*. Thus is he in *hell* as truly as in *heaven:* and in the *earth*, and in the planets, and fixed stars, and all the worlds, as in this world; and if there be *empty space*, where there is no created existence under any modification whatever, still God is there, as he is amid the glories of heaven.

With this view of the omnipresence of God, the existence and phenomena of all worlds, and systems of worlds, may be satisfactorily explained. Conceiving rightly of the character and perfections of the Divine Being, we find him competent to all, so soon as we conceive him everywhere present, *personally*, and perfectly as a Being. Looking through all orders, classes, genera, and species of existences, operations, and actions, they are perfectly intelligible when referred to the continual presence of the Almighty. Are starry worlds seen existing in

different parts of the heavens? God is there, sustaining their existence Is a little microscopic insect seen in the dust, or in the down of a peach, or in a drop of water? God is there, sustaining its existence. Are planetary worlds seen revolving in their orbits harmoniously and steadily? God is in each, giving it motion and direction. Do the tides of the oceans act perpetually, and periodically? God is in them, to give their impulses, and to assign their times and bounds. Do we see the principle of *vitality* active in every substance—in earth, air, water, fire—and under every modification of form, size, density, color, celerity, direction, and force of motion? God is present to give efficiency and direction to this principle of vitality. Do we look into the *mineral* world, and observe an internal action continually kept up among the integrant particles of bodies, operating according to the laws of crystallization, and thus producing the most beautiful objects, and in an innumerable variety of primary and secondary forms? God is present to give, and keep up, the energy and direction of each operation, on each seperate particle. Do we examine the vegetable world, and see the unnumbered kinds and species, from the hugest tree, descending to the microscopic blade, stamina, or even *vegetative dust* of flowers—do we see them assuming all possible forms, and varieties of colors, and emitting all conceivable odors, from the most offensive to the most agreeable; do we look into the principle, machinery, and process of vegetable life, and see all the tubes and juices, having regular forms, dimensions, and directions, and definite qualities, as taste, smell, color, acidity, sweetness, density, etc.—astonished at the action, and results, we imagine (and possibly correctly) that vegetables, like animals, must have a heart, veins, arteries, nerves, digestive and productive organs, etc.

And when we see all these principles and organs operating, toiling, and laboring in the swelling bud, striving for birth, then blooming, fading, decaying, and again appearing in the following spring, with all the energies and principles we have seen apparently terminate in decay—when we see all this system of vegetable life operating for thousands of years, without derangement of tendency, season, or use, or reduction of force—what solution of this series of wonders can be given? The doctrine of the text gives a satisfactory answer. God is present, to do, of himself, all these wondrous things; and men, seeing the *effects*, and not the cause, say, *These are the operations of the laws of nature;* when they are, in truth, the works of a present Deity. Yes, the great and universal Operator is personally present, performing his wonders, in the hand of a little child, when it holds a swelling rose-bud in the act of bursting into bloom. How near does this bring God to us! Not only does it compel us to admit that he is everywhere, but that he is everywhere at the same time, operating, directing, superintending, and observing all things. We are constrained to say:

"THESE, as they change, almighty Father, these
Are but the VARIED GOD. The rolling year
Is full of thee."

Or, with a still more extensive and appropriate view, he

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

It is to be supposed that the foregoing reflections on the *inferior* existences and phenomena of nature, have produced a permanent and efficient conviction of *perpetually-present Deity*. What, then, would we feel, were we to ascend into the *superior* orders and classes of animal and intellectual existences and phenomena? Here we acknowledge our incompetency, in common with all who have approached the subject. The celebrated GALEN is said to have fallen on his knees, in wondrous astonishment and adoration, upon contemplating the wisdom, power, and goodness displayed in forming a *human body*. What, then, must be the emotions of an enlightened intellect, when it ascends into the regions of the principles, materials, and machinery of *thought*, and examines its powers and action? Mute and motionless with astonishment, wonder, and delight, he contemplates the operations of mind, while it analyzes intricate and complex matters, and combines the simple elements of whole theories, or ranges of thought, marking the development to conviction and demonstration; until the *observing* intellect itself becomes joyously conscious of a similar existence, and of similar powers, from feeling the same operations and faculties active in himself. His thoughts immediately rush upon his own heart, and with them comes the full and clear conviction, that *the power and wisdom of God only could have formed such a thing as* INTELLECT; *and that his perpetual personal presence and agency only are competent to keep up perpetual intellectual action.* Awful thought! How, then, can the mind resist the conviction, that God is not only present with each person, but actually in possession of his heart, his mind, his thoughts—nay, the very springs and materials of his thoughts, or even the indefinite, and almost indetectable emotions of his mind!

Such is the true doctrine of the omnipresence of Jehovah. Let us, then, proceed to inquire how men should be affected by this doctrine.

In the *first* place, *they should be resigned to the dispensations of divine providence in the world, whether they regard a captive or a king, an insect or an empire.*

This doctrine of resignation to all the dispensations of God's providence and will, is a pleasing part of the Christian's creed, and is founded on this plain deduction from his omnipresence, viz.: *That God attends*

personally to every individual creature and its concerns, as perfectly as if there were no other creature; that he administers such encouragement to virtue and punishments to vice, as he, in his infinite wisdom, judges proper, and of the propriety of which the good man can never doubt, and therefore says, "Thy will be done," because he knows his will is right; and it is the first principle of a Christian's heart to rejoice in that which is right, though it seem dark to him now, and is afflictive to him personally.

In possession of these views and feelings, the good man only is rationally and permanently cheerful. No cheerfulness but his is beyond the power of fortune, or the influence of earthly events. If prosperity smile on him, and he and his country are full to overflowing, he does not become proud and vain in his heart, and forget his God. His devotion becomes more intense and uniform by the addition of a large amount of gratitude; and, instead of using the power which the abundance of his wealth gives him, to do harm, he uses it, and his wealth also, to diffuse relief and joy among the afflicted, and thus disposes a thousand hearts to rise up and bless him.

Besides this, he has the pleasure of the consciousness of doing good, and being good—a pleasure, beyond a doubt, the purest and highest a human heart can feel on earth, except the pleasure of a consciousness of sin forgiven, and of the favor of God. Moreover, I may add, he is in *haste* to do all the good he can, during his prosperity, for he knows not but that he may be quickly deprived of the power to do good, by some sudden reverse of fortune. He seizes quickly the opportunity of "laying up for himself a good foundation against the time to come," that his Saviour may say to him, with others: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom; for I was hungry, and ye fed me; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me; for, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." With this exalted end in view, he hastens to do all the good he can during his prosperity.

But should he be a child of adversity, from his youth up, or should he experience the deepest reverses of fortune; do riches take wings and fly away; do friends forsake; does health fail; does he stand like some blasted tree, on the bleak mountain peak, stripped of all its branches, and scathed with the storms and lightnings of ages; has the very genius of desolation and sorrow taken him into captivity—under any or all those circumstances, he does not, like the ungodly man too frequently, throw away his life foolishly, in a fit of despair: but with a firmness and resignation peculiar to a good man, he bows to the awful dispensations of his God, and repeats, with a chastened smile, "Thy will be done!" and though that will is awfully mysterious at the present time, yet he is sure its issues will be best. Of such an one, under such circumstances, we may well say, with the poet:

"Like some tall cliff, that lifts his awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though clouds and tempests round its sides are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

In the *second* place, this doctrine of the omnipresence of God should powerfully *restrain from every species and semblance of vice, and encourage to the cultivation of every virtue;* because we are compelled to conclude, that God knows the moral character and condition of each of his intelligent creatures.

The knowledge of the character and condition of each, implies, not only a knowledge of the general conduct and deportment of each person, but a knowledge of the private actions, secret deeds, unuttered thoughts, and inmost emotions of each one's soul. This knowledge of each one's moral character is scarcely ever thought of, and still less frequently understood. It is to be feared, most persons suppose the Almighty regards not the petty interests and actions of individual men, but only "the greater affairs of empires, worlds, and systems;" and, of course, such feel no restraint from the doctrine of the omnipresence of God. This erroneous opinion is supposed by Dr. Dwight to arise either from want of *examination;* or, *an apprehension that it is beneath the dignity of God to regard such things; or, a dread in their minds of such attention, on the part of God, to their concerns, because they will not bear divine inspection.*

That their mistake is principally owing to the *first* and *third* of these causes, there can be no doubt. How should those who examine not the nature and perfections of God, conclude he is interested in the personal character of each individual? Certainly, not any more than those who do examine his character properly, could be ignorant of this truth.

But it is beneath the dignity of the Almighty. This sad opinion is owing to an ignorance of the character of God. Those who make it, seem to forget that God is *necessarily* present everywhere, and, of course, observes all things, whether they relate to an atom or a world, an insect or an angel; and, *observing* all things, he must *understand* all the variety of their bearings and relations. Hence, from the nature of the divine Being, *he must know the moral character and condition of each person*, and be attentive to the *minutest event* in the life of an ephemeral insect, as well as to the revolutions of empires. Of course, they err very seriously, who suppose the *smaller* events in the history of the world and its inhabitants, are not noticed by our great Creator.

This very serious error not unfrequently arises from another cause: *a dread in the mind of such attention, on the part of God, to our personal conduct; because it will not bear divine inspection.*

We are always inclined to disbelieve that which we find it our interest and pleasure not to believe. Hence we seldom take pains to discover an

error, the *indulgence* of which is so pleasing, and the *reverse* so terrible. When the *seducer* has marked some lovely, inexperienced, and unsuspecting creature for his victim; when all his passions, with increased force, and with accelerated and inflamed action, urge him on in his ruinous enterprise; when the temptation is *well circumstanced*, from the thoughtless gayety and confidence of his object; can it be supposed that he will pause to ask himself: *Is God attending to my project?*

No. If such a question glance through his mind, he shuts up his understanding until the painful emotion is vanished, and then affects to chide himself for an *unmanly misgiving of heart;* though he might know at a single thought, *God is the avenger of the wronged*, does he pause to contemplate the desolation and woe he is about to work? Does he think of the premature death of aged, fond, and doating parents? Does he reflect on the bitter cup of shame, mortification, and infamy, which awaits his unfortunate victim? Does he imagine, for a moment, the unutterable pang which shall break her heart; and the fell despair which shall devour the desire for life, and force her to the commission of self-murder? Does he reflect, *God is present to take knowledge of the project, and each stage of its development, and stands pledged to avenge the injured, and arraign and punish the destroyer?* No. If the image of this train of unutterable anguish rise faintly in his mind, he *strangles* it: because, the acknowledgment of its existence and truth, would be the death-knell to his peace and pleasure. This he can not endure, although they be false and criminal. He, therefore, *will not know* God is present, marking all his purposes, thoughts, passions, and actions. He dreads this knowledge, as he dreads the pains of hell; and persuades himself, *God doth not know.* Foolish, cowardly, and guilty sinner! Thou shalt one day *know* God saw thee, and *acknowledge* it, too. Better, then, know it while thou mayst make thy peace with thy Maker.

An abiding sense of the omnipresence of God, is the only efficient barrier against vice in all cases. If the *defrauder* would only recollect, when he is putting down an incorrect account, or affixing a spurious signature, *God sees me!* could he proceed? If the *witness*, about to swear away the property, reputation, or life of a fellow-being, would only recollect, Though none other can know I am swearing falsely, yet *God does know;* could his accursed tongue pronounce the fatal words? No. It would become *palsied* in the attempt at utterance. Could the *murderer*, though spurred on by every possible agency—by want, oppression, avarice, revenge for some unpardonable insult done to his person, or his honor, or by any, or all possible provocations—accomplish his destructive plot, did he but recollect at the time, *God is witnessing the whole transaction?* And so of all the other deeds of wickedness which men do commit. How would the amount of crime in our world be lessened, were it not for man's guilty forgetfulness of the omnipresence of God—if men constantly recollected, "God searcheth us and knoweth us; he is about our

paths, and about our beds, and spieth out all our ways; he hath beset us behind and before, so that there is no fleeing from his presence."

This doctrine of the omnipresence of God, *encourages to the cultivation of every virtue.* As it regards those which may be termed the *passive* virtues, such as forbearance, and, frequently, quiet submission under a sense of injuries, nothing can dispose us to the practice of them so properly, and so strongly, as a continual sense of the presence of God. Because, we are assured, he is interested in the wrongs men suffer, and has declared himself the *avenger of the innocent;* saying, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." With this assurance, men should not be hasty to take satisfaction for the wrongs done them. Let them recollect, forbearance, on proper principles, and to a proper extent, combines two vastly important advantages: *it gives the character and rewards of mercy* (blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy); and yet it does not deprive the individual of the assurance, that *full retribution shall finally be rendered for the wrongs he has suffered.* This doctrine runs through all the New Testament: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "They shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink, *for they are worthy.*" "Seeing *it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you.*"

But as it regards the *active* virtues, nothing so strongly inclines men to cultivate them as a sense of the continual presence of God, and, of course, a conviction that he is interested in our moral characters. The vague doctrine of *disinterested benevolence*, as sustained by some, *i. e., the doing good, and practicing virtue entirely for the sake of good and virtue, and without any regard to the rewards and advantages of such acts*, has no foundation, either in the constitution of man's mind and nature, or in the holy Scriptures.

In reference to the constitution of man, all *responsible* acts must have some adequate *motive;* which can not be, without the power of interest, under some modification or name. A consciousness of this truth may be read on every page of the common history of this world. Interest, in its proper and extensive sense, is that power which induces us to act, and is only another name for motive. Consequently, there can no more be a disinterested responsible action, than there can be a responsible action without a motive. Hence, we find the doctrine of disinterested benevolence at war with the constitution of man.

Nor does this view, as some think, degrade the nature and dignity of the actor, or subtract from the excellency of the action. The dignity of the actor is founded on this single consideration: *he acts under the direction of reason;* and the *excellency* of the action is to be tested by the soundness and weight of the reason which induced it. But reason implies the consideration of some things which have the power to interest, and move the mind to action; and hence become *motives.* The power

to produce motion must be either *physical* or *moral*. Physical power is absolute force applied to move *matter*. Moral power is the force of obligation and duty, founded on the will of God, operating on mind; *yet not so as to destroy the power of the will, which is capable of determining the momentum of the influence of the operating motives.* Hence, motive, or the power to move, is antecedent to, and different from the motion induced by it. This single law of mental action, therefore, destroys the doctrine of disinterested benevolence; because, disinterested benevolence proposes to practice piety and virtue, merely for the sake of piety and virtue; which is to suppose that an action is the motive of its own commission, which is absurd. For it would be to suppose that that which is not, operates to produce itself.

In conclusion, on this point, this doctrine of disinterested benevolence allows, *necessarily*, that there is no *obligation* to do those disinterested acts. Because, if there be an obligation on a responsible being, he is *necessarily interested* in discharging it. *Two* conclusions, therefore, follow from this doctrine. *First*, We are under no obligation, whatever, to perform the highest virtuous acts of which we are capable. Because, we are told, such an obligation would destroy the disinterested nature of the action. *Secondly*, If there be no obligation to do these disinterestedly benevolent actions, there can be no *criminality* in not doing, or neglecting to do them. And this would be to say, *It is not criminal to neglect to perform the highest virtuous acts of which our nature is capable*, which is evidently absurd. From what is supposed to be known, therefore, of the nature and laws of *intellect*, it is fair to conclude there is no such thing as *disinterested benevolence*, in any creature, human or angelic.

But to return to the proposition. *The doctrine of disinterested benevolence receives no support from the Scriptures.*

In proving this point, it will also be established, that the doctrine of the omnipresence of God, necessarily including his interest in our moral characters, is the strongest incentive to the cultivation of every virtue, and all piety.

The holy Scriptures uniformly present and insist on *two* motives to benevolence, or works of virtue and piety; in both of which motives we are deeply interested. First, *The maintenance of a good conscience.* Secondly, *The hope of reward.*

The maintenance of a good conscience is a motive of *double* interest, as it implies peace with *ourselves;* and hence involves the pleasure of self-approbation, and the pleasure arising from the consciousness of doing, and being good. It also implies peace with *God;* and hence excludes the pains and apprehensions peculiar to guilt. In all ages, in all countries, and among all nations, these have been considered the purest, and most powerful sources of moral action. St. Paul says, "Our rejoicing is this, *the testimony* of our consciences," etc.; "I exercise myself to

have always a conscience void of offense, toward God, and toward man."

As a good conscience implies approbation of one's own actions and condition, there must be some test or standard higher than and independent of the individual himself, by which he may judge of his own actions, and try his own condition. Where, then, is this test or standard? Some have answered, *The eternal fitness of things.* Others, *The immutable principles of right and reason.* But who determines this fitness of things? or who establishes these immutable principles of right and reason? And if they be *necessarily* eternal, who is to explain them? These are difficulties which have perplexed philosophers and moralists not a little, and will continue to do so until they refer (as they should do), to the *will of God*, for this standard. Here then, the Christian man fixes the scale by which to try himself; and to this he comes, and perceives in it the obligation which is the foundation of all religious worship; binding the creature to submission and adoration of his Maker, and his Maker to afford him protection, peace, and happiness. It is very plain, however, that there could not be this constant reference to the will of God, by all creatures, unless there be a constant conviction of his continual omnipresence. And the fact of such reference implies, that we have an interest in pleasing him. Hence the Christian's prayer, "*Thy will be done.*" A consciousness that the will of God is done in us, and by us, is one of the highest and purest pleasures of which a moral being is capable.

The *second* motive presented in the Scripture, is, *the hope of reward.*

By *reward* is understood some advantage, privilege, or benefit received from another, or resulting from a particular act, or course of action. With this definition it will be safe to affirm, No creature performs a responsible act without being under the influence of this motive. Indeed it is the most powerful and proper that can operate on any created intellect. God himself never acts without a competent reason for his action; and reason always implies motive. Because it is the province of reason to discern good from evil, right from wrong; and such discernment must influence every good being.

It has been said above, that the holy Scriptures present the hope of reward, as well as the maintenance of a good conscience, as a motive to piety and virtue. In proof, Moses is said to have chosen rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; "*for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.*" But the question must be considered as settled forever, in view of what is said of the Saviour of the world—"*who*, FOR THE JOY THAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is set down on the right hand of the majesty on high." The same inducement is presented to the Christian in his pilgrimage, on every page of the New Testament.

"If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." "Be thou

faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "We endure as seeing him that is invisible." "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul." Whole pages might be transcribed to the same end.

The *consciousness* of the good man on this point, attests the doctrine. He endures the cross that he may wear the crown. Being "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," "he does not entangle himself, that he may please him who hath called him to be a soldier." Moreover he studies "to show himself approved unto God in all things." All this course of conduct supposes the Divine Being is intimately observant of our actions, and interested in our moral character; because he is always present to know what we do. And as he is bound, by his very nature and perfections, always to discover and punish all wickedness, and to notice and reward all piety; of course, his favor is life, and his displeasure worse than death.

Hence we see that the constitution of man, the nature of reason, the observation of every day, the consciousness of each pure heart, and the uniform testimony of the holy Scriptures, confirm the doctrine, *that a sense of the continual personal omnipresence of Jehovah, is the most powerful restraint on vice, and the most efficient encouragement to virtue.*

DISCOURSE XXX.

LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

The names of few men among the American clergy now living, have stood out so long in bold relief as that of Lyman Beecher. His active life covers more than half a century; as he was born (at New Haven, Connecticut) October 12th, 1775; which makes him now about eighty-two years of age. He was the son of David Beecher, who was the son of Nathaniel, who was the son of Joseph, who was the son of John, who was the ancestor of all the New England Beechers. All the ancestors were devout and professedly religious men. Dr. Beecher's great-grandmother was the daughter of a full-blooded Welshwoman—a Roberts—and thus the blood of the Beechers received an intermixture of the Welsh element, with its poetry and music; not difficult to be seen in the Doctor himself, and in the more prominent members of his family, Edward, Charles, Harriet, Henry Ward, etc.

Mr. Beecher entered Yale College, under the Presidency of Dr. Dwight, at the age of eighteen, where he graduated, and then, after studying theology one year, commenced preaching at East Hampton, Long Island, where he was ordained, in September, 1799, settling upon a salary of $300. In 1810, he removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, and held the charge of the First Congregational Church until 1826—the most laborious part of his life. In 1826, he accepted a call from Hanover church in Boston, which he resigned in 1832, to assume the Presidency of Lane Seminary, Ohio; performing, as well, the pastoral duties of the Second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, and with great acceptance and profit.

As a preacher, Dr. Beecher has possessed uncommon power. When his own emotions were thoroughly aroused, and his thoughts were transfused with the most fervid moral and social emotion, with vigorous tongue, in original phrase, interlaced with short and glancing illustrations, which glowed and ripened into the boldest metaphors, his power was electrical; and the audience was swayed to his sonorous voice, as trees in a forest to the rushing of autumnal winds.

Dr. Beecher published, many years ago, "A Plea for the West," a volume of Occasional Discourses, and another volume, containing six discourses on Intemperance. He has also published, at various intervals, a great variety of miscellaneous productions. Such a collection must possess great intrinsic value. It is understood that a very extensive collection of his writings is now being made for publication. The famous sermons on Intemperance were occasioned by the inebriety of a very dear friend; and were thus born of a full heart. And, although they did not save the man whose case inspired them, they have doubtless saved millions of others; as they initiated a great moral enterprise, and are still read in almost every language of the civilized world.

The following racy criticism upon Dr. Beecher's writings, appeared in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" of 1852: "His mind is thoroughly of the New England stamp; and whatever subject it touches, its constant struggle is for *definiteness, clearness,* and *utility.* Whatever it may be, dogma, metaphor or fact, it must be as exactly shaped and as easily seen and as effectively handled, as a Yankee's whittling-knife, or he will none of it. Beautiful tropes which adorn nothingness and cover up emptiness, fine language which would express a thought handsomely, if there were any thought there to be expressed by it, language which is a mere cloud in the sunlight, poetic imaginings which float in the air by their own specific levity and never touch either earth or heaven, for such things as these you will look in vain among Dr. Beecher's works. Like a true Yankee schoolmaster, if he intends to use a birch rod, he strips off all the leaves in the first place; and then come the blows in right-hearty good earnest. In his style there is conciseness and pungency, brilliancy and vigor, clearness and sharpness, rhetoric and logic, in remarkable combination."

One of the most celebrated of Dr. Beecher's sermons is that which is given below. It was preached before the Presbytery of Long Island in 1806, and printed, and had an immense circulation. We once heard the Doctor say that he considered it his most effective sermon. As its very great length forbids its introduction entire, we have the author's permission for its careful reduction at the points indicated. It is powerful throughout; but the conclusion is sublime.

THE REMEDY FOR DUELING.

"And judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity can not enter."—ISAIAH, lix. 14, 15.

THE people of Israel, when this passage was written, had become exceedingly corrupt, and were sinking under the pressure of fearful judgments. But although they are hardened in sin, they are not insensible to misery; and though regardless of God as their benefactor, they murmur and tremble before him as the author of their calamities. They admit, indeed, their sinfulness, but suppose that they have made already a sufficient atonement for it. It is not for sending judgments, therefore, that they impeach the Almighty, but for continuing them. Not because he is just, but because he has no mercy. "Wherefore have we fasted," say they, "and thou seest not—have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?" The majesty of heaven condescends to reply. He declares their sin to be the cause of his judgments, and their hypocrisy and impenitence the ground of their continuance. The sins which brought down the judgments of heaven were, it appears, national sins. As individuals they were guilty, and each had contributed to augment the national stock. But of all classes, their rulers and men of wealth and eminence had been the most liberal contributors. Their private character was abominable, and their public character was no better. They perverted justice—their feet ran to evil—their hands were defiled with

blood. Their thoughts were thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction were in their paths. The profligate example of rulers has at all times a pernicious influence. It had in the present case. Conspicuous by its elevation, and surrounded by the fascinations of honor, it ensnared the young, emboldened the timid, and called hardened villains from their dark retreats. A tremendous scene ensued—a scene of impurity, intrigue, jealousy, violence, and murder. And there was none to help. All bonds were sundered—the foundations were destroyed. "None called for justice." The oppressed did not, because they despaired of her aid; and the wicked did not, because they were too guilty to trust to her decisions. Doubtless in the humble walks of life, there were some who had escaped this contagion of bad example, and who, had they been united and courageous, might have set bounds to these evils; but they neglected to make exertion—they were dismayed, and gave up the cause of God without an effort.

I have no conception that this state of the Jewish nation, is, in general, a correct portrait of our own. But are there no points of resemblance? I allude now only to the conduct of such of our rulers and men of eminence as denominate themselves men of honor; and who, despising the laws of their country and their God, adjust with weapons of death their private quarrels. To such, the character ascribed to the Jewish rulers is affectingly applicable. Their hands are full of blood; and wasting and destruction are in their paths. I allude also to the impunity with which, in a community nominally Christian, and under the eye of the law, these deeds of violence are committed. With respect to the punishment of even *murder*, committed in a duel, "judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: truth is fallen in the street, and equity can not enter." It may be added, that, as among the Jews, the *people*, who by the influence of public sentiment might have limited the evils of their day, remained inactive; so the great body of this nation, although they abhor the crime of dueling, remain inactive spectators of the wide-wasting evil. But it will be demanded, "how can the people prevent dueling? Already laws are enacted, with severe penalties; besides this what can we do?" You can rescue those laws from contempt, by securing their prompt execution. Do you demand how? By withholding your suffrage from every man whose hands are stained with blood, or who has been directly or indirectly concerned in a duel; and by intrusting to men of fair moral character, and moral principle, the making and execution of your laws. It will therefore be the object of this discourse to suggest and illustrate the reasons which should induce every man to withhold his vote from any person who has fought, or aided in fighting, a duel.

1. The elevation of duelists to power, is a practice in direct opposition to the precepts of the Christian religion.

Civil government is a divine ordinance. The particular form, is left

to the discretion of men; but the character of rulers God has himself prescribed. They must be *just men:* such as *fear God—a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well.* Do duelists answer to this description? Are they just men? Do they fear God? Look at their law of honor. It constitutes the party judge in his own cause, and executor of his own sentence. Its precepts, like those of Draco, are written in blood. Death, or exposure to it, is its lightest penalty; and this, with unrelenting severity, is inflicted for the most trifling offense, as well as for the most enormous crime; and as often, perhaps, upon the innocent as upon the guilty.

When arrested by the fatal challenge, no plea of reverence for God, of respect for human law, of conscience, of innocency, absence of anger, actual friendship, affection to parents, wife, or children, the hope of heaven or fear of hell, is for one moment admitted. All obligations are canceled; all ties are burst asunder; all consequences are disregarded. "Nor justice nor mercy may interpose, to mitigate the rigors of the controversy. The peaceable must fight the quarrelsome—the rich man, the bankrupt—the father of a family, the libertine—the son of many hopes, the worthless prodigal." It is a law which inculcates no virtue, and which prohibits no crime, if it be *honorably committed.* It tolerates adultery, blasphemy, intemperance, revenge, and murder. Thou shalt kill, is its first and great command, and too much conscience to obey it, is the only unpardonable sin. The obedient subjects of a law so impious, so unmerciful and unjust, God hath denounced as unfit to govern men. They are disfranchised by heaven. But,

2. The duelist is a murderer: and, were there no sentence of exclusion from civil power contained in the word of God, the abhorrence of murder should exclude from confidence these men of blood.

"Murder," says Blackstone, "is committed, when a person of sound memory and discretion, killeth any reasonable creature in being, with malice aforethought, either express or implied. Express malice is, when one, with a sedate, deliberate mind, and formed design, doth kill another. This takes in the case of deliberate dueling, where both parties meet avowedly with an intent to murder." And a greater than Blackstone has said: "If *a man* smite *his neighbor* with an instrument of iron, so that he die, he is a murderer. And if he smite him with a hand-weapon of wood, wherewith he may die, *and he die*, he is a murderer. And if he thrust him of hatred, or hurl at him by lying of wait, that he die, or in enmity smite him with his hand that he die, he that smote him shall surely be put to death, for he is a murderer." The laws of the several States have also spoken on this subject, and, in perfect accordance with reason and the word of God, declare the taking of life in a duel to be murder. The appointed punishment of murder is death. God, who defines the crime, has himself specified the penalty: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. The murderer

shall surely be put to death. The avenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer. Moreover ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death. He shall flee to the pit; let no man stay him."

These denunciations of the word of God are peremptory, and are to this moment in full force. The law violated by the murderer is a moral law. The canceling of Jewish ceremonies has not affected it. The penalty is the penalty of a moral law, and the obligation to inflict it is universal and immutable. Shall we then dare to rise up in the face of heaven, and turn judgment away backward? Shall we snatch from the dungeon and the gallows the victims of justice, to invest them with power, and adorn them with dignity and honor?

But every duelist, it will perhaps be said, is not a murderer, inasmuch as death is not always the consequence of fighting. The death of the victim is, I know, necessary to justify the infliction of the penalty in its full extent. But is a crime never committed until it becomes so palpable that the law can take hold of it? I do not hesitate to say, that every duelist is a murderer, for he has said so himself. He has avowed as his own, principles of murder; he tells you that, if occasion calls, and his skill be sufficient, he will murder. And if, when insulted or challenged, he has stood forth in the field of combat, and aimed the deadly weapon, and through want of skill only, or through fear and trembling, has failed to prostrate his victim, is he therefore not a murderer? Is the professed robber who fails in his attempt, therefore not a robber? Is the assassin because his thrust was not deadly, therefore not an assassin?

3. A regard to the public safety, as well as respect to the authority of God, and an abhorrence of murder, should withhold the suffrage of the community from the duelist.

When we intrust life, and liberty, and property in the hands of men, we desire some pledge of their fidelity. But what pledge can the duelist give? His religious principle is nothing—his moral principle is nothing. His honor is our only security. But is this sufficient? Are the temptations of power so feeble, is the public and private interest so inseparable, are the opportunities of fraud so few, that amid the projects of ambition, the cravings of avarice, and the conflicts of party, there is no need of conscience to guaranty the integrity of rulers? The law of honor, were its maxims obeyed perfectly, would afford no security. "It is a system of rules constructed by people of fashion, and calculated to facilitate their intercourse with one another, and for no other purpose."* It is the guardian of honorable men only. The public good is out of the question; right and wrong are terms unknown in this code. Its sole object is to enable unprincipled men to live together with politeness and good humor—men, whom neither the laws of their country, nor the retributions of eternity, can restrain from acts of mutual outrage, and who, by

* Paley's Philosophy.

the expectation of instant death—by the pistol at the breast—must be restrained from unchristian provocation, and drilled into good behavior. It is for the interest of this *noble portion* of the human race that honor legislates; but for the common people—the *ignoble vulgar*—it has no concern. They, it seems, have no honor; or if they have, laws and courts, and fines, and constables, may suffice to take care of it.

Hence the honor of a dueling legislator does not restrain him in the least from innumerable crimes, which affect the peace of society. He may contemn the Saviour of men, and hate and oppose the religion of his country. He may be a Julian in bitterness, and by swearing caus. the earth to mourn: in passion, a whirlwind; in cruelty to tenants, to servants, and to his family, a tiger. He may be a gambler, a prodigal, a fornicator, an adulterer, a drunkard, a murderer, and not violate the laws of honor. Nay, honor not only tolerates crimes, but in many instances it is the direct and only temptation to crime.

What has torn yonder wretches from the embraces of their wives and their children, and driven them to the field of blood—to the confines of hell? What nerves those arms, rising to sport with life and heaven? It is honor—the pledge of patriotism—the evidence of rectitude! Ah, it is done! The blood streams, and the victim welters on the ground. And see the victor coward running from the field, and for a few days, like Cain, a fugitive and vagabond, until the first burst of indignation has passed, and the hand of time has soothed the outraged sensibility of the community; then publicly, and as if to add insult to injustice, returning to *offer his services*, and to *pledge his honor*, that *your* lives, and *your* rights shall be safe in his hand. Nor is this the only case where honor becomes the temptation to crime; it operates in all cases where the maxims of this infernal combination have attached disgrace to the performance of duty, and honor to the perpetration of iniquity. And beside the crimes which honor tolerates, and the scarcely inferior number which it enjoins, there are a variety of cases where it will not restrain from treacheries confessedly dishonorable.

What security can a mere man of honor give that he will not betray our interest in every case where it can be done without *detection?* What shall secure us, when the price of perfidy is so high as to compensate for the disgrace of a *dishonorable sale?** What, where attachment to the public good would sacrifice popularity? For in this case the more tender his regard to reputation, and dread of disgrace, the more certainly will he abandon the public good, and pursue his private interest. What also, when he may follow a multitude to do evil, and annihilate his disgrace by dividing it with many? What, when his reputation is

* A prime minister of England, after much experience, said that every man has his price; and, applied to men who have no fear of God before them—who have no pledge of rectitude but "What will the world think of me?" the justice of his opinion can not be doubted.

already gone, before his term of service, or his ability to do mischief expires? What, in those numberless cases, where imagined ingratitude on the part of the people shall impel wounded pride to an honorable revenge? What, where the disgrace of poverty, as often happens, is more dreaded than the disgrace of a dishonest act? * * *

4. The system of dueling is a system of despotism, tending directly and powerfully to the destruction of civil liberty.

A free government is a government of laws made by the people for the protection of life, reputation, and property. A despotic government is where life and all its blessings are subject to the caprice of an individual. Those maxims and practices, therefore, which remove life, reputation, and property from under the protection of law, and subject them to the caprice of an individual, are the essence of despotism. Nor is it material whether this is done by open violence, or by the application of unlawful motives which as effectually answer the purpose. Every man conforming to the laws of his country, has a right to the peaceable enjoyment of life and all its immunities. Nor has any individual a right, directly or indirectly, to interrupt this enjoyment. No man has a right to tempt his neighbor to renounce the protection of law, and much less to punish him with heavy penalties for refusing to do it.* But this is precisely the despotic privilege which duelists have arrogated to themselves. The man who refuses a challenge, so far as their cursed influence extends, is outlawed—is branded with infamy and exposed to perpetual insult. But what has he done? He has feared to offend his God; and under trying temptations to the contrary, has bowed submissive to the laws of his country! And for this he is punished—substantially punished, in a free country, without trial, without law, nay, even in opposition to law!

If the despotic principles of dueling terminated in theory, they might excite our compassion as mere distempers of the brain; but their practical influence is powerful and fatal, as inimical to our rights in *fact*, as it is in theory; tending directly and powerfully to the destruction of civil liberty.

Equal laws are essential to civil liberty; but equal laws are far from satisfying the elevated claims of duelists. That protection which the law affords to them in common with others, they despise. They must have more—a right to decide upon, and to redress, their own grievances. "When we please," say they, "we will avail ourselves of the law; and when we please, we will legislate for ourselves. For the vulgar, the dull forms of law may suffice; but for a reputation so sacred, and for feelings so refined and sensitive as ours, they are vastly inadequate. Nor shall they restrain our hand from the vindication of our honor, or protect the wretch who shall presume to impeach it." Is this liberty and equality? Are these gentlemen, indeed, so greatly superior to the people? Is

* Hence, the mere *sending* of a challenge is punishable by law.

their reputation so much more important? Are their feelings so much more sacred? Is pain more painful to them, or self-government less their duty than ours? Must we bear all injuries which the law can not redress? Must we stifle our resentments, or, if we vent them in acts of murder, swing upon the gallows; while they with impunity express their indignation, and satiate with blood a revengeful spirit? * * *

Nor are the immediate effects of dueling the only consequences to be dreaded. The impunity attending the crime, the confidence reposed in duelists, and the honors bestowed upon them, contribute to diminish in the public mind the guilt of crimes generally. There is a relationship in crimes which renders familiarity with one a harbinger to familiarity with another. The wretch who has destroyed two or three fellow-creatures in a duel, will feel little compunction at any crime. Nor can the moral sensibilities of a people familiarized to murder in duels, and accustomed to look upon criminals of this description with confidence and respect, be preserved in full strength in reference to other crimes. Dueling, therefore, while it destroys directly its thousands, destroys by its depraving influence its tens of thousands.

The effect already is great and alarming. If not so, why does the crime shrink before the stern justice of New England, and rear its guilty head in New York, and stalk with bolder front as you pass onward to the South. If the effect is not great, why this distinction in crimes of the same class—why so alive to the guilt of robbery, assassination, and murder of one kind, and so dead to the guilt of dueling? If the effect of dueling upon the public mind is not great, why is it that murder can be committed in open day; the crime made notorious, nay, proclaimed in the newspaper, and the murderer remain unmolested in his dwelling? Why does he not flee? Why are not rewards offered by those authorized by the laws, and expresses hastened in all directions to arrest and bring to justice the guilty fugitive? Because no one is enough shocked at his crime to make these exertions. Because if such measures were taken, the public mind would awake from its torpor—dueling would become a disgraceful crime, and the criminal would be lost to himself and to his country. He could neither be *Governor*, nor *Senator*, nor *Judge*. He would be exiled from public favor, immured in a dungeon, transported to the gallows, and launched into eternity. If the prevalence of dueling has not, and to an awful degree, affected the public mind, why such a number of half apologists for the crime; and how can we so patiently hear, and candidly weigh, and almost admit their arguments? Could you hear with equal patience assassination justified, though (as it well might be) by arguments equally conclusive? Why is it, if this deadly evil has not already palsied the feelings of the community, that even the members of our churches have heretofore, with so little hesitation, voted for men of blood? Is Christianity compatible with murder? Can you patronize the murderer by granting him your suffrage, and not

become a partaker in his sin? Admit as the mildest, and as in general the true construction, that this has been done by Christians ignorantly, not knowing often that those for whom they voted were duelists, or inconsiderately, not realizing the enormity of the crime—why did they not know—why did they not consider? The reason is obvious—

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This is precisely our alarming state. We have sunk through all these grades of moral degradation. We endure, we pity, we embrace murderers. And what will be next? A total apathy to crime.

What is done, therefore, must be done quickly. Let the maxims of dueling once break out, and spread in the country, and infect the rising generation; let the just abhorrence of the community be a little more effaced by the growing frequency of the crime, and we are undone. There will be no place to make a stand. Our liberties will be lost—our hands will become brass, and our fetters iron—no man's life will be safe—the laws of the land will be a nullity—every man must tremble, and walk softly, and speak softly, lest he implicate his neighbor's honor, and put in jeopardy his own life; and dueling will become as common, as irremediable, and as little thought of, as assassination is in Spain, in Italy, and South America.

Then, indeed, will the descriptions of the prophet be horribly realized. *Judgment will be turned away backward—justice will stand afar off—truth will fall in the street, and equity be unable to enter. Yea, truth will fail, and he that departeth from evil, will make himself a prey.* None will call for justice—revenge and murder will be the order of the day. *We shall grope for the wall as the blind—we shall stumble at noon-day as in the night—we shall be in desolate places as dead men.*

Shall we sit and calmly await the approach of these evils? Shall we bow our neck to the yoke? Shall we trust our hands into the manacles preparing for them? What if these evils may not be realized in our day—have we no regard to posterity? What if every man, woman and child may not fall in a duel—is there nothing to be dreaded from the sword, or pestilence, or famine, because they do not extirpate our race? The facility with which, in the way proposed, this evil may be suppressed, will render us forever inexcusable—will constitute us partakers in the sin, if we do not make the attempt. * * *

Finally, the appointment of duelists to office will justly offend the Most High, and assuredly call down upon us the judgments of heaven.

Dueling is a great national sin; with the exception of a small section of the Union, the whole land is defiled with blood. From the lakes of the North to the plains of Georgia, is heard the voice of lamentation and

wo; the cries of the widow and the fatherless. This work of desolation is performed often by men in office—by the appointed guardians of life and liberty. On the floor of Congress, challenges have been threatened, if not given; and thus powder and ball have been introduced as the auxiliaries of deliberation and argument. O, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon! Alas! it is too late to conceal our infamy; the sun hath shined on our guilt, and the eye of God with brighter beams surveys the whole. He beholds, and he will punish. His quiver is full of arrows, his sword is impatient of confinement; ten thousand plagues stand ready to execute his wrath; conflagration, tempest, earthquake, war, famine, and pestilence wait his command only, to cleanse the land from blood; to involve in one common ruin, both the murderer and those who tolerate his crimes. Atheists may scoff, but there is a God—a God who governs the earth in righteousness—an avenger of crimes—the supporter and destroyer of nations. And as clay is in the hand of the potter, so are the nations of the earth in the hand of God. At what instant he speaks concerning a nation, to pluck up, to pull down, and destroy it; if that nation repent, God will avert the impending judgment. And at what instant he shall speak concerning a nation, to build and to plant it, if it do evil in his sight, he will arrest the intended blessing and send forth judgments in its stead. Be not deceived—the greater our present mercies and seeming security, the greater is the guilt of our rebellion, and the more certain, swift, and awful, will be our calamity. We are murderers, a nation of murderers, while we tolerate and reward the perpetrators of the crime. And shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

But, it will be said, especially in cases of contested elections, if you refuse to vote for this man because he is a duelist, his opponent, a worse man, will come in. A worse man can not come in. The duelist is a murderer; and is a man's difference from you in political opinion more criminal than murder? And will you vote for a murderer, a despot, proud, haughty, and revengeful, to keep out another man, perhaps equally qualified and of a fair fame, merely because he thinks not in politics exactly as you do? To what will such bigotry lead? There will soon be no crime too gross to be overlooked by party men; and no criminal too loathsome and desperate to float into office on the tide of party. When the violence of competition rises so high in our country, as to lead parties in their struggles for victory to tread down the laws of God, disregarding entirely the moral characters of candidates for office; if their being on our side will sanctify their crimes, and push them, reeking with blood, into office; the time is not distant when we shall have no liberties to protect. Such a people are too wicked to be free, and God will curse them, by leaving them to eat of the fruit of their way.

But suppose the opponent of the duelist, beside his political heresy, to be a bad man also, and guilty of the same crime? If I do not vote for

the man on my side in politics, will not this be helping his antagonist, and will not this be as bad as if I voted directly? No. You are accountable for your own conduct only. If other people put into office a bad man, whom you could not keep out by voting for one equally bad, for their conduct you are not accountable. It is certainly a different thing whether a vile man comes into power *by* your agency directly, or in *spite* of it. But suppose the duelist, in all respects excepting this crime, is a better man than his opponent, of two evils may we not choose the least? Yes; of two natural evils you may; if you must lose a finger or an arm, cut off the finger; but of two sinful things you may choose neither; and, therefore, you may not vote for one bad man, a murderer, to keep out another bad man, though even a worse one. It is to do evil, that good may come; and of all who do this, the apostle declares, "their damnation is just." What must must we do then in those cases where the character of the candidates is such, as it would be sinful to vote for either of them? Vote for neither, and in future you will not be insulted by such candidates for suffrage. Let those who stand behind the curtain and move the springs, know that you have consciences, and that you will be guided by them; and they will take care that you shall not be compelled to throw away your votes.

But perhaps the liberties of our country are at stake—might we not for once, and on such an emergency, vote for a duelist? The same song has been sung at every election these twenty years, and by each party. It is an electioneering trick to excite your fears, to awaken your prejudices, to inflame your passions, to overpower your consciences, and to get your vote whether right or wrong. But suppose your liberties are in danger; if they are so far gone, as to depend on the election of one man, and that man a tyrant—a murderer—they are gone irretrievably. Beside the absurdity of appointing a *murderer* to protect life, and a *despot* to protect liberty, it is to be remembered that God is our only efficient protector. Men are merely instruments; but will God bless such instruments, selected in contempt of his authority, and rescued from the sword of his justice? All attempts to avert perdition by means at war with the precepts of heaven, will prove abortive; you hatch the cockatrice egg, and weave the web of the spider. If your liberties are in danger, reform—pray—and call to your aid men of rectitude, men of clean hands, whose counsels God may be expected to bless.

"But it is difficult to know in all cases who are good men." True; and will you therefore vote for those whom you know to be bad men? Rather discard those whom you know to be bad, and scrutinize critically the characters of those who profess to be good, and after your utmost care, you will be sufficiently exposed to deception.

But the reply is ever at hand, "If they will fight, let them fight and kill each other; the sooner we get rid of them the better." And are you prepared to intrust your lives and all dear to you, to such men; to

men whom you confess to be a nuisance, and whose death would be a public blessing? Beside, there is no such thing as killing all; the example of the duelist is a wide-spreading contagion. Every duel that is fought inspires twenty, perhaps a hundred, with the same accursed frenzy; and the blood of duelists is the seed of dueling, as really as the blood of martyrs was the seed of the church.

"But why so inveterate against dueling in particular?" Because, at present it is a great and alarming national sin; because no other crime, with such shameless effrontery, bids defiance to the laws of God and man; because no other crime is so palliated, justified, and with such impunity sanctioned by the example of the great; and, of course, no other crime has so alarming an aspect upon the principles of our young men, and the moral sensibilities of our country. I may add, that no other description of criminals, if they escape with impunity, may publish their crimes, glory in their shame, and still be rewarded with the confidence and honors of their country. The crisis is an awful one; and this apathy to a crime of the deepest dye, is a prelude of approaching death. But, though there is a peculiar reason for attempting to arouse the listless attention of the public to this sin, there are *decisive objections* to the appointment to office of any immoral man. The prodigal, the drunkard, the profane, the Sabbath-breaker, the adulterer, the gambler, are all disqualified to act as legislators; and no man with an enlightened conscience can vote for them.

"But if we are so critical in our scrutiny of character, we shall never be able to find men duly qualified to manage our affairs." Most humiliating confession! But how has it come to pass (if true) that so many public characters are immoral men? It is because we, the people, have not even requested them to behave better. We have never made it necessary for them to be moral. We have told them, and we have told our youth who are rising to active life, that private character is a useless thing, as it respects the attainment of our suffrage. We have told them, that, if they pleased, they might associate for drunkenness and midnight revelry, pour contempt upon the institutions of religion, neglect the worship of God, and spend the Sabbath in gambling and intemperance, and still be esteemed hallowed patriots. If it be true, that a strict scrutiny of character would exile from office many who now fill public stations, it is our *criminal negligence* that has brought this to pass. But the inference, that setting up moral character as a test would leave us destitute of proper candidates, is groundless: it is the very way to multiply them. Let it once be made known, that a fair private character is indispensable to the attainment of public suffrage, and reformations will take place. And besides this, our young men will be growing up to habits of virtue under the guardian influence of this restraint. At first, you may encounter a little self-denial, by dismissing men of irregular lives, in whom you have been accustomed to confide. But their places will soon

be supplied by a host of men of fair fame, and better qualified to serve their country.

But, allowing that a proper exercise of suffrage would restrain from the practice of fighting duels all actually concerned, or expecting to be concerned, in civil life; how should this reclaim those who have no such expectation, and are no way affected by the votes of the people? How would it restrain military and naval officers, men usually the most addicted to the crime *Ans.* 1. The prospect of success, though an encouragement, is not the chief ground of obligation to withhold our votes from duelists. It is sinful to vote for them, even though withholding our votes would not reclaim an individual. 2. If the method proposed would reclaim even men immediately concerned, or expecting to be concerned in government, the good effected would be great. Laws do much good, although they do not entirely extinguish crimes. 3. The example of men in civil life, subtracted from the support of this crime and arrayed against it, would render the practice dishonorable among gentlemen of every description. Military officers are citizens as well as officers; and that conduct which is deemed disgraceful among gentlemen in civil life, will soon be felt to be such, and will be abandoned by military and naval officers. And were such an effect less certain, it might be made certain by the exercise of that discretion which the civil ruler possesses in the appointment of officers. Let our legislators cease to fight duels, and desire to extinguish the practice of dueling, and they would soon fill the army and the navy with commanders who would be disposed and able, to second their views.

And now let me ask you solemnly, with these considerations in view, will you persist in your attachment to these guilty men? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, and cast the Bible behind your back? Will you confide in men void of the fear of God and destitute of moral principle? Will you intrust *life* to MURDERERS, and *liberty* to DESPOTS? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators, who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice? Are you Christians, and, by upholding duelists, will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and with orphans? Will you aid in the prostration of justice—in the escape of criminals—in the extinction of liberty? Will you place in the chair of state, in the senate, or on the bench of justice, men who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth? Shall your elections turn on expert shooting, and your deliberative body become an host of armed men? Will you destroy public morality by tolerating, yea, by rewarding the most infamous crimes? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder? Will you instruct them to think lightly of dueling, and train them up to destroy or be destroyed in the bloody field? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that by withholding it, you

may arrest this deadly evil—when this, too, is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is, perhaps, the only period in which resistance can avail; when the remedy is so easy—so entirely in your power; and when God, if you do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you?

If the widows and the orphans, which this wasting evil has created, and is yearly multiplying, might all stand before you, could you witness their tears, or listen to their details of anguish? Should they point to the murderers of their fathers, their husbands and their children, and lift up their voice, and implore your aid to arrest an evil which had made them desolate, could you disregard their cry? Before their eyes, could you approach the poll, and patronize by your vote the destroyers of their peace? Had you beheld a dying father conveyed, bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family—had you heard their piercing shrieks, and witnessed their frantic agony—would you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress? Had the duelist destroyed your neighbor—had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage—had your son, laid low by his hand, been brought to your door, pale in death and weltering in blood—would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbors, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year. Every year the duelist is cutting down the neighbor of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breathless at the feet of his parents; and every year you are patronizing by your votes the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking, the sorrows of your neighbor. Beware! I admonish you to beware, and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you may be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your sons fall by the hand of the very murderer for whom you vote, or by the hand of some one whom his example has trained to the work of blood.

With such considerations before you, why do you wish to vote for such men? What have they done for you, what can they do, that better men can not as happily accomplish? And will you incur all this guilt, and hazard all these consequences for nothing? Have you no religion, no conscience, no love to your country, no attachment to liberty, no humanity, no sympathy, no regard to your own welfare in this life, and no fear of consequences in the life to come? O, my countrymen, awake! Awake to crimes which are your disgrace, to miseries which know not a limit, to judgments which will make you desolate!

DISCOURSE XXXI.

JAMES ROMEYN.

The Rev. Mr. Romeyn (he declines the *Doctorate*) was born at Blooming Grove, Rensselaer county, New York State, 30th of September, 1797. His father was Rev. James V. C. Romeyn, a minister of the Reformed Dutch church. *His* father also was a minister, and three of his brothers, of whom only one survives. He made a profession of religion in the united congregation of Hackensack and Schraalenburg, of which his father was the pastor, in August, 1816. His training was a religious one, the parents being piously considerate, and blending Christian faithfulness and tenderness in their whole domestic policy. His mother's characteristic was *energy*, always under the control of kindness and a lofty integrity. His father was a mild man, but of *great firmness*. He never wrote to his son, during his college course, so much as a note accompanying even a bundle of clothes, without incorporating in its business contents, some reference, or precept, or persuasive allusion at least, to his obligations to his God and Saviour. He graduated at Columbia College, New York city, in 1816, and received his theological education in the seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., under the instruction of Rev. John H. Livingston, D. D., and his helpers. He was licensed by the classis of New Brunswick, May, 1816.

The first pastoral charge of Mr. Romeyn, was at Nassau, Rensselaer county, New York, where he settled December, 1820, and was ordained the beginning of March following. He removed from Nassau, November, 1827, to Six Mile Run, New Jersey, where he continued until May, 1833, having succeeded Rev. Dr. James S. Cannon. The service was very arduous, and with broken health he resigned in April, 1833, when he removed to Hackensack, and served the congregation at that place, during three years and a half. He afterward accepted a call to Catskill, in Greene county, New York, on the third Sabbath in November, 1836, and entered upon the pastoral charge. Here he was brought very low by sickness, and compelled to resign in January, 1841, when he retired, without having accepted a call, to Leeds—in Greene county, agreeing to serve the people there as best he could. After two years he removed to Bergen Point, on the Kills, near New York, hoping that the influence of the sea air would prove restorative, but severe labor again brought him to such a state that he was advised to abandon preaching, which he accordingly did in May, 1850. During that summer his health, though feeble, became gradually better, and circumstances having led him, in October of that year, to visit Geneva, New York, the church there pressed upon him an earnest and unanimous call. He preached, however, but four Sabbaths as their pastor; for, on the 26th of November, 1850, he was struck down with *paralysis*, and on the eleventh day after his attack, was given over by his physicians. God, however, had mercy, and called

him back from the deepest shadows of the dark valley, and has hitherto, amid much infirmity, kept him alive. As soon as he could be removed, he was taken to New Brunswick, New Jersey, where he expects to end his days; having given over all hope of any further restoratives. He has preached but few times since, and with great effort.

Mr. Romeyn was once called to be Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in Rutger's College, New Jersey, but declined. He also had invitations to settle in several important charges, but a consciousness of inability to undergo the labor, induced him to decline any situations involving severe mental toil or bodily exertion.

He has published two sermons, the one before the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch church, in June, 1842, entitled "The Crisis; or, the claims upon the Church of God," and "A Plea for the Evangelical Press," before the American Tract Society, in October, 1843, at their public Deliberative Meeting. In both cases he furnished them for publication, by request of the bodies before which they were delivered.

As a preacher, Mr. Romeyn has never occupied as conspicuous a position as his abilities merited—partly from his shattered health, and partly because he nervously shunned publicity. His delivery was very rapid and impetuous, which impaired the effect of his sermons, but his mind was engine-like in its workings.

A cotemporary says of him, "I think that I see him now, his tall form (which, in face at least, I fancy to have been Lawrence Sterne's) strung up to the highest nervous tension, and his tongue pouring forth a lava-tide of burning eloquence, the most powerful to which I have ever listened." "*Powerful*," he adds, "is just the word. I have heard men more remarkable for literary polish, more original in fancy, more erudite in learning, more winning in pathos. But for the grander sublimities of eloquence, I never heard his equal. His denunciations were awful. He abounded in this style. I have heard of his preaching his first sermon in some town or other, on the text, 'In forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed,' of which the effect was most startling. He abounded and excelled in illustration. He laid all literature and knowledge under contribution for this purpose."

Although, for the most part, obscurely located, Mr. Romeyn has exercised a commanding influence on the church with which he is connected, and his name will last on its records and in its memory for many generations. As a *Christian man*, so long under the rod of affliction, he has evinced a high order of religious character. Although a Boanerges, like John, he has been peculiarly susceptible always to the tender associations of the cross of Christ. His chief characteristic and grace, however, as a Christian, has been his *zeal*. Seldom has the cause of redemption enlisted a more earnest, laborious, and faithful worker. Never did he bring to the altar that which cost him nothing. His was a flaming spirit of zealous love, and his tongue had God touched as with a live coal. In his prostration, his soul is absorbed in his Master's work, and his gaze is steadfastly fastened upon "the rest that remains for the people of God."

Borne down by his many infirmities, and amid much weakness, Mr. Romeyn has prepared, for this work, the valuable sermon which is given below. A desire to speak again to the living, and leave behind him one more earnest appeal in behalf of the precious Saviour, has sustained and animated him in this arduous effort. It was originally preached at an ordination, and is probably his last message, before entering, through grace, into the "exceeding joy" of which he speaks in his last words.

ENMITY TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

"For many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."—PHILIPPIANS, iii. 18.

EIGHTEEN hundred and fifty years ago there appeared in Judea a man called Jesus Christ. Referring to the predictions of the Old Testament, he claimed their fulfillment in himself. When the Jews spoke of their expected Messiah, he said, "*I am he.*" Never before nor since did our nature present such another embodiment of wisdom, power, and goodness. His eye penetrated the heart. His word of rebuke confounded opposition. Devils were awed and fled at his presence. He walked upon the waves of the sea as though they were a pavement of adamant. The grave gave up its prey at his command, and death had no sting for those whom he pronounced "blessed." He was often seen to weep; it is not recorded that he ever smiled; and *once only* is it said of him that he "rejoiced in spirit." Pomp he scorned, power he defied. The poor heard him gladly. The face of misery brightened with the smile of hope, when it was announced that "Jesus of Nazareth was passing by;" and blindness turned its sorrowing face, and rolled its sightless eye-balls, in the direction where its quickened ear heard his voice and footsteps. He taught lessons of the Godhead of mighty grandeur, and divine law, stern in requisition, such as confounded the sceptic, and disturbed the hypocrite, and changed the night of the lover of pleasure into fear. Human enmity tolerated him only during a three years' ministry. He was tried before a lawless tribunal, condemned on the testimony of suborned witnesses, crucified as a malefactor, and had his grave assigned with the wicked. After laying three days in the grave, it is undeniable that he was seen alive again, and after forty days he disappeared from earth. Those who knew him well saw him rise on a bright cloud toward heaven, and stood gazing, entranced, in that direction when he passed from their view. It is to *him* reference is made in the text, as though to be enemies of his cross was the sum of all that is base, the greatest of all inconsistencies, and the seal of perdition.

Remark the special form and significance of the expression, "enemies of the *cross* of Christ." These few and comprehensive words, designate the mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus as a Saviour from the power and guilt of sin, according to the inspired declaration, that in him we have redemption through his blood. Many a man would resent the imputation of being an enemy to *Jesus*, who would nevertheless demolish *his cross;* who specially hates *it* and its *relation* to his precepts, doctrines, promises, and hopes, and to whom the infusion of the wood of the cross, in the scheme of his salvation, is the bitter, hated, and revolting ingredient.

Now, in order to state who they are, we must take along with us, as a

clew, the question, "*In what character*, and for *what purpose*, is Christ set before us?" Those who have not received him in that character, and for that purpose, despise and reject him; and are, therefore, "*enemies*." This is simple, logical, and incontrovertibly true, and contains our whole plan.

I. *He is officially set forth as the "light of the world"—the great teacher sent from God.* There is not a true conception of Deity, nor a warrantable hope for eternity, that does not come from him. Those, therefore, who reject him, or are indifferent to his divine teachings, have here a fatal mark of designation. Now, when men personally disclaim the authority of the gospel; actively try to hinder its reception by others; openly or covertly deny its truth, or undermine it by glosses and constructions, or weaken in any way its hold upon the conscience; when they neglect it, or remain ignorant of it, or give only a qualified assent to it, or when they receive any thing contrary to, or beside, or subversive of it, any thing more or less than it, they come within the description of the text. Christ came "to bear witness to the truth." God's name is on him, and it is equally sinful and dangerous to deny him as a teacher come from God, and to reject the atonement he has made. Doctrine is the theory of work—work is theory applied and carried into operation, and no one can consistently profess to reverence a work who rejects the theory of it, because he repudiates, in the *same breath*, what he professes to love. Can a man *have* the Holy Spirit who *denies* that there is a Holy Spirit? Can a man hope to be saved by an atonement, who denies the necessity and fact of an atonement, and rejects the very sacrifice by which it is made? You have no right to *think* wrong. I have as much right to steal as you to preach that it is right to steal and to covet. Error is not simply a *negation*, a *defect*, but something positive, antagonistical, and active. "They hated me without a cause." Error is sinful and has a mortal root. Heresy is ranked among the works of the flesh. Error springs from a bad heart, or is the fruit of perverted intellect. Men are not simply mistaken, they are "willfully ignorant." Men are accountable for their faith as well as their action. The heathen are not simply ignorant of God, but they have a dislike and disrelish toward him. "They do not *like* to retain God in their knowledge." When the light does come, they shut their eyes, and so the light shines on the darkness, and is not comprehended by it. There is something *specifically repulsive* in the natural heart to the claims of the gospel. What is there in the lovely and loving Jesus, that he should be the object of human hatred, and that, too, as the text alleges, in the very act of pouring out his soul unto death for us? Hence we do not *reach* the malady, nor so much as *touch* the seat of the disease, when we address men who are living without God, as merely *theologically wrong*, and aim to produce reception of, and adherence to, the dogmas of a system.

Correct principles are as essential in *religion* as any where else. Many suppose that to advocate strict morality, to advocate what they call *practical religion*, is the sum of the whole matter, and that opinions are indifferent! In the fullness of their spurious charity, they would bury the Bible, of which the church of God is the depository, out of sight, in forming a universal church. They forget that principles, like herbs and seeds at creation, have a distinctive nature, and produce "after their kind;" that a machine must have a moving power, and that principles are that power, in the heart of man; that actions flow from, and are only exponents of what the principles are that are lodged in the mind and heart. The assertion and propagation of a *false principle* is infinitely worse than the performance of a single immoral *act*. This is wholesale mischief, not a mere wanton marring and defacement of the outer wall, but a prying up and dislodgement of the corner-stone. Such men do with truth and order, what Nero proposed to do with the Roman people, when he wished they had but a single neck that he might dispatch them with a single blow. And is the danger of false principles less in religion than in politics or morals? in the mechanical arts or agriculture? "Do grapes grow from thorns?" Will gravel-stones, if sown, produce wheat? Can error produce the effects of truth? And is not the great promise of the gospel that "we shall be led into all truth?" Such men not only refuse to sit down under the tree of life and eat its fruit, and enjoy its shade themselves, but they resolve that others shall not, and cut down the tree itself. They poison a fountain at which thousands, in every age, and in successive ages, may drink to their undoing. Paine's "Age of Reason" has penetrated further than the Bible. Missionaries have found themselves anticipated by it in far-distant India. Though he has gone to eternity, think you his account will be closed till the last taint of his poisonous principles shall have reached the last soul whose blight, by means of them, God will permit? O! it is an accumulating perdition—"wrath against the day of wrath" is hourly increasing. Of such the apostle speaks when he names those "who not only do evil themselves, but have pleasure in those who commit it." Error, even in the preceptive parts of religion, is *barely consistent* with Christian character and hope. "Whosoever shall break the least of one of these commandments and teach men so, the same shall be called least in the kingdom of God." Tremendous responsibility of teachers of religion! My brethren, we may, by inadvertently inculcating a single false principle, like Judas, become a guide to those that would take Jesus. Ever rebuke the lightness with which the proclamation of God's eternal truth is often spoken of as "a talk, a shaking of the sleeve." An angel in heaven might stand in awe and listen with trembling reverence at receiving a message from God to be delivered on earth!

In the light of these considerations, we are bold to say that an enemy to the *revelation* of Christ, is an enemy to the *cross* of Christ, and to

Christ *himself*. Christianity has withstood the bombardment of science, and, of late years, of the natural sciences, especially, and has come out of the conflict not only unscathed but triumphant. Strong men, in vast numbers, have wheeled into her ranks as defenders, and philosophy now feels assured when she can quote as authority, the faithful and true sayings of God. But the cause is not yet free from assault. An insidious and shallow but imposing infidelity under the form of Rationalism is the flood that is now setting in. Let the church make strong her defenses on the subject of Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures. Herod, who sought to destroy, is dead, but Judas is coming on the stage in the American churches, seeking to betray the Son of man with a kiss. Men who about half believe about half of what God has spoken, have the effrontery to call Christ Master, and claim to be recognized as his disciples! Are these men deceivers or deceived?—avowing subjection to the Author and Finisher of faith, in the same breath in which they call him whom God has sent, a liar! Nay, let God be true, and every man speaking in contradiction or exception, a liar; and the doctrine still ever be, "*every word of the Lord is tried.*"

II. Christ is set forth in the Scriptures *as personally lovely*. Neglect of Christ, indifference to him, simply to do nothing respecting him, to be "at ease in Zion," and *ignore his claims*, bespeaks the character of your estimate, and is positive rejection of him in the sight of God. There are few avowedly open enemies of Christ in Christian communities. Yet it is a rare congregation where the majority, or a great proportion of adults in it, sit down at his table. Often there is *but* one, if one of a family—two or three of a neighborhood. Tested by the Bible, in the light of eternity, what shall we say of the rest. "Were there not (asked the Saviour) ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" They come before God as his people come, sit before him as his people sit, but although they hear his words they do them not. They have "seen their natural face in a glass," yet "go their way and forget what manner of men they are." Dead in sin, they *dwell at*, but are content not to be *written among the living in*, Jerusalem. They know the theory of redemption, but "hold the truth in unrighteousness," and are strangers to its power. They know all we can tell them, but their understanding is unfruitful. They believe, but then faith does not purify. They know the road to heaven, but like guide-boards, they move not themselves, continue stationary, and only point it out to others. They contend for the faith with carnal weapons, and are zealots—but do not work out their own salvation and "crucify the flesh." They teach others; through good will, benevolence, and the spirit of inquiry, they often become active promoters of the institutions of religion. But though strenuous and stiff in the letter, they are lax in the design. They have, it may be, strong religious predilections, yet not faith enough to say, to *Jesus*,

"my Lord and my God," and *to the world respecting him*, "this is my beloved." Like Noah's workmen, they build the ark and furnish the means of safety to others, but refusing themselves to enter are drowned at last. The Master is the servant of sin, the servants the freemen of Christ. We preach, you hear, admire, assent, but have no more emotion than if we were preaching about men of another world, or giving fanciful representations on some other topic than an eternal heaven or an eternal hell. You believe, you *know*, that there is no happiness in the creature. You might as well believe the contrary, for you persist in "hewing out broken cisterns" and "forsaking the fountain of living waters." You confess that there is a righteous judgment and a burning lake, but not one step can you be moved to take in an opposite direction. You know death is coming, yet you slumber on and cry "a little more sleep." And is not this representation, so true of the mass who forbear to make the great decision, a despisal and rejection of Christ? What other form of contumely can enmity assume?

Suppose that on a subject of earthly concern, we were to come to consult your opinion and invite your co-operation, and that we found you engaged in reading or business, and that when we proposed our subject, you should simply *say nothing, be silent, or should continue absorbed* in what you was engaged with! Might we not warrantably suppose that you construed our act into a design to insult you, or that you expressed indisposition or aversion to our subject? "Lo (said the apostle to the Jews of Antioch), we turn unto the Gentiles." We fear, brethren, even to appear to intrude into "the secret things of God," or to attempt to wield his thunders; but let the truth be declared. There is a state of mind that may be called *gospel hardened.* It is the natural, and it may become at length the judicial condition of those who have been long unfruitful under the means of grace, who though wooed and awed, blessed and chastised, are "filthy still." Every renewed rejection of Christ leaves the heart harder.

The tree that was simply barren, did not bear fruit, was cut down as a cumberer. Hopeless condition! God has not another Son to give. His word will never become more "quick and powerful," nor the sword of the Spirit keener, nor the remedy more effectual. Having *failed thus far* to impress you savingly, what remains "but a fearful looking-for of judgment, and of fiery indignation that shall devour the adversaries?" Hell from beneath is moved to meet you with the cry, "Art thou also become as one of us?"

> "O! it will aggravate their case,
> They perished under means of grace;
> To them the word of life and faith
> Became the instrument of death."

III. Christ is revealed as a "*lawgiver*," *and the head and king of his*

church. They therefore come under this condemnation, *who break his commandments, and live in sin*—as the context expresses it, "whose god is their belly, who glory in their shame, and who mind earthly things." If there be such a thing as true, saving religion upon earth, it is to be found only in the Son of God. "All power is given him." "He is head over all things to his church." Christ is "king in Sion." The expression of allegiance Christ requires, is what every lawgiver and superior may demand; acknowledgment of his authority, reverence for his person, defense of his interests, obedience to his will, grateful, cheerful, and prompt in all its forms. "If I be a master, where is my fear? If I be a father, where is mine honor?" Did the Roman soldiers honor him when they placed a reed in his hand, and a crown of thorns upon his head, and bowed the knee in mockery? "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself to walk even as he walked." They are not his friends who say, "Let us break his bands in sunder; we will not have this man to reign over us." And if they are *not his friends, yourselves being judges, what are they?* "Old things must pass away." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." "This is the covenant (saith God), I will make; I will write my law in their hearts." If the matchless love displayed in redemption, does not constrain, by its power over the heart, it does nothing. What shall we say, then, of the moral condition, their relation to the cross, and their hopes for eternity, of the three classes of hearers? First, of the multitudes who have never asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—who have never pondered a single action in the light of religious duty, nor sought the path of life, nor rejoiced in hope, and who feel no bands? Or, secondly, of those unstable men, who, having called Christ Master, appear to act under opposite attractions, who to-day can "feast themselves without fear," and to-morrow can sin without remorse! Or, thirdly, of open backsliders, unfaithful spies who declare the cross too heavy to be borne, and salvation not to be worth waiting for, to whom the Saviour has occasion to make the appeal, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" and who override every moral and religious obligation in pursuit of interest or pleasure? There may be a "form of godliness without the power;" but Sabbath-breaking, prayerlessness, profanity, open sin of any kind, is *not even the form*, and can the *power exist without the form?* Some sins are manifest, "going before men to judgment." "The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, there is no fear of God before their eyes." "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin." "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." "I know you that you have not the love of God in you." "As for these mine enemies, who would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before mine eyes."

IV. They are the enemies of the cross of Christ, *who reject redemption through his blood, as the only and sufficient ground of their acceptance with God.* There are many uses of Christ which are not saving. A statesman now gone to his account, whose name will never fade from the records of political fame,* on being asked whether he was a Christian, replied: "I have procured a copy of the Bible. I have cut out all the passages that belong to the same branch of its moral precepts, and have pasted them together, in order that I might have, at one glance, a view of its entire code on the various points that it embraces. I approve and admire them, and if, to adopt him as my example on these points, and them as my rule of action toward my fellow-men, is to be a Christian, *then* I am one." *No; that was not a true view of his character and work, nor a saving application of the redemption that is in Christ.* He *is a teacher—an example—a good man.* He is the only perfect ideal and pattern of a perfect character, ever conceived of by human thought, or presented for our admiration and imitation. But he is *more than these.* He is all of them combined in subservience to a *greater, a far higher design.* He is the "great high priest" of our profession, "a Saviour who died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." "He is the Lord our righteousness, the Lord our strength." In him we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins; and by "his stripes we are healed." Deliverance by ransom was the work which the Father gave him to do. His cross is the great central fact we are to consider in solving his character, his person, and mission. He is the "new and living way" into the holiest of all. We come to God by him. "He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the "man Christ Jesus." "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." It tells

> "Of pardon for infinite offense—of pardon
> Through means that speak its value infinite;
> A pardon bought with blood, with blood divine,
> With blood divine of him I made my foe.
> In his blest life
> I see the path, and in *his death the price,*
> And, in his great ascent, the proof supreme
> Of immortality."

You tell me he was *a teacher.* But be the theme what it may, what is *mere* teaching good for, if men "have no heart to it," and if its lessons fall like "good seed among thorns?" A teacher *of what?* Moral duty *merely?* On your own ground (I repeat it to intimate its uselessness), *it was not necessary.* The law prescribed that, *fifteen hundred years* before Christ came—nay, was a renewed publication of it. It was the

* Thomas Jefferson.

law "from the beginning." He himself taught nothing different from this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Nor was it *necessary on peculiar points.* David, long beforehand, said, "Thou hast shown me the path of life: thou hast made me exceeding glad with the light of thy countenance. I shall behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." But you will tell me (unable to maintain this distortion in the Saviour's character) that Christ was *only an example.* Charge not, we entreat you, God so foolishly. What does example avail when there is no principle of love, or fear, or admiration within, to which it can appeal? and when we are expressly told that the "one altogether lovely is as a root out of dry ground, having neither form nor comeliness?" Example has only *moral* influence. The case calls for *efficient* power and *meritorious* action. Where is your hope but in the appeal, "Awake! awake! put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake! as in the ancient days, as in the generations of old, when God makes bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;" then, and then first and only "shall all the ends of the earth see the salvation of our God." You may array Modesty in her white robes and send her past the place where debauchery runs riot: would the inmates imitate or revile? You may exhibit Honesty with his open face, and clean hands, and transparency of character, where conspirators and incendiaries can view him from their windows: would the sight arrest a purpose or extinguish a desire of violence and wrong? Can civility disarm a ruffian, or pacify a mob? All these are, like "a price put in the hands of a fool," useless, because they find amid the wreck of our nature no congenial principle which would lead them to form themselves on a superior model even if they had one. Such an expedient is not to be charged upon "the only wise God" for subduing what himself has branded, collectively, "as a world in wickedness," and described individually, as "an evil heart of unbelief, enmity, and desperately wicked."

No, no; Leviathan is not so tamed. He whose views of the moral character and necessities of man allow him to be satisfied with such appliances, is a "dauber with untempered mortar"—"a blind leader of the blind"—and was never "sent of God." No! Jesus Christ came, by his blood to wash away our guilt, by his Spirit to break the power of sin, to establish himself where the "strong man armed," for ages had kept undisturbed possession, to complete a revolution in the spirit, views, and hopes of men, and to form them "new creatures" in the beauty of the divine image. To feel our hitherto impenetrable hardness, and dissolve, under a sense of divine goodness, to confess the guilt, enormity, and number of our transgressions, to acknowledge "the Lord is righteous, and I have sinned;" to renounce all hope of being saved, except by the blood of the cross; to say, "none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good"—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;"

to rely wholly, confidently, joyfully on him; to appropriate his precious blood—*this is to reverence God's Son, and is the secret of salvation by him.* "That I may be found in him," is the affecting prayer of the now converted persecutor. "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse," is the divine warning and declaration. "To shut us up" to the faith of Christ, is the design, in warning us so explicitly, inculcating the spirituality of the law, and that it worketh wrath. "If it be of works, then is it no more grace," is the inspired argument. "Behold, O God! our shield," is faith's plea to the promise. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," is the song of heaven.

From premises broad and distinct as these, it is not difficult to define what is meant by receiving Christ Jesus the Lord. "*An advocate*" is honored when we intrust our case to his hands, and say, "Undertake for me." A "*physician*" is honored when we freely state our symptoms—when his examinations are submitted to, confidence is cherished in his skill, quackery is abandoned, and his prescriptions obeyed. And Christ is received, when idols are emptied out of the heart, and it becomes a place cleansed and prepared, and when a throne is set up for him—when every faculty and affection, in their highest exercise, cry out, "Let the King of Glory enter in," and, as the stars around the sun—as their common center, so all our views, hopes, and pursuits are arranged around the cross, and receive their light, beauty, and character from him. This gives ballast to feeling, mold to character, strength to principle, dissipates frivolity, gives solemnity to the countenance, and stamps with Christian peculiarities all that he is and all that he has.

Settle, ye deniers of the holy and just one, *principles* first. Answer one question to which we feel constrained to hold you, before you set up your altar against the cross: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? How can man be just with God?" A sacrifice without a priest—one called of God to be such—never yet found acceptance, or presented an offering that yielded "a sweet-smelling savor." On the other hand, if God's own appointed high priest had attempted to enter the holy of holies "without blood," he would have been struck dead upon the threshold. A prescribed sacrifice and anointed priest must go together, and what God hath joined let not man dissever. When you quote some of the precepts of the sermon on the mount, as teaching your scheme of hope, "another gospel," what do you mean? To set Christ against himself? If you do, speak out. Avow your impious daring! He who taught on the mount, agonized in Gethsemane, and bled on Calvary. And the same lips that said, "blessed are the meek and poor in spirit," and enjoined, "whatsoever ye would men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," prayed, "if it be possible, let this cup

pass from me," ejaculated, "my soul is exceedingly sorrowful," and pronounced in agony, "it is finished." And where is the contradiction? "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he can keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

"Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but grace can I receive.

'Now will I tell to all around
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I' ll point to his atoning blood,
And cry, Behold the way to God!"

V. Christ is proposed *as the object of elevated and sanctified affection;* as not only *something*, but "*all in all.*" And they are his enemies who do not give him the *chief room* in their hearts, *prefer him* to every thing and every one else, and have not a controlling, absorbing, and supreme affection for him. It is worthy of remark how simple and undeniable are *the first principles of all true religion;* a child can comprehend them. The natural conscience recognizes them. The business of life can not go on, and social order *could not continue a day without them.* Friend would not treat friend as sinners treat their God and Saviour. If men were to act as widely variant from the dictates of *right reason* in the market-place and exchange, as they do from the dictates of a right and good conscience in the church, the land would be filled with lunatic asylums, and keepers would be scarce. Who will risk his reputation by decrying the nature, excellence, beauty, and necessity of *justice?* Sin is robbery—injustice, in its highest bearings—"a *robbery of God.*" "You are not your own." Only be just; give God what is God's, and you will be religious. Where is the wretch who would impeach his own principles so far as to advocate *ingratitude?* Yet, what are you doing for him in whom you "live, move, and have your being," and who died to save your guilty soul? Only be grateful, return love for love, give a thankful for a bleeding heart, and you can not fail to magnify Christ. *Wisdom* is profitable. Religion is nothing, simply, but *wisdom unto salvation*—wisdom in its truest sense and highest form. Suppose two objects were offered for your acceptance, and that you might have either, by choosing, a pebble or a diamond; is it not the dictate of common sense to choose that which excels in amount, quality, and endurance? The world is the pebble, religion the diamond. "Thy favor, O Lord, is life; the good part which shall never be taken away." How shocking the *base undervaluation*, much more the total *neglect* of Christ, when placed in the light of familiar illustration! If, on coming into a room, we should discover two seats prepared, *the one* very low and plain, *the other* uplifted and gorgeous—a very throne; and, on inquiry,

should be told, "*that*," pointing to the low one, "is for God, and *that*," pointing to the other, "is for the world, and by that I do homage to my accomplished daughter, my aspiring son, my fine horse, my large house, or, it might be, my favorite dog!" would you not be shocked? Yet what is every one doing, to whom Jesus is not "all in all?" You do love *something* supremely—if not God, it is the creature.

And what creature is it that takes the place of Jehovah in your hearts? To love what is most lovely, to choose what is most valuable, is all we claim for "Jesus and his great salvation." Men slander the service of Jesus Christ when they speak and think of it as a gloomy thing. The religion of terror lacks spiritual, elevated, and abiding principle. It is the fruit of outward, severe appliances—an extorted thing. As Burns says,

"The fear of hell's a hangman's whip."

But it is not the expression, the free offering of inward life, and vigor, and preference. "The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy," take away terror from the heart, and like a spring forced out of its place, it flies back to its original position. Many dwell all their days right at the base of Sinai. They are chilled by a spirit of bondage, and are often tempted to deem religion "a yoke" which they are unable to bear. But *the gospel* is the reign of grace: it brings salvation. Love is exhibited, and love constrains. The believer goes to Calvary and acquires a free spirit. We love him because he first loved us. And loving, how light our service, sacrifice, self-denial! "Thou hast ravished my heart," expresses the rapture of our joy. "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" was the lofty appeal of the devout king. Paul so spoke of him, that Festus cried out, "Thou art beside thyself." "Unsearchable riches," "unspeakable love!" is his description. "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," his earnest and indignant protestation. "If any man," said the Master himself, "love father or mother more than me" (*i.e.*, if we are not willing, when it is presented as an alternative, to part with honor, pleasure, friends, and even life, for the sake of Christ), "he is not worthy of me." If we do not *prefer* Christ to them all, and are not *satisfied* with him, there must be something *radically defective* in our views, and *wrong* in the state of our affections.

Talk they of morals? O, thou bleeding Love,
The true morality is love of thee.
Passion is reason, transport, temper here."

Divine Redeemer, set me as a seal upon thy heart!

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord." "The humble shall hear thereof and be glad." "For me to live, is Christ." "This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." Remem-

ber thee! If I forget thee, my bleeding, dying Lord, let my right hand forget her cunning!

"Did ever pity stoop so low,
Dressed in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?"

Such are the affections which the cross of Christ calls forth: and this shows you where *they* belong who have not *even professed* to be his friends; who dare not avow they love him; who habitually neglect his ordinances, the appointed means of testifying their love and receiving his benefits; and who fail to embrace opportunities of hearing of him, and holding converse with him. I do not say the love of Christ is not in them; "I judge them not." But does this case admit of argument or defense? I only *ask*, how dwelleth the love of God in them?

Application.—1. This subject calls for a prayerful, honest, and thorough self-examination. This is a solemn charge; these are responsible words. "He is despised and rejected of men"—"*enemies of the cross of Christ.*" You may ask, as the Jews averred respecting the disciples (Acts, v. 28). "Do you intend to bring this man's blood upon us? *I do.* I speak on reflection. *I do.* There is an issue raised between the views *the gospel* gives of men, their hearts, and actions, and men's opinion *of themselves.* The gospel says, "the carnal mind is enmity against God. There is no fear of God before their eyes." Nay, it calls them haters of God. Men deny this. Which is true and right? On the one side, men plead their lack of consciousness of enmity, their fair morals, that they have a *hope* toward God, although it may not possess *gospel peculiarity!* On the side of the gospel representation, we adduce the *uniform testimony* of the multitudes who have passed from death unto life. They once thought of themselves *just as* despisers and rejecters do now; but when "they came to themselves," they cried out "Guilty," before God.

"Their former pride, they called their shame,
And nailed their glory to the cross."

We contend, moreover, that such as we have named is the Bible representation and charge. It exhibits man as any thing but innocent and a lover of God. All the evidence that the Bible is true, is just as much evidence that he has corrupted his way, and is dead in trespasses and sins. This view is essential and radical. It is the very *occasion of*, and the *only clew to* the meaning of "the cross," and modifies the whole plan. Now, when men allow that they live prayerless, and are earthly-minded, they allow the *very facts*, that go to make up the counts in the gospel indictment against them, and with strange perverseness they at the same time deny the origin, relation, character and issues which *the*

gospel ascribes to these facts. They are unwilling to ascribe them to their true source, and they boast all the while of "the goodness of their hearts," and ask with an air of innocence "what have we done so much against thee?" Now we contend that a bad life, uncontrolled by the fear and love of God, is a symptom, an outward indication, of an inward condition. When a physician comes to a bed-side, and the patient tells him how he feels, it is the *physician's* right, and his special office, *not the patient's*, to pronounce on what these feelings indicate; and it is the right of Christ to judge of our state, and "his judgment is according to truth." He *does* pronounce respecting every one at whose door he stands rejected, "*Enemies to my cross, having no hope, and without God in the world.*" This subject is solemn, high, of eternal moment. A mistake here is as fatal as the last step near a precipice; as decisive in determining our course, as the first step in deciding the issue of pursuing resolutely an inflexible and wrong direction. Any view of Christ which leaves you at ease in sin; any power unsubdued to obedience and love, comes short of securing a saving interest in him. You are in a lost state, and as near to perdition as you are to death. Do you complain that we show you no quarter, that we refuse you a spot to stand on quietly; and do you ask whether, notwithstanding all your tears and alarms, your emotions of gratitude, and professions of hope, you are yet within the flood-marks of vengeance, and what more we would have? I ask, in reply, "Is thy heart right in the sight of God? Does your religion embrace the radical doctrine of its desperate wickedness, and make provision for renewing and cleansing it, and perfecting holiness in the fear of God? Does it place a Saviour between you and an offended God, maintaining the honor of his government, and securing the interests of holiness? And does it leave your heart like the troubled sea that can not rest, till you can say 'HE IS MY PEACE?'" Tell me, is Jesus the subject of your warmest thoughts? And does salvation through him lie like a glowing coal at your heart? Does he 'live in you the hope of glory?' Is he your all in all? Have you opened to him the gates of your heart, and laid at his feet the key of your treasures? I scorn the littleness of denominational peculiarities, the worse than worthlessness of ceremonial dependencies. You are my fellow-sinners, and whatever be your name, wherever your church home, hear it for your life! 'Every plant which my heavenly Father has not planted shall be rooted up.' 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his!'

2. Let shame and confusion of face prevail under a sense of our deficiency in gratitude, admiration and praise. We "live at a poor dying rate." Cold are our hearts, and faint our praises, and there is not a church in the land that has not reason to cover its altar with tears, and to go into mourning. "O if we felt our danger and depravity, and realized our dependence, and estimated aright how much we owe our

Lord," how different would be the character of our feeling—how great the ardor of our love! Was that martyr extravagant when he said, "I fear nothing but sin;" and, on being threatened with speedy death, replied, "I shall only get to heaven the sooner?" Is that convert extravagant, whose heart is elated with heavenly joy while singing,

> "Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave and follow thee."

Or was that missionary an enthusiast who lifted a tearful eye to the throne, and struggled with emotion while avowing

> "Jesus, at thy command I launch into the deep,
> And leave my native land where sin lulls all to sleep."

Or that Christian mother, who, no longer feeling it safe to trust her children amid the horrors of heathenism, took them by the hand on the vessel's deck, to intrust them to the care of a female friend who was about returning home to die, and said with a convulsed heart and streaming eyes, yet with an unflinching purpose, "Jesus, Master, I do this for thee?"

Was the apostle beside himself when, in ten successive verses, he repeats the name and title of the Lord Jesus Christ, chiming it in his ear like delicious music? (1 Cor. i; Eph. i.) Did he estimate Christ too highly, whose selected motto was, "none but Christ?" Or Whitefield, the device on whose seal was a heart with wings? Or he who never heard the name of Jesus without perceptible emotion? Or that dying saint, who exclaimed, smiling, "sweet Jesus," and fell asleep? Or Baxter, who, when asked on his death-bed, how he felt, replied, "*almost well?*" Or that humble minister of Christ, whom I well remember, who was asked by his weeping wife, when sinking in the stupor of dying, and far gone, almost out of sight, amid the gloom of the dark valley, "Do you know me?" and responded "No." And when inquired of "whether he knew Jesus Christ?" replied with alacrity, "O yes, I have known him long; he is my best friend; he is here now?" Or that female martyr who said, "I can't argue for Christ, but I can *die* for him?" Or have you forgotten the scene on the parting wreck of the steamer *Home*, and the sublime declaration of that Christian pastor to his wife, in momentary expectation of being engulfed, "he that relies on Jesus can trust him amid the raging of the seas?" And if we may compound earthly and heavenly things, why is the name of Washington breathed in reverence by the teeming millions of a mighty continent? You will point me to deliverances accomplished, the institutions he founded, and say, "Look around you, and you have the answer." We would not break the spell. But has the founder of a kingdom that can not be moved, the author of eternal salvation, no claims? Does he deserve

less, who took on him the form of a servant—trod the wine-press alone, and went forward in that dark and gloomy hour when forsaken of his God? Jesus, thou friend of sinners! deliverer from wrath! great Captain of salvation! "shall we ever live at this poor dying rate?" "Draw us, and we will run after thee." O the sweet wonders of his cross!

"O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine—
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; so that, whether living or dying, we are the Lord's."

3. The tremendous danger of the impenitent. "Where will you appear; to whom will you flee for help, and where will you leave your glory?" The absolute certainty of the gospel, next to its intrinsic grandeur, is the secret of its joys and terrors. "O, sir," said a dying, trembling saint, whose mind became suddenly darkened, almost in the agonies of dying, to John Newton, as she started up and seized his hand, convulsed at the thought that possibly she might be depending on a fable, "*Are you sure that you are right?*" "My soul in thy soul's stead," was the solemn, cheering reply, "if there is unfaithfulness with God." "You say true;" after a pause, during which the cloud passed away, she rejoined, "*I know I am right.* I feel that my hope is fixed on the Rock of Ages, yet, if you could see with my eyes, you would not wonder at my question." Sinner! are you sure that you are right and safe? that happiness here and hereafter is consequent upon your course? Can you press with confidence and desire against the door that divides between time and eternity, and cry, "Lord, how long?" Can you with joy feel disease unloosing, and death at last lifting the heavy obstructing bar, and, as you hear the summons, say, "It is the voice of my beloved," and feel a delightful glow at your heart, and exclaim, as I have heard a dying relative, "happy! happy!" and then rehearse to its close, with a voice whose strength and clearness were in strong and impressive contrast with her wasted form,

"The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace."

You know you can not; and if you can not, "is your rock as our rock?" Is it safe and wise to cling to a parting wreck, and refuse the ark? O the fearfulness of falling into the hands of the living God! If there was another plank to which you might possibly cling, after making

shipwreck of the ark, we would not be so importunate; *but there is not*, —"there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." You are a starving beggar, come to the *last* door: and if now you turn away, *you must perish!* If a man reject the very *Saviour*, who will entreat for him? "I will have nothing to do," said Luther, "with an absolute God." Devils *have*, and they are reserved under chains of darkness. Sinners *must*, because they choose to, and will not have a God who is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. The Lord save me from the guilt of healing your wounds slightly! If I do not plant your path with obstructing mountains, and your pillow with thorns, it will be only because I can not. But though Christ has been despised and rejected hitherto, it need not continue so always. Shall it continue? Shall not the Great Shepherd this morning lay some lost sheep on his shoulder, and bear it to his fold rejoicing? Shall not some new-born conviction, some faint effort of penitence and faith, springing from this occasion, prove the first-fruits of a joyful harvest here, where God's ministers have so long, and with so many tears, sown the precious seed? Hear me then, as a dying man, whose hold on life is feeble, and whose voice must soon cease to sound the gospel trumpet. The fashion of the world is passing away. Long before the "end of all things" we *individually* will have been silently called away. We shall ere long be principals in the sad, slow, moving procession, going forth from yon avenue to the grave-yard. The dust will be our resting-place.

"Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah, destruction stops not here—
Sin kills beyond the tomb!"

Let not the glare of the world, the hope of future repentance, the buoyancy of youth or health, beguile you of the persuasion that there is a reward for the righteous, and that it shall be well with him, but ill with the wicked.

I close with two summary mementoes. *Reject* Christ—live and die the enemies of his cross—and your dying hours will be disturbed by recollections of Christ. Or, what is worse, yours will be the deceitful calm of a seared conscience, and the surprise of being undone for eternity. *Believe on him*, and yours will be a joyful experience. "Them that honor me I will honor." "No man has left father or mother, house or lands, for my sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." He will accept your services, increase your knowledge, sanctify your praises, and after keeping you from the corruptions of the world, will "present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Amen.

DISCOURSE XXXII.

CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE, D.D.

Bishop McIlvaine was born in Burlington, New Jersey, January 18th, of the last year of the eighteenth century. His parents—Joseph and Maria McIlvaine—were of families descended from early colonists, and residents in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; on the mother's side from England, and the father's from Scotland. His mother, whose maiden name was Reed, was daughter of Brown Reed, Esq., whose brother, Joseph (General Reed of the Revolution), was Washington's adjutant-general and confidential friend, and President of Pennsylvania. Joseph McIlvaine was a distinguished lawyer of New Jersey, and at the time of his death represented the State in the Senate of the United States. The son was converted in 1815, at Princeton College, while in the junior class; and having been educated in the Episcopal church of Burlington (Rev. Dr. Wharton, rector) from childhood, he became a communicant of that church. There was an extensive work of grace in the college at that time (Dr. Green, President). His two intimate friends then, and ever since, the present Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, and Bishop Johns, of Virginia, were turned to God about the same time. He graduated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, in 1816, and was ordained deacon on the 4th of July, 1820, in Philadelphia, by Bishop White, of Pennsylvania; and priest by Bishop Kemp, of Maryland, in 1823. In the summer of 1820 he took charge of Christ's church, Georgetown, D. C.

At the opening of the year 1825, at the request of Hon. J. C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, Mr. McIlvaine was induced to accept the appointment of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics, etc., at the United States Military Academy at West Point. While there, God was pleased to bless the word, and a powerful work of grace was manifest in the institution. Many were converted, and many received impressions which afterward matured to their conversion. Several have since been faithful ministers of the gospel, who then, as cadets, were turned to the Lord. The present Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, was one of them, and the first, in point of time. He resigned at West Point, December, 1827, and became rector of St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, New York. In 1831, he was appointed Professor of the Evidences of Revealed Religion and Sacred Antiquities in the University of the city of New York, and delivered a course of lectures, afterward published. In 1832 he was consecrated, in New York, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, in the diocese of Ohio, where he has since officiated, with great acceptance and growing usefulness.

Bishop McIlvaine is the author of several valuable works; among which his "Evidences of Christianity in their External and Historical Division," 8vo., reprinted, in

several editions, in England and Scotland; "Oxford Divinity compared with that of the Romish and Anglican Churches," 8vo., reprinted in London; "The Truth and the Life," a course of sermons, 8vo., also reprinted in London; "The Sinner's Justification before God—a Scriptural Treatise," 18mo., reprinted in London; "The Holy Catholic Church," 18mo., London also; "No Priest, No Altar, No Sacrifice but Christ," London also; with several smaller works, besides episcopal charges, reviews in periodicals, magazines, etc.

The *personnel* of the Bishop is quite prepossessing. He is about six feet high, of a ruddy, healthful complexion, and a portly, commanding carriage. His figure in the pulpit is very fine. He is distinguished for the soundness and clearness of his evangelical views, and for the expository character of his preaching. That for which, as a preacher, he is most eminent, is his power of illustrating Scripture by Scripture. And his mode of doing this shows at once the fullness and the accuracy of his knowledge of Scripture, and the transparent simplicity of his conception. He preaches as well *extempore* as from manuscript, and at times he is quite eloquent. His ministrations, however, have what is worth far more than eloquence, as commonly understood—they are searching and *edifying*, enlightening the mind, speaking to the conscience, and stirring the sensibilities. In all his preaching he aims to lay deep and broad the foundations of Christian character, in strong, clear views of man's sinfulness and need, and Christ's fullness and freeness as a Saviour.

Some of his finest qualities as a preacher are observable in the following excellent discourse, which, by the Bishop's kindness, we are able to lay before the readers of this work.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

"The Lord is risen indeed."—LUKE, xxiv. 34.

THESE are words of conviction, and of joy. To appreciate them, as uttered by the disciples of Christ, when they became assured that he had risen from the dead, we must enter into their circumstances. Well persuaded that, in Jesus, they beheld him to whom all the prophets had witnessed, who was to sit on the throne of David, and to establish his kingdom over all people, they had forsaken all to follow him, and had embarked all their hopes on his claims. Already had they learned, by painful experience, that it was through much tribulation they were to share in his kingdom; but such trials had not shaken their faith. Accustomed to behold him despised, persecuted, and rejected of men, their confidence was continually sustained, as they heard him speak "as never man spake," and with an authority that controlled the sea and raised the dead. But now, deep tribulation, such as they had not known before, had overtaken them. What darkness had come upon their faith! He, who was once so mighty to give deliverance to the captive, had himself been taken captive and bound to the cross. He, who with a word raised the dead, had been violently, wickedly, put to an ignominious

death. He, whom they expected to reign as King of kings, and to subdue all nations, had been brought under the dominion of his own nation, and shut up in the sepulcher, and all the people of Israel were now boastfully confident that the death of the cross had proved him a deceiver. O, indeed, it was a season of great heaviness, and dismay, and trial, those days and nights in which their beloved Master was lying in death! The great stone which his enemies had rolled to the door of the sepulcher, lest his disciples should go by night and take away the body, was expressive of the cold, dead weight, which that death and burial had laid upon their hearts. That sepulcher seemed as the tomb of all their hopes. All was buried with Jesus. "For, as yet (it is written), they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead." (John, xx. 9.) Had they understood what he had often told them, they would have known "that thus it behooved (the) Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead, the third day."

The third day was now come. The Jewish Sabbath was over. The first day of the week was breaking. While it is yet dark, faithful women repair to the sepulcher with spices for the embalming. They find the stone rolled away. Wondering at this, they enter the tomb. The body is not there. Enemies have taken it away, is their first thought. Mary Magdalene hastens to say to Peter and John, "they have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him." Angels appear to the women in their alarm, saying, "He is not here, but is risen." "With fear," and yet "with great joy," they ran "to bring his disciples word." But to the latter, "their words seemed as idle tales, and they believed them not." Peter and John had now reached "the place where the Lord lay," and entering in, they found the grave-clothes remaining, but otherwise an empty sepulcher. "They saw and believed." After a little, came Mary Magdalene to the other disciples, and "told them she had seen the Lord," and what things he had spoken unto her. Still, "they believed not." It seemed too good to be true. How was it that they did not remember his words, which even the chief priests and Pharisees repeated to Pilate, as a reason for posting a guard around the tomb, "After three days, I will rise again." (Matthew, xxvii. 63.) The terrible shock of the crucifixion must have so stunned their faith, and distracted their thoughts, that what they afterward remembered so clearly, was either forgotten, or not comprehended.

That same day, two of them went toward the neighboring village. Their hearts were heavy, and they "talked of all those things that had happened." Jesus "drew near and went with them." He often draws near to those whose hearts are sad, because they feel their need of him. He asked their grief. They told him of Jesus of Nazareth, whom they believed to have been "a prophet, mighty in word and deed;" how he had been put to death—he of whom they expected that "he would have redeemed Israel;" and how it was now the third day since this was

done; and of the amazing statement that the sepulcher had been found empty, and that a vision of angels had been seen, "who said he was alive."

Then answered their unknown companion: "O, slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scripture the things concerning himself." What an exposition must that have been! Who but must wish we had it to read! No wonder their hearts were inflamed at the touch of such words, and burned within them, while thus the Light of the world was opening to them the Scriptures. Presently, while sitting at meat with them, Jesus "*took bread, and brake it, and gave to them.*" It was a sign they could not mistake. Their eyes were opened in that breaking of bread. "They knew him, and he vanished out of their sight." Immediately they returned to Jerusalem with the tidings. They found the rest of the disciples, and others, gathered together—but in what mind? No more in doubt, but saying among themselves, "*the Lord is risen indeed.*" The two from Emmaus now added their testimony. Again, and more confidently and joyfully, must they all have said one to another, with a relief of heart, and a return of faith, and a resurrection of hope, like the return of day after a long and fearful night, *the Lord is risen indeed; the Lord is risen indeed.*

Corresponding with the faith and joy of those disciples, is the state of mind in which the church should keep her feast this day*—the annual commemoration of the resurrection of the Lord and Head. Eminently is it the Lord's day—that from which all the Sabbaths of the Christian year derive their light and festival. It is "the great day of the feast"—that feast of faith and hope which measures all the life of the true believer.

We began by saying that the words of the text, as uttered by the apostles, are words of *conviction* and words of *joyfulness*. Under these two aspects we will treat the subject they contain.

I. *Words of conviction.* "The Lord is risen indeed."

The apostles had laid aside their doubts and were assured. And what if *we* were not assured that Christ did rise? St. Paul answers, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Ye are yet in your sins. Then they which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." (1 Cor., xv. 14, 17, 18.) In other words, the great seal and evidence of the victory of Christ over sin and death, as our surety, would be wanting. We could have no confidence in the efficacy of his death as a sacrifice for us. Life and immortality would be still in darkness. Our hope would want its corner-stone, our faith its warrant. Every promise of the gospel would lack the signature of him who alone can fulfill it.† But, saith the same apostle, "now *is* Christ

* Easter Sunday † Rom., i. 4; Acts, xvii. 31; and xiii. 32, 33.

risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." (1 Cor., xv. 20.) His resurrection was not only the greatest and most important of his miracles, but the most abundantly and variously attested. We have only space here for a glance at its evidence.

Prophets had for many centuries foretold that Messiah would rise from the dead.* Jesus had several times predicted and promised it, both to his disciples and the Jews, who believed not on him. (Matt., xx. 18, 19.) So well did the chief priests and Pharisees remember his words, and the exact time that he said he would lie in the grave, that it was the alleged ground of their application to Pilate for a guard of soldiers to protect the sepulcher from any attempt of his disciples apparently to make good the prediction, by stealing away his body. But while his enemies remembered so well his saying, his disciples, as if it were so ordered, to increase the evidence, had no recollection, or no idea of the meaning of his words, and therefore no preparation, either to expect his resurrection or to practice the fraud, which the chief priests apprehended; but now that the tomb is empty on the predicted third day, notwithstanding the guard of Roman soldiers, determined, as they valued their lives, to keep it safely, that notorious fact must be accounted for. The grave-clothes are there. The fact of the burial was certain and notorious. Either *friends* or *enemies* must have removed the body; or else it did not rise from death. Enemies of course did not. Their easy and triumphant answer to the preaching of the resurrection, had they done it, would have been to produce the body. Did friends? Who were the friends of Jesus? Eleven apostles, Joseph of Arimathea, and a few women! The first were so overpowered by fear, that when he was taken "all forsook him and fled." (Matt., xxvi. 56.) But had they not been too fearful to attempt it, in the face of the Roman guard, was it possible for them to accomplish it, to roll away that great stone, and bear away that burden, so jealously and so strongly watched? Were the soldiers awake or asleep? Of course, the latter, if that robbery was committed. But what less than miracle put to sleep a whole Roman guard, on such a night, with such a trust, and under such responsibility, and kept them all so fast asleep that all the movements of all the men necessary to roll away the stone, and force the tomb, and bear away the body, did not arouse them? Seeing, then, that friends *could* not, and enemies *would* not, remove the body, the empty sepulcher was negative evidence of resurrection. Then, when afterward Jesus was frequently seen and conversed with; when his doubting disciples were allowed to touch him, to place their hands in the print of the wounds in his hands and sides; when, during a space of forty days, they listened to his instructions, recognizing perfectly the well-known countenance and voice, and the teaching as never man taught; when he appeared to "more than five hundred brethren at once" (1 Cor., xv. 6), so that, as a mere historical fact, we must deny the evidence of

* Ps. xvi. 9, 10 cxxxii. 11; Is., liii. 10–12; Acts, ii. 30, 31.

all history, if we question the evidence of his appearance in the body, after his crucifixion; what excuse can be devised for not believing that he has risen indeed? Will any resort to the desperate pretext that the disciples were deceived? But, as men of ordinary sense, must they not have known, during a close conversation and association of forty days, whether it was really a human body, and the body of Jesus, which they beheld, or not? Will you imagine a miracle of blindness, to get rid of a miracle of resurrection? Will you take another expedient, and say they were not deceived, but they practiced a deception? Then you must give a motive to account for such a deception. You must explain how men, so evidently good men, and the teachers of so much goodness, and the influence of whose teaching was, and is, to make all deception abhorred and despised; how such men could have gone out into a world in arms against them and their doctrine, and preached everywhere the resurrection of Christ as the great seal of the gospel and corner-stone of their message; knowing that they would draw upon them the utmost rage and persecution that man could show; unshaken by any dangers, unwearied by any sufferings; cheerfully losing their all, and submitting to tortures and death, that they might preach Jesus and the resurrection; if Christ was not raised, if their teaching was all untrue, then "were they, of all men, most miserable," having nothing but sufferings here, and expecting to answer for a life-long fraud hereafter. Will you imagine a miracle of folly that you may escape the miracle of resurrection? But there was an evidence, if possible more convincing even than the appearance of Jesus to his disciples, and his frequent association with them. It was in "the events of the day of Pentecost."

Here we remark, in general, that his resurrection was the great sign and crowning miracle to which our Lord, all the way of his ministry, to the day of his crucifixion, referred both friends and opposers, for the final confirmation of all his claims and doctrines. He staked all on the promise that he would rise from death. The Jews asked of him a sign, that they might believe. He answered, "There shall no sign be given, but the sign of the prophet Jonas. For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." (Matt., xii. 38–40.) Again, in answer to the question of the Jews, "What sign showest thou?" he promised the same sign: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." "He spake," says the Evangelist, "of the temple of his body." (John, ii. 19.) Thus, on that single event, the resurrection of Christ, the whole of Christianity, as it all centers in, and depends on him, was made to hinge. Redemption waited the evidence of resurrection. Nothing was to be accounted as sealed and finally certified, till Jesus should deliver himself from the power of death. All of the gospel, all the hopes it brings to us, all the promises with which it comforts us, were taken for their final verdict, as true or false, sufficient or worthless, to

the door of that jealously-guarded and stone-sealed sepulcher, waiting the settlement of the question, *will he rise?*

It was a wondrous sign to choose. The mere selection of such a sign by Christ himself, was itself a very strong evidence of what its accomplishment was to prove. We do not wonder that the enmity of the Jews was all centered upon the watching of that gate. It was a serious night indeed, to friends and foes, and well appreciated among the powers of darkness, when that great sign was to be seen or else the gospel finally contradicted. But an event so momentous was not left to but one class of evidences. There was a way by which thousands at once were made to receive as powerful assurance that Christ was risen, as it they had seen him in his risen body. Jesus, before his death, had made a great promise to his disciples, to be fulfilled by him only after his death and resurrection; a promise impossible to be fulfilled if his resurrection failed; because then, not only would he be under the power of death, but all his claim to divine power would be brought to naught. It was the promise of the Holy Ghost. "When the Comforter is come *whom I will send unto you* from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, *he shall testify of me*," "*he shall glorify me.*" (John, xv. 26 and xvi. 14.)

It was after he had "shown himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of his disciples forty days, and speaking to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," that the day for the accomplishment of that promise came. The day was that which commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. It was now to witness the going forth of the gospel from Jerusalem. I need not relate to you the wonderful events of that day of Pentecost, the coming of the Holy Ghost with the "sound as of a rushing mighty wind," that "filled all the house;" the "cloven tongues like as of fire," which sat on each of the disciples; the evidence that it was the Spirit of God which had then come, given in the sudden and astonishing change which immediately came over the apostles, transforming them from weak and timid men to the boldest and strongest; in the change which suddenly came upon the power of their ministry, converting it from the weak agent it had previously been, in contact with all the unbelief and wickedness of men, into an instrument so mighty, that out of a congregation of Jews of all nations, many of whom had probably partaken in the crucifixion of Christ, *three thousand that day* were bowed down to repentance and subdued to his obedience. I need not remind you of the miraculous attestation that all this was from God, in the sudden gift to the apostles of divers tongues, whereby they preached to an audience from all nations, in the several languages in which they were born; nor need I tell you of the immense number of people that witnessed all these things. Thus the power of God testified of Jesus. Thus Jesus made good his word, "I will send the Holy Ghost and he shall testify of me." How

could he thus employ the power of God, if the great sign appointed—his resurrection, had failed? How could he thus show himself mighty to raise thousands from the death of sin, and to make his apostles, in a moment, preachers in all languages, if the power of death were still upon him? How could he send the Holy Ghost and show such mighty signs, who was still bound in the sepulcher?

Thus was the day of Pentecost a great day of testimony to the life and divine power, and consequently the resurrection, of Christ. Each of those who heard the divers tongues of the ministry of that day, each of the three thousand, was a witness to the same. "The signs and wonders, and divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost," by which God bore witness to the preaching of the apostles, as in all their ministry they made the resurrection of Christ the great demonstration of their message, all testified to its reality. For, would God accompany with such powers the constant declaration of a lie? But witnesses have been multiplying by thousands ever since. Every man that receives the Holy Ghost to raise him from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, is a witness. He can testify that Christ now liveth, and is exalted to the right hand of power, and is able to make good all his word, because he hath given him his Spirit. He hath given him a new heart; he hath done that for him which only a power above man could do, and which no faith but a Christian faith ever obtained. And his question is, Can he be dead, lying under the dominion of the grave? Can he have been rejected of God, who hath the living power to do these things? Thus will the evidence of our Lord's resurrection be increasing with every new spiritual resurrection among the children of this world, until that day when he shall "come in the glory of his Father and all his angels with him," and when "every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him." Then will "the *power* of his resurrection" be known in the universal rising of the dead at his word.

We said, the words of the text, in the mouths of the apostles, were words of *conviction* and of *joyfulness*. Under the latter head we proceed next to consider the subject contained in them:

II. *Words of joyfulness.* "*The Lord is risen indeed.*"

The resurrection of Christ was the resurrection of the faith and hopes of his disciples to a new life and vigor. It made them new creatures, as to all joy and peace in believing. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." (1 Peter, i. 3, 4.) "The Lord is risen indeed," was an exclamation of joy equivalent to, His kingdom shall embrace all nations; our faith shall overcome the world; death is conquered; eternal life is the heritage of all believers.

1. Let us consider the resurrection of Christ in its connection with *his death as an atoning sacrifice* for sin. Suppose that after we have commemorated his crucifixion, in the solemn services of our "Good Friday," we had no resurrection to commemorate in the customary praises of our "Easter Sunday," what consolation would there be to us in the former? You know that Jesus became "obedient unto the death of the cross" as our *surety*. "He was made sin for us." "The Lord laid on him the iniquities of us all." Our sins being thus imputed to him as our representative, he was treated, in his death, by him to whom atonement was offered, as if our guilt were his own. He was held under the arrest of the law of God. Its penalty was required of him. Every jot and tittle was he to pay, and not till all was discharged could he be justified from the imputed sin, and delivered from its bonds. He did satisfy the law to the uttermost, and was justified in behalf of all those in whose place he stood, and for whom he died. But how is that ascertained? Where is the evidence? By what hath God declared it? The only conclusive evidence of justification from the imputation of sin, is the release of him to whose account it is laid. Then if my surety were still under the bonds of death, and lying in its prison, must I not suppose that the arrest of the law which he came to satisfy, is still holding him; that the price of my redemption has not been all paid, or has not been accepted; and, therefore, that my hope is vain, and I am yet under condemnation? But Christ *is risen indeed*. The law has delivered its prisoner. The surety comes forth from the grave. "Death hath no more dominion over him." He is "*justified in the Spirit*," by the power of his own Spirit raising him from the dead. Thus was his justification from the imputed sins of men, *declared* by the Spirit, that he might be "believed on in the world." (1 Tim., iii. 16.) In his resurrection, "God hath given assurance unto all men," that the atonement was finished and accepted, the surety discharged, the hand-writing against us nailed to his cross, the way of a free and full remission of sins laid open; that Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him," and that in him, whosoever believeth shall be justified perfectly, and have peace with God. Thus you perceive the close connection between his being "*delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification.*"

2. Let us consider the resurrection of our Lord in connection with *his making intercession for us.*

You must not suppose that the whole work of Christ, as the offerer of a propitiation, was finished on the cross. The death of the sacrifice was there finished. All of the office of our atoning priest and victim that pertained to the altar of sacrifice in the court of the sanctuary, was there completed. But there was a work remaining to be done within the vail, in the most holy place of the sanctuary on high, in the presence of God the Father—a work of oblation and intercession, in the presentation of the sacrifice.

Those two chief parts in the Saviour's priesthood, were showed in the typical office of the Levitical high priest on "the great day of atonement." In the solemn services of the annual expiation, there were two main acts: the slaying of the victim, and the presentation or oblation of the sacrifice. The former was done only at the altar of burnt-offerings in the court of the temple; the latter only within the inner vail, when the high priest entered the most holy place, with the blood, and sprinkled it before the mercy-seat. The second was as essential as the first. It was only when the oblation in the most holy place had been added to the sacrificing in the court of the sanctuary, that the propitiation became effectual.

This type could be fulfilled in our Lord, only when he who was the Lamb that was slain, should rise from death as our ever-living priest, and ascend *in the body* that was slain to "the tabernacle in the heavens," there to present himself as the Lamb of God, before God, and make intercession for us, in virtue of his having been sacrificed for us. Resurrection was thus essential. How could St. Paul have put forth that triumphant challenge, "who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" if he could not have said, as the strength of his confidence, "it is Christ that died; yea, rather that is *risen again*, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us?" Here is first the initiatory work of our justification, *Christ hath died;* then the finishing work on his part, his *intercession for us* at God's right hand; and between them is the connecting fact, he is *risen again.* The cross being thus connected with the throne—the death with the intercession by means of resurrection—we have the one perfect and sufficient oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.

Thus all the precious mercies that flows down upon a guilty world, through Christ—all that justifies the believer—all that sanctifies the sinner—all the grace by which our weakness is made strong, and our darkness is made "light in the Lord;" every present consolation in Christ, and all that we hope to find in him during the trial of death, amid the solemnities of the judgment-day, and in the everlasting blessedness of the kingdom of God—as all depend on the completion of his office in his everlasting priesthood in heaven, so all combine to teach us the joyfulness of the assurance that "the Lord is risen indeed."

3. Let us next consider the resurrection of Christ, as it is connected with, and insures, *the promised triumphs of his church.*

The church is the mystical body of Christ, inhabited and made alive unto God by his Holy Spirit, as his natural body was inhabited by his human soul. Of the latter, the promise was, that "*his soul should not be left in hell, neither should his flesh see corruption.*" Concerning the former, the promise is, "*the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" In both promises the word *hell* stands, as in the Apostle's Creed, for Hades—*the region and dominion of death.* In the first promise, the

meaning was, that the powers of death should not be permitted to keep the natural body of our Lord in their dominions. In the second, the meaning was, that all the powers of darkness, sitting in the gates of the dominion of death, and pouring forth from thence their forces against his mystical body, the church, should not finally prevail against it.

How the powers of hell endeavored, not only to subdue the Captain of our salvation, but after he was shut up within the gates of death, to hold him there, and when he arose from the dead, to persuade men that he was still there, I need not tell you. How impossible it was that he should be holden of them, when the set time to come forth had arrived; how the guard was made to swoon away, and there was a great earthquake, and an angel rolled the stone from the mouth of his tomb, and Jesus came forth, bearing "the keys of death and of hell," the mighty conqueror, to reign forever and ever, I need not tell you. But in that triumph, we read how easily and how certainly he will see that the gates of hell shall not prevail against his church. It is the pledge and earnest that all his glorious promises concerning her shall be fulfilled.

Very precious and glorious are those promises. The church is to embrace all nations. The stone "cut out of the mountains, without hands," is to become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth (Dan., ii. 34, 35–45.) "The kingdom, and dominion, and greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." (Dan., vii. 27.) The long-dispersed of Israel and Judah are to be summoned from out of all nations, gathered to their own land, converted to Christ.* Then shall "the fullness of the Gentiles come in," and be "as life from the dead" (Rom., xi. 25 and 15).

But man demands a sign from heaven to convince him that such things are possible. "What sign showest thou, seeing thou wilt do all these things?" The answer is, the sign has already been given: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and death" (Rev., i. 18). Jesus, risen from the dead, is the sign unto the end of the world, to assure the church and the world that not a jot or tittle of what he hath promised by the Scriptures, shall fail. "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord. "Fear not, therefore, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Because I live, ye shall live also." Great tribulations and persecutions, and falling away from the truth, may yet befall the church, as in times past. It may seem, once more, as if she had gone almost to the grave. Priests of Antichrist, in league with the gates of hell, may conspire to keep her in prison and in darkness, fast bound in chains, such as they well know how to forge. But they shall not prevail. The captive shall be delivered. "The Lord shall be her

* Ezek., xxxvi. 24–29, and xxxvii. 15–26.

light," and "the days of her mourning shall be ended." Such, in point of tribulation, has been her history more than once already. Think of the fearful corruption, and darkness, and bondage, and persecution, and spiritual death, with which the Papal dominion, the power of "the man of sin," who, "as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God" (2 Thess., ii. 3, 4), did once, and for a long time, oppress the church of Christ, and drove the few faithful witnesses of the truth, that remained, into the wilderness, into prisons, and dens, and caves of the earth, so that it seemed as if there was hardly faith left on the earth. But, though Amalek was thus long victorious, there were a faithful few—a little scattered flock, a remnant, as in the days of Elijah, the prophet—who held up their hands to God in prayer, and ceased not till God raised up his faithful witness, Martin Luther, and gave him the trumpet of the sanctuary, to sound an alarm, and proclaim anew his truth. The wonderful awakening of the church, as from the dead, in that day—that manifestation of the power of her risen Head, to be unto her "the resurrection and the life," is a standing and glorious testimony to all ages, and for all future trials, how little her faithful people have to fear, and how certain are the promises of a final possession, by her Lord, of the whole kingdom of this world, in his time. Her grave-clothes shall be laid aside; her sackcloth will be cast away. "As a bride adorned with her jewels," will she come forth, leaning on the hand of her Lord. "Voices in heaven" shall be heard, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

Now, it deserves your attention, that when the Scriptures speak of great conversions of nations and millions to the gospel, as connected with the second advent of our Lord, and which are to bring in his millennial reign, the change is represented as one of impossibility to human strength, of hopelessness to human wisdom and foresight, of magnitude, and wonder, and miracle, equal to that of a resurrection of the dead. Read the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. It is an account of the restoration of the Jews, of the lost ten tribes, as of Judah and Benjamin, to their own land; their being united together again as one nation; their being cleansed from their sins and converted to Christ, so as to have the Son of David for their acknowledged King and Shepherd forever, and his sanctuary in the midst of them forevermore; and all these wonderful changes are described under the figure of the resurrection of a whole nation from the dead. The prophet was "carried out in the spirit of the Lord, and set down in the midst of a valley which was full of bones," and was made to pass round them to observe their state. "There were very many in the open valley, and lo, they were very dry." Then the question was asked him: *Can these bones live?* In other words, what can be more hopeless, to all human view, than the condition of these bones? How is it possible they can be gathered from this wide and

promiscuous dispersion, so long exposed and bleached, and mingled together in this open valley, carried by beasts of prey hither and thither? How can they be made to resume their former places, each in its own body, bone to its bone, and stand up alive? The prophet's faith could answer no further than by referring the question to the power of God: "O Lord God, thou knowest." Then came the command: "Prophesy upon these bones; say unto them, 'Hear the word of the Lord.'" How can the dead hear? But the prophet obeyed. "And there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and bones came to bones, *bone to his bone*." Each resumed its original place in its own body, "and the sinews and the flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them above." But as yet there was no life in them. The prophet, as commanded, prophesied again, and "the breath came into them, and they lived and stood up an exceeding great army." Then came the interpretation of the Lord: "These bones are the whole house of Israel; behold, they say, 'Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost.' Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel, and put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live and know that I am the Lord."

Now, what says the unbelief of the world, as it looks over the present condition of the Jews, so widely dispersed, so mixed up among themselves, so mixed up among all nations—the ten tribes so lost that none know where they are—all so hardened against the gospel? "Surely their bones are dried, and their hope is lost." We ask the faith of man, "Can these dry bones live?" Can the promises of the Scriptures, concerning these people, be fulfilled? We do not wonder that many ridicule the idea; that others are unable to entertain it, seeing how few are content with the answer of the prophet: "Lord, thou knowest." The difficulties are as insuperable to human might as the raising of the dead. So was it intended that we should regard them. We have no desire to lessen the appearance of impossibility, except to him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

But carry the use of the prophet's vision beyond the people of Israel. The state of the population of the whole unconverted world may be seen in that valley of bones. Converted unto God it is all to be. The heathen are already given to the Lord, our Saviour, "for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession;" and a day is fast coming, when the possession and inheritance shall be, not only given, but received and entered on. But what immeasurable difficulties oppose such a conversion and regeneration: such impossibilities! What! shall the little flock of the true people of God possess such a kingdom? Shall this little stone ever fill the whole earth? Can all these nations, so long dead and buried under vices, and superstitions, and idolatries, and all darkness, and perversions of mind for so many centuries—can they be made all to turn unto Christ, and live as his people? Make the hope

lessness of such an event, to human power, as great as you please. The reality can not be exaggerated. Hopeless it is, indeed, if the power of the church, without the power of its Lord, or without a far mightier putting forth of his power, than the church has known since her first days, is to be our whole trust. But our assured answer to all difficulties, is, *the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead.* His *word* assures us that such great things are *promised.* His *resurrection* assures us that, because promised, they can and will be *accomplished.* What is there in all of them more hopeless, more impossible, than seemed the resurrection of Christ, during those days in which he lay in the grave? To the heathen, nothing was more impossible than that the dead should be raised. Pliny said, that to bring them back to life (*revocare defunctos*), was one of those things which even God could not do. Festus thought Paul mad, and the Athenians mocked at him, because he preached the resurrection. And are there any bonds holding the Jews in unbelief, stronger than those which held our Lord's body in death? Are there any barriers between the resuscitation of the Jews, as a nation, and their being restored to their own land, more impassable than those between our dead and buried Lord, and the kingdom on high, to which he ascended? Have the powers of darkness a more hopeless dominion over the heathen world, than they seemed to have obtained over the rejected, and crucified, and lifeless Head of the promises of the gospel? Is there any thing to discourage the Christian from expecting that the Jews, and the heathen, will ever live unto God as a Christian people and church? Is there any thing to make the unbeliever mock at such an expectation, which had not its perfect equal when Jesus lay in the sepulcher, his disciples scattered and dismayed, his enemies scoffing and triumphing? But "the Lord is risen indeed." Those impossibilities were all brought to naught. He rose, the "Lord of all power and might." Death could not hold him from ascending to his Father. The nations could not prevent him from fulfilling his word. All that he hath said shall be done. The greatest is done already. Did he raise himself from death? Then he can, and will, bring Jews and Gentiles to spiritual life, because he has promised. *God hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead.*

Lastly, we must consider the resurrection of Christ in its connection *with that of his people*, who sleep in him. There must be "*the redemption of the body*," because *man* is already redeemed. Our Lord will not leave his work unfinished. "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," and he will not leave it in ruin and desolation, polluted and outcast. He will build it again, and in far more than its original beauty. It partook of the sin, and the condemnation, and penalty. In the case of all believers, it must partake of the justification and the glory. What God joined together in the fall, he will join together in the restoration. "We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at

the last trump." "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality." The sign, the pledge, the assurance of all is, that *the Lord is risen.* Believers are members of a mystical body, of which he is head. Because he lives, they shall live also. He can no more permit the gates of hell to prevail over them, to keep them in death, than he would allow them to prevail over him. When he rose, as when he died and was buried, it was in his federal relation as a surety and representative of his people. In him the believer rose also. Our graves were opened when the stone was rolled from his sepulcher. Our victory over death was secured when he burst its bands and came forth free. Beautifully is the argument—from his resurrection to ours—delivered in St. Paul's allusion to the presentation of the sheaf of the first ripe wheat in the temple. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." The Jews were prohibited the gathering of the harvest, until the first-fruits were offered to God as an acknowledgment of his goodness in the products of the ground. Till then, the harvest was regarded as unholy—unconsecrated. The great proprietor had not received his tribute. That done, all was considered as acknowledged to be his own, and was received by the people as from him, and the harvest, so consecrated, was secure to be reaped and gathered. Vast is the harvest of the dead, lying ungathered. The people of God of all generations, in the graves of earth and sea, under all skies, dust on dust, an immense community, precious beyond thought to him who died for them; what a field from which the angels may gather for the garner of heaven! It is all ready, only waiting "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God," that the work may begin; for the first-fruits have been already presented. Jesus, "the first-begotten from the dead," hath passed within the vail, and now appears in the presence of God for us. Thus the whole harvest of the dead in Christ is consecrated and pledged. It must be gathered, for the Lord is its owner. O, glorious day, when the trump of God sounding from heaven shall give the signal, and, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the dead in Christ shall all come forth! O, that jubilee, that year of all years, and end of all times, for which all cycles and dispensations have been preparing; when every bondsman of the Lord's household now in the captivity of death, shall go free, and all debts of God's people to this law shall be finally canceled, and all the true Israel, from their wide dispersions, and separations, and bondage, shall go home, returning "to Sion with songs and everlasting joy on their heads;" when loved ones shall meet again to be no more divided, and the great family, the vast communion, the universal brotherhood of Christ, shall meet in their heavenly Jerusalem, to keep their feast of redemption and blessedness for evermore; every trace of the curse and the death abolished; every risen saint beholding in each brother the likeness of the glory of his Lord! That will be a "holy convocation unto God," indeed. How will they crowd the bat-

tlements of Sion, to look down upon the deserted graves, and the whole vanquished and ruined dominion of death, whence they have been ransomed! How will they fill that holy city with their praises, as they cry with one voice, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Then will it be said, as never before it could be said, "The Lord is risen indeed"—risen in his mystical body, the church; for which, in his natural body, he died and rose again. Then his work is done—redemption is complete; the fullness of his glory, as the Saviour of sinners, is consummated, and the year of his redeemed is come. O, may our eyes see that endless year! May our feet stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem; to have part with them that shall keep that feast!

Brethren, what shall we do that we may rise to that resurrection of life, and belong to that blessed company? I have time but for one brief answer, "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your *affections* on things above, not on things on the earth." Make Christ your heart's treasure and hope, and he will make you, and keep you as his own dear treasure; and at last will receive you unto himself, as the crown-jewels of his kingdom.

DISCOURSE XXXIII.

FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., LL.D.

The venerable ex-President of Brown University was born in the city of New York, March 11, 1796. When he was eleven years of age, his father removed to Poughkeepsie, where he prepared for entrance to college, under the care of Rev. Daniel H. Barnes. In 1811 he entered Union College, nearly two years in advance, and graduated in 1813. He studied medicine for three years, and then relinquished this profession for the ministry. In 1816 he entered the Theological Seminary of Andover. In 1817 he was appointed tutor in Union College; and, in 1821, he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, in Boston. He returned to Union College, as a professor, in 1826. During the same year he was elected President of Brown University, Rhode Island, which office he filled with distinguished honor until the year 1855, when, feeling the weight of years,. he resigned, to find relief from so grave responsibilities, and perfect for publication several works upon which it is understood he has for some time been engaged. During the period of his official services, Manning Hall and Rhode Island College were added to the University buildings, the library became one of the most valuable collection of books on the continent, and the resources and general efficiency of the University were increased fourfold.

Dr. Wayland is well known as an author. His principal literary reputation rests upon his "Elements of Moral Science," "Elements of Political Economy," and "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy," which are used as text-books in many schools and colleges. Besides these, he has published a volume of sermons; "Thoughts on the Collegiate System of the United States;" "Limitation of Human Responsibility;" and "Notes on Baptist Principles and Practices." He also prepared the memoir of the late Dr. Judson, in two volumes.

The personal appearance of Dr. Wayland is stately and majestic, well befitting the noble intellect within. The whole aspect of the man is such as would arrest attention in the largest assembly. He is, in stature, a little above the medium height, square built, and massive. His head has been spoken of as one which a sculptor might have taken as a model for Jupiter; and the dark piercing eyes gleam out from beneath bushy black brows, which in their turn are surmounted by a broad forehead, overtopped by iron-gray hair.

Few men have exerted a more important influence upon the educational interests of the country than Dr. Wayland, both by his writings, and his professional career. At the same time, he has never lost sight of his office as a Christian minister. He has almost constantly kept up the habit of preaching, and in private intercourse as well, the steadfast aim has been to make men *good* as well as great. He is now acting as temporary pastor of the First Baptist church, Providence.

The writings of Dr. Wayland are, in respect of style, models of pure, crystalline, Anglo-Saxon simplicity. Some of their peculiarities are brought out in the following contrast, or parallel, between himself and Dr. Williams:* "The style of the two is as widely diverse as their modes of thinking. That of Dr. Wayland has the advantage in perspicuity, simplicity, and classical finish and elegance; that of Dr. Williams excels in the abundance with which it pours forth beautiful thought and imagery, careless of graces, and yet perpetually snatching graces beyond the reach of art. A page of Dr. Wayland is an English landscape, chastened by tasteful cultivation, into severe beauty and regulated fertility; a page of Dr. Williams is an American forest—a wilderness of untamed magnificence and beauty. Dr. Wayland reminds us of a Grecian temple, wrought of the most precious materials into the most perfect symmetry and proportion; Dr. Williams, of a Gothic cathedral, gorgeous in its manifold decorations, resounding with organ melodies, and clustering with the solemn associations of the Middle Ages."

The discourse here introduced has long been regarded as one of the American religious classics. It was delivered before the Boston Baptist Foreign Mission Society, October 26, 1823; and has been since printed in a great variety of forms. As any representation of American pulpit eloquence would be incomplete without it, no apology is required for its appearance in this work.

THE MORAL DIGNITY OF MISSIONS.

"The field is the world."—MATTHEW, xiii. 38.

PHILOSOPHERS have speculated much concerning a process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated the emotion of sublimity. Aware that, like any other simple feeling, it must be incapable of definition, they have seldom attempted to define it; but, content with remarking the occasions on which it is excited, have told us that it arises, in general, from the contemplation of whatever is vast in nature, splendid in intellect, or lofty in morals. Or, to express the same idea somewhat varied, in the language of a critic of antiquity, "That alone is truly sublime, of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely, if ever, to be erased."

But although philosophers alone have written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. The untutored peasant, when he has seen the autumnal tempest collecting between the hills, and, as it advanced, enveloping in misty obscurity village and hamlet, forest and meadow, has tasted the sublime in all its reality; and while the thunder has rolled and the lightning flashed around him, has exulted in the view of nature moving forth in her majesty. The untaught sailor boy,

* See article in "Christian Review," vol. xvii., by Dr. A. C. Kendrick.

listlessly hearkening to the idle ripple of the midnight wave, when, on a sudden, he has thought upon the unfathomable abyss beneath him, and the wide waste of waters around him, and the infinite expanse above him, has enjoyed, to the full, the emotion of sublimity, while his inmost soul has trembled at the vastness of its own conceptions. But why need I multiply illustrations from nature? Who does not recollect the emotions he has felt while surveying aught in the material world of terror or of vastness?

And this sensation is not produced by grandeur in material objects alone. It is also excited on most of those occasions in which we see man tasking to the uttermost the energies of his intellectual or moral nature. Through the long lapse of centuries, who, without emotion, has read of LEONIDAS and his three hundred, throwing themselves as a barrier before the myriads of Xerxes, and contending unto death for the liberties of Greece?

But we need not turn to classic story to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times, and in the history of our own country. [Examples of Washington and others, are here given. The elements of a sublime enterprise—vastness of conception, arduousness of execution, simplicity and efficiency of means—are stated; and surprise is expressed, that men are not awake to the sublime in the scheme of human redemption.—ED.] Perhaps it may tend somewhat to arouse the apathy of the one party, as well as to moderate the contempt of the other, if we can show that this very *missionary cause* combines within itself the elements of all that is sublime in human purpose, nay, combines them in a loftier perfection than any other enterprise which was ever linked with the destinies of man. To show this will be our design; and in prosecuting it, we shall direct your attention to the grandeur of the object; the arduousness of its execution; and the nature of the means on which we rely for success.

I. THE GRANDEUR OF THE OBJECT.

In the most enlarged sense of terms, *the field is the world.* Our design is radically to affect the temporal and eternal interests of the whole race of man. We have surveyed this field *statistically*, and find, that of the eight hundred millions who inhabit our globe, but two hundred millions have any knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ. Of these, we are willing to allow that but one half are his real disciples, and that therefore are there seven of the eight millions to whom the gospel must be sent.

We have surveyed this field *geographically.* We have looked upon our own continent, and have seen that, with the exception of a narrow strip of thinly-settled country, from the gulf of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, the whole of this new world lieth in wickedness. Hordes of ruthless savages roam the wilderness of the West, and

men almost as ignorant of the spirit of the gospel, are struggling for independence in the South.

We have looked over Europe, and behold there one nation putting forth her energies in the cause of evangelizing the world. We have looked for another such nation; but it is not to be found. A few others are beginning to awake. Most of them, however, yet slumber. Many are themselves in need of missionaries. Nay, we know not but the movement of the cause of man in Europe is at present retrograde. There seems too evidently a coalition formed of the powers that be, to check the progress of moral and intellectual improvement, and to rivet again on the human mind the manacles of papal superstition. God only knows how soon the reaction will commence, which shall shake the continent to its center, scatter thrones and scepters and all the insignia of prescriptive authority, like the dust of the summer's threshing-floor, and establish throughout the Christian world representative governments, on the broad basis of common sense and inalienable right.

We have looked over Africa, and have seen that, upon one little portion, reclaimed from brutal idolatry by missionaries, the Son of righteousness has shined. It is a land of Goshen, where they have light in their dwellings. Upon all the remainder of this vast continent, there broods a moral darkness, impervious as that which once vailed her own Egypt, on that prolonged and fearful night when no man knew his brother.

We have looked upon Asia, and have seen its northern nations, though under the government of a Christian prince, scarcely nominally Christian. On the West, it is spell-bound by Mohammedan delusion. To the South, from the Persian gulf to the sea of Kamschatka, including also its numberless islands, except where here and there a Syrian church or a missionary station twinkles amid the gloom, the whole of this immense portion of the human race is sitting in the region and shadow of death. Such, then, is the field for our exertion. It encircles the whole family of man; it includes every unevangelized being of the species to which we belong. We have thus surveyed the missionary field, that we may know how great is the undertaking to which we stand committed.

We have also made an estimate of the *miseries* of this world. We have seen how, in many places, the human mind, shackled by ignorance and enfeebled by vice, has dwindled almost to the standard of a brute. Our indignation has kindled at hearing of men, immortal as ourselves, bowing down and worshiping a wandering beggar, or paying adoration to reptiles and to stones. Not only is intellect everywhere, under the dominion of idolatry, prostrated; beyond the boundaries of Christendom, on every side, the dark places of the earth are filled with the habitations of cruelty. We have mourned over the savage ferocity of the Indians of our western wilderness. We have turned to Africa, and seen almost the whole continent a prey to lawless banditti, or else bowing down in

the most revolting idolatry. We have descended along her coast, and beheld villages burned or depopulated, fields laid waste, and her people, who have escaped destruction, naked and famishing, flee to their forests at the sight of a stranger. We have turned to Asia, and beheld how the demon of her idolatry has worse than debased, has brutalized the mind of man. Everywhere his despotism has been grievous; here, with merciless tyranny, he has exulted in the misery of his victims. He has rent from the human heart all that was endearing in the charities of life. He has taught the mother to tear away the infant as it smiled in her bosom, and cast it, the shrieking prey, to contending alligators. He has taught the son to light the funeral pile, and to witness, unmoved, the dying agonies of his widowed, murdered mother!

We have looked upon all this; and our object is, to purify the whole earth from these abominations. Our object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Our labors are not to cease until Africa shall have been enlightened and redeemed, and Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

How changed will then be the face of Asia! Brahmins, and sooders, and castes, and shasters, will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning; while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness which throbs in the breast of any Christian mother; and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent the oil of peace and consolation.

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian kraal, and we tell you that our object is to render that Caffrarian kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighborhood in the world on which we dwell; and we tell you that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighborhood.

We have considered these beings as immortal, and candidates for an

eternity of happiness or misery. And we can not avoid the belief that they are exposed to eternal misery. Here, you will observe, the question with us is not, whether a heathen, unlearned in the gospel, can be saved. We are willing to admit that he may. But if he be saved, he must possess holiness of heart; for without holiness no man shall see the Lord. And where shall we find holy heathen? Where is there the vestige of purity of heart among unevangelized nations? It is in vain to talk about the innocence of these children of nature. It is in vain to tell us of their graceful mythology. Their gods are such as lust makes welcome. Of their very religious services it is a shame to speak. To settle the question concerning their future destiny, it would only seem necessary to ask, "What would be the character of that future state, in which those principles of heart, which the whole history of the heathen world develops, were suffered to operate in their unrestrained malignity?"

No! solemn as is the thought, we do believe that, dying in their present state, they will be exposed to all that is awful in the wrath of Almighty God. And we do believe that God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Our object is to convey to those who are perishing, the news of this salvation. It is to furnish every family on the face of the whole earth with the word of God, written in its own language; and to send to every neighborhood a preacher of the cross of Christ. Our object will not be accomplished until every idol temple shall have been utterly abolished, and a temple to Jehovah erected in its room; until this earth, instead of being a theater on which immortal beings are preparing by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple, in which the children of men are learning the anthems of the blessed above, and becoming meet to join the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. Our design will not be completed until

> "One song employs all nations, and all cry,
> 'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.'
> The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
> Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosannah round."

The object of the missionary enterprise embraces every child of Adam. It is vast as the race to whom its operations are of necessity limited. It would confer upon every individual on earth, all that intellectual or moral cultivation can bestow. It would rescue a world from the indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, reserved for every son of man that doeth evil, and give it a title to glory, honor, and immortality. You see, then, that our object is, not only to affect every individual of the

species, but to affect him in the momentous extremes of infinite happiness and infinite woe. And now we ask, what object ever undertaken by man can compare with this same desire of evangelizing the world? Patriotism itself fades away before it, and acknowledges the supremacy of an enterprise which seizes, with so strong a grasp, upon both the temporal and eternal destinies of the whole family of man. But all this is not to be accomplished without laborious exertion. Hence we remark,

II. The missionary undertaking is arduous enough to call into action the noblest energies of man.

Its arduousness is explained in one word: our *field is the world.* Our object is, to effect an entire moral revolution in the whole human race. Its arduousness, then, results of necessity from its magnitude.

I need not say, to those acquainted with the nature of the human mind, that a large moral mass is not easily and permanently affected. A little leaven does not soon leaven the whole lump. To produce a change even of speculative opinion upon a single nation, is an undertaking not easily accomplished. In the case before us, not a nation, but a world is to be *regenerated:* therefore, the change which we would effect is far from being merely speculative. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Nothing short of this new creation will answer our purpose. We go forth, not to persuade men to turn from one idol to another, but to turn universally from idols, to serve the living God. We call upon those who are earthly, sensual, and devilish, to set their affections on things above. We go forth, exhorting men to forsake every cherished lust, and present themselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. And this mighty moral revolution is to be effected, not in a family, a tribe, or a nation, but in a world which lieth in wickedness.

We have to operate upon a race divided into different nations, speaking a thousand different languages, under every different form of government, from absolute inertness to unbridled tyranny, and inhabiting every district of country, salubrious or deadly, from the equator to the poles. To all these nations must the gospel be sent; into all these languages must the Bible be translated; to all these climes, salubrious or deadly, must the missionary penetrate; and under all these forms of government, mild or despotic, must he preach Christ, and him crucified.

Besides, we shall frequently interfere with the more sordid interests of men; and we expect them to increase the difficulties of our undertaking. If we can turn the heathen to God, many a source of unholy traffic will be dried up, and many a convenience of unhallowed gratification taken away. And hence we may expect, that the traffickers in human flesh, the disciples of mammon, and the devotees of pleasure, will be against us. From the heathen themselves we have the blackest

darkness of ignorance to dispel. We have to assault systems venerable for their antiquity, and interwoven with every thing that is proud in a nation's history. Above all, we have to oppose the depravity of the human heart, grown still more inveterate by ages of continuance in unrestrained iniquity. In a word, we go forth to urge upon a world dead in trespasses and sins, a thorough renewal of heart, and a universal reformation of practice.

Brief as is this view of the difficulties which surround us—and time will not allow us to state them more in detail—you see that our undertaking is, as we said, arduous enough to task to the uttermost the noblest energies of man.

This enterprise requires consummate *wisdom* in the missionary who goes abroad, as well as in those who manage the concerns of a society at home. He who goes forth unprotected, to preach Christ to despotic, or badly-governed nations, must be wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove. With undeviating firmness upon every thing essential, he must combine the most yielding facility upon all that is unimportant. And thus, while he goes forth in the spirit and power of Elias, he must, at the same time, become all things to all men, that by all means he may gain some. Great abilities are also required in him who conducts the mission at home. He must awaken, animate, and direct the sentiments of a very large portion of the community in which he resides, while at the same time, through a hundred different agents, he is exerting a powerful influence upon half as many nations, a thousand or ten thousand miles off. Indeed, it is hazarding nothing to predict, that if efforts for the extension of the gospel continue to multiply with their present ratio of increase, as great abilities will, in a few years, be required for transacting the business of a missionary society, as for conducting the affairs of a political cabinet.

The missionary undertaking calls for *perseverance;* a perseverance of that character, which, having once formed its purpose, never wavers from it till death. And if ever this attribute has been so exhibited as to challenge the respect of every man of feeling, it has been in such instances as are recorded in the history of the missions to Greenland, and to the South Sea Islands, where we beheld men, for fifteen or twenty years, suffer every thing but martyrdom, and then, seeing no fruit from their labor, resolve to labor on till death, if so be they might, at last, *save one benighted heathen from the error of his ways.*

This undertaking calls for *self-denial* of the highest and holiest character. He who engages in it must, at the very outset, dismiss every wish to stipulate for any thing but the mere favor of God. His first act is voluntary exile from all that a refined education loves; and every other act must be in unison with this. The salvation of the heathen is the object for which he sacrifices, and is willing to sacrifice, every thing that the heart clings to on earth. For this object he would live; for this he

would die; nay, he would live anywhere, and die anyhow, if so be he might rescue one soul from everlasting woe.

Hence, you see that this undertaking requires *courage*. It is not the courage which, wrought up by the stimulus of popular applause, can rush now and then upon the cannon's mouth; it is the courage which, alone and unapplauded, will, year after year, look death every moment in the face, and never shrink from its purpose. It is a principle which will "make a man intrepidly dare every thing which can attack or oppose him within the whole sphere of mortality, retain his purpose unshaken amid the ruins of the world, and press toward his object while death is impending over him." Such was the spirit which spake by the mouth of an apostle, when he said, "And now I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things which shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and affliction abide me; yet none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

But, above all, the missionary undertaking requires *faith*, in its holiest and sublimest exercise. And let it not be supposed that we speak at random, when we mention the sublimity of faith. "Whatever," says the British moralist, "withdraws us from the power of the senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present —advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." And when we speak of faith, we refer to a principle which gives substance to things hoped for, and evidence to things not seen; which, bending her keen glance on the eternal weight of glory, makes it a constant motive to holy enterprise; which, fixing her eagle eye upon the infinite of future, makes it bear right well upon the purposes of to-day; a principle which enables a poor feeble tenant of the dust to take strong hold upon the perfections of Jehovah; and, fastening his hopes to the very throne of the eternal, "bid earth roll, nor feel its idle whirl." This principle is the unfailing support of the missionary, through the long years of his toilsome pilgrimage; and, when he is compared with the heroes of this world, it is peculiar to him. By as much, then, as the Christian enterprise calls into being this one principle, the noblest that can attach to the character of a creature, by so much does its execution surpass in sublimity every other.

III. Let us consider THE MEANS BY WHICH THIS MORAL REVOLUTION IS TO BE EFFECTED.

It is, in a word, by the preaching of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. It is by going forth and telling the lost children of men, that God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son to die for them, and by all the eloquence of such an appeal, to entreat them, for Christ's sake, to be reconciled unto God. This is the lever by which, we believe,

the moral universe is to be raised; this is the instrument by which a sinful world is to be regenerated.

And consider the commanding *simplicity* of this means, devised by Omniscience to effect a purpose so glorious. This world is to be restored to more than it lost by the fall, by the simple annunciation of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Here we behold means apparently the weakest, employed to effect the most magnificent of purposes. And how plainly does this bespeak the agency of the omnipotent God! The means which effect his greatest purposes in the kingdom of nature, are simple and unostentatious; while those which man employs are complicated and tumultuous. How many intellects are tasked, how many hands are wearied, how many arts exhausted, in preparing for the event of a single battle; and how great is the tumult of the moment of decision. In all this, man only imitates the inferior agents of nature. The autumnal tempest, whose sphere of action is limited to a little spot upon our little world, comes forth attended by the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning; while the attraction of gravitation, that stupendous force which binds together the mighty masses of the material universe, acts silently. In the sublimest of natural transactions, the greatest result is ascribed to the simplest, the most unique of causes. He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

Contemplate the *benevolence* of these means. In practice, the precepts of the gospel may be summed up in the single command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." We expect to teach one man obedience to this command, and that he will feel obliged to teach his neighbor, who will feel obliged to teach others, who are again to become teachers, until the whole world shall be peopled with one family of brethren. Animosity is to be done away, by inculcating universally the obligation of love. In this manner we expect to teach rulers justice, and subjects submission; to open the heart of the miser, and unloose the grasp of the oppressor. It is thus we expect the time to be hastened onward, when men shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall no more lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

With this process, compare the means by which men, on the principles of this world, effect a melioration in the condition of their species. Their almost universal agent is threatened or inflicted misery. And, from the nature of the case, it can not be otherwise. Without altering the disposition of the heart, they only attempt to control its exercise. And they must control it, by showing their power to make the indulgence of that disposition the source of more misery than happiness. Hence, when men confer a benefit upon a portion of their brethren, it is generally preceded by a protracted struggle to decide which can inflict most, or which can suffer longest. Hence, the arm of the patriot is generally, and of necessity, bathed in blood. Hence, with the shouts of

victory from the nation he has delivered, there arises also the sigh of the widow, and the weeping of the orphan. Man produces good by the apprehension, or the infliction of evil. The gospel produces good by the universal diffusion of the principles of benevolence. In the former case, one party must generally suffer; in the latter, all parties are certainly more happy. The one, like the mountain torrent, may fertilize, now and then, a valley beneath, but not until it has wildly swept away the forest above, and disfigured the lovely landscape with many an unseemly scar. Not so the other;

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Consider the *efficacy* of these means. The reasons which teach us to rely upon them with confidence, may be thus briefly stated.

1. We see that all which is really terrific in the misery of man, results from the disease of his moral nature. If this can be healed, man may be restored to happiness. Now, the gospel of Jesus Christ is the remedy devised by Omniscience, specifically for this purpose, and therefore we do certainly know that it will inevitably succeed.

2. It is easy to be seen, that the universal obedience to the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," would make this world a heaven. But nothing other than the gospel of Christ can persuade men to this obedience. Reason can not do it; philanthropy can not do it; civilization can not do it. The cross of Christ alone has power to bend the stubborn will to obedience, and melt the frozen heart to love. For, said one who had experienced its efficacy, the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then all were dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not live to themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again.

3. The preaching of the cross of Christ is a remedy for the miseries of the fall, which has been tested by the experience of eighteen hundred years; and has never, in a single instance, failed. Its efficacy has been proved by human beings of all ages, from the lisping infant to the sinner an hundred years old. All climates have witnessed its power. From the ice-bound cliffs of Greenland to the baaks of the voluptuous Ganges, the simple story of Christ crucified has turned men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Its effect has been the same with men of the most dissimilar conditions, from the abandoned inhabitant of Newgate to the dweller in the palaces of kings. It has been equally sovereign amid the scattered inhabitants of the forest, and the crowded population of the densest metropolis. Everywhere, and at all times, it has been the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

4. And lastly, we know from the word of the living God, that it will be successful, until this whole world has been redeemed from the effects

of man's first disobedience. As truly as I live, saith Jehovah, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Ask of me, saith he to his Son, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. In the Revelation which he gave to his servant John, of things which should shortly come to pass: I heard, said the apostle, great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever. Here, then, is the ground of our unwavering confidence. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the word of God, until all be fulfilled. Such, then, are the means on which we rely for the accomplishment of our object, and such the grounds upon which we rest our confidence of success.

And now, my hearers, deliberately consider the nature of the missionary enterprise. Reflect upon the dignity of its object; the high moral and intellectual powers which are to be called forth in its execution; the simplicity, benevolence, and efficacy of the means by which all this is to be achieved; and we ask you, Does not every other enterprise to which man ever put forth his strength, dwindle into insignificance, before that of preaching Christ crucified to a lost and perishing world?

Engaged in such an object, and supported by such assurances, you may readily suppose we can very well bear the contempt of those who would point at us the finger of scorn. It is written, In the last days there shall be scoffers. We regret that it should be so. We regret that men should oppose an enterprise, of which the chief object is to turn sinners unto holiness. We pity them, and we will pray for them. For we consider their situation far other than enviable. We recollect that it was once said by our Lord, to the first band which he commissioned, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." So that this very contempt may at last involve them in a controversy infinitely more serious than they at present anticipate. The reviler of missions, and the missionary of the cross, must both stand before the judgment-seat of him who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It is affecting to think, that, while the one, surrounded by the nation who, through his instrumentality, have been rescued from everlasting death, shall receive the plaudit, Well done, good and faithful servant, the other may be numbered with those despisers who wonder and perish. O that they might know, even in this their day, the things which belong to their peace, before they are hidden from their eyes!

You can also easily perceive how it is that we are not soon disheartened by those who tell us of the difficulties, nay, the hopelessness of our undertaking. They may point us to countries once the seat of the church, now overspread with Mohammedan delusion; or, bidding us look at nations who once believed as we do, now contending for what

we consider fatal error, they may assure us that our cause is declining. To all this we have two answers. First, the assumption that our cause is declining is utterly gratuitous. We think it not difficult to prove, that the distinctive principles we so much venerate, never swayed so powerful an influence over the destinies of the human race as at this very moment. Point us to those nations of the earth to whom moral and intellectual cultivation, inexhaustible resources, progress in arts, and sagacity in council, have assigned the highest rank in political importance, and you point us to nations whose religious opinions are most closely allied to those we cherish. Besides, when was there a period, since the days of the apostles, in which so many converts have been made to these principles, as have been made, both from Christian and Pagan nations, within the last thirty years? Never did the people of the saints of the Most High look so much like going forth in serious earnest, to take possession of the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, as at this very day. We see, then, nothing in the signs of the times which forebodes a failure, but every thing which promises that our undertaking will prosper. But, secondly, suppose the cause did seem declining, we should see no reason to relax our exertions, for Jesus Christ has said, "Preach the gospel to every creature." Appearances, whether prosperous or adverse, alter not the obligation to obey a positive command of Almighty God.

Again, suppose all that this affirmed were true. If it must be, let it be. Let the dark cloud of infidelity overspread Europe, cross the ocean, and cover our own beloved land. Let nation after nation swerve from the faith. Let iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, even until there is, on the face of this earth, but one pure church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. All we ask is, that we may be members of that one church. God grant that we may throw ourselves into this Thermopylæ of the moral universe.

But, even then, we should have no fear that the church of God would be exterminated. We would call to remembrance the years of the right hand of the Most High. We would recollect there was once a time, when the whole church of Christ not only could be, but actually was, gathered with one accord in one place. It was then that the place was shaken as with a rushing mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. That same day, three thousand were added to the Lord. Soon, we hear, they have filled Jerusalem with their doctrine. The church has commenced her march. Samaria has, with one accord, believed the gospel. Antioch has become obedient to the faith. The name of Christ has been proclaimed throughout Asia Minor. The temples of the gods, as though smitten by an invisible hand, are deserted. The citizens of Ephesus cry out in despair, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Licentious Corinth is purified by the preaching of Christ crucified. Persecution puts forth her arm to arrest the spreading "su-

perstition." But the progress of the faith can not be stayed. The church of God advances unhurt, amid racks and dungeons, persecutions and death; yea, "smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point." She has entered Italy, and appears before the walls of the Eternal City. Idolatry falls prostrate at her approach. Her ensign floats in triumph over the capitol. She has placed upon her brow the diadem of the Cæsars!

After having witnessed such successes, and under such circumstances, we are not to be moved by discouragements. To all of them we answer, *Our field is the world.* The more arduous the undertaking, the greater will be the glory. And that glory will be ours; for God Almighty is with us.

This enterprise of mercy the Son of God came down from heaven to commence, and in commencing it, he laid down his life. To us has he granted the high privilege of carrying it forward. The legacy which he left us, as he was ascending to his Father and our Father, and to his God and to our God, was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; and, lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." With such an object before us, under such a Leader, and supported by such promises, other motives to exertion are unnecessary. Each one of you will anxiously inquire, how he may become a co-worker with the Son of God, in the glorious design of rescuing the world from the miseries of the fall.

Blessed be God, this is a work in which every one of us is permitted to do something. None so poor, none so weak, none so insignificant, but a place of action is assigned him; and the cause expects every man to do his duty.

1. You may assist in it by your *prayers.* After all that we have said about means, we know that every thing will be in vain without the influences of the Holy Spirit. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, it is God who giveth the increase. And these influences are promised, and promised alone, in answer to prayer. Ye, then, who love the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, until he establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the whole earth.

2. You may assist by your *personal exertions.* This cause requires a vigorous, persevering, universal, and systematic effort. It requires that a spirit should pervade every one of us, which shall prompt him to ask himself every morning, "What can I do for Christ to-day?" and which should make him feel humbled and ashamed, if at evening he were obliged to confess he had done nothing. Each one of us is as much obligated as the missionaries themselves, to do all in his power to advance the common cause of Christianity. We, equally with them, have embraced that gospel, of which the fundamental principle is, *None of us liveth to himself.* And not only is every one bound to exert himself to the uttermost, the same obligation rests upon us so to direct our exer-

tions, that each of them may produce the greatest effect. Each one of us may influence others to embark in the undertaking. Each one whom we have influenced may be induced to enlist that circle of which he is the center, until a self-extending system of intense and reverberated action shall embody into one invincible phalanx "the sacramental host of God's elect." Awake, then, brethren, from your slumbers. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. And recollect, that what you would do must be done quickly. The day is far spent; the night is at hand. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.

3. You may assist by your *pecuniary contributions.* And here, I trust, it is unnecessary to say, that in such a cause we consider it a privilege to give. How, so worthily can you appropriate a portion of that substance which Providence has given you, as in sending to your fellow-men, who sit in the region and shadow of death, a knowledge of the God who made them, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent? We pray you, so use the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. But I doubt not you already burn with desire to testify your love to the crucified Redeemer. Enthroned in the high and holy place, he looks down continually upon the heart of every individual, and will accept of your offering, though it be but the widow's mite, if it be given with the widow's feeling. In the last day of solemn account, he will acknowledge it before an assembled universe, saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

May God, of his grace, enable us so to act, so that, on that day, we may meet with joy the record of our life; and to his name shall be the glory in Christ. Amen.

DISCOURSE XXXIV.

GEORGE F. PIERCE, D.D.

Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, is a native of Georgia, and now some forty-five to forty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Franklin College, and after some years' service in the ministry, was appointed President of Emory College, Georgia—a position which he filled with distinguished honor to himself, and the institution over which he presided.

Since his election as one of the bishops of the Methodist church, he has shown rare abilities for the discharge of the responsible duties of that office. He is highly popular in all directions, and by his sagacity and prudence, his sound judgment, comprehensive views, keen discrimination, kindness of spirit, and his zeal and enthusiasm in all the interests of the church, he exerts a widely-important influence.

Bishop Pierce is of about medium height and proportions, eyes keen and dark, black hair, full and frank countenance, and dignified and gentlemanly bearings. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant pulpit orators in the country; possessing all the various qualities of an effective public speaker, in a remarkable degree. Never speaking except when he has something to say, and clothing his utterances, as by a kind of instinct, in words "fitly spoken," and pronouncing them with a voice, full, deep, round, and musical, perfectly controlled and modulated, he takes up into the arms of his power, the largest and most miscellaneous audience, and bears them whithersoever he listeth. As an example of the finest style of Southern pulpit eloquence, he certainly has few, if any, superiors.

One peculiarity of Bishop Pierce's eloquence, is his taste and nice discrimination in the use of metaphors. He seems to *think*, even, with a kind of classic beauty; and his words are poured out like apples of gold. And this spontaneous exuberance of fancy, tinges and colors all his productions. It has the quality of inexhaustible variety—always ready, always new, and always natural. To use his own description of another man, "There is a delightful propriety, a minute beauty, a neat, chaste, graceful arrangement of every part. His flowers are not artificial: they all have roots, and they are redolent with the morning dew—fresh and fragrant as a vernal garden in the early day."

As the sermons of Bishop Pierce are almost always, if not universally, unwritten, few, if any, have been laid before the public. On this account, we have the greater pleasure in laying before the readers of this work the following admirable discourse, which he has kindly furnished for our use. It was preached in McKendree church, Nashville, Tennessee, April 15, 1855, in memory of the late William Capers, D.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, South.

DEVOTEDNESS TO CHRIST.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."—ROMANS, xiv. 7, 8.

THE spirit of Christianity is essentially a public spirit. It ignores all selfishness. It is benevolence embodied and alive, full of plans for the benefit of the world, and actively at work to make them effective. Catholic, generous, expansive, it repudiates all the boundaries prescribed by names, and sects, and parties, and "stretches its line into the regions beyond," even to the uttermost parts of the earth. The world is its parish. Its wishes are commensurate with the moral wants of mankind. and the will of God, who gave his Son to die for us sinners and our salvation, is the authority for its labors and the pledge of its triumphs.

It is the policy of every form of infidelity and speculative unbelief, and of every false religion, to depreciate and undervalue the nature of man. They despoil him of his true glory by their chilling, preposterous theories, even while they affect to magnify him by fulsome eulogy of his intellect and its capacious powers. By false notions of personal independence, they isolate him from his kind, and the sensibilities, which Heaven intended should flow out free as the gushing spring, they contract and stagnate, till the heart grows rank and putrid with its own corruptions. But while our holy religion exalts man as made in the image of God, the head and chief of the system to which he belongs, and thus invests the *individual* with dignity and value, vast and incalculable, far, far beyond "worlds on worlds arrayed," it yet links him in closest fellowship with the kindred of his race. For him the ground yields its increase, the sun shines, the stars beam in beauty, the winds blow, the waters run. Earth, air, and ocean are all astir with agencies commissioned to do him good; but not for him alone. No matter what his rank, power, influence, he but shares the bounties which have been provided, in the munificence of Heaven, as the common inheritance of all his fellows. No matter what his personal rights and interest, he is but a part of a great whole. He belongs to a system. No choice of his own, no social caste, no civil distinctions, can detach him from it. Linked with the world around him by a law of his nature and the decree of his Maker, every plan of isolation is abortive; and the very effort at separation and exclusiveness brands him as a miser, a misanthrope, a selfish, heartless wretch, without natural affection or any redeeming principle. A brute in human form—a demon, with the lineaments of man, he is under the outlawry of a world itself, alas! but too ignorant of the law of love and the noble aims and ends of this mortal life.

Bound together, as we are, by the ties of a common nature and of

mutual dependence, every man is a fountain of influence, good or bad, conservative or destructive. Whether he will or not, he is an example. His language, spirit, actions, habits, his very manners, all tell—forming the taste, molding the character, and shaping the course of others, to the end of time. *No man liveth to himself.* He can not. Apparently he may, but really he does not. His plans and his aspirations may all revolve around himself as a common center, but within and without their orbits will be concentric circles, inclosing other agents and other interests. He may rear walls around his possessions, call his lands by his own name, and his inward thought may be, as the world phrases it, to take care of himself and his dependents; but he can neither limit the effect of his plans nor forecast the inheritance of his estate. Another enters even into his labors. Disruptive changes abolish his best-concerted schemes, and scatter to the winds all the securities by which he sought to fence and individualize his own peculiar interest.

But while all this is true, and constitutes the basis of a fearful responsibility, it is not exactly the idea in our text. In the declaration before us, the apostle does not affirm a principle as predicable of our nature and its social relations, nor merely state a fact as resulting from an immutable law of our being; but he presents a moral rule, and erects it into a standard for the adjudication of character. He defines the rights of Jesus Christ our Lord, and the obligations of those who claim to be his disciples and representatives.

A dispute had arisen in the church concerning meats and days—what was allowable and consistent in the one case, and what was required and binding upon the other. It was a question of privilege—of Christian liberty. Assuming that the parties were equally sincere, the apostle did not seek to quell the agitation by a temporary expedient, a dubious, unreliable compromise; but took occasion to declare a principle of universal authority and application. He lays down a rule by which we are to judge others as well as to measure ourselves. What one may regard as a ceremony and a superstition, is not to be charged upon another, whose opinion is different, as proof that his profession is a mask or his piety insincere. Nor is the latter to denounce the former as a time-server—a man-pleaser, turning the grace of God into licentiousness. "He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks."

Conceding the right of private judgment—frankly confessing imperfect knowledge—let both judge charitably. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink—but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. There may be, there is unity in the great principles of Christian morality, and yet a difference of judgment and practice in little things. We are not to despise one another because of this diversity, nor, though

fully persuaded in our own minds, harass a brother by the vexatious obtrusion of our peculiar notions. His liberty is not to be bounded by our prejudice, nor his conscience regulated by our superstition. The law of love not only requires good will, benevolent affection toward all men, but stretches its authority over our opinions, our moral judgments, our estimate of character. We are not to perplex the weak with doubtful disputations, nor incur the risk of imbittering our own feelings by urging our ultraisms as essential to salvation. Life is too short to be wasted in frivolous disputes, even about matters of conscience. Christianity is too precious and noble and vast to be scandalized by contentions in the church about meats and drinks—the tithing of mint and anise and cummin. As Christians, we are public men. We live for our race. The Lord is our judge. Great principles are to be avowed—maintained—diffused—established. God and our generation are to be served—the one to be glorified, and the other to be saved. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

The text is a comprehensive description of a Christian's life—a decisive test of character. It is the language of one who well knew what Christianity is, and who himself exemplified its principles and spirit.

Avoiding minute details, we proceed to fix the meaning of the terms, *living unto the Lord, and dying unto the Lord.*

Living unto the Lord may be considered as implying, that we distinctly recognize the will of God as the rule of life.

If I may so express it—as the natural subjects of the Almighty, we are bound to serve him to the full extent of the powers he hath given us. He has an unquestionable right to our obedience. This results from our relation as creatures. He made us and he preserves us. This original obligation, instead of being relaxed and impaired, is confirmed and intensified by purchase and redemption.

The will of God is to be sought in the statute-law of the gospel—the plain and express decrees which define and regulate our duty. It is important to notice and to remember that the service we are to perform is not left to our choice. We have no rights of legislation in the premises. Our task is assigned us, divinely appointed. Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do? ought to be the inquiry of every human spirit. The word of God gives the answer: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." This is the law and the prophets—the true philosophy of life—the first and second commandments. On these hang all the subordinate requirements of "judgment, mercy, and faith." The precepts of Christianity are so wisely and graciously adapted to promote the private interests of individuals and the general welfare of human society, that many who are disaffected toward the

divine government, will, for their own sakes, choose to do many things which are just, and kind, and beneficent. These things are comely, reputable, of good report among all men; and a man can not, therefore, serve himself more effectually than by practicing the great virtues of humanity. Man's chief controversy is with God—against him he wars. He is not naturally the enemy of his kind. While some fierce and unsocial passions occasionally break out, and startle us by the atrocity of some monstrous individual crime, and while nations wrought into fury sometimes quench their hate in blood, yet commonly the social instinct, and the love of ease, and the fear of retribution, prevail over what is hostile and malignant in our nature. In the absence of injury or provocation, men generally wish others well, and are even disposed to do them good. To some of the duties of Christianity there is therefore no natural aversion—no active repugnance. And it is greatly to be feared that many are basing their hopes of heaven upon their exemption from the vices that corrupt and embroil society—upon their amiable feelings and kind relations—upon neighborly offices and charitable expenditures. But those virtues which are merely human—educational—conventional—can not save. In this world they have their origin, their use and their reward. The great element of piety is wanting. There is no reference to God. And here is a marked difference between the man who lives for himself, and the man who lives unto the Lord. The one obeys a constitutional impulse perhaps—consults his reputation, his business, his influence; or, it may be, rising a little higher, he may rightly estimate his responsibilities as a father or as a citizen, and so is honorable, moral, refined. But he is without God in the world. O, the loneliness and destitution of such a spirit! Atheism is his religion, if not his creed; or at best he is an idolater—himself the idol. The other realizes the divine authority, and obeys *because* God commands.

The relative duties of life are performed not to gratify a native generosity, or eke out a dubious popularity, but as part of the service and homage due his Maker. Over the whole circumference of his engagements—in the bosom of his family—the busy marts of trade—the retirement of the closet—the worship of the sanctuary—the citizenship of the world—there presides a solemn recognition of the divine presence, his being and his empire, and every step is taken in reference to him as a witness and a judge. I know that many profess and seem to be religious on lower principles. Public opinion—consistency—ease of conscience to shun hell, to gain heaven, all operate, and they supersede and dethrone the higher law in the text. Not that these motives are illegitimate, but partial and inferior. They ought not to become principal and paramount; and they can not without a deleterious unhingement of character, and a transfer of our duty from the ground of what is divine and authoritative, to that which is human and self-pleasing. The motive in the text is comprehensive, embracing all lower ends—harmonizes all, yet subordinates

them all to its own sovereign sway. Like a conqueror at the head of his battalions, it marches forth to subdue the insurgent elements that would dispute its dominion. It is the "stronger man" keeping his goods in peace. Without it, there can be no consecration, and with it no compromise of duty. The failure to recognize and adopt this great principle of morality, has fearfully diluted the experience of the church, and embarrassed every department of Christian service. "I will run in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart," said the Psalmist. No man can rise above the constraining considerations which spring from interest, feeling, safety, pleasure, in reference to all minor questions of duty, save as he resolves religion into some great general principles and purposes, from the decisions of which there is no appeal.

These principles, wisely adopted and well understood, will marshal all the chances and changes of life, all its untoward events, all its interfering agencies, so that they shall fall into ranks like well-trained soldiers under the command of a superior officer. They simplify religion, disentangle it from all purely selfish influences, from the bias of worldly interests, from the guile of passion, and leave a man free to glorify God according to the Scriptures. How simple and sublime the character, deriving its greatness and worth from God and duty! How grandly independent is he who knows no fear but the fear of God, who seeks no favor but the smile of Jesus, and whose single eye scans all things, great and small, in the light which no shadow can eclipse! His life regulated by one great pervading law and purpose, he escapes all the trials by which feebler and less decided Christians are tormented and impeded. His heart, consecrated in all its plans and purposes, falters not at sacrifice, or peril, or suffering. Difficulties and doubts he has none. His religion is to him a law that never changes. His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His plan of life settled scripturally, advisedly, and in the fear of God, he is not to be bought or bribed, frightened or defeated. Turning neither to the right nor left, he moves right on. If, along his pathway, the den of lions opens, he lies down and lodges for the night, and in the morning tells how the angel kept him. If the furnace be kindled to test or to destroy him, he walks unburned in the flame, and comes forth without the smell of fire upon his garments. Escaped from the shallows and the breakers where so many toil with unavailing oar, he has launched on the deep, and, favored by wind and tide, looks with a lively hope for an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But the principle I am discussing, considered as a test of character and a rule by which to adjudicate our Christian claims, is worthy of enlargement. Living unto the Lord implies that we make the approbation of God our governing aim—that we study to please him, and that, whatever we do, we do all to his glory.

Religion, to be saving, must be supreme: "My son, give me thy

heart"—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." God claims the body and the spirit. He will not divide the empire, which is his by right, with invaders and usurpers. Unless, therefore, his approval is the predominant motive, we not only base our Christianity upon mistaken apprehensions of the divine claims, but we repudiate the only principle which can subjugate the rebellious elements and passions of our fallen nature. Before conversion, we form attachments and allow indulgences wholly inconsistent with a life of devotion. To do well, we must first cease to do evil. The flesh, with its affections and lusts, must be crucified. Self-denial is the first law of discipleship. Who would submit to have the right hand cut off, the right eye plucked out—much less, perform the operation upon himself—unless, by the expulsive power of a new and holy affection, these enemies which encamped within his heart shall be routed and taken captive? There must be the ascendancy of another and a higher principle than any which is merely human, to break down the dominion of appetite, and passion, and habit. Flesh and blood are sad counselors in the work of God. To consult them is to betray our spiritual interests. The multitude do evil—we must dare to be singular. But who will come out from the world—brave its scorn—defy its persecution—disdain its blandishments, and rebuke its ungodliness by declining its fellowship? None but those who feel that God's smile amply remunerates for the world's contempt, and that the testimony that we please him outweighs all earthly treasure, and outshines all earthly glory.

To live for Christ, and to live for ourselves, is utterly impracticable. The union is a moral impossibility. We love a good name; but they that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. We are rich; but the command is, Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come follow me. We love home and friends; but Christ calls to absence, and labor, and sacrifice. Religion is popular—you embrace it: the church is fashionable—you join it. The people shout Hosanna, and Jesus is escorted by a worshiping multitude—you say, "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." The Master replies: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." What will you do now? Go away sorrowful? or, having counted the cost, go on to build? "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" or have you settled this question long ago in favor of duty and Heaven? Are you living unto the Lord? You are making a fortune—is it that you may do more good? You are rising in the world, seeking title, and honor and influence—is it that you may enlarge your sphere of usefulness? O brother, if the carnal affection grows along with the carnal interest, thy prosperity may destroy thee. Or if thou art seeking thy own pleasure, gratification, and advancement, thou hast fallen from grace. Even Christ pleased not himself. Paul obeyed the heavenly vision immediately, conferring not with flesh and

blood. And every man who would fulfill the great purposes of his creation and redemption, must make God's approving judgment the motive of all his actions, and the goal of all his efforts. O, how the saints of the Bible luxuriated in this element of devotion! "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple." "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." These exemplars illustrate our subject. They lived unto the Lord. In his favor was life. "A day in his courts was better than a thousand." The world's parade and pomp paled before the glory of the sanctuary. The festal charms, the music and the mirth of the tents of wickedness, were despised, and the lowest place in the house of God preferred. They felt that they did not live at all except as they lived unto the Lord.

This is the spirit of the text. Life is not to be measured by days and months and years, but by a succession of services to him that loved us, and gave himself for us. I have no doubt that when the last hour comes —that hour for which earth has no comfort and philosophy no hope— when the spirit disenthralled from the seductions of time, the witchery of sense, shall stand face to face with the realities of an eternal state, then even life's most serious engagements will all seem as vacancies, like the hours passed in sleep, and the pleasures of the world like the vagaries of sleep itself. Go, buy, sell, get gain—build a name—rear houses—add field to field—project public improvements—locate railroads—plan empires: this is all labor and travail—vanity and vexation of spirit.

This is to breathe, not to live—to work, not to enjoy. "All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the grass;" "but he that doeth the will of God, liveth and abideth forever." To love God, this is joy: to know Christ, this is gain: to do good, this is life. Mortal man! child of the dust! this vain life which we spend as a shadow, is but the vestibule of being. Here we die while we live: the cradle rocks us to the tomb. We spend our strength for naught. Riches fledge and fly away. Honor is but a dew-drop, glittering in the morning ray, exhaled by the very beam that makes it shine. Love and friendship—the heart's blest affections—wounded, pine; or, bereaved, they dwell among the dead, like Mary weeping there. O! where is the bloom without the blight? the sun without the cloud? Lord Jesus, thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence, though dimly seen, is unutterable joy, and where thou art in glory visible, is heaven.

"Whether we die, we die unto the Lord." This is an important declaration, "wholesome and full of comfort," "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The death of a good man is of too much import to happen by chance. It is an important instrument in God's plans of mercy and judgment. The event is big with instruction. Not to lay it to heart when the righteous perish, is criminal insensibility

—a wicked indifference to the dispensations of heaven. Such a death is a public calamity. It is not a sparrow falling to the ground, a flower fading in the field, "the sere and yellow leaf" afloat upon the autumnal gale, and then descending to the earth, where its mates of the forest lie hueless and dead. A light is quenched, and the darkness grows deeper. The world is bereaved of a conservative influence. The prayers he would have offered are lost, and if "the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much," how great the loss! The family loses a guide and guardian, the church an example, the country a benefactor. He serves the country best who loves God most. He is not the patriot who fights the nation's battles, right or wrong; but he who leads a life of quietness and peace, all godliness and honesty. He is not the most important man who projects your laws, marshals your parties, and leads in politics; but he who, by faith, and prayer, and power with God, averts the wrath our sins provoke.

David did more for Judah when he bought Araunah's threshing-floor, built an altar, offered sacrifice, and stayed the pestilence, than when, with kingly authority, he despatched Joab to quell the rebellion of Absalom. The intercession of Moses, when, with holy boldness, with daring confidence, he rushed between the offending Israelites and the Almighty, girded for battle and extermination, and prevailed for their salvation, wrought a greater wonder than when, obedient to his magic rod, the parted waters returned in vengeance upon Pharaoh's pursuing host. Elijah was the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof—the bulwark of the nation. The clouds of heaven hung their keys at his girdle, and the widow's meal and oil multiplied beneath his blessing. A good man! O, ye men of royal birth, ye sages, statesmen, heroes, ye glimmer faintly beside the saint shining in the image of God. His wisdom is divine, his lineage heavenly, and greater than he who taketh a city, for he hath conquered himself. I admire architecture, painting, sculpture, the wonders of the chisel and the pencil. I love nature in her mountain majesty, the rolling ocean and the woodland vales—all that is lovely and sublime; but God is witness, I would go further to see a good man, to hear him talk of Jesus, enter into his communion, feel the moral grandeur of his destiny, than to behold any achievement of art, or scene of nature. These change and perish: he is immortal. He thinks, he feels, he loves. His body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and his Spirit is bathed in the glory of the Shechinah—the symbol of the presence and worship of God. The departure of such a man is a token of displeasure. It is the voice of heaven in judgment. But, though the family is afflicted, the church in mourning, and the nation smitten, *he* "dies unto the Lord," and "in the Lord." With him "it is well."

Or the text may find its fulfillment in that God hides him from the evil to come. I knew a good man who, in dying, said, "My God is housing me from a storm;" and the declaration was prophetic. Soon

evils that would have broken his heart and brought him in sorrow to the grave, came upon his family in overwhelming disaster. Dangers—spiritual dangers—are coming; domestic calamities draw nigh; national troubles are fermenting: God sees the clouds gathering, the elements brewing; and, while yet the cloud is as a man's hand, and the winds are murmuring afar off, he transfers his faithful servant to the repose of the blest. "In his hand are all my ways." Delightful thought! He directs my steps, hears my sighs, chooses my allotments, numbers the hairs of my head, is about my bed and my path, and knoweth how and when to deliver: "Whether we die, we die unto the Lord."

But it may be asked, Why, if the righteous are so dear to Christ and so valuable to the world, are they doomed to death at all? Why does not religion, which saves us from a thousand other evils, release us from this law of mortality? In answer, I remark: The reasons are obvious on reflection. Exemption from death as a reward of piety would appeal so strongly to the love of life—the quickest, most enduring instinct of our being—as to override the freedom of choice, and thus make rational, voluntary piety impossible. We should adopt it as a starving man would clutch offered bread, or the man dying of thirst would seize the cup of cold water. And besides the violence done to our nature in making the propensities decide a question belonging—under the present economy, and in the proper fitness and adaptation of things—to the intellect, the heart, the will, the incongruity would follow of proposing a carnal, earthly motive for a spiritual life. On such a plan, Christianity must approve what she now repudiates; and the holy considerations by which she now seeks to win us from error to wisdom, from earth to heaven, would all be neutralized and lost, and the world to come be doomed to borrow the forces of time to achieve its noblest victories.

The evil of sin can not be shown but by its punishment. This conclusion is legitimate from what is revealed of the divine administration, and from what we know of the processes of conviction in the mind of man. God hates sin. It is a blot upon his dominions. But he has not left the world to learn the fact even from the awful denunciations of his word, but he has written it in the catastrophe of nations. The deluge, famine, pestilence, fire and brimstone from heaven, have been the messengers of his wrath and the instruments of retribution. And where, save in the crucifixion of Christ Jesus and the damnation of the guilty, will you look for a more impressive demonstration of God's justice and his indignation against sin, than in the dying agonies of infant innocence, or the mortal convulsions of him who dies unto the Lord? It is written, "The body is dead because of sin," even when "the spirit is life because of righteousness." But death, with all its antecedents and consequents —the mournful harbingers of its approach and its power—the loathsome desolations of its victory and its reign—to the saint of God is no longer death. It is but dissolution—departure. Sad in its aspects and accom-

paniments, it is nevertheless a release. A pillar of cloud and fire, its shadows all fall on this side of the grave; beyond, all is light, and life, and glory. We die unto the Lord, and—may I not add?—for the Lord. The death of the good preaches terror to the wicked. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and the ungodly appear?" O! we ask not "Enoch's rapturous flight, nor Elijah's fiery steeds" to bear us away, if by dying we may help to convince the world of sin and judgment. We would do good even in death. As we wish to live to serve him "who loved us," so would we die to make his glory known—"the justice and the grace."

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." "The chamber where the good man meets his fate" is a scene of glory. See his patience under suffering—the calm submission, and often the joy unutterable. Is this human fortitude—the stoicism of a blind philosophy—the outflashing of sentiment and fancy? No, no. It is the fulfillment of promise, grace abounds. It is the conviction that the Judge of all the earth will do right. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It is the knowledge of the Redeemer in his pardoning mercy—his purifying spirit—and in the glory soon to be revealed in its fullness and eternity. It is an argument for religion, that it ends well: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The prophet's prayer finds an echo in every heart not lost to hope and heaven. Who that looks upon a dying scene where Christianity wreathes the pale face with smiles of rapture, and inspires the failing tongue to utter its last articulations in the dialect of heaven, does not breathe from his inmost soul the wish—even so may I meet the last enemy? In life, being strong in faith, we give glory to God; so in the final struggle He is glorified in us and by us. "These all died in faith"—immortal record! epitaph of the good, and interpreter of their doom. Living and dying, "we are the Lord's—his property—absolutely, in every change, walking upon the earth and sleeping in its bosom. He made us and he loves us. He is "not ashamed to be called" our God. Life, probation, and death are all ministers employed by him to do us good. If he prolong our days, it is that we may serve him and our generation by the will of God. If he afflict us, it is "for our profit—that we may be partakers of his holiness." If he call us hence, it is that we may "see him as he is, and be like him forever." Our bodies may inhabit the house appointed for all the living, and our very name perish from the records of time; but he looks down and "watches all our dust till he shall bid it rise." We are the Lord's—the jewels of his kingdom and the travail of his soul. He hath said it, and it shall stand fast: "they shall be mine." "Because I live, they shall live also." "We are the Lord's." Let us rejoice in our relationship, and walk worthy of our high descent and our immortal destiny.

The principle and spirit of the text were beautifully exemplified in the

life and death of our beloved brother, Bishop Capers. * * * Duty was his law in life—his watchword at the gate of death. Partially relieved by the physician's skill and the power of medicine, he asked the hour. When told, he exclaimed: "What! only three hours since I have been suffering such torture? Only three hours! What must be the voice of the bird that cries 'Eternity! Eternity!' Three hours have taken away all but my religion." Health gone, strength gone, hope gone, life almost gone, but religion abides steadfast and stronger! Retreating from the shore where stand wife, children, and friends, waving their last adieu, but my religion goes with me. All the foundations of earth are failing me, but my religion still towers amid the general wreck, securely firm, indissolubly sure! Glory to God for such a testimony from such a man! * * *

In the history of our honored, beloved brother, there is no vice to deplore, and no error to lament. I say not that he was perfect; but I do say, a world of such men would liken earth to heaven. I say not that he had no infirmities, no human frailties; but I do say that his self-sacrificing spirit, his humble, holy, useful labors, his unwearied zeal, and his spotless example, are to his descendants a noble patrimony, and to the church a priceless heritage. Alive, he was a demonstration of the power and truth of Christianity; being dead, he yet speaketh, proclaiming to all that God is faithful. He left all and followed Christ, but never lacked any good thing. Counting all things but loss that he might win Christ, God gave him friends and fame, honor and usefulness. A messenger of God, his visits were blessings. The country admired him and the church loved him. His death fell like a shadow upon many a hearthstone, and his native State became a valley of weeping. Cities struggled for the honor of his burial, and Methodism, in mourning, repeats his funeral, to prolong her grief, and consecrate his memory. O, brethren! we have lost a friend, a brother, an advocate, an example, a benefactor. Earth is growing poorer. There is now less faith, less zeal, less love in the world. The righteous are perishing; the good are taken away. O, ye venerable fathers of the church, cotemporaries and fellow-laborers of the ascended Capers, your ranks are broken. The friends of your youth are gone, and, relics of a generation well-nigh past, ye still linger among us. God bless you: we love you much, but we can not keep you much longer. Your sands are running low; your change is at hand. You, venerable sir,* are almost the only bond that binds the preacher and his congregation to the pioneers of Methodism in this broad country. That bond, fretted and worn by more than three-score years and ten, is well-nigh threadless, attenuated, and ready to break. But God is with you. The raven hair, the ruddy cheek, the vigorous arm, the enduring strength, are gone—all gone; but *your religion, too*, thank God, is left you. Leaning upon that staff, you are waiting your summons. Heaven bless you with a smiling sunset, a

pleasing night, and a glorious morn. And you, hoary veterans of the cross—one and all—heroes of a glorious strife, remnants of an army slain and yet victorious, if we survive when ye are gone, how bereaved and solitary our lot! But ye are going: the wrinkled brow, the furrowed cheek, the halting step, respond, "Yes, we are going." Pray for us while you live, and bless us when you die.

And you, brethren, middle-aged and young, let us imitate the example, catch the spirit of our glorified brother and fellow-laborer. He felt himself a debtor to the wise and the unwise. The White man, the Indian, and the Negro, all shared his counsel, his labors, his sympathy, and his prayers. The white fields are yet ungathered, and the strongest reapers are falling. The mournful event we commemorate cries: "Go work to-day in the Lord's vineyard." This is our duty, and ought to be our only business. We are here, as officers and ministers of our branch of the church, to inaugurate our great missionary and publishing interests under new auspices. But the cold shadow of death falls darkly upon our council-chamber. Its presence is a warning. We have home-interests we may not live to supervise; there are plans of usefulness we may not help to execute; for we too are passing away. What we do must be done quickly. Let us live unto the Lord—let us live unto the Lord more than ever; let us be more prompt, self-denying, and laborious. Let us be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. What we lay out he will repay. Amid our toil, inconveniences, and trials, be this our consolation: "We are the Lord's." If we live till our physical powers decay, the dim eye may still read our title clear. On Jesus' bosom we may lean the hoary head, and in death's sad struggle feel our kind Preserver near. God will not love us less because "the strong men bow themselves," and "the keepers of the house tremble." His love endureth forever. His claim is undeniable, his title indisputable. The grave's effacing fingers can not mutilate the handwriting. Time's ponderous wheel, as it grinds the world to dust on its march to judgment, can not destroy the record. "A book of remembrance is written before him," safe beyond the desolations of earth, and the triumphs of the sepulcher. Heeding, then, the solemn providence which bids us weep a brother deceased, let us go forth bearing precious seed, sowing beside all waters—we shall rest, and stand in our lot at the end of the days. "Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Living and dying, dead and buried, we are his—his when we rise, his when heaven and earth are fled and gone, his in the New Jerusalem, forever and forever!

* Bishop Soule.

DISCOURSE XXXV.

RICHARD S. STORRS, JUN., D.D.

Some thirteen years ago, on an inclement winter's night, a small company of men might have been seen consulting together in a lawyer's office in Brooklyn, as if upon matters of grave interest. The theme was the practicability of commencing a new church enterprise; and the project was determined upon. It was the initiative measure in the organization of "The Church of the Pilgrims," which took place in the year 1844. In July of that year the corner-stone of their costly and unique church edifice was laid; and when, nearly two years later, the house was dedicated, and a minister was desired, the choice fell, after considerable consultation and some delay, upon the young pastor of the Harvard Congregational church, Brookline, Massachusetts—R. S. Storrs, Jun.—who came to their ministry in the month of November, 1846, and who still continues to fill the pastorate with eminent success.

Dr. Storrs represents the younger preachers of the American pulpit; having been born August 21st, 1821, at Braintree, Massachusetts. His ancestry is emphatically ministerial. The father, still living—the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D.—has been pastor, since 1811, of the first church (Congregational) in Braintree. *His* father was the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Long Meadow, Massachusetts; and *his* father, the Rev. John Storrs, of Southold, Long Island. The subject of our sketch was graduated at Amherst College, in 1839, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Humphrey; and, three years later, made a public profession of religion, in connection with the church of his native town. After graduation he read law for some time, with the purpose of entering that profession; but subsequently entered the Andover Theological Seminary, where he completed his course, in 1845, and the same year took charge of the Congregational church in Brookline, Massachusetts. A year later, as before stated, he came to Brooklyn, New York; and the young society has so increased, as to number at the present time about 430 communicants.

In personal appearance, Dr. Storrs is tall, rather athletic, and slightly inclined to stoutness, with a countenance ruddy but intellectual. His voice is remarkable for depth and power, his enunciation rapid but distinct, and his whole delivery forcible and impressive. His sermons are, in the main, carefully prepared; but he is said to discourse sometimes without notes, and with great acceptance.

He has published some eight or ten occasional sermons and addresses. His principal published work is a volume of "Graham Lectures," on the "Wisdom, Goodness, and Power of God, as manifested in the Constitution of the Human Soul;" which is a fine example of the possible combination of broad philosophic, and scientific discussion, with apt illustration, and the various embellishments of a cultivated taste.

There are few writers whose productions are marked, at the same time, by a vigorous logic and a brilliant rhetoric in a greater degree than those of Dr. Storrs. There is always maturity of thought, with an affluence—perhaps an excess—of tropes and figures. It was in allusion to *his* love of the ornate, however, as we believe, that the remark was made, "that dryness is not always solidity, and mayhap he is as great a sculptor, who hews you the head of a Jove, crowned with Olympian locks, and with majesty on its awful forehead, as he who whittles out a bare, brainless, eyeless skull." We recently met with the following criticism upon one of Dr. Storrs's productions ("The Constitution of the Human Soul," if we remember rightly), which pretty fairly represents the peculiarities of his style:

"We are struck with the variety and the felicity of illustration upon almost every page. Sometimes a delicate allusion, a parenthesis, a glancing thought, suggests some rich and copious imagery in the mind of the author, which he does not delay to give the reader, because of the weight and impulse of his immediate theme; again, he pauses that we may look upon some gorgeous vista or adown some fertile vale, yet without hindering the progress of our journey along the great highway of thought. Of the author's style, we can only say that, with all its affluence, it becomes him as the flowing toga of Cicero is more becoming to his statue than would be the homespun shorts of Dr. Franklin. We may not demand that Dr. Chalmers shall be as Robert Hall, and Burke as Pitt, in their style of eloquence. The style of Dr. Storrs, elaborate as it seems, is not artificial. It is the style of his extemporary as well as of his written discourses; and even in conversation, he shows the same richness of language and of imagery. His words are never unattended with becoming thoughts; his figures never lack an underlying logic. We could wish, indeed, that he would make more frequent use of that sturdy Saxon which he so well knows how to wield; even as we more enjoy *Thalberg* in 'Home, Sweet Home,' than in the most complicated and brilliant fantasia. Yet who would not hear Thalberg in his *own* style?"

Some of Dr. Storr's finest qualities as preacher, are perceptible in the following discourse, which is now first published.

THE PRIVILEGE OF COMMUNION WITH GOD.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—PSALM xvii. 15.

THE Psalm from which these words are taken, and of which they form the noble conclusion, is attributed to David; and it seems to have been suggested by one of those passages of affliction and peril which abounded in his life, and which, with him, as the like have been with so many others, were often the scenes of the highest and richest religious experience. He asks God to uphold him in the way of righteousness, and to show him His marvelous loving-kindness; to keep him as the apple of the eye, and to hide him under the shadow of His wings. In vivid contrast with his own poor estate, he pictures the prosperity of men of the world; who have their portion in this life; whose appetite is filled with the

pleasures and the wealth which God distributes from his hid treasures; whose children, also, are satisfied after them, and in turn leave the rest of their substance to their babes. 'All this,' it is implied in this animated portraiture of such abounding and continuous prosperity, 'all this, when possessed, makes the luxury of life; this enjoyment of power and of ample resources, descending from one generation to another, the farms becoming more fruitful and more large, the abode of the family more stately and spacious, its station more eminent, its connections more wide, as parents transmit their goods to children, and children's children arise to enjoy them.' But, "as for me"—he steps from this summit of worldly prosperity to a far higher good which he chooses in place of it, a possession and a pleasure which utterly transcend it—"as for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness." Being prepared for it by righteousness, I will meditate upon thee, and enjoy the sense of thine acceptance and favor; and "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness!" When I awake upon the morrow; for the Psalm was made to be sung, it would seem, at even-tide, as gathering shadows and the appearing stars invited to quiet vesper worship; *whenever* I awake; for while others are counting their worldly possessions, I will return, with every morning, to this enjoyment of God; and when I awake in the last great hour, arising from out the sleep of death, in the freshness and height of nobler powers, I shall forever and perfectly be satisfied in this vision of Thee, and in likeness to Thee!

As I said, this experience and this longing of David, so simply yet so nobly uttered through the lyric sweetness and pathos of his song, but represent the experience of multitudes of others; of *all* who before or since his day, have truly, in heart, believed in God, and have sought to commune with him. There is an impression common among men—it seems sometimes to be shared especially by those of intellectual taste and habit, and of large mental culture—that communion with God, with that progressive assimilation to his character which it is the office and the tendency of this to produce, are in their nature unattractive, unrewarding; that he who selects these as the chief good of life, must thenceforth renounce the expectation of enjoyment; that it is duty alone, and not inclination, which can hold him to this aim. On the other hand, it is true that no other pleasure which is known on the earth is so eminent as that which comes from this movement of the soul toward God. No other experience is so lofty in its nature, or the source of a happiness so satisfying and serene. The utmost enjoyment of worldly prosperity becomes dull and poor in comparison with this. This alone, too, is enduring, as well as precious.

It is this thought which I would consider this morning, as being led to it by the text, and as finding a truth in it which most intimately concerns us, for this life and for the future: AN INTELLIGENT AND SYMPATHETIC COMMUNION WITH GOD, RESULTING IN A GRADUALLY PERFECTED ASSIM-

ILATION TO HIS CHARACTER, IS THE NOBLEST JOY AND PRIVILEGE OF MAN. Nothing else may take the place of it. Nothing else may compare with it. And he who is really thoughtful and candid, must feel, as he thinks of it, that if he misses this experience, he misses the grandest act and attainment of which his soul, with all its fine and admirable powers, has been made capable. The theme is not new, but it is grandly important, and we may well spend a few moments upon it.

Remember, then, at the outset, what all will assent to, that *intelligent and affectionate communion with a friend*, with a living Human Soul sympathetic with our own, *is the source of our keenest earthly happiness*, and we shall be ready to consider more directly such communion with God. I am speaking not merely or chiefly to Christians, in the present discourse, but to all who are thoughtful; and therefore I commence at a point where your own judgment and consciousness will not fail to be with me.

Life everywhere attracts us—the Life which is personal, intellectual, spiritual—with a charm and a power which matter in any form never exhibits. Every landscape of the painter is in some degree imperfect, it fails to produce on us the most memorable impression, until human life is associated with it. This may be done directly, by the visible human figure introduced among its sceneries, or it may be done less palpably, but perhaps more skillfully, through the portraiture of some fruit or incident of man's presence; by the sketch of a road, which refers us at once to those who have traversed it; by the glimpse of a mossy and tree-shaded roof, just evident in the distance; by a smoke among the forests, or the recent cut of the woodman's ax; by the idle skiff on the river-bank, or the silent scythe suspended from the branch, or by the patch of golden wheat, waving and shining beneath the sun. If in no other way, the resemblance of the scene to some one with which we are ourselves familiar, may associate it with man; or simply the remembrance of the artist himself, who has scanned it and meditated it before he transferred its beauty to the canvas. But, in some way, we need to have it connected with the action and the experience of another human soul (this, I think, has almost passed into a canon among artists), in order to have it affect us most vividly. Until then, it is distant, abstract, unreal; it wants real significance, and vital attraction; and as a mere creation of the painter, projecting his day-dream against the canvas, we pass it by without concern.

But the more distinctly the experience and the action of some living Soul are associated with it, the more does it impress us. The storm at sea must show in the midst of it the laboring ship, or be seen trampling onward over fragments of wreck; and then the imagination dwells upon it even painfully, and can not let it go. The breath of the storm is not on the canvass only, it is on our hearts. We hail the fluttering speck of sail that rises in the distance, as the harbinger of hope to us. The storm

on land must be seen to envelope the belated traveler; and then our sympathies are taken up by the picture, and we go out with that traveler into darkness and rain, and we can not forget him. The sunny landscape has a cottage on the edge of it, or a church-spire in the distance, or an angler haunting its willowed brook, or a woodman in its glades; and this vivifies the whole. The moment we feel that Man is there, with whose action and indicated feeling we sympathize, we are connected with it by other ties than those of mere æsthetic admiration. Some one with whose thought we are won to communion,—this is the radiant center of the picture!

So our personal experience seems always imperfect, unless it is responded to by the sympathy of another, also living and personal. On the brink of the cataract, the rapt gazer upon the floods, as he holds his breath before their emerald beauty, or trembles at their terrible downright power, turns to his even unknown companion, to catch a response from his equal mind. It gives a relief to the impression of the terrible, it adds a glow to our enjoyment of the charming, to find another who accords with our feeling. In all travel we need society, to make that either useful and instructive, or pleasant. At home we require it; and the dearest and most permanent relations of life are founded on this longing, which is native to the heart and central within it, after communion with another whose soul shall refine, or animate, enforce and instruct our own. It is this, we know, which constitutes chiefly the joy of life; the summit good of mere earthly experience. Where this is, the cottage becomes a palace of the heart, whose daily routine of intercourse and of care has a charm beyond imperial pageants. Where this is not, no wealth or splendor can fill the void; can be aught else to the sensitive spirit than the stones in its prison, and the links in its chain. Communion with others, affectionate and reciprocal, this is what makes Home; not buildings or trees, or swarded lawns.

So literature derives its essential fascination from its similar ministry to the same desire—the desire for a quickening intellectual communion with those who are gifted, heroic and pure. The most powerful treatises which the world has gathered in the gradual progress of its changing civilizations, they have not been those which have treated most ably the abstract themes of philosophy or the mathematics. They have been those in which the personal spirit of the author, his views, preferences, aims, affections, all that was in him that was characteristic, have been most amply and brightly set forth. The tragedies of Shakspeare illustrate this. The race never tires of them, and never outgrows them, because Human Life is omnipresent throughout them; sketched with such almost supernatural insight, such delicacy of thought, such copious power and splendor of imagination, that we feel its impulse, and are stirred by its passion. The popular power of writers and of speakers at the present day, and in every day, depends upon the same thing, and is

measurable by it; their ability to draw into hearty spiritual conference with themselves the minds which they address. He who has this is mighty by reason of it, because all desire the pleasure it imparts. The man who has never intimately known that, knows by the motions and inward promptings of his outreaching, responsive soul, that in such real and personal communion with a great and pure mind, he will gain a vast good; while he who has felt it knows that nowhere else is there a pleasure so high, yet also so permanent, within the compass of earthly experience. To look upon sights of natural beauty, the sea, the sky, the floating clouds the stable meadows with their sentinel trees, the beaming dawn and the resplendent day-shut—all this is beautiful; a daily joy to all fine natures. To live surrounded by the gracefulness of art, or its austere and somber majesty, to have literature at hand, and gardens nigh, and all the resources of comfort and pleasure in affluent plenty on every hand—this seems the climax of the usual conditions of human enjoyment. But a pleasure far higher than is ministered by these, an experience more elevated and more rewarding than is found in them, is that which is found in free, intelligent, sympathetic communion with one pure heart, with one refined and cultivated mind. And the more complete in development that mind, the more exalted and pure that heart, the richer is the pleasure. I need not tarry to argue this. To state it is to prove it. The attempt to demonstrate it were a libel on your consciousness, and an insult to your judgment.

But now reach upward from this fixed point, with which all are familiar, to that as personal communion with God to which the Psalmist aspired in the text, and which he held so supreme and transcendent in comparison of all else; and consider how sublime must be that mental action, and how full of reward! I do not ask you to consider it as Christians. Consider it as thoughtful men, aware of your powers, and believing in God; and say what you think of it!

We may have a sympathy and a conference with God, remember, as intimate and as instant as with any other being; perhaps I should say more intimate than with any. It has been reserved for Christianity to reveal this; for ancient science, or poetry, or theology, knew nothing about it. But now, assuming the teachings of the Scriptures concerning God and concerning the soul, it is logically demonstrable, while, as matter of religious experience, we know it. God's presence amid and throughout the creation is immediate and is constant; not a presence of thought merely, or of organizing plans, or of secondary forces operating for him, but of his own personal and infinite mind. He is near, he is with, every one whom he has made; and while no sense takes cognizance of his glory, and no human spirit is bowed beneath its august burden, the soul that thinks of him, and that faithfully and affectionately aspires to meet him, becomes often intimately aware of his presence. That presence is constant too, as well as immediate; so that at no time

in all our life, and amid no scenes, are we in the least removed from God. On sea or land, at the tropics or at the poles, the personal energizing mind of the Most High, ubiquitous and supreme, and everywhere perfect, includes us continually, and even, in the mystic prerogative of divinity, without invading our equal personality, pervades and sustains us. The loneliest scene is populous with this presence. The commonest habitation hath in it this grandest of all sublimities. The pillar of stone becomes a temple, the crag of granite seems a part of the chrysolite walls of heaven, when the eyes of those who stand before them are anointed to see this indwelling Presence, wherewith the desert and the peak are both consecrated!—We may then have communion and intercourse with this mind, of him who built and who governs the world. We may directly confer with him, and be conscious of his sympathy. Prepared for it by righteousness, we may with clear vision behold his face; and when we wake, and when we sleep, be still with him. Observe then how eminent an attainment this is. Let us note briefly one or two of those facts in the nature and the character of God our author which mark this the noblest privilege of the soul. O, that his grace might so assist us, that all our thoughts and all our hearts should turn to him, as we meditate on them!

I. In the first place, to illustrate the theme from one side, which I take because it is less familiar than others might be, remember *how perfectly replete is God's mind with all the laws and types of beauty;* and then think, from this point, how blessed it must be to have communion with him!

We go into a collection of flowers and fruits, like those which are often exhibited in the city or the populous village, and there observe the innumerable varieties of color and of form assembled before us; and they, if we are thoughtful, shall teach us this lesson. Crimson, purple, scarlet, violet, every possible shade and tint of the green, the purest white, the richest, most velvety dark-blue or black, pearl color, gold color, lilac, vermilion, shades that melt into and are lost in each other, shades that are far too delicate to be defined by the relatively coarse apparatus of words—all are here, in inexhaustible richness, in seemingly inextricable confusion and medley, yet in really absolute proportion and harmony. Very often several are combined in one flower; and always, when combined, in most beautiful, even musical, agreement and concord. The cup of the blossom is of white, edged with crimson; the petals are of scarlet, drooping gracefully out of their silver sheath; and even these are tufted and crested at the end, as if by a patient, assiduous tastefulness that could not let them go, with a golden finish. Pass from one plant to another, from one stand and parterre to another, and to others, and still everywhere you are met by the same amazing variety and harmony of delicate, vivid, and interlaced hues. The total impression is one

of complete and most affluent beauty; a beauty apparent at the slightest inspection, yet a beauty rewarding the most diligent study, and ever more fully and brightly apparent as we study it the more carefully.

The more spiritual beauty of structure and of form is also united with this of color. One flower stands in stately grace, a very queen among her subjects. Another gracefully droops from the stalk, as if arching its neck, and bowing its meek and grateful head, before the eye of him who formed it. Another sways at every breath, and silently floats on aërial currents; and still another runs swiftly upward, with climbing motion, that almost suggests a human aspiration in the ascending and forth-reaching tendrils. Take, now, these flowers and blossoming plants just as they stand, and the painter who should perfectly reproduce them from his palette might name his own reward to the sovereigns of the earth. If one of Raphael's pictures of the Madonna is valued, and has been sold, at the price of more than a moderate fortune, what mines of wealth would be adequate to purchase the perfect re-production, in imperishable colors, of that brilliant scene contained in each flower-show? especially, if amid it might be shown, on the same immense, resplendent canvas, the intellectual beauty of the forms moving through it, the bounding and consummate pleasure of childhood, the sensitive and appreciating admiration of woman, the more severe grace of manly thought. Put birds and flowers, a fountain in the midst, and human faces illustrating the whole, on one grand portraiture, and he who possessed that would make his gallery a very sun of international art, illuminating the whole system with perpetual radiations, attracting and inspiring the finest minds everywhere!

Yet God reproduces such pictures continually. He will not let one stay when he has traced it, but rubs it out as fast as he has drawn it, to show another more splendid still. We try to make the flower immortal, and almost pine because it is not. We would stop, if we could, the steady and silent wheels of time, before they crushed the fragile glory. God will not let the flower live, because he has another yet nobler thought, of more complete beauty, which he would show us. He hangs around such sights of beauty the stately grace and majesty of the earth —its woods and plains, its streams and seas, the sunshine flashing over all, the sunsets, gorgeous in their pomp of pillared amethyst, opal, gold. He pours the beauty of the moonlight, even upon a resting world, weird and fantastic, yet lovely as a dream. He spreads the infinite canopy of the night, and touches it everywhere with dots of splendor. He makes each season a moving panorama of sights and sounds, of brilliant gleams or fragrant odors, full constantly of beauty to him who studies it.

He does not do this for the observation of man alone, remember; he does it for the utterance of his own interior and spontaneous thought. The whole creation teems thus with beauty, because his own mind teems with it evermore. He fills the forest-depths, which no man sees, with

foliage, yearly reproduced and yearly lost, age after age; with blossoming vines; with brilliant and tuneful birds; with grasses and mosses, all delicate and all transient. He paves the sea itself with shells, and edges the coasts with coral reefs, and makes the fish, which no man sees, except through some strange violence of storms, a very mirror of every tint most sumptuous and splendid. In the midst of the forests, in the depths of the solid structure of the tree, he hides the curling and delicate grains which art laboriously searches out and displays. Amid rough rocks he drops the diamond; under the rude and earthy shell, he spreads the sheen of precious pearl; around gray cliffs the modest harebells wreathe their necklace at his command. The tiniest insect is covered over with beauty, his wings inlaid and plated with gold, his breast and crest tipped with silver and pearl, the infinitesimal lens of his eye burnished beyond all human art!

And then God goes to other worlds, with his untired creative energy, and there he erects a still different structure. He lays the very foundations differently, of masses and proportions, that he may build the whole edifice anew, and may spread with the same divine prodigality another series of inimitable decorations. The perfect laws, and plans, and types, of all this beauty, are in his mind. They have been evermore. To please himself, all these are thus created and continued. The infinite, ever-new artist is he; making the visible worlds his canvas, the physical forces and laws of nature his swift, far-flashing, yet silent pencils; working in secret, as well as in public, his marvelous effects; making all nature overflow with beauty, because his own spirit exuberates with it. And when we come to even a true perception of him, much more when we come into actual personal sympathy and conference with his illustrious and radiant mind—when we feel that he loves us, that 'his secret' is with us, and that we in all our inmost tastes are becoming through grace assimilated to him—there is in that a gain and an ecstasy which the world can not parallel; for more than which the soul wants room! Let it be amid nature, where sunniest scenes reflect his thought, or cloven chasms attest his power; let it be through the Scriptures, where prophets and apostles bear on through time his great evangel; let it be in the church, where the hearts of the worshipers rise to meet him; let it be in the closet, where one eager soul pleads with him amid the solemnities of prayer; wherever it is, we can not but feel, if we are thoughtful, we can not but *know*, if we ever have felt it, there is boundless delight and elevation in the act!

II. But, in the second place, to look at the same theme from another point of view, remember *how infinite in all intellectual faculty and force the mind of God is;* what immeasurable capacities of reason, of thought, and of judgment are in him;—and the greatness of the privilege of communion with him will become further evident; evident, as I said

before, not to the Christian alone, who needs in fact no such demonstration, but to all men who are reflective; evident to the philosopher.

It is a strange and startling thought, but it is also a just thought, to connect with eloquence, with poetry, with art, science, statesmanship, literature, that all the powers revealed in these are found forever, in their perfect original, and in infinite development, in the mind of the Most High! All are, in fact, but partial representatives of his supreme faculty; the drops from his fullness, the splintered rays from his consummate glory. The most majestic oration, compact with logic, opulent with learning, commanding as a product of the highest reason, persuasive as full of the quickest sympathies, urgent with an energy that electrifies the will—the mind of God holds all the forces that are uttered in that, in a perfectly harmonious and unlimited development. That quick and amazing poetic gift, which makes a man master not of reason alone, and of fancy, and feeling, of the changes of character, or the aspects of nature, but also of all the cadences of speech which can with airiest grace express these—that gift which the world most admires and lauds, as the highest in its compass, the very Regium Donum of the Creator—it is nothing unwonted, remarkable, remember, to the thoughts of the Creator! It does not stand unprophesied in him. But, rather, his mind is pervaded forever with that same vivid and intuitive spirit, of vision and of song, a touch of whose glory is shown in the poet. God's works are thus, in all their round, divinest poems. They have the grace of music on them. They are marshaled in a rhythm which the seraphim adore. Even the austere mechanical calculation which interprets their motions, becomes musical as it does it. Its equations are melodies, their series a sonata; for every planet is a note, and every system is a stanza, of a universe which moves in harmonious procession. And when we rise, delivered from the body, to the finer sensibility, and the far grander sweep of faculty and of insight, to be gained in the future, it shall be ours to catch that music; to hear unrolled, in infinite chorus, amid the tuneful, aërial realms, that mighty anthem! Even history itself, discordant as it seems, has yet a rhythm, a chiming order, beneath its movement. Playful, tragic, pathetic, terrible, all encompassing as the atmosphere, and changeful as the winds, it still infolds a mystic harmony, and moves to predetermined ends, beneath the eternal providence of God. And, by-and-by, the dissonant prelude, the long and clashing preparatory strains, shall strike, with intermingling motion, into the full and glorious symphony!

We put God far from us, too often, by conceiving of him as essentially dissevered and abstracted from all that we know; a kind of impersonal Law of being, rather than himself an actual Being, living all around us, and imaged on our minds. We ought to think of him more justly; to feel that even the greatest among men do but indicate one side of his continual and unspeakable greatness; and that all the original spiritual

faculties which are resident in them, exist in eternal concord in him, and in perfect development. The poetic temperament, as we popularly style it, is therefore infinite in his soul; and to those who stand nearest him, it is never unapparent. His is that absolute mental force of which genius itself gives us only a hint. His reason, his judgment, transcend our own, as his creative power transcends what in us is merely constructive; as his omnipresence transcends our limited and local personality.

It is always found, in accordance with this fact, that they who ascend to most high and intimate communion with his mind, who receive of his thought to impart it unto others, to whom his inmost purposes are unfolded—they bring back from that intercourse, not truths alone above the level of human wisdom, not maxims alone that contain the whole secret and mystery of life, but even a beauty and majesty of style unequaled on earth, because derived from its Maker. The simply lyrical value of the Psalms is thus unspeakable; confessedly, the noblest poetry of time were lost in their destruction. So Isaiah, Daniel, or earlier Moses, so John the Revelator, and Paul the great teacher and defender of doctrine, each shows in his writings the impress of that incomparable energy which is darkly expressed in our word Inspiration. The finite mind partook, for the time, of the height and the scope of the mind of the Eternal. It was kindled, as the cloud is when the sun pours an effluence from his glory upon it. And the words of these men never cease to be 'winged,' never cease to have power, because they had so high a teaching.

It is when we thus look at the works of man's mind, and consider their fountain and foundation in God's mind, that their greatness is revealed to us, and that his mind is disclosed; and then, it seems to me, that the privilege and the joy of communion with him can not but be manifest. It is true, not only of eloquence or of poetry, but of all highest art, that its source is in that self-sustaining Intelligence from which all others do proceed. It also brings its witness, therefore, often unconscious but always real, to him who saw it before it was. The Gothic cathedral, with its decorated and airy solidity of proportion, rising like a rocky oratorio toward the skies—it is not only a place for the worship of the Highest, it is itself an anthem to his praise; demonstrating, as it does, the capacities of a mind which his eternal mind has created, and has stocked with all its splendid capacities. We reverence him whose intellect shapes and builds the cathedral, conceiving the plan, and then making the solid quarry plastic, till pillars and arches, statues and finials, completing that plan, are erected before us. How much more shall we reverence the eternal intelligence from which this is thrown as a spark from the sun, and which is full, by perpetual intuition, of all the ideas that are intimated in this! The whole progress of man, in each one of the departments of his mental endeavor, still carries us back in the same way to God, and illustrates his glory. The grandest discoveries, argu-

ments, imaginations, that have signalized history, and have marked its advancement—have equally had their original in God, and have sprung from a force which was less to his than the atom to the orb. He anticipated them all before they were; and all that they have ever accomplished has been to interpret into action and history what he foresaw.

He even makes beings of a higher range of nature and power than we possess; raising rank above rank, and order upon order, in the heavenly hierarchies; and still *they* do not comprehend or approach him. They do but represent, at another remove, the same inexhaustible and infinite forces of which we equally bear the impress. No other mind than the mind of himself can do any thing more than reflect its grandeur; as the spring, in its emerald cup among the hills, reveals by reflection the infinite cope! Whatever the centuries of history shall gather, of science or of song, of philosophy or of art; whatever the centuries of the future shall bring, of angelic achievement and celestial acquisition; it shall still remain true that all these were present to the thoughts of God before creation had commenced; that every subordinate intellectual force which exists in the universe has sprung from him, and but partially represents him; that his supreme and eternal intelligence, as personal as ours although so vast, includes all elements of majesty and of grace that are prophesied among men, and never can be searched out unto perfection. Its memory is omniscience, and prescience is its logic. Its plan includes the scope of history. Its thoughts compact and guide creation. The final history of the universe itself shall never fully show its greatness!

O, then, if it be to us a privilege and an honor which we eagerly seek and cease not to prize, to have a free and intelligent conference with another human soul, by culture or by power removed from our level—if he who has talked with the statesman in his home remembers that hour, and writes in his journal the words he heard; if he who has entered into sympathy with the poet amid nature or over books, remembers that passage in his mental experience as something high and almost sacred, and feels his thoughts still sing in the recital—how much more must he—I put it to your reason to give the answer!—how much more must he who has had intelligent converse with GOD exult in that experience, and refer to it with delight, and seek ever to repeat it! As a means, merely, of intellectual illumination and of mental advancement, how grand it is! The truth is, the simplest philosophy must perceive this. It is not religion, merely, it is reason which affirms it. The moment we think of the Infinite as we ought, as a personal being, of perfectly unbounded intellectual capacity, poetic, discursive, of an absolute tastefulness, and an infinite reason—that moment we can not but say with the Psalmist, if we are really reflective beings: "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness! I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with

Thy likeness!" The utmost reach of worldly success, is literally 'nothing' and 'vanity,' to this!

III. But, now, in the third place, to set the same truth in still another light, remember *how infinitely generous and pure are the affections of God;* what an exquisite freedom from all selfishness marks him; *what supreme moral beauty is expressed in his character.* This ought to inspire us to communion with him. May its proper attractions affect our hearts!

We talk of a Disinterested Benevolence; which is not regardless of diversities of character, which does not imply sympathetic attachment to every being, yet which reaches to all, and would make all happy; happy in true development and culture, happy in right and benign activities. We celebrate this in our poetry and our ethics, and easily accept it as the highest rule of conduct; as expressing, when realized, the utmost beauty of character. We love those who show an approximation to this, with an affection too pure to be a passion, yet too deep to be uttered in any thing less than the devotion of our life. The conscience of the world instinctively reveres it. The heart of the world, with a welcome that widens every century, installs in its most honored place the men and the women who have clearly displayed this.

Yet how far do we fall from this moral idea! How constantly are we conscious that selfishness is affecting us; that prejudices, partialities, partizanships, prides, either personal jealousies, or hereditary animosities, are dividing us from men; that we love some excessively, and others insufficiently, and are actuated toward some only by the spirit of aversion or contempt. It is not in our hearts, it is not among men, it is not till we reach the heart of the Most High, that we find this ultimate spiritual law completely realized. But in God it constitues eternally, perfectly, the element of his character and the principle of his action.

Consider with what prodigality of kindness he has scattered his mercies all over the earth; withholding true happiness only from the selfish, and from them as a measure of paternal admonition. Consider how constantly each one of his creatures is under his care; the insect, not less than the seraphim in his courts; the animated particle that palpitates in the water-drop, as truly as the student whose microscope discovers it, and whose science examines it! To be kind to our enemies, is a measure of generosity above the thought of human ethics. Until Christ announced this as his divine rule, the world in its wisdom only knew it as a paradox. Yet God not only requires this in his word, he illustrates it in his daily conduct and providence. He makes those who hate him as happy as they can be consistently with that hatred. He pours throughout their veins the currents of their life. He guards their frames, their families, from death. He gives them all the charm and wealth of the creation to enjoy. Spring-time and harvest come to

them, the morning light, the dewy eve, with just as sure and prompt a blessing as if their every act were praise. He puts success in the world within their reach. And his generous mercy never tarries or is stinted, till their departure from earth is reached. He frames us for happiness; and the subtle absorbents and secret ducts of that constitution through which the plant inhales its life, and gathers its charm of color or of perfume, are not more real or more intentional than the delicate adaptations of our nature to enjoyment. And this essential constitution is continued, by the power of the Creator, in those who toward him are most opposed. Literally, through eye and ear, through touch and taste, at every inlet, by every sense, he loadeth them with benefits!

Meantime, the most ardent attachment to his Friends is not only consistent and harmonious with this, it is actually united with it in the heart of God daily. This is no theoretic and impersonal love, a mere sentiment of complacence, or a forensic approval. It is a fervid and cordial affection; as true and tender toward every one as if there were but that one object of it anywhere in being; an affection that involves the warmest approbation and an infinite sympathy.—The most heroic self-sacrifice, too, which is ever seen among men, as it hath its original and its fountain in God, so it has had in him its most august and moving example. It is this which gives to the Cross one great meaning; to the whole transcendent work of Christ a part of its sublimest efficacy. *It* was a self-sacrifice, in comparison of whose melting and wondrous glory all the instances of devotion illustrious in man's annals fade into complete dimness! Down all the steps of that ladder of descent which the apostle has outlined, when he speaks of him who was equal with the Father, taking on him the nature, not of angels, but of man; descending to the earth; and not to the earth only, but to poverty in it; and not to poverty only, but to shame, and to death; and even to the death of the criminal on the cross;—down all these steps, at which angels are amazed, we count the footfalls of a perfect benevolence! A tenderness toward the meanest and guiltiest was there shown; toward the Jew who reviled, and the soldier who pierced, the mysterious Sufferer; yet a tenderness united with an absolute holiness, which instantly attracts, as we meditate upon it, the glad acclaim of each pure sensibility. There was manifest on the cross, the sinfulness of man; the rightful and constant demand of God's government; the perfect authority of moral rectitude. The glories of heaven, the terrors of hell, the fearfulness of judgment, all were indicated there. But, chiefest of all, was manifest there the heart of God! That side was bared to the Roman spear, that man might look in and see the heart which wielded the power that made the waves as marble to the tread, that stayed the winds as they swept over Galilee, that loosed, at a word, the stern, and stubborn grapple of the grave! And all that heart was full of Love! As an instance of stupendous self-denial and self-sacrifice, the angels adore and praise before this. Some

hearts are now touched, the world shall be filled, with its renovating influence!

In a word, it must be said that so far as God transcends us in his mental perfections, in the thoughts and the images of beauty which are his, in the faculties he possesses, the originals of ours, so far he surpasses us in his supreme character. With the energy of omnipotence lodged in his will, he is never unjust, ambitious, or severe. With all the worlds obedient to his word, he presides above their forces and destinies with a spotless benevolence which irradiates heaven. The light is not purer than is his spirit, or its seven-fold beauty more complete. We can think of nothing lovely in the tenderest sensibility, but in him it is perfected. We can think of nothing high, heroic, generous, but in him it hath an unbounded development; making the heavens its luminous witnesses, decking the earth with its innumerable insignia, blazing forth as a theophany from the cross upon Calvary. Whatsoever is delicate, kind, forgiving; whatsoever is just, equitable, pure; whatsoever is affectionate, magnanimous, self-devoted, seeking even the good of the evil and the unthankful, at the cost of a vast and unspeakable sacrifice; —all this is apparent, in complete exhibition, in the most amazing and transcendent exhibition, in the character of the Almighty! Almighty he is; but his power is no greater than his infinite purity; his boundless knowledge outruns by no one smallest step his unlimited generosity!

Consider then, again, my friends, from this closing point—consider, I beseech you, with candid, attentive, and reverent minds—how grand a privilege, this of the righteous, to have conference with God! a conference that shall admit us to the secrets of his soul! a conference that shall make us in character like himself! Indeed it is beyond all other joys and gains, above all other highest attainments! It is the marvel of our nature that we are capable of it! You tell me of the arts that have embellished states, of the literatures that have enriched them, or the illustrious statesmanships that have fortified or have freed them; but these are not the demonstration of man's power. That is, that he may have conference with God, and ascend to communion with the Eternal Intelligence. It is the miracle of God's grace, too, that he permits, that he even personally invites and assists us, continually to seek this! The man who does not, is renouncing his birth-right, and dishonoring God's grace. The man who does not, prepares himself for exclusion from all that can make immortality precious! But he who seeks and who reaches this end, gains peace, elevation, an inward purity, a noble supremacy over fortune and time, an inheritance in heaven! Though the body be dissolved, his spirit shall abide, in glory and in peace! Though the world pass away, with noise and fire, he can not be shaken from his serene joy! He is God's own son, a partaker of his life, and a Prince in the Universe!

My friends, what can I further say to impress this upon you? to

urge you to seek this inestimable good; so near us every hour, if we will take it; so precious to all; so precious above all, to the thoughtful and sensitive! Remember that the Scriptures are given, in great part, to aid and to win us to this communion; that nature herself gives impulses to it, each hill-side pointing to him who raised and crowned its pillars, and every valley inviting us to pause and meditate upon him whose hand has scooped its verdurous round! Remember that Christ came to manifest God, and so to bring to our souls this good! that the Spirit of Inspiration still accompanies the gospel, to make it all living and luminous to the soul, God's ever-present word of life! Remember that the soul has itself been so formed that it never truly and fully can rest, in the depths of its being, until it gains this highest good; that prayer and intelligent obedience are its conditions; and that heaven itself, with the Beatific Vision, is prophesied and actually commenced in its experience! And then look out upon the frame of nature, so beauteous and so solid, so warm with light, and soft with showers; look up to Him who made it all;—look back through the Scriptures, where psalmists have sung, and priests have ministered, and prophets and apostles have witnessed for Him:—and say if your language shall not be that of the lyrist of old: 'Other men have their good in the outward and the temporal; I will seek mine in the spiritual. They have houses and lands, and happy homes, and wide connections, and their children come after them, and prolong their prosperity; but "as for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness!" I will seek to see Thee; to have conference with Thee; and to share the exaltation and the peace of Thy children! And I shall be satisfied, whenever I awake, with Thy likeness! Forever, and perfectly, shall I be satisfied in Heaven.'

This is true philosophy, as well as religion. The soul affirms it, while the Scriptures reveal it. That Day, swift-coming through the future, when probation is closed, and destiny begins, shall set it shining and high before us! God grant us grace to learn it now, and now to apply it; to seek communion with him on earth, upon these heights which he hath reared, through all these days whose opening and whose close alike declare him, especially in the church in which he shows most perfectly his grace, until we see him, face to face, on the banks of the river of the water of life, amid that Day which knows no setting, within that Temple whose base is his eternity, whose pillars are his powers, and whose illuminating light is his immaculate Spirit of Love! In that awakening—the fruit of Redemption, the trophy of the Gospel, the PRIVILEGE OF THE RIGHTEOUS—shall every wish at last be satisfied! God bring us to it, in His great grace, in His good time! and unto Him be all the praise!

The English Pulpit.

W. Melbourne

DISCOURSE XXXVI.

HENRY MELVILL, B.D.

The "golden-mouthed Melvill," as he has often been called, was born at Pendennis Castle, Cornwall, on the 14th of September, 1798; so that he has now well-nigh reached the "three-score" of human life. His father, Philip Melvill, was a captain in the army, and lieutenant-governor of Pendennis Castle—a very pious man, whose memoirs have had a wide circulation. "The prayers and instructions of a righteous father and mother," as he states, were the means of his conversion.

He was educated at the University of Cambridge, and took the degree of Second Wrangler in 1821. In the year 1824, he was ordained as Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. From the year 1829 to 1843, he was minister of Camden Chapel, Camberwell. He was then made Principal of the East India College, and in 1846 appointed, by the Duke of Wellington, Chaplain to the Tower of London. In 1853 he was made one of the Queen's Chaplains, and in 1856 appointed, by Lord Palmerston, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, London.

The personal appearance of Mr. Melvill is described as not remarkably striking. His features are easily detected from the accompanying portrait, recently taken, and forwarded at our request by the distinguished preacher himself. His face is small and thin, forehead high, and topped with abundant hair; eyes keen and small, and in color light blue; complexion of a darkish hue, and countenance expressive of vivacity and high intelligence. The voice of the preacher is said to be not peculiar for strength or compass, but for its capacity of ever-varying modulations—now like the sobbing of winds among the boughs of the trees—now like the trembling in tonations surging along the air; and now like the swell of the trumpet, rolling, subduing, melting, appalling. There is much earnestness of manner in his preaching, but his gesticulation is sparing, and seldom or never violent.

Mr. Melvill's sermons are always prepared with the utmost care. Shutting the door of his study, and refusing to be seen, except at particular hours; compelled to preach but one sermon, where most ministers preach three; seldom visiting his people, except in cases of sickness, he has no lack of opportunity to indulge a fastidious taste in the patient elaboration of his discourses. It is said that he always writes them twice, and often thrice; after which, they are copied off neatly by another hand, when they are prepared to be read from the pulpit.

Discourses thus prepared, could not but possess rare excellences. As *sermons*, they are defective, we should say, in simplicity and directness of style, especially in close and pungent appeals to the conscience. But, as specimens of beauty and finish in composition, they are not often excelled. The preacher's eloquence seems too *artificial*, and his matter is often too speculative and abstruse; but his phrase-

ology is figurative and richly ornate; his analogies exceedingly happy; his arrangement (though not sufficiently *marked*) natural and easy; his sentences are nicely balanced, and his periods smoothly rounded; and yet, with all their polish, force is not sacrificed; and what is better than all, the scriptural or evangelical element is not wanting.

Mr. Melvill's pleasure has been consulted in the choice of a discourse; and in our opinion he has never written one that is abler than that here given. He is the author of several volumes of sermons, which have had a wide circulation.

THE REPRODUCTIVE POWER OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL., vi. 7.

You may be all aware, that what is termed the argument from analogy, has been carried out to great length by thinking men, and that much of the strongest witness for Christianity has been won on this field of investigation. It is altogether a most curious and profitable inquiry, which sets itself to the tracing out resemblances between natural and spiritual things, and which thus proposes to establish, at the least, a probability that creation and Christianity have one and the same author. And we think that we shall not overstep the limits of truth, if we declare that nature wears the appearance of having actually been designed for the illustration of the Bible. We believe that he who, with a devout mind, searches most diligently into the beauties and mysteries of the material world, will find himself met constantly by exhibitions, which seem to him the pages of Scripture written in the stars, and the forests, and the waters of this creation. There is such a sameness of dealing, characteristic of the natural and the spiritual, that the Bible may be read in the outspread of the landscape, and the operations of agriculture; while, conversely, the laws obeyed by this earth and its productions, may be traced as pervading the appointments of revelation. It were beside our purpose to go at length into demonstration of this coincidence. But you may all perceive, assuming its existence, that the furnished argument is clear and convincing. If there run the same principle through natural and spiritual things, through the book of nature and the Bible, we vindicate the same authorship to both, and prove, with an almost geometric precision, that the God of creation is also the God of Christianity. I look on the natural firmament, with its glorious inlay of stars, and it is unto me as the breastplate of the great High-Priest, "ardent with gems oracular," from which, as from the Urim and Thummim on Aaron's ephod, come messages full of divinity. And when I turn to the page of Scripture, and perceive the nicest resemblance between the characters in which this page is written, and those which glitter before

me on the crowded concave, I feel that, in trusting myself to the declarations of the Bible, I cling to him who speaks to me from every point, and by every splendor of the visible universe—whose voice is in the marchings of the planets, and the rushing of whose melodies is in the wings of the daylight. But though we go not into the general inquiry, we take one great principle, the principle of a resurrection, and we affirm, in illustration of what has been advanced, that it runs alike through God's natural and spiritual dealings. Just as God hath appointed that man's body, after moldering away, shall come forth quickened and renewed, so has he ordained that the seed, after corrupting in the ground, shall yield a harvest of the like kind with itself. It is, moreover, God's ordinary course to allow an apparent destruction, as preparatory, or introductory to, complete success or renovation. He does not permit the springing up, until there has been, on human calculation, a thorough withering away. So that the maxim might be shown to hold universally good: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." (1 Cor., xv. 36.) We may observe yet further, that, as with the husbandman, if he sow the corn, he shall reap the corn, and if he sow the weed, he shall reap the weed; thus with myself as with a responsible agent, if I sow the corruptible, I shall reap the corruptible; and if I sow the imperishable, I shall reap the imperishable. The seed reproduces itself. This is the fact, in reference to spiritual things, on which we would fasten your attention: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Now we are all, to a certain extent, familiar with this principle; for it is forced on our notice by every-day occurrences. We observe that a dissolute and reckless youth is ordinarily followed by a premature and miserable old age. We see that honesty and industry win commonly comfort and respect; and that, on the contrary, levity and a want of carefulness produce pauperism and disrepute. And yet further, unless we go over to the ranks of infidelity, we can not question that a course of disobedience to God is earning man's eternal destruction; while, through submission to the revealed will of his master, there is secured admittance into a glorious heritage. We are thus aware that there runs through the Creator's dealings with our race the principle of an identity, or sameness, between the things which man sows and those which he reaps. But we think it possible that we may have contented ourselves with too superficial a view of this principle; and that, through not searching into what may be termed its philosophy, we allow much that is important to elude observation. The seed sown in the earth goes on, as it were, by a sort of natural process, and without direct interference from God, to yield seed of the same description with itself. And we wish it well observed, whether there be not in spiritual things an analogy the most perfect to what thus takes place in natural. We think that, upon a careful examination, you will find ground-work of belief that the simile holds good in every possible respect;

so that what a man sows, if left to its own vegetating powers, will yield, naturally, a harvest of its own kind and description.

We shall study to establish this point in regard, first, to the present scene of probation; and, secondly, to the future scene of recompense.

We begin with the present scene of probation, and will put you in possession of the exact point to be made out, by referring you to the instance of Pharaoh. We know that while God was acting on the Egyptians by the awful apparatus of plague and prodigy, he is often said to have hardened Pharaoh's heart, so that the monarch refused to let Israel go. And it is a great question to decide, whether God actually interfered to strengthen and confirm the obstinacy of Pharaoh, or only left the king to the workings of his own heart, as knowing that one degree of unbelief would generate another and a stancher. It seems to us at variance with all that is revealed of the Creator, to suppose him urging on the wicked in his wickedness, or bringing any engine to bear on the ungodly which shall make them more desperate in rebellion. God willeth not the death of any sinner. And though, after long striving with an individual, after plying him with the various excitements which are best calculated to stir a rational, and agitate an immortal being, he may withdraw all the aids of the Spirit, and so give him over to that worst of all tyrants, himself, yet this, we contend, must be the extreme thing ever done by the Almighty to man —the leaving him, but not the constraining him, to do evil. And when, therefore, it is said, that God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and when the expression is repeated, so as to mark a continual and on-going hardening, we have no other idea of the meaning than that God, moved by the obstinacy of Pharaoh, withdrew from him, gradually, all the restraints of his grace; and that, as these restraints were more and more removed, the heart of the king was more and more hardened. We look upon the instance as a precise illustration of the truth, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Pharaoh sowed obstinacy, and Pharaoh reaped obstinacy. The seed was put into the soil; and there was no need, any more than with the grain of corn, that God should interfere with any new power. Nothing more was required than that the seed should be left to vegetate, to act out its own nature. And though God, had he pleased, might have counteracted this nature, yet, when he resolved to give up Pharaoh to his unbelief, he had nothing to do but to let alone this nature. The seed of infidelity, which Pharaoh had sown when he rejected the first miracles, was left to itself and to its own vegetation. It sent up, accordingly, a harvest of its own kind—a harvest of infidelity—and Pharaoh was not to be persuaded by any of the subsequent miracles. So that, when the monarch went on from one degree of hardness to another, till at length, advancing through the cold ranks of the prostrated first-born, he pursued across a blackened and devastated territory the people for whose emancipation there had been

the visible making bare of the arm of Omnipotence, he was not an instance—perish the thought—of a man compelled by his Maker to offend and be lost, but simply a witness to the truth of the principle, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Now, that which took place in the case of this Egyptian is, we argue, precisely what occurs in regard generally to the impenitent. God destroys no man. Every man who is destroyed must destroy himself. When a man stifles an admonition of conscience, he may fairly be said to sow the stiflings of conscience. And when conscience admonishes him the next time, it will be more feebly and faintly. There will be less difficulty in overpowering the admonition. And the feebleness of remonstrance, and the faculty of resistance, both increase in every repetition; not because God interferes to make the man callous, but because the thing sown was stifling of conscience, and therefore the thing reaped is stifling of conscience. The Holy Spirit strives with every man. Conscience is but the voice of Deity, heard above the din of human passions. But let conscience be resisted, and the Spirit is grieved. Then, as with Pharaoh, there is an abstraction of that influence by which evil is kept under. And thus there is a less and less counteraction to the vegetating power of the seed, and therefore a more and more abundant upspringing of that which was sown. So that, though there must be a direct and mighty influence of Deity for the salvation of a man, there is no such interference for his destruction. God must sow the seed of regeneration, and enable man, according to the phraseology of the verse succeeding to our text, to sow "to the Spirit." But man sows for himself the seed of impenitence, and of himself "he soweth to his flesh," and what he sows he reaps. If, as he grows older, he grows more confirmed in his wickedness; if warnings come upon him with less and less energy; if the solemnities of the judgment lose more and more their power of alarming him, and the terrors of hell their power of affrighting him, why, the man is nothing else but an exhibition of the thickening of the harvest of which himself sowed the seed; and he puts forth, in this his confirmed and settled impenitence, a demonstration, legible by every careful observer, that there needs no apparatus for the turning a man gradually from the clay to the adamant, over and above the apparatus of his own heart, left to itself and let alone to harden. We greatly desire that you should rightly understand what the agency is through which the soul is destroyed. It is not that God hath sent out a decree against a man; it is not that he throws a darkness before his eyes which can not be penetrated, and a chillness into his blood which can not be thawed, and a torpor into his limbs which can not be overcome, harvest-time bringing an abundant produce of what was sown in the seed-time—this, we contend, is the sum total of the mystery. God interferes not, as it were, with processes of nature. He opposes not, or, to speak more correctly, he withdraws gradually his opposition to, the

vegetation of the seed. And this is all. There is nothing more needed. You resist a motion of the Spirit. Well, then, this facilitates further resistance. He who has resisted once will have less difficulty in resisting the second time, and less than that the third time, and less than that the fourth time. So that there comes a harvest of resistances, and all from the single grain of the first resistance. You indulge yourself once in a known sin. Why, you will be more easily overpowered by the second temptation, and again more easily by the third, and again more easily by the fourth. And what is this but a harvest of sinful indulgences, and all from the one grain of the first indulgence? You omit some portion of spiritual exercises, of prayer, or of the study of the word. The omission will grow upon you. You will omit more to-morrow, and more the next day, and still more the next. And thus there will be a harvest of omissions, and all from the solitary grain of the first omission. And if, through the germinating power of that which man sows, he proceeds naturally from "bad to worse;" if resistance produce resistance, and indulgence indulgence, and omission omission, shall it be denied that the sinner, throughout the whole history of his experience, throughout his progress across the waste of worldliness, and obduracy, and impenitence—passing, as he does, to successive stages of indifference to God, and fool-hardiness, and recklessness—is nothing else but the mower of the fruits of his own husbandry, and thus witnesses, with a power which outdoes all the power of language, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!"

It is in this manner that we go into what we term the philosophy of our text, when applied to the present scene of probation. We take the seed in the soil. We show you that by a natural process, without the interference of God, and simply through his ceasing to counteract the tendencies, there is produced a wide crop of the same grain as was sown. And thus, all kinds of opposition to God propagating themselves, he who becomes wrought up into an infidel hardihood, or lulled into a sepulchral apathy is nothing but the sower living on to be the reaper—the husbandman in the successive stages of agriculture, wherein the plowing, and the planting, and the gathering, are all his own achievements, and all his own destruction. Now, we have confined ourselves to the supposition, that the thing sown is wickedness. But you will see at once, that, with a mere verbal alteration, whatever has been advanced illustrates our text when the thing sown is righteousness. If a man resist temptation, there will be a facility of resisting, ever augmenting as he goes on with self-denial. Every new achievement of principle will smooth the way to future achievements of the like kind; and the fruits of each moral victory—for we may consider the victory as a seed that is sown—is to place us on loftier vantage-ground for the triumphs of righteousness in days to come. We can not perform a virtuous act without gaining fresh sinew for the service of virtue; just as we can not perform a vicious, without riveting

faster to ourselves the fetters of vice. And, assuredly, if there be thus such a growing strength in habit, that every action makes way for its repetition, we may declare of virtue and righteousness, that they reproduce themselves; and is not this the same thing as proving, that what we sow, that also do we reap? We would yet further remark, under this head of discourse, that the principle of reaping what we sow, is specially to be traced through all the workings of philanthropy.

We are persuaded that, if an eminently charitable man experienced great reverse of circumstances, so that from having been the affluent and the benefactor, he became the needy and the dependent, he would attract toward himself in his distress, all the sympathies of a neighborhood. And while the great man, who had had nothing but his greatness to recommend him, would be unpitied or uncared for, in disaster; and the avaricious man who had grasped tightly his wealth, would merit only ridicule when it had escaped from his hold; the philanthropic man, who had used his riches as a steward, would form in his penury a sort of focus for the kindliness of a thousand hearts; and multitudes would press forward to tender him the succor which he had once given to others; and thus there would be a mighty reaping into his own granaries of that very seed which he had been assiduous in sowing.

We go on to observe, that it is the marvelous property of spiritual things—though we can scarcely affirm it of natural—that the effort to teach them to others, gives enlargement to our own sphere of information. We are persuaded that the most experienced Christian can not sit down with the neglected and grossly ignorant laborer—nay, not with the child in a Sunday or Infant-school—and there strive to explain and enforce the great truths of the Bible, without finding his own views of the gospel amplified and cleared through this engagement in the business of tuition. The mere trying to make a point plain to another, will oftentimes make it far plainer than ever to ourselves. In illustrating a doctrine of Scripture, in endeavoring to bring it down to the level of a weak or undisciplined understanding, you will find that doctrine presenting itself to your own minds with a new power and unimagined beauty; and though you may have read the standard writers on theology, and mastered the essays of the most learned divines, yet shall such fresh and vigorous apprehensions of truth be derived often from the effort to press it home on the intellect and conscience of the ignorant, that you shall pronounce the cottage of the untaught peasant your best school-house, and the questions even of a child your most searching catechisings on the majestic and mysterious things of our faith. And, as you tell over to the poor cottager the story of the incarnation and crucifixion, and inform him of the nature and effects of Adam's apostacy; or even find yourself required to adduce more elementary truths, pressing on the neglected man the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul; O, it shall constantly occur that you will feel a keener sense than ever of the preciousness of

Christ, or a greater awe at the majesties of Jehovah, or a loftier bounding of spirits at the thought of your own deathlessness; and if you feel tempted to count it strange, that in teaching another, you teach also yourself, and that you carry away from your intercourse with the mechanic, or the child, such an accession to your own knowledge, or your own love, as shall seem to make you the indebted party, and not the obliging; then you have only to remember—and the remembrance will sweep away surprise—that it is a fixed appointment of the Almighty, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In respect, moreover, to alms-giving, we may assert that there is evidently such a present advantage in communicating of our temporal good things, that the giver becomes the receiver; and thus the principle under review finds a fresh illustration. The general comfort and security of society depend so greatly on the well-being of the lower orders, that the rich consult most for themselves when they consult most for the poor. There must be restlessness and anxiety in the palace, while misery oppresses the great mass of a population. And every effort to increase the happiness, and heighten the character of the poor, will tell powerfully on the condition of those by whom it is made, seeing that the contentment and good order of the peasantry of a country, give value to the revenues of its nobles and merchants. For our own part, we never look on a public hospital or infirmary, we never behold the alms-houses into which old age may be received, and the asylums which have been thrown up on all sides, for the widow and the orphan, without feeling that, however generously the rich come forward to the relief of the poor, they advantage themselves while providing for the suffering and destitute. These buildings, which are the best diadem of our country, not only bring blessings on the land, by serving, it may be, as electrical conductors, which turn from us many flashes of the lightning of wrath; but, being as centers whence succors are sent through distressed portions of our community, they are fostering-places of kindly dispositions toward the wealthier ranks, and may, therefore, be considered as structures in which a kingdom's prosperity is nursed; that the fittest inscription over their gateways would be this: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Now before we turn to the second topic of discourse, we would make a close application of some of our foregoing statements. You perceive the likelihood, or rather the certainty, to be, that in all cases, there will be a self-propagating power in evil, so that the wrong done shall be parent to a line of misdoings. We have shown you, for example, that to stifle a conviction, is the first step in a pathway which leads directly to stupefaction of conscience. And we desire to fasten on this fact, and so to exhibit it, that all may discern their own concernment therewith. We remark that men will flock in crowds to the public preaching of the word, though the master of natural passion, whatsoever it be, retain,

undisputed, the lordship of their spirits; and this passion may be avarice, or it may be voluptuousness, or ambition, or envy, or pride. But however characterized, the dominant lust is brought into the sanctuary, and exposed, so to speak, to the exorcisms of the preacher. And who shall say what a disturbing force the sermon will oftentimes put forth against the master-passion, and how frequently the word of the living God, delivered in earnestness and affection, shall have almost made a breach in the stronghold of Satan? Ay, we believe that often, when a minister, gathering himself up in the strength of his Master, launches the thunderbolts of truth against vice and unrighteousness, there is a vast stirring of heart through the listening assembly; and that as he reasons of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" (Acts, xxiv. 25), though the natural ear catch no sounds of alarm and anxiety, attendant angels, who watch the workings of the gospel, hear the deep beatings of many souls, and almost start at the bounding throb of aroused and agitated spirits. If Satan ever tremble for his ascendancy, it is when the preacher has riveted the attention of the unconverted individual; and, after describing and denouncing the covetous, or pouring out the torrents of his speech on an exhibition of the voluptuary, or exposing the madness and misery of the proud, comes down on that individual with the startling announcement: "Thou art the man." And the individual goes away from the sanctuary, convinced of the necessity of subduing the master-passion; and he will form, and for a while act upon, the resolution of wrestling against pride, or of mortifying lust, or of renouncing avarice. But he proceeds in his own strength, and, having no consciousness of the inabilities of his nature, seeks not to God's Spirit for assistance. In a little time, therefore, all the impression wears away: he saw only the dangers of sin; he went not on to see its vileness; and the mind soon habituates itself, or soon grows indifferent, to the contemplation of danger, and, above all, when perhaps distant. Hence the man will quickly return to his old haunts; and whether it be to money-making that he again gives himself, or to sensuality, or to ambition, he will enter on the pursuit with an eagerness heightened by abstinence: and thus the result will be practically the same, as though, having sown mortal stupor, he were reaping a harvest tremendously luxuriant. And O! if the man, after this renouncement, and restoration, of the master-passion, come again to the sanctuary — and if again the preacher denounce, with a righteous vehemence, every working of ungodliness — and the fire be in his eye, and the thunder on his tongue, as he makes a stand for God, and for truth, against a reckless and a semi-infidel generation—alas! the man who has felt convictions and sown their stiflings, will be more inaccessible than ever, and more impervious; he will have been hardened by the vegetating process which has gone on in his soul. A far mightier apparatus than before will be required to make the lightest impression. And when you think that there the man is now sitting

unmoved by the terrors of the word; that he can listen with indifference to the very truth which once agitated him; and that, as a consequence of the reproduction of the seed, there is more of the marble in his composition than before, and more of the ice, and more of the iron—so that the likelihood of salvation is fearfully diminished; ye can need no further warning against trifling with convictions, and thus making light of the appointment, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

But we proposed to examine, in the second place, the application of the principle of our text to the future scene of recompense. There can be no question that the reference of the apostle is, especially, to the retributions of another state of being. The present life is emphatically the seed-time, the next life the harvest-time. And the matter we now have in hand is the ascertaining whether it be by the natural process of the thing sown yielding the thing reaped, that sinfulness here shall give torment hereafter.

You will observe that, in showing the application of the principle under review, to the present scene of probation, we proved that the utmost which God does toward confirming a man in impenitence is the leaving him to himself, the withdrawing from him gradually the remonstrances of his Spirit. The man is literally his own hardener, and, therefore, literally his own destroyer. And we now inquire, whether or no he will be his own punisher? We seem required, if we would maintain rigidly the principle of our text, to suppose that what is reaped in the future shall be identical with what is sown in the present. It can not be questioned that this is a fair representation. The seed reproduces itself. It is the same grain which the sower scatters, and the reaper collects. We may, therefore, lay it down as the statement of our text, that what is reaped in the next life shall be literally of the same kind with what is sown in this life. But, if this be correct, it must follow that a man's sinfulness shall be a man's punishment.

And there is no lack of scriptural evidence on the side of the opinion, that the leaving the wicked, throughout eternity, to their mutual recriminations, to the workings and boilings of over-wrought passions, to the scorpion-sting of an undying remorse, and all the native and inborn agonies of vice—that this, without the interference of a divinely-sent ministry of vengeance, may make that pandemonium which is sketched to us by all that is horrible and ghastly in imagery; and that tormenting, only by giving up the sinner to be his own tormentor, God may fulfill all the ends of a retributive economy, awarding to wickedness its merited condemnation, and displaying to the universe the dreadfulness of rebellion.

It may be, we say, that there shall be required no direct interferences on the part of God. It may be that the Almighty shall not commission an avenging train to goad and lacerate the lost. The sinner is hardened by being left to himself; and may it not be that the sinner shall be

punished by being left to himself? We think assuredly that the passage before us leads straightway to such a conclusion.

We may have habituated ourselves to the idea that God shall take, as it were, into his own hands the punishment of the condemned, and that, standing over them as the executioner of the sentence, he will visit body and soul with the afflictions of wrath.

But it consists far better with the character of God that judgment should be viewed as the natural produce of sinfulness, so that, without any divine interference, the sinfulness will generate the judgment. Let sinfulness alone, and it will become punishment. Such is, probably, the true account of this awful matter. The thing reaped is the thing sown. And if the thing sown be sinfulness, and if the thing reaped be punishment, then the punishment, after all, must be the sinfulness; and that fearful apparatus of torture which is spoken of in Scripture, the apparatus of a worm that dieth not, and of a fire that is not quenched; this may be just a man's own guilt, the things sown in this mortal life sprung up and waving in an immortal harvest. We think this is a point of great moment. It were comparatively little to say of an individual who sells himself to work evil, and carries it with a high hand and a brazen front against the Sword of the whole earth, that he shuts himself up to a certain and definite destruction. The thrilling truth is, that, in working iniquity, he sows for himself anguish. He gives not way to a new desire; he allows not a fresh victory to lust, without multiplying the amount of final torment. By every excursion of passion, and by every indulgence of an unhallowed craving, and by all misdoings of a hardened and dissolute life, he may be literally said to pour into the granary of his future destinies the goads and stings which shall madden his spirit. He lays up more food for self-reproach. He widens the field over which thought will pass in bitterness, and mow down remorse. He teaches the worm to be ingenious in excruciating, by tasking his wit that he may be ingenious in sinning—for some men, as the prophet saith, and it is a wonderful expression—"are wise to do evil." (Jer., iv. 22.) And thus, his iniquities opening, as it were, fresh inlets for the approaches of vengeance, with the growth of wickedness will be the growth of punishment; and at last it will appear that his resistance to convictions, his neglect of opportunities, and his determined enslavement to evil, have literally worked for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight" of despair.

But even this expresses not clearly and fully what seems taught by our text. We are searching for an identity or sameness between what is sown and what is reaped. We, therefore, yet further observe that it may not be needful that a material rack should be prepared for the body, and fiery spirits gnaw upon the soul. It may not be needful that the Creator should appoint distinct and extraneous arrangements for torture. Let what we call the husbandry of wickedness go forward; let the sin-

ner reap what the sinner has sown; and there is a harvest of anguish forever to be gathered. Who discerns not that punishment may thus be sinfulness, and, therefore, the principle of our text may hold to the very letter in a scene of retribution? A man "sows to the flesh;" this is the apostle's description of sinfulness. He is "of the flesh to reap corruption;" this is his description of punishment. He "sows to the flesh" by pampering the lusts of the flesh, and he "reaps of the flesh" when these pampered lusts fall on him with fresh cravings, and demand of him fresh gratifications. But suppose this reaping continued in the next life, and is not the man mowing down a harvest of agony? Let all those passions and desires which have been the man's business upon earth, hunger and thirst for gratification hereafter, and will ye seek elsewhere for the parched tongue beseeching fruitlessly one drop of water? Let the envious man keep his envy, and the jealous man his jealousy, and the revengeful man his revengefulness; and each has a worm which shall eat out everlastingly the very core of his soul. Let the miser have still his thoughts upon gold, and the drunkard his upon the wine-cup, and the sensualist his upon voluptuousness; and a fire-sheet is round each which shall never be extinguished. We know not whether it be possible to conjure up a more terrible image of a lost man, than by supposing him everlastingly preyed upon by the master-lust which has here held him in bondage. We think that you have before you the spectacle of a being, hunted, as it were, by a never-wearying fiend, when you imagine that there rages in the licentious and profligate—only wrought into a fury which has no parallel upon earth—that very passion which it was the concern of a life-time to indulge, but which it must now be the employment of an eternity to deny. We are persuaded that you reach the summit of all that is tremendous in conception, when you suppose a man consigned to the tyranny of a lust which can not be conquered, and which can not be gratified. It is literally surrendering him to a worm which dieth not, to a fire which is not quenched. And while the lust does the part of a ceaseless tormentor, the man, unable longer to indulge in it, will writhe in remorse at having endowed it with sovereignty: and thus there will go on (though not in our power to conceive, and, O God, grant it may never be our lot to experience), the cravings of passion with the self-reproachings of the soul; and the torn and tossed creature shall forever long to gratify lust, and forever bewail his madness in gratifying it.

Now you must perceive that in thus sketching the possible nature of future retribution, we only show that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We prove that sinfulness may be punishment, so that the things reaped shall be identical with the things sown according to the word of the prophet Hosea, "they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind" (Hosea, viii. 7). We reckon that the principle of our text, when rigidly applied, requires us to suppose the retribution

of the ungodly the natural produce of their actions. It shall not, perhaps, be that God will interpose with an apparatus of judgments, any more than he now interposes with an apparatus for hardening, or confirming in impenitence. Indifference, if let alone, will produce obduracy; and obduracy, if let alone, will produce torments. Obduracy is indifference multiplied; and thus it is the harvest from the grain. Torment is obduracy perpetuated and bemoaned; and this again is harvest—the grain reproduced, but thorns around the ear. Thus, from first to last, "whatsoever a man soweth, that also does he reap." We should be disposed to plead for the sound divinity, as well as the fine poetry of words, which Milton puts into the mouth of Satan when approaching to the survey of paradise: "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." "Myself am hell!" It is the very idea which we have extracted from our text; the idea of a lost creature being his own tormentor, his own place of torment. There shall be needed no retinue of wrath to heap on the fuel, or tighten the rack, or sharpen the goad. He can not escape from himself, and himself is hell.

We would add that our text is not the only scriptural passage which intimates that sinfulness shall spring up into punishment, exactly as the seed sown produces the harvest.

In the first chapter of the Book of Proverbs, the eternal wisdom marks out in terrible language the doom of the scorners: "I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." (Prov., i. 26.) And then, when he would describe their exact punishment, he says, "They shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." (Prov., i. 31.) They reap, you see, what they sow; their torments are "their own devices." We have a similar expression in the Book of Job: "Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same." (Job, i. 8.) Thus again in the Book of Proverbs: "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." (Prov., xiv. 14.) We may add that solemn verse in the last chapter of the Book of Revelation, which seems to us exactly to the point. It is spoken in the prospect of Christ's immediate appearance: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." (Rev., xxii. 11.)

The master-property is here represented as remaining the master-property. The unjust continues forever the unjust, the filthy forever the filthy. So that the indulged principle keeps fast its ascendancy, as though, according to the foregoing supposition, it is to become the tormenting principle. The distinguishing characteristic never departs. When it can no longer be served and gratified by its slave, it wreaks its disappointment tremendously on its victim.

There is thus a precise agreement between our text, as now expounded, and other portions of the Bible which refer to the same topic.

We have indeed, as you will observe, dealt chiefly with the sowing and reaping of the wicked, and but just alluded to those of the righteous. It would not, however, be difficult to prove to you, that, inasmuch as holiness is happiness, godliness shall be reward, even as sinfulness shall be punishment. And it is clear that the apostle designed to include both cases under his statement: for he subjoins as its illustration, "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." We can not indeed plead, in the second case, for as rigid an application of the principle as in the first. We can not argue, that is, for what we call the natural process of vegetation. There must be constant interferences on the part of deity. God himself, rather than man, is the sower; and unless God were continually busy with the seed, it could never germinate and send up a harvest of glory. We think that this distinction between the cases is intimated by St. Paul: the one man sows "to the flesh;" himself the husbandman, himself the territory; the other man sows "to the Spirit, to the Holy Ghost." And here there is a superinduced soil which differs altogether from the natural; but if there be not, in each case, precisely the same, there is sufficient vigor of application to bear out the assertion of our text. We remember that it was "a crown of righteousness" (2 Tim., iv. 8) which sparkled before Paul; and we may, therefore, believe that the righteousness which God's grace has nourished in the heart will grow into recompense, just as the wickedness, in which the transgressor has indulged, will shoot into torment. So that, although it were easy to speak at greater length on the case of true believers, we may lay it down as a demonstrated truth, whether respect be had to the godly or the disobedient of the earth, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And now, what mean ye to reap on that grand harvest-day, the day of judgment? Every one of you is sowing either to the flesh or to the Spirit; and every one of you must, hereafter, take the sickle in his hand, and mow down the produce of his husbandry.

We will speak no longer on things of terror. We have said enough to alarm the indifferent; and we pray God that the careless among you may find these words of the prophet ringing in their ears, when they lie down to rest this night: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." (Jer., iii. 20.) But, ere we conclude, we would address a word to the men of God, and animate them to the toils of tillage by the hopes of reaping. We know that it is with much opposition from indwelling corruption, with many thwartings from Satan and your evil hearts, that ye prosecute the work of breaking up your fallow ground, and sowing to yourselves in righteousness. Ye have to deal with a stubborn soil. The prophet Amos asks, "Shall horses run upon the rock; will one plow there with oxen?" (Amos, vi. 12.) Yet, this is precisely what you have to do. It is the rock, "the heart of

stone," which you must bring into cultivation. Yet, be ye not dismayed. Above all things, pause not, as though doubtful whether to prosecute a labor which seems to grow as it is performed.

"No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." (Luke, ix. 62.) Rather comfort yourselves with that beautiful declaration of the Psalmist: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." (Psalm cxxvi. 5.) Rather call to mind the saying of the apostle: "Ye are God's husbandry." (2 Cor., iii. 9.) It is God, who by his Spirit, plows the ground, and sows the seed, and imparts the influences of sun and shower. "My Father," said Jesus, "is the husbandman" (John, xv. 1); and can ye not feel assured that he will give the increase. Look ye on to the harvest-time. What though the winter be dreary and long, and there seem no shooting of the fig-tree to tell you that summer is nigh, Christ shall yet speak to his Church in that loveliest of poetry: "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." (Cant., ii. 11, 12.) Then shall be the harvest. We can not tell you the glory of the things which ye shall reap. We can not show you the wavings of the golden corn. But this we know, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom., viii. 18); and therefore, brethren, beloved in the Lord, "be ye not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." (Gal., vi. 9.)

DISCOURSE XXXVII.

JOHN ANGEL JAMES.

No minister in England is better known, and more beloved this side of the Atlantic, than the venerable James. He is now advanced in life beyond his threescore and ten, having been born in Blandford, England, June the 6th, 1785, the son of Joseph James, a linen-draper and pious dissenter. He became a subject of renewing grace in the year 1800; and having completed his preliminary studies, mainly at Gosport, he was ordained in 1806 to the charge of the Congregational Church in Birmingham; which pastorate he has ever since held—a period of 51 years. Notwithstanding several colonies have gone out into the suburbs of the town, the Church now numbers about 1000 members, and is one of the most influential in Great Britain. With the help of a colleague recently chosen, the aged man of God still ministers to a happy and united flock.

As a preacher, Mr. James has long held a high place among the most able and popular ministers of the day. After the manner of most of the English dissenters, he generally speaks from a well-digested plan, leaving the language to be supplied chiefly by his thoughts and feelings, at the moment of utterance. His appearance in the pulpit is said to be imposing and dignified, and his manner is at once persuasive and commanding, tender and energetic, exhibiting a soul deeply impressed with its own bold and lofty thoughts, and forgetful of every thing else but the great end which the preaching of the gospel is designed to accomplish. His discourses are generally framed with much skill, and are adapted not less to arouse and quicken, than to guide and edify; not less to seize hold of the conscience, than to warm and elevate the feelings; not less to impress the careless sinner with a sense of his ruin, than to search the heart of the hypocrite, and build up the true Christian in the most holy faith.

Mr. James is a voluminous author—most of his works being of a particular class—not learned or critical, but *practical* in the highest sense of the term, and designed, either to guide in Christian duty, or awaken the ungodly. Some of his principal works are "The Church-Member's Guide," "The Christian Father's Present to his Children," "Christian Charity," "The Family Monitor," "The Anxious Inquirer," "Christian Duty," "The Church in Earnest," "An Earnest Ministry," and "The Course of Faith."

It is remarkable that one who writes so much should write so well. The productions of Mr. James are models of their kind. The style is so simple as to be transparent to the mind of a child, yet so beautiful as to attract the man of cultivated taste; moreover, they always breathe a heavenly spirit, are deeply imbued with the evangelical sentiment, and an evident earnestness to do good.

The following discourse, forwarded by the author for this work, and never before published in this country, was prepared with reference to a controversy which has been carried on with considerable warmth, of late, in the Congregational body in England, on the subject of evangelical truth, and which was originated by the publication of a volume of poetry, called the "Rivulet." It was intended to be preached at the regular autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union; but that meeting having been postponed for various reasons, the discourse was not delivered. Its peaceful, conciliatory spirit, its sound Christian views, its timely counsels and weighty warnings, give to it a value which is not limited to any particular country or time A few allusions, principally of a local character, are omitted.

THE UNION OF TRUTH AND LOVE.

"Speaking the truth in love."—EPHES., iv. 15.

I PASS by the magnificent context, and at once take up the text as an abstract proposition, complete in its own isolation, and imposing upon all, and especially upon ministers, a most incumbent and momentous duty. "Speaking the truth in love," does not refer primarily, if at all, to veracity between man and man, but to our expression, and our *mode* of expression, of the truth as it is in Jesus, whether in the way of didactic teaching, defense, or controversy—whether by the pen or word of mouth—or whether by ministers in their public ministrations, or by other persons in the ordinary intercourse of life. It is a general rule, commanding and directing us, that whenever truth is upon our lips, love shall be in our hearts, and upon our tongues, so that our faith and our charity shall be equally conspicuous in all we say. I shall apply this rule on the present occasion to the *ministerial* enunciation of truth, whether from the pulpit or the press. And I think these few beautiful words give out to us *the subject and the spirit of our ministry.*

FIRST.—The SUBJECT of our ministration.—We are not only the teachers of truth, but of *the* truth; and not only of religious, but of Christian truth. We minister, of course, at the altar of the God of nature and providence; but this stands only in the vestibule of the temple of truth, and our chief service is at the altar of the God of redemption, which points and leads to the mercy-seat in the holy of holies. Ours is "the ministry of reconciliation" between God and a revolted world: than which there is nothing higher for the highest ambition to seek, or possess.

All that is put forward as truth, and claims to be such, must appeal to some standard by which its claims are to be tried. And what is the standard of *Christian* truth? Not our own intuitional consciences, for objective Christianity is a collection of facts to be tried by their own evidence, and not by the evidence suggested by our own reason, for

they are themselves facts of which reason *can* know nothing but as they are revealed to it, and for which it can find no vouchers in itself. Not the authority of the church, for the church is composed of fallible men, and, multiply fallibles as you may, they can never make infallibility. Not creeds and articles, catechisms and formularies, for whatever may be the value they have as exponents of opinion—discriminators of systems—bases of communion—and subordinate breakwaters against the waves of error, they must all themselves be tried by the word of God, and can not be the test of truth. The only infallible truth is the word of God. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion, not only of Protestants, but of Christians; and when men can be brought to gather round this fountain of truth, and there "purify their much-abused vision from the scales of prejudice and passion," a better understanding and a more general agreement of the meaning of the word will be arrived at. Angry controversies and legal restraints will do little for this object, "for unless an angel were to descend for that purpose, the spirit of strife is a disease not to be healed by the troubling of the waters."

But what is it that gives the Bible its authority as the standard of truth? Its *inspiration:* and the main object of the father of lies, the center of the policy of pandemonium, in this day, is to prove that inspiration in its higher sense falters before a rigid criticism. "My brethren," says the venerable Archdeacon Law, in an admirable charge to his clergy, "unless we are content to fall before the insidious errors of the day, we must take our stand upon the rock of an inspired Bible. When final and irrevocable appeal to this fails, we lose our vantage-ground. Our noblest victories in the great fight of faith can then only win the palm of probability. Nothing in theology is certain, if the inspiration of the Bible be not so. If texts be disputable proof, our whole ministry is but a doubtful argument." Not only are the nerves and sinews of our strength dried up, but our shield is lost, the point of our sword is blunted, and truth is exposed defenseless to the weapons of error. When inspiration is gone, the hedge around the sacred vine of Scripture is broken down, and the boar out of the wood will waste it. We must, for the adjustment of controversy, and the settlement of religious truth, have infallibility somewhere, and if we can not find it in the Bible, it is no matter of wonder that some go and seek for it in the church. Take away inspiration, or reduce it to the level, or to an approximation to the level, of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, as modern theorists would do—and what have we left in the Bible, but the opinion of men fallible as ourselves, with better information it is true, but still fallible men, whose dicta being liable to be wrong, we are at liberty not only to sift, but also to reject?

But we now go on to ask, not whether the Bible is true, but what is the truth in the Bible? Never was a more important question asked than that which Pilate proposed to the illustrious prisoner at his bar:

WHAT IS TRUTH? and if our Lord deigned not to answer it, his silence was not intended to manifest that he thought the query beneath his notice, but to rebuke the frivolity of the querist, and, at the same time, that of all others who in subsequent ages should trifle with a subject so serious and of such tremendous importance. Truth is the greatest and the most solemn thing in the universe, next to the God of truth, and demands to be approached with something of the reverential awe with which we draw near to its divine source. But, again I ask, what is truth? A thousand things are true, which are not worthy to be called TRUTH—much less *the* truth. And what oracle shall give out the response? To discover this, all the noblest intellects of ancient and modern times have engaged in exploratory researches. The mightiest minds have kindled their lamps and gone into the dark regions of the *terra incognita*. But, set aside the records of inspiration, we are still in the condition of the ancient sages, floating upon an ocean of doubt and conjecture, saying, "Who can tell?—peradventure;" without this we shall arrive at that temper and spirit, which in modern times has transformed the natural thirst after truth into the hydrophobia of a homeless and incurable skepticism.

When Pilate asked his question, there, vailed under the form of that despised and rejected man who stood as a criminal at his bar, stood this mighty, glorious, and hitherto mysterious and undiscovered thing, which thousands of the mightiest intellects on earth had sought for in vain. One of the sublimest expressions that ever dropped from the lips of the Great Teacher, when upon earth, was this: "*I am the truth.*" To the sound of these words heaven and earth might have listened with rapture, as solving the problems, and relieving the solicitudes of forty generations. Yes, Jesus Christ is *truth* incarnate, as well as *love* incarnate; hence the apostle's emphatic expression: "The truth, *as it is in Jesus.*" Christ is the center of all religious truth, where all its lines converge as in a focus, and from thence radiate with brilliant splendor to the extremities of the universe. In the divinity of his person, and his work of mediation as prophet, priest, and king, consists all momentous truth. And is it not matter of unutterable wonder, joy, and gratitude, to see truth, not in abstract dogmas, articles, and propositions, but in this concrete form! It is indeed a glorious thing to see truth doctrinal, enshrined thus in the person of its divine Author.

If, out of the numerous doctrines which have their center in Christ, I were to select one, which includes or implies all the rest, and which deserves the emphasis of *the* truth, it is THE ATONEMENT. By the atonement I mean the death of Christ, as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the world. The death of Christ upon the cross, is designed to be a manifestation of divine justice, in harmony with mercy, and not merely a manifestation of love apart from justice. How clearly is this proved by the apostle, where he says, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitia-

tion through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; to declare, I say, his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." (Rom., iii. 24, 25.) Here, in the compass of these two verses, *justice* is three times declared to be that attribute of God which is specially regarded in the death of Christ; and in what way but by atonement can justice be thus manifested? Had love been the only attribute of God's nature to be consulted by a system of mediation, the cross would have been little better than an incumbrance upon it, an opaque object to eclipse it, instead of a clear, transparent medium to reveal it. Without this doctrine of atonement, as including personal substitution and real propitiation, there seems to be no correspondence between the gospel as the substance and the shadow of the law. The deepest wants of human nature and its most urgent cravings, as made known in the sacrificial rites of all nations, are left unsatisfied, the brightest glories of the Godhead are unrevealed, the elements of revealed truth sink to chaos, the light of salvation is extinguished forever, and the hope of a guilty world must set in eternal despair. To deny the atonement, or which is the same thing, to deny its relation to justice and moral government, and to make its essence to consist in example rather than substitution, is not so much to misunderstand, as unintentionally, no doubt, but really, to contradict the Scripture. This great doctrine is the life's blood which sends warmth, vitality, and action through the whole body of truth. Take away this, and, to my perception, you leave nothing but a corpse. It is the key-stone in the arch which locks the whole in beauty and firmness. Remove this, and the whole becomes a heap of ruin. It is the one pervading idea that unites all parts of the Bible in harmonious teaching. Blot out this, and all that remains is incoherent and unmeaning as the leaves which the sybil scattered to the wind.

And let us not be satisfied with a *counterfeit* atonement which retains the word, but rejects the idea of which it is the sign. Even the Pantheists of Germany, the wildest of them all, have in some cases couched their rampant infidelity under Scripture terms. We must have not only evangelical words, but evangelical ideas. Atonement does not signify a moral effect upon us by the death of Christ, but a moral purpose toward God. It means, if it mean any thing, a vindication and illustration of the divine justice, as well as the manifestation of mercy in the pardon of the transgressor. It means, under the Christian dispensation, the same in reference to moral guilt, that it meant under the Jewish dispensation in reference to ceremonial offenses; and in this latter it necessarily implied substitution and sacrificial efficacy, not merely in the way of producing the reformation of the offender, but of procuring pardon of his offense. We are sometimes told that the sacrificial language of the New Testament is all used figuratively in allusion to the rites and ceremonies of the Levitical economy. Instead of this, the figure was in the Old

Testament, and the real truth in the New Testament. We have not gained the scriptural idea of the atonement, or propitiation, for this is the word used, till we have admitted the idea of vicarious sacrifice as a manifestation of justice.

This, beloved brethren, appears to me the truth of truths, which we must bring often into the pulpit; or without this, *I* should feel I had no business in it. Another doctrine may set forth a Saviour, but I can see no salvation in his hands—may exhibit a firmament, but it is with a rayless, freezing sun, or rather the sun in total eclipse—may lift up the pole, but the brazen serpent, the remedy for the venomous bite, is not there.

How truly has Dr. Guthrie said, "Here at the cross is the place in the great universe, from which God and his attributes may be best beheld and studied. It corresponds to that one spot in a noble cathedral lying right beneath the lofty dome, where the spectator, commanding all the grandest features of the edifice, is instructed to look around him if he would see the monument of its architect. I scale bartizan or tower to embrace at one view the map of a mighty city. Or I climb the sides of some lofty hill to survey the landscape that lies in beauty at its feet. And had I the universe to range over, where should I go to obtain the fullest exhibition of the Godhead? Shall I soar on angel-wings to the heights of heaven, to look on its happiness and listen to angels' hymns? Shall I cleave the darkness, and sailing round the edge of the fiery gulf, listen to the wail and weep over the misery of the lost? No; turning from these sunny heights and doleful regions, I would remain in this world of ours, and traveling on a pilgrimage to Palestine, would stand beneath the dome of heaven with my feet on Calvary. On that consecrated spot where the cross of salvation rose and the blood of a Redeemer fell, I find the center of a spiritual universe. Here the hosts of heaven descended to acquaint themselves with God in Christ—here concentrated, as in a burning focus, his varied attributes blend and shine." This is as true as it is beautiful.

And now I ask HOW THIS TRUTH SHOULD BE PREACHED. Is it then really *necessary* to ask or to answer such a question in reference to our ministry? I wish it were not. And if it be, how devoutly do I wish a Chalmers, a Hall, a Pye Smith, or Wardlaw, were here to-night to make the demonstration instead of the preacher who now occupies the pulpit. "Ye glorified immortals, who have gazed upon the Lamb on his throne, and see in heavenly light the wonders of that cross in which your noble intellects gloried upon earth, methinks with what burning words you would confound that affected intellectualism, and shallow philosophy, and lawless speculation, which some are now putting in the place of the gospel of our salvation." My brethren, think you they would not say, *How* speak the truth? Speak it *definitely* and not in *vague generalities*, in dim and untraceable outline, in cloudy mistiness, or in faltering faith. Let not the trumpet give an uncertain sound. Let the cross be seen in

all its magnitude in distinct outline and cloudless splendor, clear and bright as the glorious sun, revealing every thing, illuminating every thing, warming every thing. If any thing should be set forth so clearly as not to be misunderstood, and so constantly as not to be forgotten, it surely must be that truth by which immortal souls are to be saved from hell and raised to heaven. To render this indistinct and liable to be mistaken or overlooked by profound intellectualism, philosophical abstractions, excessive elaboration, redundant rhetoric, or an affected obscurity of style, is so to vail truth that it can not be seen—or, changing the figure, is so to dilute the elixir of life as to destroy its potency and efficacy. Let us not merely so speak *the* truth as that men *may* understand it, but so that they shall be scarcely able to *mis*understand it; so as that the most perplexed and doubting shall go from our ministration, exclaiming, I have found it.

Would not these glorified spirits, could they speak to us from their heavenly abode, charge us to preach the truth *in all its fullness?* God deals with man as a rational creature, and both removes his guilt and renews and sanctifies his heart through the medium of his intellect, by the belief of the truth. Look into nature, and you will see that vegetable life is sustained and animal life invigorated by the light of the sun. So in the world of grace, spiritual and eternal life is produced and supported by the light of truth as it radiates from the Sun of righteousness. Nor is it by any kind of light that the processes of nature are carried forward, but by the splendor of the orb of day. Kindle millions of torches, illuminate the atmosphere with a phosphorescent conflagration, adorn the heavens with the coruscations of a perpetual aurora borealis—all this will be grand, striking, and will attract attention: but not a plant will grow, not an animal will thrive. No—there must be the light of *the sun*, or there will be no life. So again is it in the world of grace. Christ said, first, "I am the truth;" then, "I am the life." If the purposes of God's mercy toward man are carried out; if sinners are converted to God; if salvation be conveyed to lost souls, it must be by the instrumentality of *the* truth. There may be the earth-kindled fires of rhetoric, the phosphorescence of intellect, the aurora borealis of genius, all employed about vague generalities of religion, and men may be gathered in crowds to admire and applaud—and there may be produced *a kind* of religious feeling, but there will be no conversion of souls—no spiritual life. I may carry the analogy still further between the processes of nature and grace. It is the pure white light of the sun in all its simplicity, as it streams from his orb, without any thing to discolor or dim the beam, that accomplishes best its fertilizing purpose in vegetation. The most beautiful forms in which the conservatory could be constructed might add grace to the building, but not power to the light; and the most splendid hues and shapes of stained glass would rather hinder than help the growth of the plants. Yes, and it is the unob-

structed beams of the great luminary of the spiritual world—the doctrine of Christ crucified set forth in its scriptural sublimity and simplicity, that will accomplish the design of God in the conversion of sinners. That high intellectualism, that philosophical cast of thought, that metaphysical abstraction, that excessive elaboration, and love of novelty and speculation, which too many of the preachers of the present day are anxious to obtain—what are they but either discontent and dissatisfaction with the pure white light of heaven's sun of truth, or a mistaken notion that it is by human intellect rather than by the influence of the Spirit that the gospel is to become the power of God unto salvation?

When therefore it is recollected that the truth is God's instrument for the accomplishment of his scheme of mercy toward this lost world; that it is not by miracle, nor by any special interposition of Providence; nor by preachers raised from the dead; nor by angel missions from the invisible world; but the truth presented to the mind by the preacher, or the book, that is the means by which souls are saved; how tremblingly anxious ought ministers to be to preach the truth, the whole truth, and I may almost add, nothing but the truth. Is the doctrine of the cross, I ask, the power of God unto salvation? Are men begotten to God by the truth—sanctified by the truth, comforted by the truth—then is it not manifest that ours should be emphatically the preaching of the cross? Every thing in our ministrations should be full of Christ. I know very well that no passage of holy Scripture has been more misunderstood, more abused, more perverted, to apologize for ignorance and indolence; for a narrow theology and a stereotyped phraseology, than that noble declaration of the apostle, "*I determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified.*" The cross, my brethren, in itself and its relations, is the center of a circle as vast as the circumference of the Bible; its diameter measures from the first verse of Genesis to the last in the Apocalypse. It includes the law and the prophets—the gospels and epistles—the worlds of nature, providence, and grace—all history from the creation to the conflagration—the ministry of angels and the agencies of men—all sound morality in principle, motive, and practice. O no, I am not shutting up your talents within narrow limits, nor cramping your genius, nor adding clogs to feet eager to climb, nor hanging weights upon wings impatient to soar. I have been more than fifty years a student and preacher of the cross, and I am going off the stage lamenting how little I have made known its glories; how much of its depth I have not fathomed, and of its height I have not measured; and when I close my Bible, as I must do ere long, it will be with a deep lament that I have left so much of it unexplored, untaught; and the same lament would be made by a Methuselah at the end of nine centuries of study of this inexhaustible doctrine.

Still, dear brethren, there must be a meaning in the apostle's language. Yes, Christ must be in our preaching the alpha and omega, as he is in

the Scriptures. Learn of the Apostle Paul. See how he brought Christ into every thing, at all times, and on all occasions, not only for the salvation of sinners, but for the sanctification of believers. Did he urge humility and regard to each other's welfare, it was thus—"Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant" (Phil., ii. 5–7). Did he enjoin benevolence? it was thus—"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich" (2 Cor., viii. 9). Forgiveness of injuries? it was thus—"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgave you" (Ephes., iv. 33). And even when enjoining the common duty of conjugal affection, he placed husbands and wives before the cross, and called upon them to soften, sanctify, and cement their love by the consideration of Christ's love to them (Ephes., i. 25–27). "The artist of the shield of Minerva on the Parthenon, did not more effectually work in his name, so that it could not be effaced without destroying the sculpture, than Paul wrought his *own* name, into his epistles?" No, but the name of his divine Lord. So let it be in our sermons. Let us lay a broad, deep, solid foundation of the truth as it is in Jesus, and upon that basis raise the whole superstructure, and a lofty one too, of ethics and experience. Let our discourses be thus redolent with the odor of that name which is as precious ointment poured forth, and then we ourselves, and only then, shall be a "sweet savor unto God, both in them that are saved and in them that perish."

And then, my brethren, ought not the truth to be preached with *the simplicity that is in Christ*—in its *own* dignified and divine *simplicity?* I say—not wrapt up and trammeled in philosophic forms of dress—not couched in mystic abstractions, or enumerated in new fantastic forms of language, coined in the Carlyle mint—but set forth in scriptural sentiment, and in the robust manly strength of our good old Saxon language. Some of our ministers, who may be sound in doctrine, give occasion by their style of writing for suspicions of heresy; it is so tinged with mysticism, so wrapped in obscurity, so characterized by peculiarity, as to render it sometimes difficult to shut out the fear that there is something unsound behind this semi-transparent vail. What we have to preach are stupendous facts, which are most powerfully told and most powerfully felt, when uttered in their glorious simplicity. Some preachers seem anxious to carve the cross with a splendid rhetoric, to render it less repulsive to men of taste; others to prop it with hard logic, to secure the approbation of your deep thinkers; and others to hide it with the drapery of modern philosophy. It is all a foolish attempt. The power of the magnet gains nothing from the graver's or the gilder's art; its attraction lies in itself, and is diminished by foreign

accretions. So it is with that greatest of all magnets, of which Christ spake when he said, "And *I*, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." We may draw men to ourselves by genius, eloquence, eccentricity, but we can draw men to Christ only by the attraction of his cross. I make allowance for the idiosyncracies in preachers of the human mind. Though all regenerated *hearts* are cast in the same mold, spiritually considered, it is not so when men are intellectually viewed. It was not so with the prophets or apostles. The human element in their writings was not extinguished by the divine. Inspiration did not set aside or shut out variety of manner, but still it maintained identity of matter. It is, and must be so, with preachers. The living creatures of the apocalypse, which in my opinion are symbols of the ministry, are varied in form, but all worship the same object, and are one in sentiment and in song. So that the cross, in all its brilliant splendors, and mighty dimensions, shall be clearly and constantly seen in our sermons, illuminating, warming, and vivifying all—diversity of language and representation may be admitted; though even this has its limits, which are passed, when to conciliate men of cultivated taste the very words which the Holy Ghost teacheth are ignored, and others introduced which do not convey the grand ideas of the originals. We hear a great deal about discarding technicalities. Let it be recollected that all other sciences, and all arts, have their technicalities, and why should not religion? If, however, by technicalities be only meant obsolete and uncouth terms or phrases not found in Scripture, let *them* be relinquished, but not Scripture phraseology. I know not that we have need to be ashamed of the terminology—call it technicalities if you please—which satisfied a Hall or a Chalmers, a Wardlaw, a Jay, or a Pye Smith; or to come to younger men, a McAll, or a Hamilton. Discard the words of the New Testament, and the ideas will soon follow. If a change of thought produces a change of language, it is equally true a change of language will sometimes bring about a change of thought.

If the truth be so important in itself as a revelation of God's plan and thoughts, and as the instrument of salvation to immortal souls, then I ask not only with what *prominence*, but with what *boldness*, *earnestness*, and *impressiveness* ought it to be spoken! It must be with no cold hearts or careless hands; with no tame indifference and sickly lukewarmness, we touch such themes. We may preach the truth in sermons clear as crystal and withal as cold. We may deny no doctrine of orthodoxy and class ourselves among evangelical preachers, and yet there may be so much spurious charity, so much tolerance of error, so much superficiality of conviction, so much languor of zeal concerning the truth, that the trumpet, if it does not give an *uncertain* sound, sends forth a *feeble* one, which seems rather the lulling notes of a holiday song than the loud and mighty blast which calls the hosts to the conflict, and inspires their hearts with the courage of heroes.

I conjure you to consider whether in a case where salvation and condemnation are concerned, indifference and lukewarmness are not treason to God and the souls of men, and whether even some enthusiasm is not loyalty to one and mercy to the other? We hold that man is responsible to God for his belief, and that men may be lost by a wrong creed as well as a wrong practice. Hear the apostle, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach unto you any other gospel than that we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal., i. 8): and then to give weight to his anathema and cause it to sink deeper into the souls of those for whom it was intended, he repeats the curse. This was not an outburst of unsanctified passion, a sulphurous enthusiasm, the ebullition of an inflamed imagination, a fanatical zeal. It was the cool, deliberate dictate of a man of tenderness and tears. It was more, they were the words of one who wrote as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. Hear also the language of the apostle of love: "Whosoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. If there come unto you any who brings not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed, for he that biddeth him God-speed is a partaker of his evil deeds." (2 John 9–11.) Is this the spirit of the age in which we live? What bigots would these apostles, uttering such words, have been accounted, by the liberals, had they lived in our days! If truth be any thing, it must be a great thing. If truth be a blessing, error must be a curse. If truth saves, error must destroy. And the friends of truth might learn something from the abettors of error. Are *they* lukewarm, torpid, silent, inert? Look at infidels, look at Roman Catholics, look at the Mormonites. Friends of the Redeemer, preachers of the cross, shall lukewarmness be found only in *our* camp? Shall *we* be the only troops that advance to the great conflict between truth and error, with timid hearts and faltering steps? Shall we who are led by the Captain of Salvation, who march with the banner of the cross floating over our heads, whose war-cry is, "Worthy the Lamb"—shall we think little of the contest, by thinking little of the truth? O! let us from this day adopt afresh the boast of the apostle, and swear to one another and to God, that we will glory only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Whatever was the fact with Constantine, whether it were a sign from heaven, or only a vision of imagination, to us it is a reality —the cross *is* seen in our heavens, and the well-known inscription, "By this conquer," *is*, or ought to be, read by us.

I believe the great body of our ministers still hold fast these momentous truths. But I will not conceal my apprehensions, and they are painful ones, that a few of our young ministers, in their anxiety to avoid a stereotyped phraseology, which, if the change be confined to this, would not be mischievous, are in some danger of giving up *truths* which were stereotyped nearly eighteen centuries ago upon the page of revelation, and were intended by the Author of inspiration to be stereotyped there

for all ages and all generations. It is an age of liberalism and independent thinking, and this is finding its way into our ministry to such an extent, that in the anxiety to get out of the old and deep ruts, some add the danger of getting off the rails. Captivated by the genius or the eloquence with which religious novelties are advocated in the present day by men of unquestioned talent, whose theology consists of half-truths, and whose defeective views are set forth, somewhat mistily it is true, yet in a seductive style of earnestness, our young ministers are in danger of following them, and in some cases *are* perhaps following them, in their aberrations from the line of orthodoxy.

A negative theology—I scarcely like to use a phrase so bandied about, yet it is a very expressive one, and I can find no substitute for it—is almost sure, if it be long maintained, to end in positive heresy. If the ground be not occupied by the plants of truth, the weeds of error will be sure to spring up. And I confess that, without being panic-stricken at all, I see many things which way soever I look, that make me serious and sad. There is in some quarters, if not among us, yet in other places, a mischievous operation going on of chipping, and filing, and edging away Christian truths, until they square themselves to their places in modern philosophies. But all these attempts "to render 'Pauline notions' into the graceful equivalents of 'modern thought,' give us a philosophy which philosophers may well scoff at, and a theology which biblical theologians ought to denounce, as little better than covered atheism." The whole evangelical church is coming into a crisis, and all the great verities of religious belief, which we thought had been settled, are going to be tried over again. May God carry us and all others safely through the crisis! The most learned, the most logical, and, I may add, the most useful of the apostles, rejecting all adventitious aids, determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. And he is no philosopher, think of himself as he may, who does not perceive the adaptation of this subject to produce spiritual effects. Talk they of genius, what genius can select a theme for its brightest coruscations as replete with all that is dazzling as the cross? Talk they of eloquence, at what fount can eloquence drink in such inspiration as is supplied by the cross? One gush of evangelical truth from a heart constrained by the love of Christ, and uttered in words of light and pathos, has more power over an audience, and moves the deepest feelings of the human heart with a more irresistible force, than could the splendors of Tully, or the thunders of Demosthenes. Beloved brethren, what were the petty dissensions of Greece, or the invasion of Philip, or the treason of Catiline, as a theme for an orator, compared with that which you carry to the pulpit, and which you handle when you take your station at the cross with heaven opening above you, hell moving beneath you, eternity spreading out before you, and a crowd of immortal souls, each having an interest in these tremendous realities, as the ob-

ject of your address, and their everlasting interests pressing upon your hearts?

Secondly.—I now go on to consider what, according to the text, should be the spirit of our ministry, *Speaking the truth in love.* In the temple of God, the altars of truth and love stand side by side, and no one is called or qualified to minister at the former who does not also officiate at the latter. Is there a word in any language invested with such attractions as love? And this is Christianity, whether objectively or subjectively viewed. The New Testament is adorned with its beauty, and redolent with its fragrance. God is love. Christ is love. Heaven is love. So is religion. The love mentioned in the text is the same as that which the apostle, in the most elegant and eloquent personification ever drawn, even by an inspired pen, has set forth in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and to which allusion will presently be made: not love to God, though that is the basis of it; nor exclusively love to the brethren, though they are the primary objects of it—but love to man as man—a delight in happiness and an intense desire to promote it:—one of the fruits of regenerating grace, and nourished by a sense of God's love to us; and therefore not mere good nature—not a scentless wild flower blooming in the wilderness of man's unrenewed heart, but a heavenly exotic planted by God's own hand, in the garden of a converted soul—the spiritual passion-flower, growing on Calvary—the divine creeper which entwines for support around the cross. This is practical religion, so far as our fellow-creatures are concerned—a virtue, a grace for which there can be no substitute.

Observe now the relation of love to, and its connection with, the truth. It is congruous in its nature, perfectly homogeneous; for as we have shown, all the doctrines of truth are the manifestations of love. Consequently love is the offspring of truth, and as charity is the daughter of truth, so zeal is the daughter of love. Truth with all its greatness and glory, is but a means to an end, and that end is love; even as man's intellectual nature is subordinate to his moral one. Religious truth, though of an infinitely higher nature than all other truths, will do us no more good than they, as long as it remains in the intellect, and does not sanctify the heart. If truth be the mantle of the renewed soul, love is the golden clasp that fastens it and keeps it on. The truth, I know, is to be loved, first for its own sake, but chiefly for its purpose and tendency to make us holy. Hence the prayer of Christ for his Apostles, "Sanctify them by thy truth; thy word is truth!" The love of truth, apart from its design to make us holy, is the germ of antinomianism. Viewed separately from its philanthropic and sanctifying power, even the truth may become an object of idolatrous regard. It is the adaptation of a piece of machinery to accomplish some great and good result, and not merely its skillful construction, that constitutes its claim to admiration.

How beautifully is this set forth by the celebrated Cudworth in his

sermon before the House of Commons in the time of the Commonwealth. "O divine love! The sweet harmony of souls! The music of angels! The joy of God's own heart! The very darling of his bosom! The source of true happiness! The pure quintessence of heaven, that which reconciles the jarring principles of the world and makes them all chime together, and melts men's hearts into one another! See how St. Paul describes it, and it can not but enamour your affections toward it. 'Love suffereth long and is kind—envieth not—is not puffed up—doth not behave itself unseemly—seeketh not her own—is not easily provoked—thinketh no evil—rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth—beareth all things—believeth all things—hopeth all things—endureth all things.' I may add in a word, the best-natured thing, the best-complexioned thing in the world. Let us express this sweet, harmonious affection in these jarring times, that so, if possible, we may tune the world to better music. Especially in matters of religion, let us strive with all meekness to instruct and convince one another. Let us endeavor to promote the gospel, the dove-like gospel, in a dove-like spirit. This was the way in which the gospel was first propagated in the world. Christ did not cry nor lift up his voice in the streets: a bruised reed he did not break, and the smoking flax he did not quench, and yet he brought forth judgment unto victory. He whispered the gospel to us from Mount Sion in a still, small voice, and yet the sound thereof went out quickly through all the earth. The gospel at first came down softly upon the earth like the dew upon Gideon's fleece, and yet it quickly soaked quite through it, and doubtless this is still the most effectual way to promote it further: sweetness and ingenuousness will more command men's minds than passion, sourness, and severity, as the softest pillow sooner breaks the flint than the hardest marble. Let us speak the truth in love; and of the two indeed be content to miss the conveying of a speculative truth than to part with love. When we would convince men of any error by the force of truth, let us withal pour the sweet balm of love upon their heads. Truth and love are the two most powerful things in the world, and when they both go together, they can not easily be withstood. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love twisted together, will draw men on with sweet violence whether they will or no."

If you are not tired of Cudworth, I will give you also the next paragraph of this wonderful sermon, which is so much better than any thing I could say that I shall not scruple to give it, though rather long.

"Let us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his gospel, which is nothing else than our own stormy and tempestuous passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls fire from heaven to consume those that differ a little from us in their own apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning which philosophers speak

of, that melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard; it strives to save the soul, but hurteth not the body. True zeal is a loving thing, and makes us always active to edification and not destruction. If we keep the fire of zeal within the chimney, in its own proper place, it never doth any hurt, it only warmeth, quickeneth, and enliveneth us; but if we once let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our flesh and kindle our corrupt nature, and set the house of our body on fire, it is no longer zeal, it is no heavenly fire, but a most destructive and devouring thing. True zeal is an *ignis lambens*, a soft and gentle flame, that will not scorch our hand; it is no predatory and voracious thing; but carnal, fleshly zeal is like gunpowder set on fire, that tears and blows up all that stands before it. True zeal is like the vital heat in us, that we live upon, which we never feel to be angry or troublesome, but though it gently feed upon the radical oil within us, that sweet balsam of our natural moisture, yet it lives lovingly with it, and maintains that by which it is fed; but that other furious and distempered zeal, is nothing else but a fever in the soul. To conclude, we may learn what kind of zeal it is that we should make use of in promoting the gospel, by an emblem of God's own, given us in the Scriptures, those fiery tongues which on the day of Pentecost sat upon the apostles—which sure were harmless flames, for we can not read that they did any hurt, or that they did so much as singe a hair of their heads."

And if any thing more need be added, it is this one remark, that the zeal is not truly Christian, which is not concentrated in the first place upon religious truth, for the sake of religious life, and expressed in a spirit of religious charity. The flame of this holy passion is fed with the oil of love, and not with the alcohol of unsanctified passion, and it is a flame which the higher it rises in ardor, the more it trembles with humility and meekness. The zealot in religion should ever seek to be a seraph, or one as nearly allied to him as possible.

Is it not most lamentably clear from the testimony of Scripture, as well as from the records of ecclesiastical history, and the evidence of our own observation, perhaps even of our own experience, that love is, and has ever been, the most wanting of any of the Christian graces, even where we should expect to see it enthroned in majesty and ruling with power, I mean the Christian church? And yet, it is asked, what do we see in Christendom? A vast complication of ecclesiastical machinery, churches established and churches unestablished, to keep men in the trammels of sectarianism; a vast accumulation of doctrines to be believed, duties to be performed, and rites to be observed; a vast array of Biblical learning and criticism, in which every word is examined, weighed, and defined. We have creeds, confessions, liturgies, prayer-books, catechisms, and forms of faith and discipline. We have bishops, priests, pastors, and teachers. We have councils, convocations, synods, conferences, assemblies, and other ecclesiastical bodies, without number. We have com-

mentaries, reviews, magazines, religious newspapers, and journals of all kinds, and thousands upon thousands of religious books, from the four-page tract to the quarto volume. We have cathedrals, churches, chapels, and schools—in short, a wondrous and complicated mass of means, instrumentalities, and agencies—but WHERE IS OUR CHARITY? All these things are but means to an end, and that end is charity out of a pure heart, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned. Where, amid all this immense and costly paraphernalia of Christianity is the exemplification of that charity without which all these things are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? Where is it in our sermons and our religious literature? You and I know thousands of volumes on faith and hope; but I know of only one work, and that by no means worthy of the subject, on "Christian Charity."

How is this? How is it that the greatest of the Christian graces should receive the least attention? The principal cause is the difficulty of its exercise. Men love an easy as well as a cheap religion; and a religion that flatters their pride and pampers their self-righteousness. Hence it is, that many are prone to substitute ritualism for the religion of the heart, a mere externalism for that internal warfare which the gospel calls its professors to carry on without intermission against the inbred sins of the soul; while others find it an easy matter to be active in the manifestation of public spirit, compared with the great work of crucifying the flesh, with its affections and lusts; yet we can not be Christians unless we have the mind of Christ—the pure, loving, gentle mind of Christ. Is it easy to love our enemies, and bless them that curse us? Is it easy to repress all the vengeful feelings of the heart, so promptly and indignantly rising to repel assaults, to retaliate injuries, and to repay insult with insult? Is it easy work to carry out the law of charity which "suffereth long, and is kind" even to those unkind to us?—"which envieth not" the superiority in possession, reputation, success, of others—"which seeketh not her own," but yields up her preference for the good of others, and is content to surrender any thing but principle for peace—"which does not behave unseemly" as a Christian, toward any one, in action, word, or manner—"which vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up," but is humble, meek, and modest—"which thinketh no evil" of others, and is ever ready to impute a good motive till a bad one is proved—"which rejoiceth not in iniquity," even when committed by a foe, but "rejoiceth in the truth," when it is seen adorning his character, and strengthening his cause—"which covereth all things" that are faulty, with the mantle of love, instead of magnifying or proclaiming them—"which believeth all things" to the credit of another—"hopeth" where there is not evidence to establish conviction—and "endureth all things," in the way of labor, sacrifice, and self-denial? Such is love; and if this be easy, there is nothing difficult in our world. Easy! Why we are ready to say—"Who is sufficient for these things?"

If this be Christianity—"Who then can be saved?" With man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible. Nothing but omnipotent grace can enable such proud selfish hearts as ours to practice this virtue.

Here, then, is the cause of the scarcity of love—its difficulty. It is easy to pray, easy to hear sermons, and easy to feel under them; easy to some to give money, time, labor, for public societies; easy to be a passionate Churchman, Methodist, or Dissenter; easy to be zealous for a church or a creed; yes, and even easy to practice bodily austerities; in short, easier to do any thing, *than to love*, in the scriptural meaning of the term. And yet we *must* love or give up all pretensions to be Christians; for the apostle tells us that the eloquence of men and angels can be no substitute for it; nor the most wonder-working faith; nor the most diffusive charity; nor the torments of martyrdom. Instead of allowing its difficulty to deter us from it, we should on that account with a noble heroism set ourselves to cultivate and practice it. We should consider it our religion, our calling, our great business. It is the evidence of true faith; the first-fruit of the Spirit; the proof and badge of our discipleship; the identifying law of Christ's kingdom; the brightest ornament of our profession; the last evidence of the Saviour's divine mission.

And where should we look for the brightest and most beautiful exemplifications of this grace but to the pulpit, where *every* grace of our holy religion should be exhibited, not only in the sermons but in the character of the preacher. He himself should be an incarnation of love; a living embodiment of this seraphic virtue. It is not enough that he should be rigidly just, or spotlessly chaste, or invariably true; he must follow also the whatsoever things that are *lovely*. He is the teacher of a religion whose richest grace is love; and he must himself be a pattern of the religion which he promulgates. If he be of a hard, austere, and crabbed temper naturally, he must take pains with himself to mollify his disposition. He tells his hearers that grace does little for a man if it does not subdue and control his temper; and he must therefore show them that this is practicable by letting them see how it has subdued his. And then he must carry this spirit into his ministrations. He must appear in the pulpit as one who has just come from communing with a God of love, and whose whole soul has been transformed into the divine image. Love should sparkle in the tear of his eye, smile in the radiance of his countenance, and speak in the tones of his voice. The sermons should not only come to the hearer's intellect with all the clearness of truth, but to his heart with all the warmth of the preacher's love. The audience must feel that the preacher loves them. He must draw them with the cords of love which are the bands of a man.

The history of the church has proved that of all means of conversion the most insinuating and successful is the exhibition of the love of Jesus; but then the manner of preaching must be in harmony with the matter.

Perhaps I may be referred to the apostles of our Lord, and to the beloved and loving John among the rest, who wanted fire from heaven to consume their enemies. Yes, but on the day of Pentecost they received, even as they needed it, the baptism of another spirit. "There and then these Elishas found the mantle of their ascended Lord. Had it been otherwise—had they not been made of love, as well as messengers of love—had not the love they preached breathed in every tone and beamed in every look—had they not illustrated in their practice the genius of the gospel, their mission had been a signal failure; they had never opened the hearts of men—they had never made their way in a resistant world—never conquered it. Just as it is, not with stubborn, but pliant iron that locks are picked, the hearts of sinners are to be opened only by those who bring a Christ-like gentleness to the work; and who are ready with Paul's large, loving, kind, and generous disposition, to be all things to all men, if so be they may win some. Never had the disciples gone forth conquering and to conquer, had they brought their old, bigoted, quarrelsome, unsanctified temper to the mission. They might have died for Christianity, but she had died with them; and, bound to their stake, expiring in their ashes, she had been entombed in the sepulcher of her first and last apostles." And then when all her ministers in the pulpit, and her followers in the pews, the whole body of her disciples, shall be seen adorning her doctrines of truth with the beauties of holiness, which are in fact the beauties of love, she will bring down from heaven the answer of the Redeemer's prayer, and thus present to the world her last and strongest evidence of her heavenly origin, and achieve her brightest victory upon earth. Before her seraph form, infidelity, like Satan before Ithuriel, will stand abashed, and feel "how awful goodness is."

Nothing hinders or imperils love more than controversy. This tries the spirits of what sort they are; and alas! for the discoveries of unsanctified temper which this test has often brought out. Controversy can not, ought not, to be silenced. What is Christianity but a controversy with all the false religions and false principles in the world? We are commanded "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." As long as Error is in the field, stalking like Goliath before the armies of Israel and challenging them to the combat, Truth must go forth to meet it, like David, in simplicity of intention, strength of heart, and dependence upon God; but only with its own weapons, the sling and the stone of meekness and love. Silence would be often treason against truth. This glorious deposit in the church of God, when assailed must be defended, and defended to the last. Nor must truth act merely on the defensive; it is, and must be, essentially aggressive. Whatever ruins men's souls, or injures their piety, must be attacked, and if possible vanquished. Peace may be bought too dearly. I have no sympathy with those who would hush controversy by the voice of conciliation, and

sacrifice theology to charity. No, no, we must not be afraid of defending truth against error, lest we should be accused of violating the spirit of religion for the sake of its truths. We must not be frightened from our convictions, or hindered from defending or promulgating them, by the maudlin spirit which calls orthodoxy bigotry, and earnestness for truth fanaticism. It is a stale trick to call good things by bad names, and thus raise a prejudice against them. We are not of those who would vilify and dismiss doctrines as dogmas. The man who for the sake of ease, or under the influence of fear, would, without resistance, see truth opposed, or even neglected, is a traitor or a coward. A dishonorable peace, say many, is less desirable than a just war. Whether this holds good or not in the politics of this world, it is true to the letter in the contest between truth and error.

And should WE, my dear brethren, be called to contend against error for the faith once delivered to the saints, how careful should we then be to speak the truth in love. How sad and solemn is it, that Charity should so often have been seen to come bleeding and weeping from the controversies of brethren, and uttering the bitter lament: "These are the wounds I have received in the house of my friends." Is it not for a lamentation and woe, that the bitterest controversies have been those carried on about religion, as if, when contending for truth, love should be ordered off the field, and malice, wrath, and all uncharitableness, have been called in to take her place?

I am aware there is a spurious thing called charity, which is but a bantling of infidelity, whose creed and whose song are contained in the adage of a free-thinking Roman Catholic poet:

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right;"

and which means, that all creeds are equally true, and therefore equally false.

The man who fights for truth in wrath and dogmatism, is almost sure to defeat himself. That truth which, when couched in the language, and accompanied with the appeals, of affection, finds such welcome into the hearts of men, hath often brought upon its propounders the reaction of stout, indignant hostility, just because of the stern intolerance wherewith it hath been proposed to them, which makes it of the utmost practical importance that neither the pride nor the passions of men should mingle in the discussion, when laboring either with or against each other. Too much has it prejudiced the cause of truth in the world, that it has been so often urged and insisted on with *that* wrath which worketh not the righteousness of God. Passion and pride, wrath and anger, sarcasm and irony, are all unsuitable to truth; they are not homogeneous, but antagonistic. Just so far as the heart is wanting in love, it is wanting in truth. To love in fact is a part of truth. It is as true that I

am to love, as it is that I am to believe. Opinions may be in the head and upon the lips; but opinions alone are not truth, only its corpse: living truth includes love.

It has been somewhere said, that if a botanist, when traveling, had lost the knowledge of his exact locality at the time, both as to longitude and latitude, he would be able at once to ascertain his geographical position, by the discovery of a certain plant or flower which he knew was to be found only in that particular spot. In like manner, as *love* is a flower indigenous to the church of Christ and growing nowhere else on earth but there, a spirit from another world knowing this fact, would also be able, when he lighted on our globe, to ascertain that he had reached the fellowship of Christians, if by no other means, yet by seeing this blessed *agape* in full bloom and fragrance. But were he to arrive in our country, and to survey our denomination, just at this time, would he conclude that he had reached the native place of holy love? Or at any rate would he not lament to see this heavenly exotic sickly, shriveled, and withering in the deadly shade of our envenomed controversy? Have not we told the world in books and sermons that this flower *does* flourish in the communion of saints? And is this the way in which we convince men that our representation is true? Alas, alas! How long shall we give them occasion to convert the testimony of Julian, so honorable to the early disciples, "See how these Christians love one another," into bitter irony, and compel them to say, "Yes, look at their controversies and contentions; read their envenomed pamphlets; hearken to their angry vituperations; behold their hostile separations; and see *how* indeed they love one another!"

Let us then clearly understand, and bear in constant recollection, that the religion of Christ consists pre-eminently of TRUTH and LOVE, and that this is the highest possible commendation it could receive, since nothing can rise higher than these sublime characteristics. These are never to be separated. While we maintain the substance of truth in its totality and symmetry, we must be anxious to cultivate and breathe the spirit of love. Time and events have developed in many quarters a strong tendency to separate these two elements. Some are very zealous for what they maintain to be the truth, at the utter sacrifice of love. Who can read the pages of ecclesiastical history and not be convinced of this? How soon was the spirit of primitive Christianity, and subsequently of the Reformation, transformed into an angry controversy about dogmatic theology! How fiercely did the combatants contend for confutations of doctrines, definitions of mysterious truths and abstruse opinions, phraseology not found in Scripture, and points beyond the circle of divine revelation, and for verbal conformity to these human standards! What a spectacle, mournful and humiliating, was presented by the churches of antiquity, when the dew of their early youth had passed away, and a fiery zeal for dogmas everywhere blazed, in which liberty

and love expired together! Bishops, churches, sects, and councils were seen fulminating excommunications and hurling anathemas against each other for refusing to accept as infallible their respective statements and definitions of doctrines, and bow to each other's decisions on disputed points. What else than zeal for truth, at the expense of love, is the spirit of persecution which, by turns, nearly all the sects of Christendom have evinced? What are the towers of the Popish Inquisition but the pretended throne of truth erected over the dungeon of imprisoned love? What the flames of its *auto-da-fé* but the stake erected by a distempered zeal for truth, in the fires of which love is consumed to ashes? What are any and all restrictions of religious liberty, and every kind of pains and penalties, inflicted for religious opinions, but the immolation of love at the shrine of truth? And to come still closer to the spirit and practice of multitudes in our own times, who would shrink from the charge of persecution, what else than this is the ardor of sectarianism, which lives in surly alienation, and even bitter hostility, toward others, on the ground of ecclesiastical polity or ritual observances? Let me see a professing Christian look askance at his fellows, or passing them with the scowl of religious bigotry, because they subscribe not to his creed in all points, and there I recognize a man who with his hand holds up what he conceives to be truth, but who with his heel tramples upon love.

But then there is another error on the opposite side, into which they fall, who contend for charity at the expense of truth, and whose charity, indeed, is indifference to religious sentiments altogether. They would erect a modern Christian Pantheon on the ruins of the temple of truth, where all religions, as in the ancient Pagan one, should live and worship in harmony and peace. This latitudinarian liberalism, which is in fact treason against truth, is eminently characteristic of the age in which we live. It is seen in this country, on the continent of Europe, and in America. It permeates our journalism, our philosophy, our criticism, our politics, our very theology. It is more dangerous and more mischievous than an open infidelity. It smiles with fawning obsequiousness on all, and frowns on none but the man who contends earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. It is the Pantheism of the moral world, and by making all opinions in some fashion to be truth, makes none of them be as such. In proportion as men recede from their convictions of the importance of scriptural doctrine, they sap the very foundations of personal godliness, lower the tone of morality, and enfeeble the exercise of Christian philanthropy. Truth is the nerve of charity; and it may be known by consulting the page of history, that the greatest heroism of benevolence has ever sprung from the martyr-spirit of faith in truth.

I am particularly anxious to leave upon your minds the impression, that the essence and virtue of the world consists of truth and love united. It is not truth alone, nor love alone, but the two in union. As

in chemical substances, compounds possess properties of their own, different from those of their elements when separated, so it is with truth and love: apart, they act one way; united, they act another way. Their properties undergo a change by intimate combination. Truth, without love, would be a set of mere dry and barren notions; or, if fruitful, prolific only in pride and self-conceit. And love, without truth, would degenerate into simple sentimentalism and unmeaning emotion—a vague impulse, without roots to nourish, or principle to guide it. But blended, they form a beautiful, an effective, a holy, a blessed union; and they act and re-act upon each other. Truth, fully and cordially embraced, and faithfully maintained, swells the tide of love in the heart, directs its course, discriminates its objects, and guides its application; while love, in energetic action, throws a luster and warmth upon truth that makes it more captivating to the understanding and precious to the heart. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

And now, my beloved brethren, let us, on returning to our own homes, carry with us into our various spheres of action a still firmer adherence to the truth, and a more resolute determination to cultivate the spirit of love. Let us all press closer to the cross, to catch more of the spirit of him that died upon it. Not abating one jot or tittle of our orthodox faith, not yielding ourselves to a sickly and sickening lukewarmness, but for truth exhibiting the courage of heroes and the constancy of martyrs; let us manifest at the same time the docility of children, and the gentle fervor of seraphs. While with eagle vision and pinion we soar to higher and higher altitudes in the regions of truth, and bathe our wings in the flood of celestial radiance poured from the Sun of righteousness, let us at the same time cherish the dove-like spirit of Christian charity.

We should all have clearer views of truth, if we had a greater influence of love. In spiritual matters, as well as in some others, the heart to a considerable extent influences and guides the judgment; and disposition prepares us, according to its nature, to see or lose the force of evidence. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether I speak of myself." In these impressive and instructive words our Lord has taught us that feeling affects thinking. And who can doubt it? When the pupils of an ancient sage asked their master what they should do to get winged souls, such as might soar aloft in the bright beams of truth, he bade them bathe themselves in the waters of life: and upon their asking what these were, he told them the four cardinal virtues, which are the four rivers of Paradise. We are traveling, or profess to be, to heaven, which is the region and the home of both truth and love; and we that by age and infirmity are drawing near to it, seem to anticipate more intensely, and to feel more sensibly, than we once did, the raptures that will be produced by the perfection of the truth and the consummation of love; just as sailors approaching the

spice islands, they inhale the precious odors which are wafted on the wings of the breeze from groves of oranges and trees of cinnamon. Let us all look up to that blessed world and be ever preparing for it, where the tree of knowledge grows fast by the tree of life; and the former, drawing its sap from the same source, shall yield only fruit that is as healthful as it is pleasant to the taste and fair to the eye. In that glorious state where all good things live, and shine, and flourish, and triumph forever, the supreme beauty, glory, and excellence is love. All are brethren, and all are loved as brethren. All are divinely amiable and excellent friends. Every one possesses the holiness that is loved, and the complacency by which it is loved. There every one, conscious of being entirely lovely and entirely beloved, reciprocates that same love to that great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, which fills the immeasurable regions of heaven.

As for myself, I can not expect at my age to meet you many more times. I am on the border country, and drawing near the close of a lengthened pastorate of labor, and, through unmerited grace, one of no small share of success and comfort. It is a matter of deep sorrow to me, to see in the evening of my days such a cloudy, troubled, and stormy horizon of our denomination. In the hope of doing something to calm and harmonize the minds that are chafing one another, and distressing us all, I have endeavored thus to throw oil upon the agitated waters.

I know not that I can better finish this too long discourse than in the words with which Bishop Horsley concludes his controversy with Dr. Priestley: "The probability, however, seems to be that ere these times shall arrive, if they shall arrive at all, which we trust they will not, when Socinianism shall be in the ascendant, my antagonist and I shall both be gone to those unseen abodes, where the din of controversy and the din of war are equally unheard. There we shall rest together till the last trumpet summon us to stand before our God and King. That whatever of intemperate wrath and carnal anger hath mixed itself on either side, with the zeal with which we have pursued our fierce contention, may then be forgiven in both, is a prayer which I breathe from the bottom of my soul; and to which my antagonist, if he hath any part in the spirit of a Christian, will, upon his bended knees, say, Amen."

DISCOURSE XXXVIII.

BAPTIST W. NOEL, M. A.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel was born in Leigthmont, Scotland, July 10, 1799; and through both his parents is connected with the flower of North Britain's nobility. After graduating with distinction at Cambridge University, and for a short time engaging in the legal profession, he became the subject of renewing grace, and, devoting himself to the ministry, was ordained a clergyman of the Established Church of England, and in 1826 became minister of St. John's Chapel, in Bedford Row, London.

For twenty-two years Mr. Noel continued the faithful and affectionate pastor of the congregation of St. John's Chapel; but in the year 1848 he seceded from the Established Church, and united with the Baptist denomination by being baptized into the fellowship of the John Street Church, London. Not long after, he came to the pastorate of this same church, which position he has since filled with eminent success.

For several years previous to his separation from the Church of England, Mr. Noel had borne his bold and uncompromising testimony against some of the leading tractarian opinions then becoming rife, as also against certain tendencies of the times, in the established communion, which he regarded as prolific of manifold evils.

Becoming more and more convinced that a course of action consistent with his conscientious convictions demanded his secession, the step was taken at however great a sacrifice. He had been appointed Chaplain to Queen Victoria, had possessed favor in high quarters, and might have anticipated almost any position of honor and emolument; but all this he cheerfully forsook from convictions of imperative duty. The grounds of these convictions he has given at length in his two principal works, "The Union of Church and State," and an "Essay on Christian Baptism."

The following, from Mr. Stevens's Letters from Europe, will give an idea of Mr. Noel's personal appearance:

"Mr. Noel is a tall but slight and very 'genteel' looking personage; he comes of an old English 'noble stock,' as his title indicates, and he is here with quite a circle of titled ladies of his kindred. His features are very symmetrical, and present a really beautiful profile. He is not very clerical in his appearance, and wears light checkered pantaloons; he has light hair, light blue eyes, and, in fine, the general aspect of a good, rather than a great man. I have been much pleased with him in this respect—in committees, where, amid the petty fastidiousness and superfluous details of men who would show their business-talent more by creating difficulties than by controlling them, he was always intent on giving a practical and sensible direction to the business in hand, and had always a benign suggestion for any abrupt

outbreak of temper. Baptist Noel is one of the best and most agreeable men I have met in Paris. He appears to be not older than forty-five years."

Mr. Noel is not a man of masculine mind; he is rarely either original or profound; but his matter is always above mediocrity, and its excellence is more equally sustained than that of the great majority of other popular preachers. If he never dazzles by brilliancies, he never suffers the attention to flag by descending to common-place observations.

Dr. Tyng says of him, in his "Recollections of England:"

"He is certainly a most interesting and delightful preacher; altogether extemporaneous; mild and persuasive in his manner, yet sufficiently impressive, and sometimes powerful, having a very clear and consistent flow of thought; decidedly evangelical in doctrine, though less deep and instructive in doctrine than I had expected. His great beauty of appearance, his soft, and gentle, and musical voice, and his dignity of manner in the pulpit, add also much to his power as a preacher. There is no cause for wonder in the popularity of such a man, so devoted, humble, and faithful, among all who love the truth of the gospel. There is no clergyman in London, I think, who has greater influence in the religious community, and certainly no one whose ministry and character unite more valuable properties and qualifications."

On ordinary occasions, Mr. Noel's sermons are said to be characterized by a uniform excellence. Those who go to hear him, in the expectation of meeting with something strange or startling, will be assuredly disappointed. His eloquence is like the course of a calm river, gentle, and musical in its flow. From the moment he commences his sermon, until its conclusion, embracing usually about an hour, or an hour and a quarter, there is not the slightest impediment or interruption. And his voice is seldom raised above the pitch in which he commences; but then it is too musical, and too gently modulated, to be monotonous. His sentences are carefully constructed, and remarkably smooth. His action is slight and graceful, and such as might be supposed from a man of his disposition.

A great and distinctive feature in the preaching of the Rev. Baptist Noel, is his frequent use of scriptural quotations. These, whatever be the topic of his discourse, are most felicitously introduced, and he excels in the clear presentation of the cardinal doctrines of divine truth. It is a frequent remark, that no one could sit any great length of time under the ministry of Mr. Noel, without becoming conversant with the leading truths of the gospel. The following is as favorable a specimen of his discourses as it has been our good fortune to meet.

THE FAITH THAT SAVES THE SOUL.

"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood."—Rom., iii. 25.

The original cause of the justification of a sinner, is the absolute mercy of God; the meritorious cause of a sinner's justification is the obedience and the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the instrumental cause of a sinner's justification is *faith* in that Redeemer. There is but one original cause—which is mercy; there is but one meritorious cause—and that is redemption by Christ; and there is but one instru-

mental cause—and that is faith in Christ. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through *faith in his blood.*"

Let us look to God the Spirit, who alone can make his own word profitable, while we consider what is the *nature* of justifying *faith*, the *extent* to which it justifies, and the *manner* in which it justifies. The whole statement is very simple, but it is of great moment to every single person of this congregation. It is of the last consequence to us, that we not only know what the faith is, but have it. It is of the utmost moment to you and me, that we have this faith; and it is my object, in the simple exposition which may follow these words, to lead you, as an instrument in the hands of the great God, not only to know what justifying faith is, but to have it.

Let us think, first, what it is *not:* because this may enable us the more clearly to observe what it *is.*

The faith, of which the apostle speaks in these words, through which Christ becomes a propitiation for any individual sinner, is *not* a belief in the truth of the fact, that Christ is come, or that the New Testament is a divinely inspired revelation of that fact and its consequences. Because, faith in Christ is evidently trust in Christ; it is the meaning of the word. No man can pretend to have faith in Christ, and not trust Christ; just as a person could not pretend to have faith in his physician, and not trust his physician. But a person may believe in the truth that Christ is come, and may believe that the New Testament reveals that fact, its character and its consequences, and yet have no trust in Christ, and therefore not have the "faith in his blood," which is spoken of here.

It is *not*, further, a belief in the truth of all the principal doctrines of the gospel. This is a step beyond the last; for there are many persons that do credit the gospel to be a revelation from God, and yet know little of the doctrines it contains; nay, reject most of its doctrines. But a person may reject none of them—may admit in terms their truth, see the proofs of them in the Scripture, and maintain them all, and yet that person may have no faith in Christ. Because, Christ has come to offer salvation to us as sinners; but it is obvious that a person may credit the truth of these doctrines and not trust in Christ to save his soul. And if so, he is an unbeliever; he disbelieves that Christ has come to save his soul. He may be destitute of all trust in Christ, and yet believe the great facts of the gospel, to a certain degree and in a certain sense. And this faith is that which is possessed by fallen spirits, who know very well the great truths of the gospel, and are busily engaged in opposing them in the world. That which a man only shares with the great enemies of God and man, can not be the faith which saves.

The same remarks will apply to this further stage—the state of a person, who believes that Christ Jesus is able and willing to save others, but does not believe in Christ as about to save *him.* For this also he shares with fallen beings. "The devils believe and tremble" when they

think that Christ has come to save others, but has not come to save them; and this belief, instead of teaching them to love Christ, only embitters their hatred. It may do so with a sinful *man*, and consequently is *not* that trust in Christ which will save him.

And again, to believe in our own personal safety through Christ is, on the other hand, *not* justifying faith. Because, many an ignorant and criminal enthusiast has believed this, while his whole life was one of disobedience to God's commands, and of manifest enmity to God. To believe that we are personally safe, that we are the elect of God through Christ, that we are through Christ children of God, and the favorites of heaven, and sure of being saved, may be to believe a falsehood—a mere delusion. It may be, that the person who has this belief, is none of those things. And it is obvious that if the great enemy of souls could desire any thing respecting one of his miserable captives, he would mostly desire this; that while he is living in his sins, and posting down to destruction, he should be perfectly persuaded that he was one of God's elect, a child of God and an heir of glory through Christ; because, that delusion would prevent repentance, and would, more than any thing else, deepen and perpetuate his sleep of sin.

None of these things can be the justifying faith of which our text speaks. But justifying faith is—

The trust which a sinner feels in Christ, to save him from hell, as a divine Saviour, in the method he has revealed, by his atoning sacrifice, and by his sanctifying Spirit.

This is justifying faith. Let us briefly illustrate its various characteristics.

It must be a trust in Christ to save *us*. We must see that the Lord Jesus Christ is able and willing to save *us*. Because, my brethren, Christ is come for this purpose. It is this blessing he offers to us, as ruined sinners. He has assured you and me that he is able and willing to save us. It is the purpose for which he died—for which the Bible has been written; and to disbelieve that, would be to disbelieve one of the very principal truths that he has revealed, the principal act he came to accomplish; and would be, not faith, but unbelief. To disbelieve that, is not trust in Christ, but distrust of him; and no one can suppose that he has justifying faith in Christ while he disbelieves one of the principal things revealed concerning him. As we have seen, to disbelieve that, is to be in the condition of rebellious and apostate spirits; and that is not the trust that he will bless. On the contrary, to believe that he is willing and able to save *us*, notwithstanding all our guilt, in the midst of all our dangers, with the sentence of God's law pronounced against us, in the face of an obedience required which we can not pay, in the sight of a disobedience which merits eternal death—that is the trust he asks from us all. The eternal Son of God demands of every one of you, and of me, that we do individually trust him to save *us*.

It is, in the next place, a trust in him to save us *from hell.* If we should trust Christ to save us from any thing less, this would not be to credit the great truth revealed concerning him. We do in fact deserve to perish; we are on our road to perdition, till that blessed moment when we believe on Christ; God's law condemns us, and gracious as he is, he will certainly execute the sentence of his law; from that Christ has undertaken to save us; and to disbelieve that, is, again I say, to be an unbeliever. It is not to trust him, but to want trust in him; it is not faith, but unbelief; and he who should believe any thing else of Christ, but should not believe that he is able and willing to save him from hell—from eternal wrath—from all the consequences of his transgression—would not be a believer in Christ. But if we should actually perish without Christ, and he has come to save us from perishing, as his word continually declares, then we deserve it; for the Almighty could not inflict upon us that which we do not merit. Hence, to believe that Christ is able and willing to save us from hell, is to believe that we deserve it; and it implies the conviction on our parts, that we are lost without him, that there is no method of salvation but in him, that he alone stands between us and everlasting ruin, that if God gave us our desert individually, we individually should perish. This is what faith in Christ implies; and if any man denies that of himself, does not own it, questions it, puts the thought aside, does not explicitly and solemnly confess it to himself and God, he may rest assured that he has no faith in Christ. He may believe other things respecting Christ; but the great truth that he has come to save him from eternal ruin, that man rejects.

I say, again, that justifying faith is the persuasion that Christ is able and willing to save us from hell, *as a divine Saviour.* Because, he can not save us in any other capacity. If Christ were a mere man, his obedience and his sufferings could no more save us, than the obedience and sufferings of any martyr, like Paul, or like Bradford. Christ's obedience and sufferings would be no more rational a foundation for our hope, were he but a man, than the obedience and sufferings of other holy men; and if we were to expect to be saved by Christ as a man, instead of exercising the faith he looks for, we should be unbelievers still. For the truth is, that his love passes all knowledge, as his merit passes all knowledge, because as incarnate God he died in our stead. And hence, if we were to deny this of him, we should deny the principal truth concerning him. We may call ourselves Christians after denying it, but we have altered not one truth—as men pretend—we have altered the whole truth respecting the gospel; fundamentally altered it; changed the whole character of a sinner's trust; swept away at one fell blow all those powerful motives we have to obedience and love; sentenced man, as the consequence of that denial, to perpetual disobedience and enmity to God. And *that* men call altering one

of the dogmas of Christianity! No, brethren; if we do not rest on Christ as a divine Saviour, who has come in our nature to rescue us from the hell we merited, we have no justifying faith in him. It is such a faith as Nero had when he heard of his crucifixion; such a faith as Pontius Pilate had, when he sentenced him to death; the belief that he is a good man: a belief which does him infinite dishonor. To believe in Christ so as to be saved, is to look to him to save us from hell as a divine Saviour.

I say, again, that justifying faith in Christ is the belief in him as a divine Saviour, to save us in the method he has himself revealed, *by his atoning sacrifice;* or rather, by his *redemption*—by his obedience and sufferings on our behalf. If we should look to be saved in any other way than by his atoning sacrifice, we should essentially mutilate his gospel, deny his claim, and discard that which is the principal foundation of our confidence before God. The word of God declares, that we are "justified freely, by God's mercy, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." To believe that Christ came to set us a bright example, and to give us wise and divine counsels, and to animate us with powerful motives to virtue, and there to end, and there to let our faith terminate, is to deny the one great truth revealed in all this book, for which this book has been revealed—that the Lord Jesus Christ, incarnate God in our nature, died in our place, bore the punishment we must have borne, and by that punishment borne in his person, has done away the necessity that we should suffer any punishment. If we expected to be saved in any other way, we should not be believing God, but believing a falsehood; we should not then be trusting Christ to save us according to his own revealed method, but in another method of our own, which would dishonor him, and be a reason for our condemnation, and not for our acceptance before God. Hence, justifying faith is a dependence on Christ to save us by the merit of his obedience and his sufferings.

And lastly, justifying faith is an expectation of being saved by him from hell, not only by the merit of his atoning sacrifice, but *by the power of his sanctifying Spirit.* This, again, is revealed in Scripture. He has told us, that he means to save us thus, and in no other way. He has never promised a person to save him *in* sin, but he has declared he means to save us *from* sin. He has not said that he would save us without the aid of the Spirit, but by giving us the Spirit. He has not told us that he will save us without the exertion to which grace prompts, but by that exertion. There is no word of Scripture which states that we shall be saved with unholy hearts, but, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" not one word which intimates that prayerless habits will conduct us to glory, but, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved;" and so on, of the whole circle of Christian obligation. To believe, therefore, that Christ will save us without making us

holy, and without conducting us to loving obedience, is to believe a falsehood; it is to deny what he has declared; it is not to trust him—to exercise faith on him: for faith must rest on his word; there is no other foundation for it. It is to be placing a presumptuous confidence in a mischievous and criminal delusion. That is not faith.

To believe in Christ as the Saviour of our souls from hell, secures obedience in another way, and leads in another manner to a supreme love to Christ; but you will observe that it not only leads to it—it actually involves it; because, faith in Christ involves submission to his will: just as faith in a guide involves the disposition to follow him; or faith in a commander involves the readiness to march and fight at his command; or faith in a physician the determination to take his medicines. Should a man be lost amid dangerous precipices, and not know how to effect his escape, and a guide well versed in the mountain paths should point out the road of safety, and assure him that if he followed it he would be safe; faith in that mountain guide would lead the lost pilgrim at once to follow. If an army were surrounded by perils, and expecting to be destroyed, but their commander assured them that he would point out the road to victory, if they marched under his orders and fought at his command; faith in that commander would lead them, necessarily, to march and to fight. If men were persuaded that their physician could save them by the remedies he prescribed, faith in that physician would lead them to adopt those remedies. In every instance faith has thus this practical character; leading to submission to those methods, which the person in whom we trust makes the conditions of safety. And hence, to trust in Christ for our salvation, not only leads to loving him and leads to obeying him, as it most certainly does, but likewise it includes in the very idea of it the placing ourselves absolutely under Christ's care. He offers to save us in one way, and to trust that he will save us in that way, is to submit to that way. So that if we believe in Christ to save us by communicating his sanctifying Spirit, it implies that we seek that Spirit; if we believe that he will save us by making us holy, it implies that we consent to be made holy; if we believe that he will save us in the course of obedience to God's law, it implies that from that moment we are ready so to obey. Imagine for a moment the contrary: that a person should believe that he shall be saved by Christ, while he resolves not to obey, not to be holy, not to welcome the gift of his Spirit; then he would believe in that which was false, instead of believing in Christ, for Christ has never promised to save any one who is nourishing those tempers.

Thus we come to this general truth: that justifying faith in Christ is the trust that any one feels in him to save himself from eternal death, as a divine Saviour, in the method he has himself revealed, by his atoning sacrifice and by his sanctifying grace.

To what extent, let us ask, in the next place, does the possession of

this faith justify? "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood."

I have often dwelt on the scriptural proofs of this point in our subject; I shall therefore merely remind you in passing, that this faith is spoken of in Scripture, as justifying by itself—as the one sole condition of justification. "Therefore we conclude," says the apostle, in a verse which follows our text, "that a man is justified *by faith*, without the deeds of the law." This justifying faith is further declared in Scripture to secure the acquittal of any person who trusts in Christ. It is not the less guilty only, but the most guilty may secure acquittal and safety by its instrumentality. As the apostle here tells us: "The righteousness of God is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference." The worst and the best—all may alike be justified, upon their receiving this inestimable gift of God; and he who believes is pardoned and accepted. The Scripture no less declares, that those who possess this justifying faith are acquitted of all their sins, and are entitled to all the privileges of the new covenant. "By him all that believe are justified from all things." The justification is complete; so that a sinner is accepted as though he were perfectly innocent, becomes a child of God, and is adopted by his love, and receives all the blessings of his children, including preservation by his power and grace, and then eternal glory, which he has reserved for all who love him and obey him. And again: this justifying grace secures all these privileges the very first moment it is exercised. As there is nothing else—nothing whatever—which is the condition of justification, therefore years of obedience can add nothing to it. The moment a sinner believes, he passes from a state of condemnation into a state of justification. The dying thief believed upon Christ, and he merited eternal death, and was within a few minutes of it, but, in that moment when he believed, all his sins were pardoned, and at once Christ said to him: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And that is the rule; that is what must ensue. If it be true that faith is the one condition, the one instrument of the sinner's justification, then the moment he possesses that one instrument, the moment he has fulfilled that one condition, he is a justified person. To delay it, would be to interfere with that divinely-ordained method of justification; it would be to bring in something else as the condition; and it could be easily shown, that the introduction of any delay would be the dishonor of Christ. If faith in him be the one appointed condition, the moment that any sinner, however black the guilt which he has contracted, does rest his soul upon Christ as the one great atoning sacrifice, and the prevailing intercessor, that moment are his sins obliterated, and he is adopted into the family of God.

Let us now, in the last place, consider for a moment the manner in which this faith justifies.

We have already seen that a sinner is "justified without the deeds of

the law;" and this proves, not merely that a sinner is justified without the merit of the law, without the merit of works, but that he is justified without the condition of works; and that it is as unscriptural, to declare that faith on the condition of works justifies, as to say that faith justifies by the merit of Christ *and* the merit of works. There is no condition of works; and could there be, it must be obvious to the dullest understanding that two things would follow: first, that the being justified by works, as a condition appointed by God in addition to that of faith, would so far obscure the glory of the Saviour, through whose sole merit the sinner is accepted; and next, that it would necessarily and invariably lead each person to trust his own works, rather than Christ. It would be vain, to tell persons that there was no merit in those works, but that their works were the condition of justification, just as their faith was; inevitably and necessarily, they would attach the idea of their justification and salvation to those works, and on those works they would rest. And thus, both a sinner would be separated from that exclusive confidence in the merit of Christ which he ought to feel, and the merit of Christ would be necessarily obscured by the very fact of such a condition.

God has made no such condition. The one condition is faith. And since the Redeemer is the sole meritorious cause of the justification of any sinner, we see that it must be becoming and fitting in the Almighty, to grant the sinner's justification in such a way, as shall give Christ all the glory. He has, therefore, made faith the sole condition; because it is most obvious, that by faith as the sole condition does Christ receive, as he ought, all the glory. Let a sinner trust in Christ alone for his salvation from eternal death; and then, placing himself as a ruined creature under Christ's care, it is what you might expect from the infinite mercy of that gracious Redeemer, that he should welcome such a humble penitent. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." If we apply to Christ for salvation with no other plea than this, that we are ruined, and he is a mighty and a gracious Saviour. Christ asks nothing else. What else should he ask? An atonement? He came himself to atone. Holiness and love? He came, not to find them in the rebellious, but to create them both. He asks, therefore, nothing else; but if a humbled sinner feels that he is ruined, and applies to Christ as a gracious and mighty Saviour, to rescue him from eternal death, Christ is gracious enough to welcome him. He becomes Christ's disciple; he receives all through Christ; and as a humble penitent, renouncing his rebellion, he both acknowledges his own ruin, trusts the merits of the Saviour in opposition to a trust in the mere mercy of God, and in opposition to a trust in any merit of his own, and so submits to Christ's method of saving him, and places himself under his dominion, to be sanctified and guided from that day. For such Christ intercedes; welcoming the penitent believer, who gives him all the glory, he now intercedes for him; and God accepts the intercession; and that penitent believer trusting exclusively to

Christ, is welcomed through his intercession. At the same time, you may see, that when a person thus trusts in Christ alone, he does what in him lies, to proclaim to the whole world around him his sense of the enormity of sin, which could be pardoned by no other sacrifice than Christ's; and his sense of the holiness and truth of God, who would admit him on no other terms; and his sense of the infinite mercy and infinite merit of Christ, through whom he is accepted; and his sense of the need that his rebellious heart should be brought back again to God, by his submitting to be saved by his sanctifying grace; and by this does he give all the glory in a sinner's power to that great and gracious Saviour.

What other instrument of justification *can* be so suitable as this? We see, on the one hand, that God will justify a sinner because of Christ's righteousness, and will give to Christ all the glory; we see, on the other hand, an instrument of justification, by which all the glory *is* rendered to Christ; and it must be plain to the commonest understanding, that that instrument, and none other, is that which may be most honorable to God, to order and establish as the one condition of a sinner's salvation. Is there merit in this act of faith? No more than there was in Peter, when, because he was sinking in the water, he trusted Christ's power and love to save him from it. No more than there was in the army of Israel, when they believed that the power of God would divide for them the Red Sea, and carry them in safety through it. No more merit, than there is in the destitute and dying welcoming the alms, that may save them from destruction. There is no merit in faith. It is not by faith as a work, by faith as a meritorious attainment, that any sinner is justified; but it is by the riches of Christ, which faith apprehends, and lays hold upon. It is by that which gives to Christ all the glory, and precludes all merit in the sinner, that God has determined to justify every sinner who *is* justified.

If this, my brethren, be the plain, scriptural account of the way in which a sinner is justified by God, it is very easy to see how important it is, that you and I should not alone reason about faith, not alone talk about faith, but should *have* this justifying faith. In fact, it is impossible for me adequately to state the importance of obtaining this blessing. All blessings flow from it. Once obtain this saving faith in Christ, and we are glorious forever. Once obtain it, and the attributes of God are around us, like a fortress, that no evil can invade. Once obtain it, and the privileges of the new covenant of grace are ours. Without it we are shut out from salvation, and honor, and happiness. No words can express the importance of every living and thinking soul in this congregation getting this faith. We *must* have it. We shall be lost without it. We shall hasten down to ruin, if we have not faith; and the more we know of it, the more convinced we are of it, the worse will it be for us if we do not get it. That faith must burn in our bosoms, as the principle of eternal life, or we perish. We must have it, or we die.

Does any one here say—I can not have it; I have no faith, and I *can not* have it? What does that mean—I can not have faith? Is Christ deserving your confidence? Are God's invitations plain and certain? Is it necessary to escape from hell, and to reach heaven? Must you be happy? Have you any indestructible thirst after happiness? Is the way to happiness made plain before you? Why, then, do you not take it? What is the meaning of saying, I *can not* believe?

It means *this*, as you must see if you recall what justifying faith is: I can not see that I am a lost sinner; I will not own it; and therefore I can not trust Christ's atoning sacrifice, and Christ's sanctifying grace. Is *this* what it means? Then what fatal pride there is in that man, or woman, or child, in this congregation, that ventures, in the face of facts that will silence all of us when we stand before the judgment-seat, and ought to silence all of us now, to say—I can not own that I am a hell-doomed sinner; I can not own that I merit my Maker's eternal curse? We shall see it plainly enough hereafter, if we do not see it now; and there is nothing to account for the dullness of our vision, but the pride of our hearts. What fatal pride, if we should happen to own before God at the last, that in the face of all the clearest demonstration of his word, his attributes, and the workings of our own common sense, we denied that we deserved his eternal wrath!

Or does it mean—I can not trust Christ's great sacrifice, and perfect obedience, and declared love? What ingratitude to him! what causeless unbelief! Is it true, or is it not true, that that unseen, but Almighty Saviour is ready to intercede for you, and give you his Spirit, and carry you to heaven? Is it true, or is it not, that there is not one soul in this congregation, for whom Christ Jesus did not give his blood, and whom he is not now ready to make a child of God and an heir of heaven? What fatal, what damnable unbelief, if notwithstanding all this, any one in this congregation says—I can not trust him!

Or does it mean, that because he has revealed that he will save you by making you holy, by leading you to obey, by making you mortify your sins, by giving you the sanctifying Spirit through which all this may be done, you can not submit to that; you must hold your sins; you must still live in that which God forbids; you must still cherish that which God's law condemns? Why, in the face of such fearful sanctions, and notwithstanding such plain and reiterated commands, and when such infinite mercy is extended to you, to refuse salvation because you will cling to sin—O! it must silence every one at the last, if nothing else did; it must strike such an arrow of remorse into the miserable soul that will have then to own—I might have been rescued and blest forever, but I would not give up my rebellion against God. Alas! alas! it will deepen all the gloom of the condemnation, that is resting upon you already.

But if still you tell me that you are obliged to say, I can not believe;

are you to sit down in despair? Here is a fearful load of guilt upon you; must you sit down in despair? Do you say—What can I do? I am lost, I shall sink into perdition, I have not believed, I can not believe; all this is true, but I must sink into perdition, helpless and hopeless? You only half believe that; or you would not sit still and do nothing. Depend upon it, when any man says, I must sit still and do nothing, because I can not believe, he has only half a conviction of his melancholy state. A little deeper conviction of the absolute and intolerable misery to which such a state is leading, would make you at once begin to be active in doing what *you can.*

Do you say—What can we do? There are many things, God's word declares you not only *can*, but *must* do. It is our duty to believe in Christ at once. It is the duty of every man, woman, and child in this assembly, to believe in Christ now. There is evidence that ought to convince every one, at once, without any further examination; and the obligations resting upon us are such, that not one night ought to be lost; not one minute's delay ought to be interposed. Christ offers you and me salvation, if we trust him; and it is our duty to trust him now. We are lost, and he offers to save us from hell by his atoning sacrifice, by his sanctifying Spirit; and he only asks us to trust him. We ought to trust him *now.*

But if the hardness of any heart forbids it; if the habitual unbelief of any heart forbids; if the devoted love of sin, which still masters any one, forbids it; then what must follow? To do nothing? No. Listen to God's word, as you hope to be saved. God has required of just such persons—"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Break off every habit of sin. Keep out of the way of temptation. Forsake the company that tempts. Do what you obviously *can.* No one compels you to seek bad company; no one compels you to place yourself in the way of temptation; Satan can not compel you to any external act. Therefore, break off these things. Break off whatever, in fact, interferes with your seeking salvation. Break it off at once. It is God's command.

Is there nothing that you can do? God's word declares—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Can not you call on him? Can not you at once begin to seek God's mercy? But you have not faith; and you have not earnestness. Still, call on him *as you can.* Begin to pray. Fasten upon your mind the necessity of salvation; and let the cry of your natural distress, if not the prayer of faith, ascend up before God.

God has said in his word—"The law is our schoolmaster to bring us

to Christ." Then, in other words, it is when men perceive how the law condemns them, that they flee to Christ as the only Saviour. Do not get rid of the sense of guilt; but fasten it on your mind. Meditate on God's holy law; look at all its precepts; apply them to your own case; see how you have violated them; acknowledge the condemnation that law pronounces. Let the humiliating thought rest there, till it compels you to seek salvation by Christ. "The law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we may be justified by faith."

Meditate, further, as *you can*, upon the gospel of Christ: for "faith," we read, "cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." When any one will day by day read the Scriptures solemnly and seriously, and endeavor to understand them, and to impress them on his mind, it may be the duty in which God meets him. In the absence of that, how can you expect the blessing? If you despise God's word, if you neglect his gospel, can you look for salvation? Read it; meditate upon it. You may find, as thousands have, that in that obedience, however imperfect, to God's will, he may meet with you and save you.

These things, at least, you can do; and there are other similar directions in God's word, for those who are as yet in their sins. And till all these are done, and have been done long in vain, do not say you can do nothing. If you say so, my dear hearer, it is, depend upon it, because you are only half convinced. Once thoroughly persuaded that you are ruined without Christ, you will gratefully seize the opportunities for these habits, which he has required you at once, as condemned sinners, to exercise and to cultivate.

But how can we express adequately, my Christian brethren, the gratitude we ought to have to God through Christ, if indeed he has given us this inestimable blessing? How can we sufficiently deplore the condition of some among us, to whom it seems almost impossible that they should believe; to whom the difficulty in their way seems almost insuperable? And yet God has taught *us* to believe. Why? Why do we rest on Christ this night? Why do we now look up to our most loving Saviour, to deliver us from our guilt and ruin, from the curse of the law, from the malice of Satan, from his temptations, from the eternal wrath we have merited, from all evil; and to place us among his people in glory? Why, with a consciousness perhaps as complete as any one can have, that we are utterly deserving of eternal wrath, have we yet this confidence in Christ? O! brethren, it is a blessing from God, for which it is impossible we should be sufficiently thankful. Let us day by day exercise that faith. Let not a day go by, without our trusting in Christ still to save us. And may that confidence in him become more and more simple and complete.

DISCOURSE XXXIX.

JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

The Hercules of modern Methodism, as Dr. Bunting has been described, is a native of Manchester, England, and is now nearly fourscore years of age. He was educated by Dr. Percival, of Manchester, and numbered among his early religious friends, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Coke, and Rev. Mr. Benson. His public career began in 1799, and he was stationed, alternately, at London, Liverpool, and Leeds. At the founding of the Wesleyan Theological Institute in 1835, then at Hoxton, and since at Richmond and Disbury, he was appointed its President; an office which he still holds, though only nominally. With the exception of two years, he has been Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society since the year 1819. He has been four times President of the Conference; and is even yet regarded as the leading man in England in the large and influential body to which he belongs.

In personal appearance, Dr. Bunting is quite commanding; slightly above the ordinary height, of full figure, large and broad face, small, keen eyes, and white hair. His complexion is wonderfully fair for one of his age.

Dr. Bunting for years past has not preached very frequently; but whenever he is seen in the pulpit, it creates a universal sensation. An admirer describes him as an excellent preacher. His matter and style are both remarkable for their condensation. There is a separate idea in almost every second sentence he utters. He possesses a sound judgment, and a mind of considerable vigor. He is always above mediocrity; he frequently starts new trains of thought, and gives utterance to things which sufficiently strike the mind of the hearer, to justify the supposition that the impression made will be lasting. He is a sententious preacher. His discourses always bear traces of very careful preparation. And they are not only carefully prepared in the first instance, but being in most cases repeatedly preached in various chapels, and frequently in the same chapels at certain intervals of time, they are doubtless often retouched; and consequently ought to be of a very superior order of merit. Dr. Bunting, it is said, has only a limited number of what he himself considers *good* sermons. The statement is the more probable, as he has in some cases delivered the same discourse ten or twelve times over. What may appear more surprising is the fact, that in some instances he preaches sermons which have not only been frequently preached before, but have actually appeared in print, and been extensively circulated. In some instances he has been induced, under peculiar circumstances, to apprize the congregation of the fact immediately after giving out the text. He has an aversion amounting to horror at seeing his discourses reported in any of the publications devoted to the reports of sermons; and it is said that his usual practice before commencing is to look round the chapel and see if he can dis-

cover any reporter in it. When preaching a few years ago near Hammersmith, he observed a reporter with his note-book in his hand; when, after announcing the text, he said, "I see a reporter there," pointing to a particular part of the chapel, "for one of the pulpit publications. I beg to inform him, that the sermon I am now going to preach, was not only before delivered by me, but will be found in print." On another occasion, when preaching in Aldersgate chapel, he observed, after he had got fairly into the discourse, a young man taking notes in the front seat of the gallery on the left of the pulpit; when suddenly stopping in his sermon, and turning round to the other, he accosted him, by way of parenthesis, thus: "Young man, I see you are very busy in taking notes of my sermon. If you wish to remember it, you ought to try to do so when you go home, and not disturb a whole congregation peaceably assembled for the worship of God." The young man, however, went on with his notes as if nothing had happened.

The reverend gentleman's manner is represented as exceedingly quiet. He can hardly be said to use any gesture at all. His voice is clear; but in such a chapel as that in Great Queen street, he is hardly audible in the more distant parts of it. He speaks deliberately, but impressively, owing to the quality of his matter, and a seriousness which there is about his general appearance. He often closes his little clear eyes during the delivery of his sermon; perhaps altogether they are shut during half the time he is occupied with his discourse.

Dr. Bunting has not done much in the way of authorship. His best-known and largest work is his Life of the late Rev. Richard Watson, published in 1833. He has written several pamphlets, and published a few sermons. That which is subjoined is esteemed one of the most eloquent which he has ever put forth. It certainly does justice to his distinguished reputation.

THE GUILT AND GROUNDLESSNESS OF UNBELIEF.

"And he marveled because of their unbelief."—MARK, vi. 6.

WHEN he, by whom the world was made, condescended to dwell among men, and so was "in the world," the world "knew him not." "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." They "hid, as it were, their faces from him; he was despised, and they esteemed him not." And by none of our Lord's countrymen was that saying more fully verified, than by the Nazarenes. In Nazareth he appeared as an infant; at Nazareth he was brought up; they had the honor of seeing the first indications of his superior wisdom and piety. It was at Nazareth that "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was with him." To Nazareth he returned after his celebrated conversation with the doctors in the temple; and there he was subject to Mary, his real mother, and to Joseph, his reputed father; while he "increased in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man." It was at Nazareth that he wrought in the occupation of a carpenter, till the time came for his commencing his public ministry. It

was at Nazareth, in fine, that he did many of his most wonderful works. His brethren—that is, his kinsmen—all lived there; and this, together with other circumstances, would naturally beget in our Saviour some particular attachment to a place with which he had been so long connected: it would be his wish, that the companions of his early life should be made partakers of the benefits of his religion. Accordingly, we find, that at the commencement of his ministry he went to Nazareth, and, entered the synagogue, "*as his custom was.*" I wish parents to notice this, for their encouragement to train their children to early habits of piety; as his custom was, or had been, "on the Sabbath day he stood up to read;" and there he delivered a discourse founded on a passage in Isaiah. At the first part of his discourse his countrymen were delighted, and "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." But when he began to make a proper application of his subject, as it became him to do, their anger was greatly roused; and but for an interference of his miraculous power, his life had paid the forfeit of his fidelity. They "rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he," perhaps rendering himself invisible, or them powerless, "passing through the midst of them, went his way." So ungrateful a reception might well have discouraged him, or induced him to abandon them forever, as persons who judged themselves, passed sentence on themselves, as unworthy of eternal life. But our Saviour, rich in mercy and slow to anger, has here taught us to be "patient in tribulation," and to persevere in doing good, though in doing it we suffer only ill. Mark tells us, and we have reason to believe, from comparing other circumstances, that it was only a few months after, that "he came to his own country, and when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue." As on the former occasion, the people were at first struck with admiration, and confessed that "mighty works were wrought by his hands." But, notwithstanding their conviction of the truth of his teaching, and the dignity of his public ministry, their minds were filled with prejudice; their evil heart of unbelief was not subdued; and they were not prepared to render him that practical homage which was due to the true Messiah. To justify themselves in their infidelity, they pretended to doubt the truth of his mission; and they basely and ungenerously recounted the meanness and obscurity of his parentage and the deficiency of his education: "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him." The *cause* of this was, that their hearts were full of blindness and prejudice, their minds were worldly and carnal, and their reasonings were false and deceitful. And the *effects* of this were deplorable: for it is said, that "he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them. And he

marveled because of their unbelief." The sin of unbelief is here represented in a twofold point of view.

1. *As injurious to those who exercise it.* "He could there do no mighty work." They did not believe in his power, and therefore they came not to him for cure; and he could not obtrude his goodness upon them, or force them to receive benefits from him, consistently with his plan and determination. "How much," says the excellent Dr. Doddridge, "did these Nazarenes lose, by their obstinate prejudice against Jesus! How many diseased bodies might have been cured, how many lost souls might have been recovered and saved, had they given him a better reception!" And you will, no doubt, join in the pious wish which the Doctor adds: "May divine grace deliver us from that *unbelief*, which does, as it were, disarm Christ himself, and renders him a savor of death, rather than of life, to our souls!" But unbelief is here represented,

2. *As exceedingly unreasonable and absurd.* "He *marveled* because of their unbelief;" it excited the surprise of Christ. Unbelief is altogether without reason; it is not to be vindicated. It is contrary to the duty of the situation and circumstances under which men are placed; it is contrary to what might reasonably be expected from such men under such circumstances. It is to this last view of unbelief that we propose now to attend. We shall *first* explain what we mean by unbelief; and, *secondly*, justify the sentiment of surprise which existed in the mind of Christ, on the occasion before us.

I. LET US EXPLAIN WHAT WE MEAN BY UNBELIEF.

Unbelief, in general, is the rejection of God's revealed truth; and, in particular, it implies the refusal and neglect to receive and act on the testimony God has given of his Son, as the only all-sufficient Saviour of guilty men.

1. *The unbelief of some is* TOTAL. This implies a *rejection* of the Messiah—a denial of his Messiahship—a total refusal to admit of his being the way to life and blessedness. Such were the Sadducees, such were many of the ancient Jews, and such are evidently the majority of them to this day. Nor does it apply to Jews alone: the same word which tells us that the doctrine of Christ was "a stumbling-block to the Jews," tells us that by the wise and philosophic Greeks it was despised as "foolishness." All men in the present day have not even nominal faith in Christ. I speak not now of the thousands of heathens who are not believers in Christ: *their case*, whatever it may be, is not unbelief in the gospel: "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" Their case is rather matter of our compassion than of our surprise. But it *is* matter of surprise, that, in a Christian country, many to whom the gospel is preached—many who have heard the joyful sound of salvation—that

many of these should despise the majesty of the gospel, and refuse to give it that credence which it demands from them.

2. Not only are they unbelievers, who reject, but *but such as mutilate and corrupt Christianity.* There are many who profess to admire, and even to defend with zeal and learning, its exterior form and structure, who are yet among the very foremost to deprive it of all its beauty, and to rob it of its peculiar excellency. Among these, I can not but include those who, while they admit the Messiahship of Christ, deny his divinity, his atonement, and his dwelling in the hearts of believers by his Holy Spirit. These are such distinguishing points in Christian truth, that he who systematically denies them can not, with propriety, be called a believer in Christ. He admits the general words of Scripture, but he puts his own sense upon these words—a sense very different from that which was put upon them by the primitive Church—a sense very different from that which was plainly taught by Christ himself, and by his apostles. He builds the fabric of his hopes on a different foundation from that which God has laid in Sion, namely, on Christ, who "gave himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor," and by whose blood alone, we can be cleansed from sin; and he regards as so enthusiastic the idea of the indwelling of Christ in the hearts of his people by his Holy Spirit, that there is no room in his creed for the dominion of Christ as king in Sion. Thus, though he believes the *words* of Scripture, he believes them not in their true sense: and, as he is not a believer, he is, of course, an unbeliever. This statement is no violation of true *candor*, for that requires attention to be paid to truth: and that candor which does not render true homage to the truth, is *sin*. However common and fashionable this spurious candor may be among men, it is an abomination to God, whose truth it, in fact, denies. For those who believe not, we are required to feel the tenderest pity; for them we are to use our best efforts, to offer up our most fervent prayers. Perhaps the passage which will best explain our duty in this respect, is found in the epistle to Timothy—"The servant of the Lord must not strive: but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." Now, this passage, so far from warranting indifference to the truth, represents the truth as a matter of the greatest importance; the very end of our instructions is here stated to be, that such persons may be brought *to repentance and acknowledging of the truth;* and it is only as they repent and acknowledge the truth, which they before denied, that they can be recovered out of the snare of the devil, and brought to true repentance. That is a false love, a fictitious tenderness, which represents error as not dangerous; and which declares that it matters not what we believe, though God declares that he that believeth not the gospel—the pure,

unmutilated gospel—shall be damned. Let us not hide the truth, which we are called by God as a church, to exhibit. It is not for the support of light and unimportant truths that the church is called the "pillar and ground of the truth." No: the truth is of importance; it is essential to salvation; and men should see in our whole manner that we consider the truth as nothing less than a matter of life and death.

3. *The neglecters of the gospel*, as well as its rejecters and corrupters, are guilty of unbelief, though in a more mitigated form, I grant. These hold the truth, but they hold it in unrighteousness; like a man who holds a torch, only to convince those who behold him that the person who bears it is going sadly out of the way. Our Lord condemns all such; and it is evident they deserve condemnation, because no salutary effects are produced by their profession of faith. Such persons are unbelievers, and it is necessary that the truth should be told them. Faith works by love: the faith of God's elect is not a mere opinion; it implies a belief of the excellency, the suitableness, the efficacy of the gospel; such a conviction of this as will lead men to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ as the chief subject, the substance of the gospel; such a conviction as leads to the use of Christ for the ends for which God has given him, namely, for "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Now, if such persons are not believers at all, how awfully prevalent is the sin of unbelief! Among those who call our Saviour Lord, and who, generally speaking, receive his truth, how many are there who do not believe with the heart unto righteousness! They have no clear view of their need of Christ as a Saviour; no decided reliance upon him; no clear application of his merits and atonement. They hear and read of Christ; they join in hymns to his praise; they approach him with their lips—but there is no affectionate trust of the heart. These, then, are unbelievers: God, the judge, will not admit that this faith is saving; it is dead faith, and can not save them.

4. *Even in those who are partly renewed by grace*, there are the secret workings of this principle. Though it is in a form more mild, it is yet to be discovered; and, in proportion as it exists, it mars the progress of the work of grace in their souls. I may instance a case or two.

There is *the penitent sinner*, who is seeking, but has not yet found the pardon of his sins. In such persons there is to be perceived some good thing toward the God of Israel; and much that, if followed up, will lead to good. They are not far from the kingdom of God; they have some knowledge and some faith. Now, to such, God's word holds out the most gracious promises—"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And yet in many cases, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, the effect of all these kind promises and gracious invitations is baffled by a secret something which refuses to be comforted when God would comfort; which puts

away the mercy which God waits to bestow; which still exclaims, "The mercy of the Lord is clean gone forever! He will be merciful to others, but not to me!" Now, what is this secret something, which keeps the man who is convinced of sin, and who wishes for pardon, and who knows that without it he will be ruined forever? What is it, I say, which keeps him out of the possession of pardoning mercy? What is it? Satan calls it *humility* and diffidence; and he keeps you out of the blessing by telling you it is not proper for one so sinful and so worthless to lay hold on the blessings of salvation, and that you are acting the part of an humble man to keep aloof from those blessings. This, Satan tells you; but he is a liar, and the father of lies. O, listen not to that arch fiend, when he pretends to preach humility! No: the real name of the principle that keeps you back, is *pride*, and not humility. Real humility will not lead to unbelief: it will rather lead men to cry for mercy, and cause them to flee to the only refuge that is set before them.

But even those who believe, but are *not yet made perfect in love*, are under the influence of unbelief in part. As unbelief prevents the sinner from entering into God's family; so unbelief, in one who is a child, prevents him from the enjoyment of the privileges of God's family. Take an example. There are found in the word of God, "exceeding great and precious promises;" promises of a clean heart, and a right spirit; promises of complete recovery to the image of God; promises of being sanctified wholly, body, soul, and spirit; promises of being preserved blameless to the coming of the day of the Lord. And what hinders the man, who sees the beauty and excellency of holiness, and beholds it so clearly and abundantly promised—what hinders him from entering on the full possession of it? In some cases it may be want of perception of its beauty, and the possibility of attaining it, but, in general, it is want of faith.

Take another case. In some dark and cloudy day a man has yielded to temptation; he has committed sin, and he is filled with misery. But this, his guilt, he acknowledges; he does not attempt to palliate it; and it is the privilege of such a man to come to God, as at first he came, and to obtain a renewal of that favor which he has forfeited. And what is it that induces him to postpone the application for this mercy to a future period? What prevents him approaching the fountain opened? What prompts him to seek to *wear* his stain away, instead of coming to have it *washed* away at once? Satan persuades him that the principle which thus keeps him from God his Father, who is waiting to be gracious to him, and receive him back to his favor, is *shame*, holy shame, ingenuous shame; but it is really unbelief. We ought to be ashamed of having been negligent, of having been unfaithful, of having been sinners; but we ought not to be ashamed of coming to God for forgiveness; we ought to remember that these words belong to us: "These things I write unto you, that ye sin not." And *if any man sin*, we have an advocate with

the Father, JESUS CHRIST, the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.

And I might observe, that unbelief operates, in a degree, *in believers in* Christ. It is so in cases of affliction, of trial, of difficulty. Believers are sometimes in circumstances in which they are ready to say: "My way is hid from the Lord: my God hath forgotten me!" in opposition to his word, who hath said: "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee!" But I can not dwell longer on this part; and you can easily apply these remarks to other cases. I proceed,

II. TO JUSTIFY THE EXPRESSION OF ASTONISHMENT ON THE PART OF CHRIST.

It is said that "he *marveled* because of their unbelief." Unbelief is altogether unreasonable and unbecoming.

1. How unreasonable, for instance, was *the unbelief which our* LORD *witnessed in the days of his flesh.* The unbelief of these men at Nazareth was marked with great stupidity, and chargeable with great folly. For, consider *what opportunities they had been favored with* of seeing our Lord's early character, and of listening to his propitious doctrines. The superior sanctity which marked his childhood, ought to have made strong impressions on their minds; and ought to have led them to investigate carefully, and to receive honestly the convictions of their minds. An unbelief so blind as theirs was surely unreasonable. "From whence," exclaimed they, "hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that such mighty works are wrought by his hands?" The fact they admitted; the evidences were too strong to be resisted. Why, then, did they not proceed to draw the only rational inference, namely, that he was a divine person? Their unbelief was unreasonable. Advert, also, to *the nature of the excuses they presented* for it. They talked of the meanness of his education; of the poverty of his circumstances; of the narrowness of his means. Why, these were the very circumstances that ought to have induced faith. For if natural causes could not produce such surprising effects, how very rational to conclude that they were produced by supernatural causes. Then, *their possession of the ancient Scriptures* left them without excuse. They had the prophecies of Isaiah; and they might have read them if they had not willfully neglected to do so. His fifty-third chapter would have told them that Christ was to be "as a root out of a dry ground;" that he would be destitute of any outward "form, or comeliness, or beauty," which should lead men to "desire him." All this justifies the strong sensation of surprise, on the part of our Saviour, at so much insensibility. "He marveled;" he who well knew what was in man, and how depraved, and how very unreasonable man naturally was—even he was surprised; even the Searcher of hearts "*marveled*, because *of* the unbelief" they manifested!

2. *The same unreasonableness attaches to modern as to ancient unbelief.* Let us consider this in reference to the various descriptions of unbelief we noticed in the first part of the discourse.

First. On what do *our modern infidels* rest their unbelief? Do they plead WANT OF EVIDENCE? How base and ungrounded is their assertion!

Let them study our Christianity; let them institute a strict comparison between its various parts; let them look at the long chain of prophecies with which it was introduced; let them consider the miracles by which its verity was attested—its pure salutary truths and doctrines; let them mark the astonishing rapidity of its early progress—its progress in opposition to all obstructions, and to the most determined hostility; and that it came not with any appeal to the passions, or proclaiming any truce to the vices, but with the force of truth alone, and denouncing all the vices. Let them, I say, consider this body and weight of evidence, which, if considered aright, is more than enough to weigh down all their objections, and which if rejected, exposes them most justly to the charge of unreasonable unbelief. But our religion, they allege, contains in it *so many* MYSTERIES, that these ought to lead them to its rejection. But this very circumstance, *we* say, is an additional argument for faith. If Christianity told us nothing but what the book of nature teaches, it could not be from God. Surely, if God wrote a book, it must contain something of which the ear hath not heard, which the eye hath not seen, and of which the human heart hath not conceived. As in the earth, while surveying the works of nature, and perceiving their peculiar skill and adaptation, we infer that they are the produce of a divine hand; so, in what are termed the mysteries of religion, we see abundant proofs of a divine hand. And, besides, if we are to doubt because of what is mysterious, where is skepticism to end? We see mystery all around us, and if we are not to believe till we can comprehend, we shall never believe at all. It is absurd—it is monstrous, to reject the truth of God, because it teaches us something, which, but for it, we could not understand! And further *peculiar* criminality and unreasonableness attaches to modern than could attach to ancient infidelity. On us "the ends of the world are come;" to us the system of Christianity is more fully explained, and the glory of God shines forth with greater radiancy, in the person and work of Jesus Christ. The beneficial effects of the system have been illustrated by many striking facts in our days, which were not known to our fathers. The argument for Christianity is stronger: it has grown, and is still growing, with the growth of information. On the infidels of these days, therefore, the benevolent Saviour may well look down with mingled emotions of surprise and indignation; he may well be alike grieved for the hardness of their hearts, and surprised at the strength of their infatuation!

Secondly. And what shall I say of the unreasonableness of the next class—*a disbelief of the principal doctrines of Christianity?* Is not this *unreasonable?* When a man writes a book for his fellow men, if

his object be to instruct philosophers and the learned, he adapts his style to them; but if he be anxious to instruct the mass of men—if he would benefit the unlearned, and those who are incapable of deep and critical inquiry—then he writes in a plain and popular style, that all who read may at once comprehend his meaning. Now, apply this to the book which God has given. The poor and uneducated form the mass of the people; *their* instruction and benefit must therefore be regarded; and if he be a good and gracious God, then a plain and simple man will be able to collect his meaning from the plain language and letter of his word. Those who reject the great truths of the Bible pretend to say that a great part of the Bible is not to be understood, according as the words appear on the surface. They tell us about corruptions; and they explain much of its contents away into eastern similes. But let any plain, unsophisticated man, any man whose mind is not prejudiced and perverted by tortured criticisms—let any honest man regard the *corruptions*, as they term them, of the Scriptures, and he will find them to be the very vital and important truths of the system. But there is some reason to think that men are beginning to get tired of this *rational* system; and to see that they must either follow Scripture, *as it is*, or go at once to Deism: they begin now to find that the half-way house, as it has been termed, between Deism and Christianity, is untenable. And let those who attempt to take refuge there, let those half-way house men take care, lest God should say to them, as he said to ancient Chaldea, "Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee!"

3. But the form of unbelief, which is the most extraordinary, is that of *the neglecters of salvation:* those who hold the truth, but hold it in unrighteousness. You will not surely account us your enemies if we tell you the truth. We say that there are many who admit the truth of the gospel, and yet neglect its great salvation. If we speak of such characters, we must speak in the terms which belong to them: we accuse you of conduct which, if it were exemplified in the common affairs of life, would justly expose you to the charge of inconsistency and irrationality. I will endeavor to set your conduct before you, and I entreat you to let your consciences go with me. *You say* that you believe the gospel to be of God; that "at the first it began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him; God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to his own will;" you say that you believe in his Scripture; and yet, you live in habitual opposition to what you know to be the requirements, and what you know to be the privileges of this gospel! *You say* that you believe in the existence of a God—a God who is present in all places—who is intimately acquainted with all your thoughts, and words, and actions; and yet—you go on, day after day, in a career which you know he must hate! *You say* that you believe him to be a just God; and that he

who is the Maker of all the earth shall be the Judge of all the earth; and that he has prepared the thunderbolts of his wrath, that he may take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not his will; and yet—you continually defy this authority, and expose yourself to this vengeance! *You say* you believe that you have immortal souls; that when you leave this world you must go into another state; that this other state must be regulated by your present character and conduct; that there is a state of happiness for the holy, and of misery for the unholy; and yet—you act as if you had no souls—as if there were no future state—as if heaven were a delusion, and hell were a chimera! *You say* that you believe Jesus Christ came from heaven to earth to seek and to save the lost; that he was delivered for the offenses of men, and rose again for their justification, and returned to heaven, that he might intercede for them, and send them down all the blessings of his salvation; and you come to hear his truth proclaimed to you Sabbath after Sabbath; and, such is the force of habit, you would be quite uncomfortable if you did not listen to these things; and yet—you are quite content to have no experience of this Saviour's pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace! I might pursue this train of remark; but, from what has been said, you see how clearly a charge of the most marvelous unbelief and absurdity may be made out against you. You kiss the Saviour, like Judas, and like him you betray him for this world's good. You call him Lord, but you do not the things which he says. You sleep as quietly in your beds, after we have assured you, upon his authority, that you are in danger of eternal perdition, as if you had never heard a word about the matter! and it is more than probable that some of you will do so this very night! And how is this? Is it not marvelous? Well may Christ be grieved and wonder! Is it not marvelous insensibility to what you acknowledge to be so valuable and important? Is it not a proof of marvelous unbelief, to disregard a blessing which you yourselves allow to be attainable? Is it not a marvelous disregard of all the thunders of the divine wrath, which you must confess are hanging over your head? O that you were willing to follow up the convictions of your own minds! that you would not attempt to get rid of them in an unhallowed way! that you would cherish them by reading the Scriptures and pious books, by meditation, by prayer, by intercourse with Christians, and by the use of all the means which God has appointed to save souls from the wrath to come!

4. I speak to those also who, though not loving sin, but truly convinced of their sinfulness and consequent danger, hating sin and desirous of being freed from it; yet *go on for weeks, and months, and even years, without finding the mercy which God has promised*—without obtaining the blessings of pardon, of adoption, of holiness, of consolation, of the Holy Spirit's influence. Come and let me expostulate with you. There are many such in all our congregations, and in all our societies. It is a

fact, that if we have a thousand members, we find at least a hundred to whose general seriousness we can make no exception, whose conduct is marked by regularity; who yet can not, with satisfaction to their ministers and fellow Christians, declare what God has done for their souls. There are, no doubt, therefore, some such present this evening. Now, let me expostulate with you: look at your case. O that I may be assisted to say something which shall lead you this night to lay hold on Christ! Something that shall make you ashamed of your unbelief in my Saviour and yours! Something that shall convince you that, when he opens his arms to receive you, you have *no right* to run away from him; that you have *no right* to close your ears to his inviting voice; that it is *your duty*, as well as your interest, to lay hold on his mercy, and to receive the blessings which he has pressed on your acceptance in the exuberance of his kindness! Now, what does he say? "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." But I need not repeat these promises; what you want is not the *knowledge* of them—you have heard them read a hundred times; no; what you want is, *to believe*, to *embrace* them. These promises point out *you*—you yourselves—as the very persons who want these good things. And O, consider that these promises are confirmed—confirmed by a solemn oath; "that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, they might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them." You have heard God's *promise*—now hear God's *oath*. O, infinite condescension! You doubt his word—shame on you! But he does not desert you for your sin. Now, hear it, penitent; hear the oath of thy God! We have it on record in his own book; it is written for your comfort. Listen: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" God tells you, by his life, that he is ready to save you—to save you *now*. And this promise, and this oath, have been sealed by the blood of Christ; "and he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" And this promise, and this oath, have been confirmed by the resurrection of Christ. By this we are taught that the sacrifice he presented was accepted—that God is satisfied; and that there is nothing even in his justice to hinder him from pardoning you. Hence the language of the apostle to the Hebrews: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect!" And so on. O, what comfort is contained in these

words! God is "the God of peace." Why, we might have been charged to tell you that God is "a man of war." But no; we have to proclaim him to you as "the God of peace." He has a peaceful disposition toward you; and he has proved this by raising up Jesus Christ from the dead.

It is possible that *we* may have erred in telling you that this is your *privilege*, and not dwelling sufficiently on it as your *duty*. It is your duty to believe; it is a great *crime* you are guilty of in not coming to God for the pardon of your sins, when he has told you so plainly and so repeatedly that he waits to bestow that pardon. You believe the word of your *fellow men;* to-morrow you will take their word, perhaps, twenty times in the day, in the course of your business; but you will not take the *word of God;* you must behold something extraordinary, you must have some miracle performed, before you believe God! and is not this most marvelous, most unreasonable? Will it not be infinitely better to take him at his word, and receive the blessing? Why, *part* of his word you do believe; you do believe his *threatenings*, when he says that "the wicked man shall surely die." This you firmly believe. But another part of his word—that very part which is most suited to your case—you put away from you! You say that you are not ready yet; that you are not worthy yet! O the marvelous absurdity of this unbelief! Men under the influence of this vile principle will absolutely believe all but that which they are required to believe—that which most of all concerns them to believe—that "THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING, AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, THAT JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." I now proclaim it to you; take it home to yourselves; say,

"Who did for *every* sinner die,
Hath surely died for *me*."

For *me* he hath obtained that redemption which is of so much value; that, without which I must forever have perished! Sayest thou this? Then *thou* art the very man for my Saviour. *Thou* art the very man on whom he now looks down, on whom he now waits to be gracious!

I have already trespassed so unwarrantably upon your time, that I must leave you to apply this train of thought to other cases of unbelief which will present themselves readily to your mind. We may learn from this subject,

1. *The marvelous corruption of human nature, from whence all this unbelief originates.* If man was as he came out of the hands of his Maker, he could receive with simple, confiding love, all that he has said, and listen implicitly to all his assurances. Faith has its seat in the heart and so has unbelief; hence we read of "an evil *heart* of unbelief." Man is very far gone from original righteousness. Now, as unbelief took us away from God, so faith alone can bring us back to God, and prepare us for an ultimate admission into heaven. See also,

2. *The necessity of the agency of the Holy Spirit.* This is necessary, that faith may be inspired, and kept in exercise, and brought to maturity. If unbelief be in the heart by nature, it is not the nicest train of reasoning, it is not all the power of moral suasion that can produce faith. True faith is *supernatural;* the apostle tells the Philippians that it had been "given them to believe in his name." *You* must believe; believing is your act; but it is an act of a heart renewed by the grace of the Holy Spirit; by the same almighty and efficacious power by which Christ was raised from the dead. Look at the case of infidels; other means are employed in abundance, but they remain infidels still; while others have been converted from infidelity in the absence of all human means. Look at the case of Saul of Tarsus; he was a most bigoted Pharisee, and a furious and determined persecutor; and he was not made into a sincere and humble Christian, and a zealous and successful preacher, by books, or by human argumentation. The miraculous light, and the voice from heaven, might arouse his attention; but it was by an immediate and direct interferenee of the Holy Spirit, that the change was effected, and true faith was inspired. The conversion of Vanderkemp, also, is a case fully in point; a conversion scarcely less remarkable than that of the Apostle Paul. From a German infidel, infidelity, perhaps, of the most specious and dangerous kind, Vanderkemp, without human interference, became a zealous Christian. I do not mean to say that good books, that wise and pious information, are to be despised; but I do mean to say, that the great fault is in men's *hearts;* and that it is necessary that the heart should be prepared by the operation of the Spirit, to receive the truth in the love of it. And that, though the mind may be prepared, in some measure, by knowledge, yet that true faith is the immediate effect of a direct influence of the Holy Spirit.

As to all the instances of unbelief we have specified, and as to all others which may occur, *go direct to God;* pray against your unbelief; beseech him to cure you of this dreadful infatuation.

And let *the disciples*—let those who are set to guide souls to Christ—let all the Church say, "LORD, INCREASE OUR FAITH!"

DISCOURSE XL.

HUGH MACNEIL, D. D.

Dr. MacNeil, of Regent's Park, Liverpool, is one of the most powerful preachers in England. He is a native of the province of Ulster, in Ireland, and was in youth a very thoughtless young man, fond of the drama and light literature. After his conversion he gave himself to the work of the ministry, and was, for a time, one of the most popular preachers of the London pulpit, and was presented afterward with the living at St. Jude's in Liverpool. His labors there were blessed to the conversion of hundreds; and while there he signalized himself as a controversialist on the Romish question. Under his ministry the church became far too small, and hence his removal to Regent's Park, where he occupies a very handsome and capacious church. He is known as the author of several works on prophecy, among the rest a very excellent treatise on the Restoration of the Jews. In common with many of the evangelical school in England, he holds Millenarian views, although he does not go the length of some of the less sober and intelligent writers on these questions.

Dr. MacNeil possesses all that impetuosity of temperament, that versatility of talent, that exuberance of imagination, and that affluence of imagery, which have characterized some of the most celebrated of the sons of the Green Isle. His appearance in the pulpit is most commanding. He is tall, handsome, and erect. His hair is now flaxen white; his complexion ruddy, without any tendency toward corpulency; his voice is clear, sweet, and melodious, possessing all the tones, from the lowest bass to the highest alto, and under the most perfect control; his preaching is impassioned and telling; his argumentation is well put; his expositions are clear; his illustrations to the point; and his appeals never fail to reach the heart. Rev. Dr. Tyng, in his "Recollections of England," describes glowingly the abilities of Dr. MacNeil, and speaks of him as combining, in an extraordinary degree, the "unrivaled excellences of subject, mind, and matter." In preaching he is wholly extemporaneous, and holds a little pocket Bible in his hand, from which he makes his quotations. It is said that he has admitted not less than a *thousand* souls to the church, who have been savingly converted to God under his ministry. It was hoped by many of the evangelical friends of the Church of England, both in Canada and in the eastern provinces, that he would have received the appointment of Bishop to some of the recently-vacant provincial sees; and no man in England better deserved such a preferment. Dr. MacNeil would be widely useful to the British colonies of North America. The discourse from his master pen which we subjoin, was first preached in 1834; Dr. Chalmers once heard it, and declared it to be one of the best productions on the subject to which he had ever listened.

MYSTERIES IN RELIGION.

"Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."—ISAIAH, xlv. 15.

"BE still," saith the Lord of heaven and earth, "and know that I am the Lord." "I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth." "O taste, and see," saith the Psalmist, inviting the people of God to the enjoyment of their privileges, "taste and see, that the Lord is good." And again: "To know thee," saith the Saviour, in his prayer to the Father, "is eternal life; to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Among all the objects by which the human understanding can be exercised, or the human affections engaged, the most important beyond comparison, and, with all who believe that there is a God beyond dispute, is God himself—God in the mysteriousness of his person and existence—God in the sovereignty of his creation and providence—God in the riches of his atoning love in Jesus Christ—God in the energy of his saving power by the Holy Ghost.

"Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." Such was the exclamation of the prophet, when sinking under the weight of the revelation that had been given to him. Something of God was made known to him; but much remained unknown. A beam of light had fallen upon him, but it was only sufficient to make him intelligently conscious of the unfathomable depth of the Fountain of Light itself. More light hath fallen upon us, and, with the New Testament in our hands, we might truly say, "Verily thou art a God that revealest thyself, O Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour." And yet, when that revelation is examined, and examined, if possible, with apostolic skill, we must exclaim, in unaffected apostolical humility, in ignorance, conscious and confused, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! His ways are past finding out! Who hath known his mind? Who hath been his counselor?" "Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory forever and ever."

I am persuaded, my brethren, that one of the most important features in the subject which I now desire to bring before you, is *the indispensable necessity that exists for a mystery.* The indispensable necessity of a mystery: for the human mind is so constituted, that either it abuses the mystery into superstition, or it rejects the whole truth because of the mystery, and plunges, however unconsciously, into infidelity. To recognize, without abusing, a mystery, is the attitude to which a finite mind must be brought, in rightly receiving a revelation from the living God. For observe: suppose God to make a full and adequate revelation of himself, there is a point in the examination of that revelation, at which

man's understanding must fail; for man's understanding, at the best, is finite: God is infinite. The finite can not grasp the infinite; and, therefore, there must needs be a point, at which the power of the finite understanding that can take in that infinite communication, would cease; and at a particular point, there would be a horizon to man's perceptions of truth. That is, to us there would be a point at which the revelation would cease to be explanation, and a man's view would be bounded, and a mystery would commence. For what is a mystery? A mystery is a revelation unexplained; a truth told—told distinctly—but not reasoned upon and explained; a truth so told that we can boldly say *what* it is, but not so explained as to enable us to say *how* it is. The personal existence of God, as declared in Holy Scripture, is a mystery; it is a revelation unexplained—a statement unreasoned; and it presents a horizon to the human understanding, which fades into mystery. And I wish to show you how unreasonable the man is who will reject the objects in the foreground, and in the center of the landscape, because he can not, with equal precision, discern the objects in the horizon.

God; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; one God—distinct, yet not divided; separate, yet still one. *The Son;* co-equal and co-eternal with the Father; yet begotten of the Father. The *Holy Spirit;* proceeding from the Father and the Son. The Son sent by the Father, and filled with the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit received from the Father, and sent by the Son. The Father God; the Son God; the Holy Spirit God; and yet there is but one God. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God." God saying *of* himself, "I am, and there is none else; I know not any." God saying *to* himself, "Let *us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness." What human understanding can grasp this? There is a revelation unexplained; the Trinity is an *imperfect discovery*, not a *contradiction*. There is a great difference between these two things. The intellect, to which nothing is mysterious, must be infinite: but a finite intellect can take cognizance of a contradiction. There may seem to be a contradiction in the truth; but the cause is in the infirmity of the creature, and not in the infirmity of the truth itself. The subject-matter of the proposition is too high; it is beyond our reach. We can not demonstrate a contradiction, for we can not enter into the matter of the statement. If such a statement were made concerning three *men* being one *man*, the subject-matter of the proposition being within the boundaries of our cognizance, so that we can reason concerning it, one should be capable of proving the contradiction; but when such a statement is made of God, the subject-matter of the proposition is beyond our reach; and though this statement may seem contradictory, the fault is here—in man's understanding, not in the truth.

Is not this the same in other things, as well as in religion? Do we understand *ourselves*, my brethren? The metaphysician inquires into the human mind; and the anatomist searches into the veins, and arteries,

and joints of the human body; and they each make many discoveries: but there is a point at which they are both baffled—the union of mind and matter, and the power of the one over the other. It is a mysterious region, the fact of which can not be denied, but the explanation of which can not be given. They guess about it; and some, fastening upon the material structure deny mind altogether, and would confine the man to organized matter. What I wish to show, is, that in the science which connects itself with the existence of a man, there is a region of mystery; there is a fact: and in philosophy, facts hold the place which revelation holds in religion. This Book contains our facts. Experience gives the philosopher his facts; and facts bring him to a point where he must confess mystery. Where is the metaphysician that hath ever explained the action of mind upon matter, and the ready movements of flesh and bone, at the secret bidding of the mysterious visitant within? And where is the anatomist who hath discovered its origin, with his searching knife? No; there is a mystery in it. Now, where would be the philosophy, where would be the reason of the man, who would deny the proximate facts which are discovered by the anatomist, and the proximate statements which are made, truly, by the metaphysician, because, if you press them both a little further, you come to a mystery? Would there be reason, would there be philosophy, in rejecting both of these branches of human learning, because they bring you, when legitimately pursued, into a region where you must confess yourself a little child, and receive the fact unexplained? For a mystery in philosophy is a fact unexplained; as a mystery in religion is a revelation unexplained.

Take another instance. Much has been discovered, and much has been demonstrated, in the science of astronomy. The motions of the heavenly bodies have been made matter of calculation among men; and true calculation; the results proving themselves true, by periodical returns of infallible observation. But there is a point at which we reach a mystery here. Upon what do all these calculations depend? upon what do all these motions rest? Upon a quality which Sir Isaac Newton baptized; he gave the mystery a name; he called it "gravitation." Grant gravitation, and we can reason about the solar system. But what is gravitation? Who can explain that? Why should matter have gravity? It has. Yes; we know it has; that is a fact: but why should it? There is here a mystery. Why should the tendency of matter be to the center of the earth? Why is it a fact, that if you could bore through the center of the earth, if you had a hollow diameter through the earth, and dropped a ball through it, it would vibrate at the center, and, having fallen down, it would fall up again, back to the center, and would never, and could never, fall through? No one can tell why it is. Here is a mystery: grant this, which is in the horizon, and you prove your nearer object. But this must be granted as the mystery in the matter. And where would be the reason, I ask, where the philosophy, where the sound sense, where would be the supreme dis-

cernment of the men who, because they can not reason through, and explain gravitation, would take upon them to reject the Newtonian system of philosophy in the heavens?

Now let us return to our sublimer theme. Here is a mystery concerning the existence of God; he is a "God that hideth himself;" he has given some information, but he has maintained a reserve, and there is a darkness. Suppose that the trinity of persons in the Godhead were made plain to us; it would only be by the revelation of some further-off point in the truth, which would throw forward the trinity into the landscape, and enable us to look through it; and then the point so revealed would occupy the place of the horizon, and would have transferred the mystery from one part of truth to another; and we would still have a mystery; for we are finite, and God is infinite. Now, where is the sense, the reason, the philosophy, the superior discernment—where is the more reasonable religion, of rejecting the doctrine of the trinity, because there is a mystery in it, and rejecting the proximate statements of redemption, which all hang upon the trinity, because, that when pressed home, they involve the human mind in a mystery, and make man feel, what he ought to feel—that he is a little ignorant child, at his highest attainments, in the presence of his Maker? No; this boasted reason is pride. This rational religion is the refusal of the mystery. It looks very like a determination to be what the devil said man should be, "as God," instead of being as a little child. And, verily, I say to you, dear brethren, except a man receive God's truth as a little child, willing to understand what his father explains, he shall not enter into the kingdom of God.

My object in this much has been, to reconcile you to the existence of a mystery as regards the Godhead; revealed, but not explained, in the Bible. The trinity is in the horizon, the trinity in unity: it is the horizon of revelation to us upon this point: it is the gravitation. Granting it, the whole statements of redemption are capable of demonstration; rejecting it, the whole scheme of redemption is a nonentity; for there is no Mediator, there is no atonement, there is no sanctifier. Reject the trinity, and the gap which sin has made between God and man finds no one that can fill it up. All false glosses upon Christianity leave this gap unfilled. Admit the mystery; and by the assistance of it, and resting upon it, we are in possession of the fundamental element of truth; which invests with infinite importance, and with demonstrative clearness, the mediation, the atonement, the recovery of the fallen creature back into the very bosom of God, which is salvation.

"Verily God hideth himself;" not as regards his personal existence only, but as regards THE SOVEREIGNTY OF ALL HIS WORKS IN CREATION AND PROVIDENCE. "Of him, and through him, and to him are all things." He is the origin, he is the support, he is the end of all creation: no creature can come into existence at any time, can continue in existence for a moment, or can perform one single act, mental or bodily, but in con-

formity to, in compliance with, and in subserviency to, the eternal will of the living God. Angels, principalities, and powers in heaven—angels, principalities, and powers fallen to hell—all the visible creation of suns and planets, with their satellites innumerable, their atmospheres around them, and their millions of multitudinous beings upon them, all at every moment of existence hang upon the absolute will of God, for life, breath, for motion, for all things. He spake the word, "Let them be," and the solitude of eternity was peopled with the wonders of creation; and were he to speak the word "Let them cease to be," annihilation would be instantaneous and universal, and God would be left again alone in the solitude of eternity. This is a glorious lesson for us to learn, my friends, that we may know our place, and that we may know something of our God; a God that hideth himself, indeed, but a God that revealeth himself in part.

Holiness, as well as power, is inseparable from our God; for as he has the power to do what he will without control, he has also the right to do what he will without injustice. There is nothing in the history of the fallen angels, which can excite the smallest hesitation about ascribing still unto God in glory, holiness, unsullied holiness. The elect angels see and know this; they perceive that their original numbers are thinned, that thousands who at one time joined with them in singing the praises of their God have been cast down into darkness and ruin. They know full well, that neither Satan, nor any of his company, possessed a single power but what God gave them; or were tempted by a single opportunity but what God made for them: and yet instead of reasoning upon that fact, as *we* are sometimes tempted to reason, and thereupon calling in question the holiness of their Maker, we know that the language of the elect angels before the throne, with that history before their eyes, and the torments of their former companions clear in their intelligence—that their language is, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts." Here is a mystery; we have intelligence enough to grapple with this mystery in its difficult parts, but we have not information enough to overcome this difficulty. Here again we are brought into a horizon. Where now is the sense, the reason—where is the superior discernment, and the greater exercise of soundness of discretion and judgment, in rejecting the sovereignty of God, in the absolute doing of all things, because that in following it out we are involved in a mystery as regards his moral government? If a man is to say, "If God do all these things absolutely, who hath resisted his will? Who can resist his will? Why, or how, can he then find fault?" the language of Scripture is in reply, an appeal to our ignorance; it is not a further explanation of the mystery, but it is a very significant instruction to us, that the apparent difficulty lies on us, and not on him; for the answer is, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" And the illustration is, "Hath not the potter power over the same clay, to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?".

Is there any explanation in that? Nay, brethren; it re-asserts the very depth of the mystery, and leaves it unexplained. It is a revelation unexplained: nothing can be more clearly stated; yet there is no explanation of it whatever.

There is, then, a moral government with our God who hideth himself, at the same time that there is absolute sovereignty: and the principles of his moral government are the principles of equity, and righteousness, and truth. "God can not be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death." This is the pedigree of damnation: man's lust—unto sin—unto death. But if a man shall reason thereupon, and say, "Well, if it be so, that man's sin is his own, and the evil he does originates in himself; then, by parity of reasoning, the good that he does must originate in himself also." Hearken to the next words of the apostle: "Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Here again the mystery is repeated: sin is ascribed to the sinner's own act and deed, according to his own free will; and all that is good is ascribed to the sovereign grace of God. Verily God hideth himself while he revealeth himself. Mercy and truth go before his face, as a Saviour; justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Now, dear brethren, observe how one class of persons, in order to get rid of this mystery, as they vainly think, magnify human free-will into the turning-point of power in this great subject, so as to make the omnipotent God pause in his designs for super-omnipotent man. And mark how another party, to get rid of the mystery, as they vainly think, on the other side, deny the human free-agency, and make man a piece of matter, as a machine. Neither of these two things, when pressed so as to infringe upon the other, can be true; yet the truth lies in the admission of both these statements, as a revelation from God unexplained. It is a mystery. We may indeed say more upon this point. Here God hath revealed himself; not unto the clearing-up of the difficulty, but unto the intelligent view of it; so far that we have become intelligently ignorant. Is that a contradiction in terms? "*Intelligently ignorant.*" No man will say so, but the man who is so ignorant as not to be conscious of his own ignorance. The wise man will acknowledge, that the height of his wisdom consists in having become intelligently ignorant. It is of the nature of an intelligent creature to decide upon the evidence before it; and to decide freely upon that evidence, and it is the nature of things, that God, in his supreme providence, should minister whatever quantity of evidence, upon every subject, he seeth fit to every person. Such person, then, decides freely, in the exercise of his free-will, upon the evidence submitted to him; but the amount of evidence, the measure,

the time, the place of the evidence, all these are in the sovereign disposal of God in his providence. So that, by ministering a certain quantity of evidence to a man upon a point, the decision of the man's mind, according to the action of free-will, is secured, without any violence done to the constitution of the moral creature. He acts freely upon the evidence he has; the evidence, the quantity of it, the measure, the time, the place, all the outward circumstances connected with it, are in the sovereign disposal of God. Has any man the whole case before him, in all its bearing, direct and indirect, present and future, of any question upon which he is called to decide? No such thing; the man must needs look through futurity into eternity, to see all the bearings of his conduct: but upon what he does see, he acts freely. O, verily God is a God that hideth himself while he revealeth himself.

My dear brethren, one of my objects at this time, is to implore you not to be turned back from the simplicity of faith, by plausible talk about the unreasonableness of admitting mysteries. It is a time when the foundations of our faith are sifted; it is a time when we, who are the authorized teachers of the faith, ought to grapple with these siftings, and go to the foundations themselves. It is a time when we should be prepared to stand in our places, and meet the diversity of attacks that are made upon our faith; not by railing for railing, but by sound teaching; that the minds of our people, being in possession of the subject, may be fortified, not to retort against error, but to reject the error, and to be quiet.

Now let us take another point in which God verily hideth himself while he revealeth himself, and in which we must again find a mystery: it is in THE RICHES OF HIS ATONING LOVE IN JESUS CHRIST.

We now come to use expressions with which you are more familiar: but if you will examine the expressions, you will find that they involve you in a mystery, as dark and as inexplicable as either of the two we have hitherto touched upon—either the trinity of the persons, or the absolute sovereignty of disposal in the Godhead. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" "In this was manifested the love of God, that he gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." He hath laid our sins upon him, and his blood "cleanseth from all sin." What statements are these? For "sin is the transgression of the law;" the law is the expression of God's eternal mind and truth; not one jot or one tittle of the law can be made void; it must all be fulfilled; it must all be magnified as the expression of the righteous character of God. An offense against that high and glorious declaration of God's character, is an offense against himself, the infinite God. The demerit of the offense must bear proportion to the dignity of the person offended.

Look how this may be simply illustrated in human things. Suppose

a man were to commit an offense consisting of the act of striking another man; the punishment justly awarded to that offender will vary with the dignity of the person struck. If the man struck were an equal, his punishment is comparatively light. Suppose the offender were a soldier; if the man struck be his commanding officer, his punishment is enhanced; if the man struck were the king, his offense is high treason—the punishment is death. Now mark; the offense was the same throughout; it was striking a man; but the punishment varies with the position and dignity of the man struck; so that from a petty fine, or a short imprisonment, for striking one man, the punishment is magnified into death for striking another man.

Apply this to an offense against the infinite God, and see what sort of a punishment such an offense calls for; and who shall bear that punishment? Lay it upon a finite creature—it will take him through all eternity to endure, and he will never have finished it; for, the punishment being infinite, it must either be infinite in quantity or infinite in time. A finite creature can have but a finite quantity, and therefore he must have an infinite time. Who shall endure that punishment so as to make an end of it? Whoever does it must have infinite power; and yet the punisment to be endured which a man deserves for breaking the law of God, must be such a punishment as a man can feel, such a punishment as can attach itself to the constitution of a man; and yet we have seen that it must be such as can appeal with infinity to claim merit before God. Who shall endure it, if there is not a person to endure it, who, while he has a divine nature to give infinity to every pang, has a human nature to give infinity to every pang; so that every suffering shall apply to us, and have merit with our God? If there be not such a sufferer, there is no salvation. And how can there be such a sufferer? Here is the mystery—the mystery of the holy incarnation. The incarnation is the proximate mystery of redemption. Who can explain it? God and man one person: as soul and body compose one man, God and man composing one Christ; so that the lash of the broken law shall take effect on human flesh, and the reproaches deserved by fallen men shall break a human heart; and yet the person who has human flesh to be lacerated, and a human heart to be broken, shall have merit with God, and shall, instead of being exposed to the punishment throughout eternity, be able to concentrate and to exhaust the punishment at once.

Here is a mystery. Now, I am well persuaded that it is because of being involved in this very mystery, that so many of our reasoning and educated fellow-countrymen and fellow-sinners are, in mind, if not avowedly in creed, rejecting the peculiarities of the atonement. But where is the reason, where is the judgment, where is the superior discernment, of refusing the proximate lesson, because of being involved in an ultimate mystery? Let me appeal again to the astronomer and to the anatomist; and let me send these reasoning Socinians, or others,

who reject the atonement because of the mystery—let me send them back to school to learn where there is any science without a mystery. Let us turn them to their own hearts, to see how the movement of some mysterious visitant within, shall enable them to move the fingers and hands without; and when they have explained all this, and made it perfectly clear, then let us hear their reasoning (but not before) against a mystery in religion.

And yet again: when the glorious statements connected with the work and person of Jesus Christ, God and man in one person, are made in the hearing of men, they proclaim such a manifestation of God's love toward man, as is calculated to put every reasonable being upon a moral trial: enough is done for every man that has the reason of a man, and that hears the word of God, to put him upon a moral trial—a trial between the love of sin and the love of God; the love of God manifested in Christ, and claiming the sinner's love in return, and the love of sin, experienced in the heart and flesh, holding the sinner a willing captive. To this the Saviour appeals when he says, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." He that hath natural capacities to hearken to other subjects, to be influenced by what he hears, to be induced to undertake self-denying labors upon the authority of evidence given, and the practical power of that evidence over his moral composition—he that hath ears so to hear, in human matters, let him exact those moral powers in this greater matter, and let him hear the love of God manifested in his Son. Thus all who hear the gospel are put upon a fresh trial; they are transferred from the comparatively untried state of Tyre and Sidon, into the deeper trial of Chorazin and Bethsaida. The result of that truth, owing to the corruption of human nature, is, according to the word of Truth, that men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; and that they all, with one consent, begin to make excuse. Then what must be the consequence? If all, with one consent, begin to make excuse, if it be the universal characteristic that they love darkness rather than light, then is the light cast out. And so it would be, but that, in that moral trial, when every reasonable being who hears the words of the gospel, is put, as it were, upon a moral pivot, on which he is to turn one way or other, and incline to the love of God or the love of sin—when the love of sin has overcome him, brings him down, and he is making excuses, when they are all, with one consent, making excuses—then comes the effectual grace of God, the effectual energy of salvation, by the power of the Holy Ghost, turning the sinner on the right side of this pivot, and securing him to God forever.

This is the way of salvation; if it were not for this, there would be no salvation at all, after all that Christ has done. And this is the execution in time, and from day to day, of the eternal decree of God's election. This is the transcribing into the book of the church the names that are written in the book of life.

This is God, in the energy of his saving Power by the Holy Ghost. Now here there is a mystery; for if man be so fallen, that the moral trial he is put upon by the statements of redemption in Jesus Christ, would invariably turn against him, and if God knows this, then it seems to our reasoning mind, very like a mockery of our misery; and indeed it is so denounced by many. Here the real reason is, that they will not have a mystery; they will judge God to be a God that does not hide himself; but that while he proclaims himself a Saviour, he should leave nothing still hidden. Whereas, though known as a Saviour, he is yet a God that hideth himself in many particulars, and this among the rest. There is honesty in his invitations, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." There is honesty in the statement, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. Why will ye die?" There is honesty in the command, "Repent and believe the gospel, and ye shall be saved." There is honesty in the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" and there is truth in the statement, that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." And here is a mysterious connection between the possession of the outward means, and the reception of the inward power. It is in the means, and yet not invariably in the means. "Faith cometh by hearing;" yet not to all that hear. How is this? God, verily thou dost hide thyself from us. And shall we refuse these facts upon the face of revelation, because the admission of them involves us in a mystery? Let me ask again, where is the superior discernment of this, where is the judgment in this case; to blot out these pages from the Bible, because they involve us in a mystery by their admission—or again to admit that we are as little children, and to receive the facts of our divine philosophy? The facts of our divine philosophy are the verses and the chapters of this book; and he is no philosopher who would reject a single fact because it involved him in a difficulty, or opposed some previous theory. Nay, how is all sound philosophy followed, and prosecuted unto truth, but by holding men's theories in abeyance, under the command of fresh facts, so that fresh facts shall rectify theories, and theories shall be prostrated before facts? And so should men's judgment be before verses of the Bible; for these are facts from God.

Now one expression more, one topic briefly touched upon, is necessary here, I perceive; for the force of the moral demonstration I am offering you step by step, evidently rests on the reception of this book as God's revelation. If a man say, "I deny these verses are revelation," the subject-matter of the dispute is altogether changed immediately. I should only say of such persons, or of such a state of things, at present, that the evidence for the revelation is not mysterious. The evidence for the fact of the revelation is let down to the men; it stands on historical testimony; it stands in its miraculous authority before the eyes of men, corroborated by facts, and handed down by authentic testimony. It

stands in such a moral demonstration, connected with the character of the first promulgators of the truth, as involves the men who deny the revelation in greater absurdity of credulousness, than those who receive it. But that is not our present subject; it is a separate and important subject in its own place. All I am concerned to say about it at present, is, that the evidence for the origin of the revelation is not mysterious; it is let down within the reach of human science and human inquiry, and any man who refuses to inquire about it, and denies it in ignorance, deserves the consequences.

Here, then, my brethren, I have invited you to contemplate God in these four aspects in which he is set before us; some statements in each made clear, brought forward into the front ground of the picture; and in each a mystery hanging, in the dimness of the horizon, upon us. And what would we have as creatures? Would we stand upon such a pinnacle, that there shall be no horizon? "Vain man would be wise, though he be born like the ass's colt;" and because he has intelligence enough to perceive that there is a mystery, and pride enough to refuse to submit to it, he abuses the reason and intelligence in the pride of refusing what he might know, because he can not know what God still keeps secret. Be ye reconciled to mysteries; and be ye satisfied with revelation. These are the statements, my brethren, this is the view of things, this is the combination of truth, for which our forefathers bled in this land; without attempting to explain the mysteries, they asserted and re-asserted the facts of the case. You find them in the formularies of the Church; the person of God, declared with simplicity and plainness, and not attempted to be explained; the sovereignty of God proclaimed, with equal simplicity and plainness, in the evident purpose which he purposed in Chirst Jesus; the all-sufficiency of the atonement in the blood of Jesus, proclaimed distinctly; and the mysterious combination of God and man in one person, declared, but not explained; and the invincible energy of the power of the Holy Spirit in winning the will of the sinner. And being made willing in the day of God's power, he shall run in the way of God's commandment, and delight in the knowledge of God himself; and so go on in good works, arising out of the love of God in his heart, and dictated by the glory of his heavenly Father in this life, unto eternal salvation.

And if there be a man or woman here present who is yet a stranger to these things, and knows not the power of this grace, may God, in his infinite mercy, render now what I have been permitted to say a blessing to such one. Let a mystery be recognized; let objections be given up; let the vain strugglings of a proud understanding be prostrated; O let your hearts be touched. Fellow-sinner, believe in God, believe also in Jesus; yield to your own conscience; seek the Holy Ghost—ask, and ye shall receive, for God is true.

DISCOURSE XLI.

THOMAS BINNEY, D.D., LL.D.

This prominent leader among the Congregationalists of England, is a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born April 30th, 1798. His father was an elder in the Presbyterian church, with which denomination he united, upon profession, when 17 years of age.

He was educated for the ministry at Wynardley, Hertfordshire, at the academy endowed by Mr. Coward, and in 1824 became minister of St. James-street chapel, Newport, Isle of Wight. In 1829, he removed to London to become the minister of the congregation then meeting in a spacious hall then over the Weigh-house in Little Eastcheap, where was formerly placed the king's beam, with which foreign merchandise, brought to the port of London, was weighed. In 1833 the audience had so much increased as to render necessary the erection of the new Weigh-house Chapel on Fish-street-hill. His congregation is very large and respectable, often reaching as high as twelve or fifteen hundred hearers, and embracing many of the most influential laymen among the dissenters.

The personal appearance of Dr. Binney is in his favor. He is represented as tall and athletic, with a slight approach to corpulency. His shoulders are high and rather broad, with a fine, pleasant, open countenance; a clear complexion, hair of a dark brown color—now becoming white, and a face of the oval form, slightly tapering toward the chin. He is said to have one of the best developed foreheads ever seen. "We never beheld," says a careful observer, "such a lofty, massive, highly intellectual forehead as Binney's; it seems piled up—story upon story of brain, built each over the other—and yet it is symmetrical. We should think there was enough cerebral matter in his cranium, to serve for half a dozen moderately clever men."

His voice is deep and solemn, and his manner quite variable—sometimes animated in the highest degree, and sometimes cool and collected. So, too, is the character of his sermons very dissimilar. A friend related to us a frequent and playful remark which his wife used to make. "Thomas can preach as *good* a sermon as any other man can; and Thomas can preach as *poor* a sermon as any other man." He is often quite eccentric; deals sometimes in the keenest irony, and then again in the most crushing logic; is often metaphysical in his preaching, and then poetical and descriptive in the highest degree. He announces his text in a low tone, and seldom raises his voice; but goes on, now appearing to struggle with the ideas which crowd on his mind, and now pouring them forth in a continuous stream. His action is peculiar, and chiefly consists in his placing the forefinger of his right hand on the palm of his left, or in running his fingers through his hair, thus tossing it about in the most careless manner imaginable.

Dr. Binney is not extensively known as an author, except by means of his nu-

merous polemical and occasional pamphlets. He published, however, in 1839, a volume of considerable size, on "The Practical Power of Faith." A lecture, too, originally delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, has been expanded into a very popular volume, entitled "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?"

The sermon which he has sent for this work, was preached at the funeral of Rev. Algernon Wells, in 1851, and published in a large pamphlet form. Its very great length renders it necessary to omit the first division of the subject, where a very plain and simple statement of the proofs of the *Jewish* faith in a future life, are given. We begin where the preacher grasps and expands the chief idea of the text. Some passages of this discourse have been commented upon as exceedingly eloquent. For example, this, near the close, which, with its connection, approaches a fine prose-poem:—

"'*Then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.' 'So let all thine enemies perish,' O Christ; and 'Let them that love thee, be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might.' They *shall be* this, for they shall be 'sons of light,' being 'children of the resurrection;' and shall shine as the stars, and as the brightness of the firmament, forever and ever.' As a wreck may sink in the sea, and the ocean close over it, so that not a vestige of its existence shall remain, nor a ripple on the surface tell that it *was;* so shall mortality be *swallowed up of* LIFE—immortal life, life, sinless, god-like, divine. Nor shall there be wanting the voice of rejoicing, as heard at the termination of successful war, for 'Death shall be swallowed up in VICTORY.'"

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

"Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."—2 TIM., i. 10.

AT first sight, these words would seem to express more than they can fairly be supposed to mean. The two statements made, taken absolutely, are contradicted—the first, by a fact in providence, daily before our eyes; the second, by a fact in history, apprehended by our understanding. Death is not "abolished" since the appearance of Christ; and the doctrine of "immortality" did not remain to be "brought to light" by his advent. Among both Jews and Gentiles, previous to his coming, there was a belief of a future, immortal life; and, since his resurrection, death still reigns over the whole race, just as it reigned "from Adam to Moses," or from Moses to Malachi. It is obvious, therefore, that the text must mean something less than what it seems to say, or something different from its literal or conventional import. A single remark may help us to the apprehension of this modified meaning.

The word which in the passage before us, is rendered "abolished," is rendered "destroyed" in the 14th verse of the second of Hebrews. It is there said, that Christ "took flesh and blood," that, "through death,

he might destroy HIM that had the power of death, *that is*, THE DEVIL; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." We can not be far wrong, I think, in inferring from this, that Christ has abolished death in some sense similar to that in which he has destroyed the devil; that is to say, that, without literally annihilating either, he has so wrought against, and so far weakened and subdued them, as to restrain them from hurting those that are his. With respect to the word rendered "brought to light," it may be observed, that it does not so much mean to discover, or make known, as a new thing—which is the ordinary import of the English phrase—but to illustrate, clear up, or cast light *upon* a thing; it thus assumes the previous existence of that which is illustrated, but it asserts the fact of its fuller manifestation.

Thus explained, the meaning of the text would amount to this, or may thus be paraphrased:—Previous to the coming of Christ, the idea of immortal life stood before the human, or the Hebrew mind, like some vast object in the morning twilight; it was dimly descried, and imperfectly apprehended, through the mist and clouds that hung upon or invested it. In like manner, Death, seen through that same darkness (for "the light was as darkness") was something that appeared "very terrible," and made many, "all their lifetime, subject to bondage." The advent of the Messiah, including the whole of his teaching and work—the "appearing" of our Lord Jesus Christ, as "the light of the world," and "the sun of righteousness"—was, to these spiritual objects, like the rising, on the natural world, of that luminary, whose power and splendor symbolized his glory in prophetic song! To those who received him, whose reason and heart he alike illuminated, the outward became clear and the inward calm; the shadows departed, and fear was subdued; objective truth had light cast upon it that made it manifest, and "the king of terrors," seen in the sun-light, was discovered to have an aspect that did not terrify!

After this exposition of the text, we proceed to show IN WHAT WAY IMMORTALITY WAS ILLUSTRATED, AND DEATH ABOLISHED, BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, THROUGH THE GOSPEL.

1. In the first place, *he gave certainty and assurance to the popular expectation*, exalting it from an opinion to a revealed and ascertained truth. He could not announce immortality as a new thing. He never pretended to do that. He found the people in possession of the general idea, and he confirmed it; he found it believed and disbelieved, and he took the positive side. As a prophet, he spake of the future life with authority, and by that authority presented it to faith. Contending with objectors, he reasoned with demonstration, and by that demonstration convicted them of error as "not knowing the Scripture nor the power of God." He cast light on the meaning of Scripture, and brought out from beneath the surface, treasures of truth that lay concealed there. He

spoke of heaven, and of heavenly things—of eternity and accountableness, of the day of judgment, and the resurrection of the dead—constantly and familiarly. No one could mistake him. There could be no doubt as to what *his* doctrine was. His views were distinct; they were frequently expressed; they were often vividly and largely amplified. Moses might be obscure—there might be two opinions as to the nature of *his* teaching—but Christ's was transparent; it might be rejected, but it could not be misunderstood.

The first five books of the Old Testament, and the first five books of the New, are a perfect contrast in respect to their disclosures on the subject before us. You read the LAW, and you meet with nothing, or next to nothing, bearing distinctly on the future life; you feel everywhere the pomp or pressure of the present. You read the GOSPELS, and you are continually face to face with the future—the present and passing are utterly lost in the solemnity and grandeur of what is to come. Our Lord was minute. He often descended from that sublime vagueness which so naturally invests views of the future, and dilated on various accidents and accessories of the grand events which he authenticated or foretold. "The Son of man was to come in his glory," and "in the glory of his Father," and "with his holy angels;" "the dead that were in the graves were to hear his voice, and were to come forth;" he was to be seen "sitting on the throne of his glory, and before him were to be gathered all nations." Speaking afterward, through his Spirit in the apostles, he revealed other and similar wonders. He was to come with "suddenness;" "as a thief in the night;" "in the clouds of heaven;" "at the last trump;" "with the voice of an archangel and the clarion of God!" "A mystery" was made known, and information communicated, respecting "them that should be alive and remain to the coming of the Lord." "Flesh and blood" could not inherit the future world, "neither could corruption inherit incorruption;" it was revealed, therefore, and declared that they that "sleep" and they that "wake" should equally be transformed—that the dead and the living should alike be "changed;" that all present physical relationships should cease and determine, should end with the world in which they originated, and should be superseded by higher spiritual ties, replaced by deeper and richer affinities, in *that* world "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," and where those who have been found worthy to attain it "are equal to the angels, and can die no more."

2. This glorious life was not only thus distinctly revealed or recognized as a reality, but, in the new law given to the church in the writings of the apostles, as the Spirit of Christ guided them in the apprehension and the uses of the truth, *it was constantly applied to practical purposes.* All the powerful and invigorating motives brought to operate on the Christian mind to animate and to purify it, are drawn from the views given by Christ of the future world, and from himself as connected

with it—as securing it by his passion, preparing it by his power, adorning it with his presence, and filling it with his glory. In the Old Testament, motives for action are drawn from the grave—from its silence and darkness; its weary solitude; its lying beyond the region of "device" and "knowledge," "wisdom" and "work." The "fear that hath torment" and that drives to duty, predominates over the love that enlarges the heart and makes obedience a joy. In the New Testament, the grave is almost lost in the vision of "the glory that is about to be revealed;" that glory breaks forth, gleams and gushes over the path of the faithful, compelling them, as it were, to keep looking to the place where their Lord lives, and to rejoice in the prospect of living with him. The resurrection of the dead; the transfiguration of the living; "the vile body" changed into the likeness of Christ's "glorious body;" the earthly and corruptible image of the first, giving place to that of the second, man—"the Lord from heaven;" "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;" "the grace that is to be brought unto us," when "we shall be made like him and shall see him as he is;" "our gathering together unto him"—these things, and such as these, are the constant burden (or the ceaseless joy, rather), of apostolic pens; the themes with which the writers glow and burn; to which they are continually referring with delight, and by which they endeavor to diffuse throughout the church the atmosphere of spiritual health—the conservative element of practical obedience.

They speak little of the *immediate* advantages of goodness, though they are not unaware of, and do not despise them; they seldom look at the sepulchre itself, or look at it long, though they can feel its force as a motive to virtue; but, getting into a region which Moses and the prophets never reached; gathering together and setting forth the grand objects of Christian expectation; and doing this in connection with the "passing away" of the heavens, the "dissolving" of the elements, and the "burning up" of the earth and the world—they urge their arguments and make their appeals, with a point and a pungency which it is utterly impossible to gainsay or resist. "*Seeing then* that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting to the coming of the day of God?" "*Seeing* that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless." "Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." "Little children, abide in him, that, when he shall appear, ye may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming." The heavens "open" over the heads of the apostles, and the face of each of them is "as the face of an angel," while, thus realizing the coming glory, they exhort the church to a life and conversation becoming the hope of it.

3. In addition to being thus accepted or authenticated by Christ and

applied to the highest practical purposes, the doctrine was, by the gospel, *authoritatively promulgated to the world.* It became the property of the whole race, and was sent forth upon its mission for all time. So far as the Jewish belief rested upon the Scriptures of the Old Testament, it had something of a local and national aspect; Christ broke the fetters that bound the book to the Jewish territory and the Hebrew people, and sent it forth as the inheritance of the world. So far as the belief sprang from general reasoning and logical probabilities, it was the same as any of the theories of the Gentiles—a thing that required divine confirmation in order to its being invested with regal authority. By HIS utterances, whose words were "with power," who "spake as never man spake," who "gave himself a ransom for all," and who came to be "the light of the world," the doctrine he adopted, enlarged, and ratified, was stamped with the character of universality, and was commanded to be carried to Jew and Gentile equally and alike. It put on the aspect, and assumed the attitude of a new truth direct from heaven; it had to go forth, and present itself to the acceptance, and to demand the homage of every individual of the human family—even as it was worthy of all acceptation, and deserved the submission of every soul. It was spread abroad to disperse the doubts, and to remove the perplexities of the human understanding; to fix the faith and satisfy the hunger of the human heart. It was proclaimed as a part of the "common salvation," and offered to all as a common hope. It was commissioned to ask for universal welcome, and to be received and prized as a universal good; to sit as a thing divinely revealed and infallibly true—the queen and mistress of all minds—speaking with authority wherever it came, and *claiming* to speak the world over—to Jew and Greek; the wise and the unwise; barbarian, Scythian, bond or free; monotheist or idolater; to those who were "without God," and to those who erected altars to the "unknown"—in all schools of learning and religion—in all places of superstition and ignorance—where God was either worshiped or mocked—where truth was either sought for or despised.

4. In addition to all this, it is next to be remarked, that the doctrine thus, as a truth, confirmed, used, and given to the race, was, as a fact, *exemplified in the person of the Lord himself.*

Christ taught not so much the immortality of the soul as the resurrection of the body—or at least the resurrection of *the dead;* and not only their resurrection, but their incorruption. He revealed the fact, that "as there is a natural body," so there is to be "a spiritual body," and that this body is to be as ineffably glorious as it will be found to be infallibly immortal. Every thing that he taught he exemplified in himself. "He took flesh and blood" that he "might taste death," or be capable of death, and he did die; he rose again from the dead; in the same body, indeed, in which he died, but destined to be speedily "changed" and "fashioned" according to that glorious and perfect type,

which had ever existed in the divine mind. It *was* thus fashioned, transformed, and spiritualized, at his ascension. When he rose to take his seat at the right hand of God—just, probably as he was lifted from the earth—"in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," all the attributes of his being were altered. "He put on incorruption." "He now dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him." Having "died once," and "risen again," he now "liveth forever"—the nature he assumed being at once filled and invested with a divine, glorious, and incorruptible life!

Now, the whole of what we thus ascribe to the Redeemer had never before been combined and exhibited in the same person. Others had been raised from death to life—some had been translated without dying—yet *he* was "the first-begotten from the dead," "the first-fruits of them that sleep." In "all things" he was to have "the pre-eminence;" and he has it in this, as well as in others, that he was the first of the race (as yet the only one), who was "made perfect" in respect to *all* that was possible to humanity. Enoch and Elijah had been miraculously translated, but they did not die. Lazarus and others were raised from the grave, but they came forth to die again. In Christ alone the entire process was successively passed through in all its parts, and carried on to its ultimate completeness. He died and was buried—he was raised and changed—he ascended into heaven and was glorified there! It was meet and fitting that it should thus be, with him who is at once the model and the Master. "He died, rose again, and *re*-lives, and is the Lord alike of the dead and the living."

Moses, it is true, of whom it is said that he was "buried," appeared on the mount of transfiguration; but as we have no reason to believe that he was raised from the grave for the purpose, but only assumed the appearance, for the sake of visibility, of a glorified man, this does not subvert the position we have taken. The case of Elijah was different from his; and you observe, in passing, that the event we are referring to, when connected with a remark formerly made, strikingly shows how *literally* it might be said that Christ "illustrated," or "threw light on," life and immortality. The sons of the prophets thought and suggested, "that the Spirit of the Lord might have thrown Elijah on some mountain, or into some valley." Christ, if we may so speak, *produced* Elijah,—brought him forth from his mysterious abode, and set him before the disciples invested with the luster of a beatified immortal, and thus showed to the three, and through them to the church, what the upper life really is! Low, carnal, and mistaken conceptions were thus at once corrected and rebuked; although it still remained for the Lord himself to exhibit the perfect in his own person.

5. In the last place, the life, which was thus authenticated by the doctrine, and exemplified in the person of Christ, is further "illustrated" "*through the gospel*," as the gospel, properly so called, explains, in some

degree, in what way the blessing has been secured for us, and is brought within our reach.

Christ came—it may without affectation or paradox be said—not so much to "preach" the gospel, as to *be* the gospel. He came to *do* something; to do that which should constitute the essence of the "glad tidings" which others were to go forth to preach and to proclaim. If the gospel consisted merely in the assurance of the efficacy of repentance, a call to reformation, and the authoritative *announcement* of "life and immortality," it is sufficiently obvious that any well-attested prophetic teacher would have been competent to the task;—the whole thing, in fact, was, in this view of it, already done, before the Messiah appeared in the flesh. When he did appear, though he confirmed and enlarged existing truth, and added many important discoveries, still he did not so much appear to speak, as to act; his work was not so much to teach, as to accomplish; and what he had to accomplish was to be effected more by his death than by his life; he was the only being that ever visited our world of whom it could be said, that the grand object of his mission was to die!

If the gospel be regarded as only the verbal (though divine) *authentication* of immortality, Jesus must be reduced, in almost all respects, to the ordinary prophetic standard, as nothing more would have been necessary; but if the New Testament representations (or the obvious, or popular, import of those representations) of the Person and Work of The Christ are admitted, it will then follow that the gospel must be something more than didactic preaching or dogmatic discovery, since it required the wonders of incarnation and sacrifice. "Eternal life" is the gift of God, "*through Jesus Christ.*" The gospel is "the promise of life, *through Jesus Christ.*" He is not a voice merely, announcing a fact; but a power and a personality achieving an accomplishment. He *effectuates* something—something which, if it had not been done, the "promise" brought could not have been made—the "fact" declared would not have existed! To attempt fully to grasp this subject, in a discourse like the present, would be useless and vain; it would be to go over, or to pretend to go over, the whole field of evangelical interpretation of the Christian writings, and to discuss the *rationale* of the plan of redemption, and the heights and depths and varied aspects of the New Testament representations of the Redeemer. We purpose, therefore, to confine ourselves to one thing; to select one statement out of the multitude of Scripture statements on this subject; a single utterance—a far-sounding and deeply suggestive utterance we admit—one, however, recommended to our selection by its direct bearing on the topic in hand. We shall take this, confine ourselves to it, and out of it bring forth what, we trust, will be a sufficient exposition of the point or principle which, in this last particular, we wish to elucidate.

The manner, then, in which Christ delivers us from death, and is at

length to confer upon us an incorruptible life, may be gathered, in some measure, from the comprehensive words in which the apostle concludes his discourse on the resurrection, in the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, 15th chapter, 55th, 56th, and 57th verses: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory *through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

Now, venturing to follow the flight of the apostle as he rises into the regions of passion and poetry—which are only, however, those of truth and argument when instinct with life and invested with beauty; the reason helped by the imagination to apprehend spiritual objective realities, or to trace the course of a logical process—rising with the apostle thither, and using the PERSONIFICATIONS which he has fixed glowing and alive in his language, the general import, we should say, of these pregnant expressions might be given, sufficiently for our present purpose, in the following form: Man has *four* enemies opposing his entrance on immortal life—the Grave, Death, Sin, and the Law. The Law is violated by Sin; Sin is punitively succeeded by Death; the Grave receives the dead. Now, to make humanity immortal, the remedy for its condition must appropriately reach every step of the process, and must conquer, or conciliate, each of the adversaries. It might be thought that omnipotence had nothing to do but to take the matter into its own hand, and to *make* man immortal, good, and happy, if it so willed. It is forgotten often, that omnipotence has its limits—that there are objects which it can not touch, and regions into which it can not enter.

Observe its action in relation to the four adversaries of humanity as now standing before us, and mark where it would be stopped, if it acted alone, in seeking to secure or achieve our deliverance. By mere *power* God could raise the dead to life. He could thus conquer the *Grave*, and compel it to "yield up" its dead. Supposing *Death* stood ready to meet them as they returned, and to inflict upon them his stroke again; then, by mere power, God could subdue *him*, and could continue men forever on the earth. But this would not be a desirable immortality, nor is it that either of the Christian Scriptures or of human speculation. The two other adversaries must be met, if man is to attain such an immortality as his nature craves and the Bible predicts; and the question is, whether *these*, also, can be got out of the way by mere power?—or whether, should it advance as far as we have supposed, and triumph alike over the Grave and Death—*Sin* and the *Law* would not resolutely confront it, and stand in its path, like the armed cherubim, bearing and flashing the flaming sword that guards the way to the tree of life? Advancing, then, to the *third* of the four adversaries, we ask, Could God by power destroy Sin? Could he, by a physical act, annihilate *it?* Could he, which is substantially the same thing, by pure prerogative pass it by—treating it with indifference, and showing that by him it was "nothing

accounted of?" Could he make a seraph out of a Tiberius or a Borgia, each retaining his memory and consciousness, as he can make an angel or an archangel out of nothing? Now, we mean to say, without going at present into the proof of the assertion, that the Bible teaches that the same stroke by which God, if it were possible, should *by mere power*, destroy Sin, would be a stroke that would fall equally on the Law. The third and fourth of the adversaries are so inseparably united, that they must be treated on the same terms, and met with the same weapons, as they *must* stand or fall together. But the Law is the mirror of God, the emanation of his perfections, the element of order to all worlds. To destroy *that* by a stroke, would be to annihilate the rule and standard of obedience, would be an injury, so to speak, to God's own nature, and an injustice to the virtuous universe.

God has the physical power to do many things which yet we say he *can not* do; that is, he has the physical power to do wrong; for right and wrong are not things that he can make for himself or unmake, but have an existence distinct from his will, except as that will is the expression of his own eternal and necessary rightness. He could throw the whole material universe into confusion; could suspend the laws of all planetary harmony, and dash suns and worlds against each other, as if all the stars were drunk or mad. But it would not *become* him to do this. It would not be fitting in *him*. It would not exalt his character in the view of created intelligence, or be in consistency with what he owed to himself. Therefore, we say, he could not do this; he could not throw the material universe into disorder. But much less can we conceive it possible that he should throw the *moral* universe into disorder! and he would do this, if, by physical omnipotence, he destroyed sin, because, this would amount to the virtual or actual destruction of the law —moral law. It follows, therefore, that after all that power is capable of effecting to secure our immortality—an immortality of virtue as well as life—*two* of our adversaries out of the four remain untouched, and *incapable of being touched*, by such weapons as it wields. The grave and death may both, in some sort, be discomfited by force, but sin and the law can not be reached by it; they still live; and, to secure our deliverance in a way at once suited to our natue and honorable to God, they must, as *moral* opponents, be met and overcome by a *moral* process.

That process is the redemptive work of the Son of God—his propitiatory sacrifice and mighty mediation; it is not merely the repentance of the sinner and his return to virtue, together with the divine pity and love. All that can be conceived of as alike passing in the experience of the human, or in the depths of the divine, paternal mind, is recognized by the gospel—but the gospel itself is something more; it is something additional to the feelings respectively of both God and man, and consists in the facts accomplished in Christ—emphatically the cross on which

he died, where, meeting together, men and God can be reconciled or *at-oned.* By means of this (the sacrifice of the cross), a foundation is laid for the forgiveness of sin, in those who trust in it and plead it with God, on a reason which, however, in most respects, inexplicable to us, is admitted *by the law* to be appropriate and sufficient; it approves and accepts it, as at once preserving its honor, establishing its claims, and aiding its rule, at the very time that it provides escape from its penalties. The law, therefore, *consents* to the delivery of the sinner from the power and consequences of sin—by which, of course, sin is, to all intents and purposes, destroyed; but this being done by what, so to speak, has conciliated the law, not destroyed it—for law must remain untouched, and be itself immortal—the law is changed from an adversary to a friend; its opposition is not only taken away, but that which it opposed while sin was alike, it can now itself forward and facilitate.

By a moral process, sin and the law, our moral adversaries, are thus overthrown—the one conquered, the other conciliated—through that great redeeming act, which emphatically constitutes "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." The penitent at first may mournfully say, "The sting of death is sin—the strength of sin is the law." "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this double destruction?" but, becoming a believer as well as a penitent, and awaking up to the apprehension of the gospel and the hope it inspires, his tone changes from mourning to music, from despair to exultation, as he bursts forth, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God that giveth ME the victory—*through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" True, "the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the Law," but Christ, by his atonement, takes away for every penitent that believeth on him, the sting from death and the strength from sin, by procuring for him pardon, *in harmony with the principles of that* LAW, which is itself the strength of the one, and which causes *it* to become the sting of the other.

The two moral adversaries of man being thus disarmed, by being respectively destroyed or transformed by moral means; the other two, which are in their nature physical, and which, as we have seen, can be discomfited by force, may now be contemplated as destined to destruction by there ultimately being brought to act upon them that sort of agency which is of a nature with themselves. He who redeems the soul from sin, is able to redeem the body from the grave; he who satisfies and propitiates the law, is able to deliver from the grasp of death. He is able to accomplish these latter results—these confessedly lower and secondary achievements—"by the operation of that mighty power, by which he can subdue all things unto himself." Our physical degradation shall be removed by the force of a physical omnipotence; *that* is sufficient to overcome at once, by a single act, the grave and death, by transforming the living and reanimating the dead, "changing our vile

body, that it may be fashioned like unto his own glorious body." He "bought us with a price," that he might make us in all things like unto himself; lifting us to his throne, investing us with his glory, admitting us to blessedness, completing and perfecting our entire nature, by conferring life, immortality, and incorruption! "Behold! now are we the sons of God; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then, we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD."

It is now easy to see, as the result of this discussion, in what senses, or to what extent, death may be regarded as "abolished" by Christ. The statement, of course, does not mean, that no one dies. We have too much proof of the contrary, in the every-day occurrences of life—an affecting demonstration of the power and presence of death among us, in the comparatively sudden event that gives it special character to this service, and that has clothed in mourning this assembly. Nor does it mean, that none of the race will ultimately perish—that no man will die eternally. The Scripture affords no hope of this. The enjoyment of the life that has been revealed, is suspended on the reception of the gospel that secures it; on "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ;" on states of mind, spiritual relationships, and a spiritual character, which must be experienced, sustained, and possessed here, or, in spite of the fact of redemption, and in perfect consistency with the personal affections and will of the Redeemer, "there remaineth nothing but a fearful looking-for of judgment, and of fiery indignation that shall devour the adversaries." Nor, finally, does it mean, that death is so destroyed in relation to those who are truly and spiritually the Lord's, that, while the unbelieving, the wicked, and the false die, the holy and true, sincere and faithful, are visibly translated, and passed to their glorious rest without going through the grave at all! This *might* have been; but it is better as it is. It would be a terrible thing, if the manner in which life terminated, manifestly, in every case, revealed the individual; if the real character and future destiny of every person were made known, by the fact of his body "seeing corruption," or his passing away in glory to the sky! To feel certainty respecting the state of the departed is sometimes desirable; but it would be a fearful price to pay for this, to have that certainty in relation to *all*. It is well that gloom and doubt should sometimes hang over the sepulchers of the good, because hence, hope, also, is possible in relation to others. In spite of the statement of the text, then, death yet reigns. All die. The wise, the good, "likewise the fool and the brutish person perish;" and, sometimes, the best are overcome with fear, and the bad have "no bands in their death."

All is so arranged that we may "judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the intentions of the heart." "Then shall every one have praise of God"—or blame; then shall all men be seen to be what they are, and each receive "according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

In none of these senses, then, is death "abolished." But, in respect, to believers—renewed, holy, Christlike men—for it is only of such we can be supposed to speak, it may be said to be "abolished," in the first place, in that the hope of pardoning mercy, in proportion as it is felt, alters, so to speak, their relations to it—certainly, their apprehensions concerning it. Death is only an outward symptom of an inward spiritual decease; it is the mark and sign of sinfulness; and it is terrible to man just in proportion as sin is felt on the conscience, and feared in its results. Philosophy, like an empiric, looks only at the symptom, and attacks it only, and can do no more; inculcating stoicism, indifference, submission to inevitable necessity, or some such miserable pretenses or palliatives in the prospect of death; the gospel, like the well-instructed physician, attacks the disease, penetrates to the very seat and core of the disorder, brings pardon to the sinner, peace to the conscience, health to the soul! and then, these things being experienced by the inward man, the power of death to excite apprehension, or embitter life, or bring into "bondage," ceases by way of natural consequence.

In the second place, death is "abolished," because, as a general rule, Christians may not be said to die: they "*fall asleep*" at their last hour, and are not suffered to feel the "sting" that makes dying agony. They *can not* feel it, since for them it is not. It has been extracted by him who, because "sin was in the world," and "death by sin," "came into the world" "*to put away sin*, by the sacrifice of himself." The "justified by faith have peace with God, and rejoice in hope." "The righteous hath hope in his death." There are occasional exceptions: some by reason of physical causes, some from weakness of faith, some from conscious defect, may, more or less, and more or less justly, be disturbed and agitated as they near the grave; but, generally, and almost always in proportion to practical consistency, the followers of Christ welcome their departure with assured hope and tranquil trust.

In the last place, death is "abolished," because, in respect to the saved, "he" (to adopt again the apostolic personification), is reduced to servitude, placed under authority, and kept for execution. He is no longer a king—the "king of terrors." His dominion is destroyed, his royalty tarnished, his power overthrown, and he himself condemned to serfdom and sacrifice. Christ is the Master and Lord of death; he commits to his custody the bodies of his saints. As the shepherd keepeth watch over his flock by night, so is the "last enemy" compelled to watch over the dust of the holy dead; so is he stationed and commanded to

serve, that they may be safe and undisturbed during their season of rest and be raised again when the morning dawns! When that morning cometh, death, having delivered up his trust, shall himself die; or, rather, he shall be destroyed and perish. Life will be conferred in every sense, in which it will be possible. The gospel reveals not merely the immortality of the spirit; but the immortality of *humanity*. Our whole nature, "body, soul, and spirit," shall be purified and perfected, and endowed with endless and incorruptible life! "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; when this corruptible has put on incorruption, and this mortal has put on immortality, *then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.'" "So let all thine enemies perish," O Christ! "and let them that love thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might!" They *shall be* this; for they shall be "sons of light," being "children of the resurrection," and "shall shine as the stars, and as the brightness of the firmament, forever and ever!" As a wreck may sink in the sea, and the ocean close over it, so that not a vestige of its existence shall remain, nor a ripple on the surface tell that it *was*, so shall "mortality be *swallowed up* of LIFE"—immortal life—life, sinless, godlike, divine! Nor shall there be wanting the voice of rejoicing, as heard at the termination of successful war, for "death shall be swallowed up IN VICTORY." His former victims shall be "more than conquerors," "through him that loveth them," and "*giveth* them the victory." The "abolition" of the destroyer shall be hailed by the plaudits of a glad universe, that shall throng to crown and to congratulate the saved. They shall be met with hosannas by those angelic spectators, who now watch the contest, and anticipate the issue. They shall thus enter upon their new life with the feelings of combatants that have worsted their antagonist, and proceed to the possession of their everlasting inheritance, amid the welcome of those who shall hail their success with sympathetic delight, heralding them to their home with joy and acclamation, shouting and songs!

DISCOURSE XLII.

WILLIAM ARTHUR, D. D.

Less than two years ago our attention was attracted to an article in a daily paper, which ran thus:

"Mr. Arthur is no doubt very favorably known to many of our readers as the author of 'The Successful Merchant.' To some he may also be known as the eloquent preacher. To all we think we may promise pleasure of a high character, in listening to his efforts in the pulpit and on the platform." Curiosity was excited to see and hear this "eloquent preacher"—a curiosity which was afterward gratified. Mr. Arthur—now Doctor—has since come among us, and taken his departure. With multitudes the recollection of his visit lingers as a sweet remembrance. To some of such, and to others whose interest has been awakened by his presence this side of the Atlantic, the following facts may not be unacceptable.

Dr. Arthur was born in the County of Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1819. At an early age he was converted to God, and joined the Methodist society in the town of Westport, situated on the shores of Clew Bay, which, if not one of the most beautiful, is at least one of the most magnificent bays in the world. He received his literary training in a classical school in Mayo, and at the early age of eighteen was sent to the Wesleyan Theological Institute at London. After finishing his theological course, he was sent out by the British Conference as a missionary to the Mysore country, in India. On the voyage he mastered the grammar of the Canarese language, the dialect of the people to whom he was going to preach; and was enabled, at the expiration of three months after he reached the station, to preach to the natives in their own tongue.

While engaged in his missionary labors, so intense was his application, that his eye-sight failed him, and for four years he was entirely unable to read, and for three more, only occasionally. After his return to England he published his first work, entitled "*Mission to Mysore*," an octavo volume of upward of five hundred pages, which has been regarded as a valuable contribution to the cause of Christian missions. Subsequently, as his sight was restored, he was stationed from time to time on different London circuits, and afterward at Paris and Boulogne, in France. During his appointment in Paris, the Revolution of 1848 began, and he remained at his post, like a faithful sentinel, all through that excitement. After his term of service expired in Paris, he returned to England, and in the course of a year or two was appointed one of the general secretaries of the Mission House in London.

At the time that a movement originated among the Methodists of Ireland in regard to the destitution of that country, produced by emigration and other causes, and it was resolved that something should be done by way of raising funds for the

purpose of enabling the Conference to establish missions and schools, and to send out Bible-readers throughout the length and breadth of the land, Dr. Arthur was wisely selected, with Rev. Mr. Scott, to visit this country to aid the undertaking. The invitation was accepted, and the following autumn they landed on our shores. The mission was highly successful; and while here Dr. Arthur received the kindest attention, not only from his own, but from other denominations. Since his return to England, he has been acting as one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Besides "The Successful Merchant"—a very interesting and instructive biography of Mr. Budget—Dr. Arthur has published a book, entitled "The Observance of the Sabbath," addressed to Lord Stanley, and containing animadversions on his speech. The work has already passed through many editions. Through the influence of friends it was sent to every member of Parliament, and to all the ministers of the kingdom of Scotland. An article from the pen of Mr. Arthur appeared in the "London Quarterly," which was for a time attributed to Mr. Ruskin, the learned author of a work on architecture and other subjects. From the beginning he has been identified with "The London Young Men's Christian Association," as one of its presidents, and, until his health failed, has been one of its regular lecturers. A popular little book called "Arthur in America," has been published in this country, containing a biography, and several lectures, addresses, etc. "*The Tongue of Fire*" is also another very valuable publication of Dr. Arthur. It treats of the true power of Christianity, and with very marked ability.

Dr. Arthur is one of the most brilliant and popular preachers of the day. His preaching happily combines logic, and rhetoric, and unction. In personal appearance he is rather under size, with a broad forehead, thinly over-topped with hair, a small keen eye, and benignant look. His manner in the pulpit is highly animated, but his whole style and bearing are eminently chaste, dignified, and attractive.

We received from Dr. Arthur, while here, encouragement to expect a discourse expressly for this work. As it has failed to reach us, probably owing to ill health, we take a part of the conclusion of his "Tongue of Fire," which, with a very slight change in its form, answers to a set discourse. We have seen nothing from his pen that does him better justice; and its weighty suggestions and "words that burn," are eminently befitting the days in which we live.

THE GIFT OF POWER.

"But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."—LUKE, xxiv. 49.

IN the application of any instrument, no error can be more fatal than one that affects the *source* of power. To recur to a familiar illustration, any reasoning upon explosive weapons which assumed elasticity to be the source of power, must lead completely astray. If this is to be noted in all things, it is especially to be noted in what affects the regeneration of the world. In merely natural processes, persons proposing to affect the sentiments of mankind, must depend largely on their influence, their

wealth, and their facilities. Christians frequently permit themselves to fall into a state of mind in which the want of all or any of these is taken to be fatal to their prospects of success, and the acquisition of them to be the first step toward making any impression. But wealth, influence, and facilities, however great, never yet secured results in the spiritual conversion of men; while the most notable triumphs of Christianity have often been gained in the total absence of them all.

Others, or the same men at different times, would rather allow their hopes to rest on order, talent, or truth. But neither are these the source of power. Order is as necessary in Christianity as are bones, ligaments, and skin in a man; talent is as necessary as brain, and truth as blood. But you may have all these, and have a paralytic; ay, have them all, and have but a corpse. You must have both the breathing spirit and that indescribable something that we call "power." Indeed, the order of the Christian church ought to be such, her outward framework so constructed, that she shall not be as a building, which, though it looks more cheerful when there is life within, yet will stand when there is none; but rather as a body, which falls the moment the spirit forsakes it, and tends to decomposition. No church ought to be otherwise constructed, than in entire dependence on the presence of the living Spirit in all her ministerial arrangements. Her frame ought to answer to no definition that would suit an inorganic body; but to answer exactly to the celebrated definition of an organic one; namely, "that wherein every part is mutually means and end." *The pervading presence of the Spirit* should be assumed, so that, if it be absent, the pains of death shall instantly take hold upon her, and the cry be extorted, "Lord, save, or I perish!"

I. Here, then, first, is the true Source of Power.

Recall to mind that most wonderful silence of ten days—that long, long pause of the commissioned church in sight of the perishing world. Never should the solemnity of that silence pass from the thoughts of any of God's people. It stands in the very fore-front of our history—the Lord's most memorable and affecting protest beforehand—that no authority under heaven, that no training, that no ordination could qualify men to propagate the gospel, without the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Each successive day of those solemn and silent ten, the perishing world might have knocked at the door of the church, and asked, "What waitest thou for, O bride of the ascended bridegroom? Why dost thou not say, 'Come?' Why leavest thou us to slumber on uncalled, unwarned, unblessed, whilst thou, with thy good tidings, art tarrying inactive there? What waitest thou for?" and every moment the answer would have been, "We are waiting to be '*endued with power from on high*;' we are waiting to be *baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire*.'"

This is the one and the only source of our power. Without this, our

wealth, influence, facilities, are ships of war and ammunition without guns or men; our order, talent, truth, are men and guns, without fire. We want in this age, above all wants, fire, God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their brains, impelling their emotions, thrilling in their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers more than can ever be done by the heat of genius, or of argument, or of party; and fusing all their knowledge, logic, and rhetoric into a burning stream. Every accessory, every instrument of usefulness, the church has now in such a degree and of such excellence as was never known in any other age; and we want but a supreme and glorious baptism of fire to exhibit to the world such a spectacle as would raise ten thousand hallelujahs to the glory of our King.

Let but this baptism descend, and thousands of us who, up to this day, have been but common-place or weak ministers, such as might easily pass from the memory of mankind, would then become mighty. Men would wonder at us, as if we had been made anew; and we should wonder, not at ourselves, but at the grace of God which could thus transform us.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down: we might ask them, "How?" They point to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but no more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred, weight: if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say, "No; but look at the cannon." Well, there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth; it is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it. Yet this powerless powder, and powerless ball, are put into the powerless cannon—one spark of fire enters it; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that ball a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So is it with our church machinery at this day: we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O for the baptism of fire!

II. As to the way in which this power may be obtained, here we have only to recall the lesson of the Ten Days—"They continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." Prayer earnest, prayer united, and prayer persevering, these are the conditions; and, these being fulfilled, we shall assuredly be "endued with power from on high." We should never expect that the power will fall upon us just because we happen once to awake and ask for it. Nor have any community of Christians a right to look for a great manifestation of the Spirit, if they are not all ready to join in supplication, and, "with one accord," to wait and pray as if it were the concern of each one. The murmurer who always

accounts for barrenness in the church by the faults of others, may be assured that his readiest way to spiritual power, if that be his real object, lies in uniting all, as one heart, to pray without ceasing.

Above all, we are not to expect it without persevering prayer. Prayer which takes the fact that past prayers have not yet been answered, as a reason for languor, has already ceased to be the prayer of faith. To the latter, the fact that prayers remain unanswered, is only evidence that the moment of the answer is so much nearer. From first to last, the lessons and example of our Lord all tell us that prayer which can not persevere, and urge its plea importunately, and renew, and renew itself again, and gather strength from every past petition, is not the prayer that will prevail.

When John in the Apocalypse saw the Lamb on the throne, *before that throne* were the seven lamps of fire burning, "which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth;" and it is only by waiting before that throne of grace that we become imbued with the holy fire; but he who waits there long and believingly will imbibe that fire, and come forth from his communion with God, bearing tokens of where he has been. For the individual believer, and, above all, for every laborer in the Lord's vineyard, the only way to gain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the throne of God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment spent in refreshing the fire of God within the soul. We said before, that this fire can not be simulated; nothing else will produce its effects. No more can the means of obtaining it be feigned. Nothing but the Lord's own appointed means, nothing but "waiting at the throne," nothing but keeping the heart under "the eyes of the Lamb," to be again, and again, and again penetrated by his Spirit, can put the soul into that condition in which it is a meet instrument to impart the light and power of God to other men.

When a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid: were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but when thus isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see no fire, you hear no fire; but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently you are challenged to the proof—asked to come near, and hold your hand close to his person; when you do so, a spark of fire shoots out toward you. If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come nigh to thee shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world—that cold world, which so quickly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet and shut to thy door, and there, isolated, "before the throne," await the baptism; then the fire shall fill

thee, and when thou comest forth, holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labor, not in thine own strength, but "with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power."

As this is the only way for an individual to obtain spiritual power, so is it the only way for churches. Prayer, prayer, all prayer—mighty, importunate, repeated, united prayer; the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the fathers and the children, the pastors and the people, the gifted and the simple, all uniting to cry to God above, that he would come and affect them as in the days of the right hand of the Most High, and imbue them with the Spirit of Christ, and warm them, and kindle them, and make them as a flame of fire, and lay his right hand mightily on the sinners that surround them, and turn them in truth to him. Such united and repeated supplications will assuredly accomplish their end, and "the power of God" descending, will make every such company as a band of giants refreshed with new wine.

If the source of our power, and the way to obtain it, be so plain, how can it be that the "tongue of fire" is so rare? Is it because, as many would seem to think, nothing is so difficult to obtain as the grace of the Holy Spirit? We often hear it said, "All effort must be unsuccessful without the blessing of God—without the accompanying power of the Spirit;" and the tone used indicates that it is therefore proper not to look for any great results, as if the accompanying power of the Spirit was the only thing not to be counted upon. The recognition of our impotency without the Spirit, and of the absolute necessity of his presence and his power, is as needful as the recognition of the fact that, without sunshine and rain, all labor and all skill would fail to preserve the human race for one season. But the sunshine and the rain are precisely the things which cost nothing, and on which we may constantly depend. So it is with the baptism and the power of the Holy Spirit. Freer than the air we breathe, freer than the rich sunbeams, freer than any of God's other gifts, because it is the one which has cost him most, and which blesses his children most, that gift is ever at hand; and when we have done what the Lord lays upon us to do, it is dishonoring to him to cherish a secret feeling as if he, being good, not evil, was backward to pour out his Spirit, and to do good to his children.

This feeling of unbelief, wherever cherished, must, on the principles of the gospel, be fatal to all power. He alone who magnifies the freeness, the fullness, and the present efficacy of the Lord's grace, can by the Holy Ghost accomplish wonders. Trust, firm trust, straightforward, childlike trust, is the everlasting condition of all co-operation with God. He will not use, he will not bless, he will not inhabit the heart that, at the moment when it offers him a request, says, "I doubt thee."

In this age of faith in the natural, and disinclination to the supernatural, we want especially to meet the whole world with this *credo:* "I believe in the Holy Ghost." I expect to see saints as lovely as any that

are written of in the Scriptures—because I believe in the Holy Ghost I expect to see preachers as powerful to set forth Christ evidently crucified before the eyes of men, as powerful to pierce the conscience, to persuade, to convince, to convert, as any that ever shook the multitudes of Jerusalem, or Corinth, or Rome—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see churches, the members of which shall be severally endued with spiritual gifts, and every one moving in spiritual activity, animating and edifying one another, commending themselves to the conscience of the world by their good works, commending their Saviour to it by a heart-engaging testimony—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see villages where the respectable people are now opposed to religion, the proprietor ungodly, the nominal pastor worldly, all that take a lead set against living Christianity—to see such villages summoned, disturbed, divided, and then re-united by the subduing of the whole population to Christ—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see cities swept from end to end, their manners elevated, their commerce purified, their politics Christianized, their criminal population reformed, their poor made to feel that they dwell among brethren—righteousness in the streets, peace in the homes, an altar at every fireside—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect the world to be overflowed with the knowledge of God; the day to come when no man shall need to say to his neighbor, "Know thou the Lord;" but when all shall know him, "from the least unto the greatest;" east and west, north and south, uniting to praise the name of the one God, and the one Mediator—because I believe in the Holy Ghost.

Unbelief and neglect of prayer generally go together as preventives of spiritual power. Let all of us who are painfully conscious that the results just indicated will never be attained through the instrumentality of men, in the condition in which we are, simply ask ourselves, "How long, how often, how importunately have we waited at the throne of the Saviour for the outpouring of the Spirit?" Let our closets answer. "The eyes of the Lamb," that are looking through us now, have noted. O! is it any wonder that ofttimes we have been powerless, and ofttimes have had but "a little strength?"

Want of true faith and neglect of prayer are sure to make place for faith in the instrument, instead of in the power. When we are not living near the throne, our minds become occupied with questions of order, of talent, or of truth; or, if we sink into yet a lower state, with questions of facility, or influence, or wealth. This church reform will be followed by great good; the clear development of such or such a doctrine would bring us revival; more luster or strength of talent in the ministry would insure progress. We only wait the removal of such and such hinderances to open this door; for the supply of pecuniary means, and we shall see good done there; or for the accession to the church of some person of influence, and God's work will prosper yonder. Faith is sadly wasted when bestowed on such things. Give them their right

value—never underrate them—place them where God has placed them; but the fact that you trust in them shows that your heart is wrong. Wait not for these—for the power is not in them—but for the baptism of fire.

* * * * * * *

III. As to the scale on which our expectations should be framed. In our age invention, by aid of natural science, often seems to leap almost within the bounds of the supernatural. The impossibilities of our fathers are disappearing, one becoming a traffic and another a pastime. This has produced a state of mind in which nothing seems impossible to natural science. Concurrently with this has arisen a tendency to bring spiritual progress and action within natural bounds. We are proud of our knowledge of the laws of the natural kingdom, and impatient of any phenomena which can not be judged by them. Yet we do not object to judging the vegetable kingdom by laws totally different from those which we apply to the mineral, and the animal by laws totally different from what we apply to the vegetable, and the pervasive fluids by laws different from those we apply to any of those three kingdoms. To shrink from the marvels of vegetable life because they are unaccountable on chemical principles, or from those of instinct because they are unfathomable mysteries on botanical principles, or from those of intellect because they are inexplicable by the laws of natural history, or from the mysteries of light because they can not be metaphysically analyzed and conditioned, would not be more unreasonable than to shrink from marvels in the spiritual kingdom, because they can not be judged by the laws of the natural. The supernatural has its own laws, and there *is* a supernatural.

Instead of seeking to keep down spiritual movements to the level of natural explanation, in an age when natural marvels reach almost to miracles, we ought rather to be impelled to pray that they may put on a more striking character of supernatural manifestation. To-day more by far is necessary to carry into the mind of the multitude a clear conviction, "It is the hand of God," than was necessay in other ages. When men saw a few wonders from natural science, they readily ascribed each wonder to divine agency; but now that they are accustomed to see them daily, moral wonders must swell beyond all pretext of natural explanation, before they are felt to be from God. Is our footing firm? Do we stand, or do we tremble? Is Christianity to seat herself in the circle of natural agency, or to arise from the dust, and prove that there is a God in Israel? Are we to shrink from things extraordinary? Are we to be afraid of any thing that would make skeptical or prayerless men mock? Are we to desire that the Spirit shall use us and work in us just to such a degree as will never bring a sneer upon us—to pray, as a continental writer represents some as *meaning*, "Give us of the Holy Spirit; but not too much; lest the people should say that we are full of new wine?" *

* Pasteur Augustin Bost.

Much good exists, in which we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice; but O! the evil, the evil is day by day, breaking thousands of hearts, ruining thousands of characters, and destroying thousands of souls! Looking abroad beyond the one little sphere of Britain and America, which we proud boasters of the two nations are prone to look upon as being nearly the whole world—though we are not one twentieth of the human race—how dreary and how lonely does the soul of the Christian feel, as it floats, in imagination, over the rest of the earth! That Europe, so learned, so splendid, so brave—what misery is by its fireside! What stains upon its conscience! What superstition, stoicism, or despair around its death-beds! And yonder bright old Asia, where the "tongue of fire" first spoke—how rare and how few are the scenes of moral beauty which there meet the eye! Instead of the family, the seraglio; instead of religion, superstition; instead of peace, oppression; instead of enterprise, war; instead of morals, ceremonials; instead of a God, idols; instead of refinement and growth, corruption and collapse: here, there, thinly so—and scarcely within sight one of the other, a school, a book, a man of God—one star in a sky of darkness. And poor Africa! What is to become of the present generation of her sons? Thinly around her coasts are beginnings of good things; but O! the blood, and darkness, and woe, the base superstition, and the miserable cruelties, under which the majority of her youth are now trained, amid which her old men are going down to the grave!

All this existed a century ago, but was not then known as we know it now. The world is not yet explored by the church, much less occupied; but the exploration at least is carried so far, that we know its plagues as our fathers knew them not; and if our hearts were rightly affected, we should weep over them as they never wept; for, although the spread of Christianity has greatly multiplied the number of Christians, the increase of population has been such, that more men are sinning and suffering now than were a hundred years ago.

Taking the forces of the church, comparing them with the length and breadth of the world, and then asking, "Are these ever to be the means of converting all?" we feel that only the promise of God could inspire such a hope. But that promise is so confirmed, illustrated, and exalted by the success of the past century, that when we look back to the few faithful men in this country and in America, men in different circumstances and of different views, who then began in earnest to call the churches to their work, and see how far their labors and those of their spiritual sons have advanced the kingdom of Christ beyond where it stood then, we are led to say, "Suppose that all the good men, now loving God and desiring his glory, were but to be multiplied in equal ratio during the next century, as those few have been during the last century; what an amazing stride would be made toward the conversion of the whole world!"

Is this too much to expect? Are we to conclude, that the force of the animating Spirit is spent, and that an age of feebleness must succeed to

one of power? To do so is fearfully to disbelieve at once the goodness and the faithfulness of our God. Some say that, because populations have become familiarized with the truths of the gospel, we are not to expect the same converting effects as when those truths were new. If this be so, we had better make way for a generation of rationalists and formalists, to prepare the ground again for spiritual cultivation! Some say that, because the age is so educated, intellectual, scientific, and inquisitive, men are not so susceptible of the influence of Christianity. Then shall we wait for an age less enlightened and less educated? Some say that the age is so unduly active, forcing enterprise and commerce to the point of absorbing every man, till religion is pushed aside. Must we then wait for a duller and more lethargic time? Some say that the Lord does not give us great success lest we should be uplifted. Is it his way to promote humility by giving small results to great agencies, or by giving great results to small ones? And would not results after the Pentecostal scale make any of our agencies seem small? These are miserable withs wherewith to bind the giant church of God. Away with them every one! After going round all the reasons which one hears ordinarily assigned for the greater direct success of preachers in the last century than now, our mind finds rest only in that one reason, which carries a world of rebuke and of humiliation to ourselves: *they produced greater effects, simply because of the greater power of God within them.*

Every ray of gospel truth that exists in any man is on our side. All intelligence, all intellectual activity, all vigor of character, are more for us than their opposites would be. In fact, they are very much the fruit, the indirect and secondary fruit, of the past triumphs of religion; for it is impossible that true godliness shall spread among any people, without stimulating their intellectual and social energies. It is hard to imagine a satire on the gospel more bitter than that it should be powerful when new to men, and impotent when familiar; that it should be good for the half barbarous, but not for those whom itself had refined; capable of captivating the inert, but incapable of commanding the masculine and the energetic. We expect ages not less instructed in Christian doctrine, but far more instructed; not intellectually duller, but more active; not darker as to science and literature, but inconceivably brighter; not slower as to invention, enterprise, and progress, but more vigorous by far. And am I to return to "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," whereto I feel that I and mine, my kindred, my country, the race from which I have sprung, the lands in which I have traveled, are all indebted for their purest and brightest things—and say to it, "When these bright ages come, thou shalt lag behind, perhaps recollected as one of the infantine instructors of the world, but distanced by the progress of man?" Let those who assign reasons for our want of fruitfulness which fairly sow the seeds of rationalism, prepare to render an account *when the fruit of sowing comes to be reaped!*

DISCOURSE XLIII.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

The appearance of no man since the days of Wesley and Whitefield, has produced a deeper sensation in Great Britain than has that of this young clergyman. He is now but about twenty-three years of age, having been born at Kelvedon, Essex, June the 19th, 1834. His father and grandfather are both Independent ministers. There is a younger brother of much promise, now in the Baptist College at Stepney. His early education was respectable. To use his own words, in answer to our inquiries, he obtained his education "*nominally* at divers schools, *really* by summer rambles, hard *private studies*, and *close observation*." He passed a year in the Agricultural College at Maidstone, in the study of natural science, then he became usher of a school, first in Newmarket, and subsequently at Cambridge. While thus employed, he began to address Sabbath-schools; and, finding that his efforts in this way proved attractive, he commenced preaching, in 1851, on Sunday evenings, in the surrounding villages. In the autumn of that year, a small Baptist church at Waterbeach (five miles north-east of Cambridge), invited him to become their pastor. Answering to their call, he entered earnestly upon the labors of the ministry, preaching as many as three hundred and sixty-five sermons in a year—not only in his own chapel, but as an evangelist in surrounding villages. His fervid and engaging manner, his extreme youth, and the wonderful activity which he manifested, attracted public attention, and, in January, 1854, he was invited to the pastoral care of the Baptist church in New Park-street, London, where he now preaches. The church, which was then small, now numbers nearly a thousand communicants. Mr. Spurgeon never appears on the platform, but only in the pulpit, and he preaches some ten times a week, often traveling miles to accomplish it. One hundred persons who have united with his church, date their conversion, under God, to the sermons he preached in Exeter Hall, while his house was being enlarged, and fifteen of them to one sermon. A thousand people are said to be present, sometimes, at the prayer-meeting.

Mr. Spurgeon is said to be of the middle size, thick set in figure, with a deep, capacious chest, and a throat, and tongue, and lip, all formed for oratory. His hair is black, over a tolerably wide forehead; his eyes dark, and deeply set. His manner in the pulpit is *energy* from first to last, impelled by a vehement purpose, and a determination to arouse from the beginning. A frequent hearer gives the following description: "When he is fairly engaged with his subject, his countenance is full of earnestness, and he speaks with a force and impetuosity, an intensity and nimbleness, which at once engages and rivets the attention of his audience. The force of his diction is absolutely overwhelming. He plunges at once into his subject, illustrates it with the noblest and grandest images which the imagination is capable of

conceiving, until he conducts the listener to a climax at once startling from its novelty, and striking from its appositeness. His readiness and command of language, strong, idiomatic, and varied, is quite astonishing in so young a man; and he pours forth a torrent of eloquence with a vigor and velocity which is only equaled by the skill and consummate ability with which it is sustained to the end of his discourse."

His sermons are wholly unwritten, but are usually taken down in short-hand by the reporters, at whose request he is understood frequently to revise them before publication. Immense numbers of them are printed, and circulated all through Great Britain. Two volumes have been published in this country, of the first of which more than twenty thousand copies were called for in less than a year, and of the second (lately published), some ten thousand or over are understood to have been sold.

It has been remarked, that great orators, whether of the pulpit, or the platform, or the senate-chamber, make many friends and many foes. They invite criticism, to say the least; and of this Mr. Spurgeon has had his full share. In one thing, however, we believe there is unanimity of opinion: that he is *not* open to the censure of Quintilian: "His greatest excellence is, that he has no fault; and his greatest fault is, that he has no excellence." By common consent, too, he has *pulpit power*. There must be something more than vehement declamation to hold an audience, of several thousands of hearers, spell-bound for a full hour, and be compelled, even at the expiration of a period of two years or more, to use tickets of admission, and hang out placards that the house was filled, in order to prevent suffocation in the largest places of public gathering. A still more striking evidence of his ministerial ability, is the approval of the Spirit, in the piety and edification of his flock, and the large and almost constant accession of converts to the faith of the gospel. No man could accomplish what Mr. Spurgeon has done and is doing, especially with his lack of the culture of the schools, unless remarkably endowed by the great Head of the church. It is, moreover, universally admitted, we believe, that he is a man of prayer, and of deep and unaffected piety. If the grace of humility continues to be vouchsafed, his career may become one of most extended usefulness.

As to the character of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, while they contain things exceptionable, and would not in all cases suit a fastidious taste, they may yet be read with profit. They would be of special service in cases where a preacher is "dull by rule," and his pulpit is "dying of dignity." Their more marked peculiarities, are, a happy choice of texts and subjects, simple and natural arrangement of the several parts, almost always textual; an entire absence of learned criticism, and thorough exposition; a happy weaving in of Scripture phraseology, the evangelical element being their warp and woof; a lucid, simple, colloquial style of utterance; sprightliness, and originality of conception; frequent and graphic narrative; apt poetical quotations, and striking figures and illustrations, sometimes homely, but always telling; high-toned doctrinal sentiment, and fervid, faithful home appeals to the heart and conscience of saint and unbeliever.

The sermon which we have selected is a favorable specimen. Some of Mr. Spurgeon's most marked felicities of conception and style are here perceivable. The subject affords room for the play of his wonderful fancy, and his seemingly instinctive ingenuity in bringing forward just the points which are most telling and attractive.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

"But none saith, Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?"—Job, xxxv. 10.

Elihu was a wise man, exceeding wise, though not as wise as the all-wise Jehovah, who sees light in the clouds, and finds order in confusion; hence Elihu, being much puzzled at beholding Job thus afflicted, cast about him to find the cause of it, and he very wisely hit upon one of the most likely reasons, although it did not happen to be the right one in Job's case. He said within himself—"Surely, if men be tried and troubled exceedingly, it is because, while they think about their troubles and distress themselves about their fears, they do not say, 'Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?'" Elihu's reason was very right in the majority of cases. The great cause of the Christian's distress, the reason of the dêpths of sorrow into which many believers are plunged, is simply this—that while they are looking about, on the right hand and on the left, to see how they may escape their troubles, they forget to look to the hills whence all real help cometh; they do not say, "Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?" We shall, however, leave that inquiry, and dwell upon those sweet words, "God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night."

The world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one. The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall cometh on, like a sweet boon from heaven. The darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day. Night is one of the greatest blessings men enjoy; we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects. It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth,
> Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake,"

and that at all times they are round about us—not more by night than by day. Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or

have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit, to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

Man, too, like the great world in which he lives, must have his night. For it is true that man is like the world around him; he is a little world; he resembles the world in almost every thing; and if the world hath its night, so hath man. And many a night do we have—nights of sorrow, nights of persecution, nights of doubt, nights of bewilderment, nights of anxiety, nights of oppression, nights of ignorance—nights of all kinds, which press upon our spirits and terrify our souls. But, blessed be God, the Christian man can say, "My God giveth me songs in the night."

It is not necessary, I take it, to prove to you that Christian men have nights; for if you are Christians, you will find that *you* have them, and you will not want any proof, for nights will come quite often enough. I will, therefore, proceed at once to the subject; and I will speak this evening upon songs in the night, *their source*—God giveth them; songs in the night, *their matter*—what do we sing about in the night? songs in the night, *their excellence*—they are hearty songs, and they are sweet ones; songs in the night, *their uses*—their benefits to ourselves and others.

I. First, songs in the night—WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THEM? "*God*," says the text, our "Maker:" *he* "giveth songs in the night."

Any fool can sing in the day. When the cup is full, man draws inspiration from it; when wealth rolls in abundance around him, any man can sing to the praise of a God who gives a plenteous harvest, or sends home a loaded argosy. It is easy enough for an Æolian harp to whisper music when the winds blow; the difficulty is for music to come when no wind bloweth. It is easy to sing when we can read the notes by daylight; but the skillful singer is he who can sing when there is not a ray of light to read by—who sings from his heart, and not from a book that he can see, because he has no means of reading, save from that inward book of his own living spirit, whence notes of gratitude pour out in songs of praise. No man can make a song in the night himself; he may attempt it, but he will feel how difficult it is. Let all things go as I please—I will weave songs, weave them wherever I go, with the flowers that

grow upon my path; but put me in a desert, where no flowers are, and wherewith shall I weave a chorus of praise to God? How shall I make a crown for him? Let this voice be free, and this body be full of health, and I can sing God's praise; but stop this tongue, lay me upon the bed of languishing, and it is not so easy to sing from the bed, and chant high praises in the fires. Give me the bliss of spiritual liberty, and let me mount up to my God, get near the throne, and I will sing, ay, sing as sweet as seraphs; but confine me, fetter my spirit, clip my wings, make me exceeding sad, so that I become old like the eagle—ah! then it is hard to sing. It is not in man's power to sing, when all is adverse. It is not natural to sing in trouble—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name:" for that is a daylight song. But it was a divine song which Habakkuk sang, when in the night he said—"Though the fig-tree shall not blossom," and so on, "yet will I trust in the Lord, and stay myself in the God of Jacob." Methinks in the Red Sea any man could have made a song like that of Moses—"The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea;" the difficulty would have been, to compose a song before the Red Sea had been divided, and to sing it before Pharaoh's hosts had been drowned, while yet the darkness of doubt and fear was resting on Israel's hosts. Songs in the night come only from God; they are not in the power of man.

But what does the text mean, when it asserts that God giveth songs in the night? We think we find two answers to the question. The first is, that usually in the night of a Christian's experience *God is his only song.* If it be daylight in my heart, I can sing songs touching my graces—songs touching my sweet experience—songs touching my duties—songs touching my labors; but let the night come—my graces appear to have withered; my evidences, though they are there, are hidden; I can not

> "read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies;"

and now I have nothing left to sing of but my God. It is strange, that when God gives his children mercies, they generally set their hearts more on the mercies than on the Giver of them; but when the night comes, and he sweeps all the mercies away, then at once they say, "Now, my God, I have nothing to sing of but thee; I must come to thee; and to thee only. I had cisterns once; they were full of water; I drank from them then; but now the created streams are dry; sweet Lord, I quaff no stream but thine own self, I drink from no fount but from thee." Ay, child of God, thou knowest what I say; or if thou dost not understand it yet, thou wilt do so by-and-by. It is in the night we sing of God, and of God alone. Every string is tuned, and every power hath its attribute to sing, while we praise God, and nothing else. We can sacrifice to ourselves in daylight—we only sacrifice to God by night; we can sing high praises to our dear selves when all is joyful, but we can

not sing praise to any save our God, when circumstances are untoward, and providences appear adverse. God alone can furnish us with songs in the night.

And yet again: not only does God give the song in the night, because he is the only subject upon which we can sing then, but because *he is the only one who inspires songs in the night.* Bring me up a poor, melancholy, distressed child of God: I come into the pulpit, I seek to tell him sweet promises, and whisper to him sweet words of comfort; he listeneth not to me; he is like the deaf adder, he listens not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Send him round to all the comforting divines, and all the holy Barnabases that ever preached, and they will do very little—they will not be able to squeeze a song out of him, do what they may. He is drinking the gall of wormwood; he says, "O Lord, thou hast made me drunk with weeping, I have eaten ashes like bread;" and comfort him as you may, it will be only a woeful note or two of mournful resignation that you will get from him; you will get no psalms of praise, no hallelujahs, no sonnets. But let God come to his child in the night, let him whisper in his ear as he lies on his bed, and how you see his eyes flash fire in the night! Do you not hear him say,

> "'Tis paradise if thou art here;
> If thou depart, 'tis hell."

I could not have cheered him: it is God that has done it; and God "giveth songs in the night." It is marvelous, brethren, how one sweet word of God will make whole songs for Christians. One word of God is like a piece of gold, and the Christian is the gold-beater, and he can hammer that promise out for whole weeks. I can say myself, I have lived on one promise for weeks, and want no other. I want just simply to hammer that promise out into gold-leaf, and plate my whole existence with joy from it. The Christian gets his songs from God: God gives him inspiration, and teaches him how to sing: "God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night."

So, then, poor Christian, thou needest not go pumping up thy poor heart to make it glad. Go to thy Maker, and ask him to give thee a song in the night. Thou art a poor dry well: thou hast heard it said, that when a pump is dry, you must pour water down it first of all, and then you will get some up; and so, Christian, when thou art dry, go to God, ask him to pour some joy down thee and then thou wilt get some joy up from thine own heart. Do not go to this comforter or that, for you will find them Job's comforters, after all; but go thou first and foremost to thy Maker, for he is the great composer of songs and teacher of music; he it is who can teach thee how to sing: "God, my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night."

II. Thus we have dwelt upon the first point. Now the second. WHAT

IS GENERALLY THE MATTER CONTAINED IN A SONG IN THE NIGHT? What do we sing about?

Why, I think, when we sing by night, there are three things we sing about. Either we sing about the yesterday that is over, or else about the night itself, or else about the morrow that is to come. Each of these are sweet themes, when God our Maker gives us songs in the night. In the midst of the night the most usual method for Christians is to sing about *the day that is over.* "Well," they say, "it is night now, but I can remember when it was daylight. Neither moon nor stars appear at present; but I can remember when I saw the sun. I have no evidence just now; but there was a time when I could say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I have my doubts and fears at this present moment; but it is not long since I could say, with full assurance, 'I know that he shed his blood for me; I know that my Redeemer liveth, and when he shall stand a second time upon the earth, though the worms devour this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.' It may be darkness now; but I know the promises *were* sweet; I know I had blessed seasons in his house. I am quite sure of this; I used to enjoy myself in the ways of the Lord; and though now my paths are strewn with thorns, I know it is the King's highway. It was a way of pleasantness once; it will be a way of pleasantness again. 'I will remember the days of old; I will meditate upon the years of the right hand of the Most High.'" Christian, perhaps the best song thou canst sing, to cheer thee in the night, is the song of yester-morn. Remember, it was not always night with thee: night is a new thing to thee. Once thou hadst a glad heart, a buoyant spirit; once thine eye was full of fire; once thy foot was light; once thou couldst sing for very joy and ecstacy of heart. Well, then, remember that God, who made thee sing yesterday, has not left thee in the night. He is not a daylight God, who can not know his children in darkness; but he loves thee now as much as ever: though he has left thee a little, it is to prove thee, to make thee trust him better, and serve him more. Let me tell you some of the sweet things of which a Christian may make a song when he is in the night.

If we are going to sing of the things of yesterday, let us begin with what God did for us in past times. My beloved brethren, you will find it a sweet subject for song at times, to begin to sing of electing love and covenanted mercies. When thou thyself art low, it is well to sing of the fountain-head of mercy; of that blessed decree wherein thou wast ordained to eternal life, and of that glorious Man who undertook thy redemption; of that solemn covenant signed, and sealed, and ratified, in all things ordered well; of that everlasting love which, ere the hoary mountains were begotten, or ere the aged hills were children, chose thee, loved thee firmly, loved thee fast, loved thee well, loved thee eternally. I tell thee, believer, if thou canst go back to the years of eternity; if thou canst in thy mind run back to that period, or ere the everlasting hills

were fashioned, or the fountains of the great deep scooped out, and if thou canst see thy God inscribing thy name in his eternal book; if thou canst see in his loving heart eternal thoughts of love to thee, thou wilt find this a charming means of giving thee songs in the night. No songs like those which come from electing love; no sonnets like those that are dictated by meditations on discriminating mercy. Some, indeed, can not sing of election: the Lord open their mouths a little wider! Some there are that are afraid of the very term; but we only despise men who are afraid of what they believe, afraid of what God has taught them in his Bible. No, in our darker hours it is our joy to sing:

"Sons we are through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we now receive.
Lord, thy favor,
Shall both grace and glory give."

Think, Christian, of the yesterday, I say, and thou wilt get a song in the night. But if thou hast not a voice tuned to so high a key as that, let me suggest some other mercies thou mayest sing of; and they are the mercies thou hast experienced. What! man, canst thou not sing a little of that blessed hour when Jesus met thee; when, a blind slave, thou wast sporting with death, and he saw thee, and said: "Come, poor slave, come with me?" Canst thou not sing of that rapturous moment when he snapped thy fetters, dashed thy chains to the earth, and said, "I am the Breaker; I came to break thy chains, and set thee free?" What though thou art ever so gloomy now, canst thou forget that happy morning, when in the house of God thy voice was loud, almost as a seraph's voice, in praise? for thou couldst sing: "I am forgiven; I am forgiven:"

"A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood."

Go back, man; sing of that moment, and then thou wilt have a song in the night. Or if thou hast almost forgotten that, then sure thou hast some precious milestone along the road of life that is not quite grown over with moss, on which thou canst read some happy inscription of his mercy toward thee! What! didst thou never have a sickness like that which thou art suffering now, and did he not raise thee up from that? Wast thou never poor before, and did he not supply thy wants? Wast thou never in straits before, and did he not deliver thee? Come, man! I beseech thee, go to the river of thine experience, and pull up a few bulrushes, and weave them into an ark, wherein thine infant faith may float safely on the stream. I bid thee not forget what God hath done. What! hast thou buried thine own diary? I beseech thee, man, turn over the book of thy remembrance. Canst thou not see some sweet hill Mizar?

Canst thou not think of some blessed hour when the Lord met with thee at Hermon? Hast thou never been on the Delectable Mountains? Hast thou never been fetched from the den of lions? Hast thou never escaped the jaw of the lion and the paw of the bear? Nay, O man, I know thou hast; go back, then, a little way, and take the mercies of yesterday; and though it is dark now, light up the lamps of yesterday, and they shall glitter through the darkness, and thou shalt find that God hath given thee a song in the night.

"Ay," says one, "but you know, that when we are in the dark, we can not see the mercies God has given us. It is all very well for you to tell us this; but we can not get hold of them." I remember an old experimental Christian speaking about the great pillars of our faith; he was a sailor; we were then on board ship, and there were sundry huge posts on the shore, to which the ships were usually fastened, by throwing a cable over them. After I had told him a great many promises, he said, "I know they are good strong promises, but I can not get near enough to shore to throw my cable around them; that is the difficulty."

Now it happens that God's past mercies and loving-kindnesses would be good sure posts to hold on to, but we have not got faith enough to throw our cable round them, and so we go slipping down the stream of unbelief, because we can not stay ourselves by our former mercies. I will, however, give you something that I think you can throw your cable over. If God has never been kind to you, one thing you surely know, and that is, he has been kind to others. Come, now; if thou art in ever so great straits, sure there were others in greater straits. What! art thou lower down than poor Jonah was, when he went down to the bottoms of the mountains? Art thou more poorly off than thy Master, when he had not a place where to lay his head? What! conceivest thou thyself to be the worst of the worst? Look at Job there, scraping himself with a potsherd, and sitting on a dunghill. Art thou as bad as he? And yet Job rose up, and was richer than before; and out of the depths Jonah came, and preached the word; and our Saviour Jesus hath mounted to his throne. O Christian! only think of what he has done for others! Never be ashamed of taking a leaf out of another man's experience-book. If thou canst find no good leaf in thine own, tear one out of some one's else; and if thou hast no cause to be grateful to God in darkness, or canst not find cause in thine own experience, go to some one else, and, if thou canst, harp his praise in the dark, and like the nightingale, sing his praise sweetly when all the world has gone to rest. We can sing in the night of the mercies of yesterday.

But I think, beloved, there is never so dark a night, but there is something to sing about, even *concerning that night;* for there is one thing I am sure we can sing about, let the night be ever so dark, and that is, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, and because his compassions fail not." If we can not sing very loud, yet we

can sing a little low tune, something like this—"He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." "O!" says one, "I do not know where to get my dinner from to-morrow. I am a poor wretch." So you may be, my dear friend; but you are not so poor as you deserve to be. Do not be mightily offended about that; if you are, you are no child of God; for the child of God acknowledges that he has no right to the least of God's mercies, but that they come through the channel of grace alone. As long as I am out of hell, I have no right to grumble; and if I were in hell I should have no right to complain, for I feel, when convinced of sin, that never creature deserved to go there more than I do. We have no cause to murmur; we can lift up our hands, and say, "Night! thou art dark, but thou mightst have been darker. I am poor, but if I could not have been poorer, I might have been sick. I am poor and sick—well, I have some friend left; my lot can not be so bad, but it might have been worse." And therefore, Christian, you will always have one thing to sing about—"Lord, I thank thee, it is not all darkness!" Besides, Christian, however dark the night is, there is always a star or moon. There is scarce ever a night that we have, but there are just one or two little lamps burning up there. However dark it may be, I think you may find some little comfort, some little joy, some little mercy left, and some little promise to cheer thy spirit. The stars are not put out, are they? Nay, if thou canst not see them, they are there; but methinks one or two must be shining on thee; therefore give God a song in the night. If thou hast only one star, bless God for that one, perhaps he will make it two; and if thou hast only two stars, bless God twice for the two stars, and perhaps he will make them four. Try, then, if thou canst not find a song in the night.

But, beloved, there is another thing of which we can sing yet more sweetly; and that is, we can sing of *the day that is to come.* * * * Often do I cheer myself with the thought of the coming of the Lord. We preach now, perhaps, with little success; "the kingdoms of this world" are not "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ;" we send out missionaries; they are for the most part unsuccessful. We are laboring, but we do not see the fruit of our labors. Well, what then? Try a little while; we shall not always labor in vain, or spend our strength for naught. A day is coming, and now is, when every minister of Christ shall speak with unction, when all the servants of God shall preach with power, and when colossal systems of heathenism shall tumble from their pedestals, and mighty, gigantic delusions shall be scattered to the winds. The shout shall be heard, "Alleluia! Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." For that day do I look; it is to the bright horizon of that second coming that I turn my eyes. My anxious expectation is, that the sweet Sun of righteousness will arise with healing beneath his wings, that the oppressed shall be righted,

thinkest thou not this shall be cut down, that liberty shall be established, that peace shall be made lasting, and that the glorious liberty of the gospel of God shall be extended throughout the known world. Christian! if thou art in a night, think of the morrow; cheer up thy heart with the thought of the coming of thy Lord. Be patient, for

"Lo! he comes with clouds descending."

Be patient! The husbandman waits until he reaps his harvest. Be patient; for you know who has said, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his works shall be."

One thought more upon that point. There is another sweet to-morrow of which we hope to sing in the night. Soon, beloved, you and I shall lie on our dying bed, and we shall want a song in the night then; and I do not know where we shall get it, if we do not get it from the to-morrow. Kneeling by the bed of an apparently dying saint, last night, I said, "Well, sister, he has been precious to you; you can rejoice in his covenant mercies, and his past loving-kindnesses." She put out her hand, and said, "Ah! sir, do not talk about them now; I want the sinner's Saviour as much now as ever; it is not a saint's Saviour I want; it is still a sinner's Saviour that I am in need of, for I am a sinner still." I found that I could not comfort her with the past; so I reminded her of the golden streets, of the gates of pearl, of the walls of jasper, of the harps of gold, of the songs of bliss; and then her eye glistened; she said, "Yes, I shall be there soon; I shall meet them by-and-by;" and then she seemed so glad! Ah! believer, you may always cheer yourself with that thought; for if you are ever so low now, remember that

"A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land thee on fair Canaan's coast."

Thy head may be crowned with thorny troubles now, but it shall wear a starry crown directly; thy hand may be filled with cares—it shall grasp soon, a harp full of music. Thy garments may be soiled with dust now; they shall be white by-and-by. Wait a little longer. Ah! beloved, how despicable our troubles and trials will seem when we look upon them! Looking at them here in the prospect, they seem immense; but when we get to heaven, we shall then,

"With transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet."

Our trials will seem to us nothing at all. We shall talk to one another about them in heaven, and find all the more to converse about, according as we have suffered more here below. Let us go on, therefore; and if the night be ever so dark, remember there is not a night that shall not have a morning; and that morning is to come by-and-by. When

sinners are lost in darkness, *we* shall lift up our eyes in th not dealt with. Surely I need not dwell longer on this thought. There is matter enough for songs in the night in the past, the present, and the future.

III. And now I want to tell you, very briefly, WHAT ARE THE EXCELLENCES OF SONGS IN THE NIGHT ABOVE ALL OTHER SONGS.

In the first place, when you hear a man singing a song in the night—I mean in the night of trouble—you may be quite sure it is *a hearty one.* Many of you sang very prettily just now, didn't you? I wonder whether you would sing very prettily, if there were a stake or two in Smithfield for all of you who dared to do it? If you sang under pain and penalty, that would show your heart to be in your song. We can all sing very nicely indeed when every body else sings. It is the easiest thing in the world to open your mouth, and let the words come out; but when the devil puts his hand over your mouth, can you sing then? Can you say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?" That is hearty singing; that is real song that springs up in the night. The nightingale singeth most sweetly because she singeth in the night. We know a poet has said, that if she sang by day, she might be thought to sing no more sweetly than the wren. It is the stillness of the night that makes her song sweet. And so doth a Christian's song become sweet and hearty, because it is in the night.

Again: the songs we sing in the night will be *lasting.* Many songs we hear our fellow-creatures singing in the streets will not do to sing by-and-by; I guess they will sing a different kind of tune soon. They can sing now-a-days any rollicking, drinking songs; but they will not sing them when they come to die; they are not exactly the songs with which to cross Jordan's billows. It will not do to sing one of those light songs when death and you are having the last tug. It will not do to enter heaven singing one of those unchaste, unholy sonnets. No; but the Christian who can sing in the night will not have to leave off his song; he may keep on singing it forever. He may put his foot in Jordan's stream, and continue his melody; he may wade through it, and keep on singing still, and land himself safe in heaven; and when he is there, there need not be a gap in his strain, but in a nobler, sweeter strain, he may still continue singing his power to save. There are a great many of you that think Christian people are a very miserable set, don't you? You say, "Let me sing my song." Ay, but my dear friends, we like to sing a song that will last; we don't like your songs; they are all froth, like bubbles on the breaker, and they will soon die away and be lost. Give me one that will last. Give me one that will not melt. O, give me not the dreamster's gold! He hoards it up, and says, "I'm rich;" and when he waketh, his gold is gone. But give me songs in the night, for they are songs I sing forever.

Again: the songs we warble in the night are those that show we have

real faith in God. Many men have just enough faith to trust God as far as they can see him, and they always sing as far as they can see providence go right; but true faith can sing when its possessors can not see. It can take hold of God when they can not discern him.

Songs in the night, too, prove that we have *true courage*. Many sing by day who are silent by night; they are afraid of thieves and robbers; but the Christian who sings in the night proves himself to be a courageous character. It is the bold Christian who can sing God's sonnets in the darkness.

He who can sing songs in the night, too, proves that he has *true love* to Christ. It is not love to Christ to praise him while every body else praises him; to walk arm in arm with him when he has the crown on his head is no great deed, I wot; to walk with Christ in rags is something. To believe in Christ when he is shrouded in darkness, to stick hard and fast by the Saviour when all men speak ill of him and forsake him—that is true faith. He who singeth a song to Christ in the night, singeth the best song in all the world; for he singeth from the heart.

IV. I am afraid of wearying you; therefore I will not dwell on the excellences of night songs, but just, in the last place, SHOW YOU THEIR USE.

Well, beloved, it is very useful to sing in the night of our troubles, first, *because it will cheer ourselves*. When you were boys living in the country, and had some distance to go alone at night, don't you remember how you whistled and sang to keep your courage up? Well, what we do in the natural world we ought to do in the spiritual. There is nothing like singing to keep your spirits alive. When we have been in trouble, we have often thought ourselves to be well-nigh overwhelmed with difficulty; and we have said, "Let us have a song." We have begun to sing; and Martin Luther says, "The devil can not bear singing." That is about the truth; he does not like music. It was so in Saul's days: an evil spirit rested on Saul; but when David played on his harp, the evil spirit went away from him. This is usually the case: if we can begin to sing we shall remove our fears. I like to hear servants sometimes humming a tune at their work; I like to hear a plowman in the country singing as he goes along with his horses. Why not? You say he has no time to praise God; but he can sing a song—surely he can sing a Psalm; it will take no more time. Singing is the best thing to purge ourselves of evil thoughts. Keep your mouth full of songs, and you will often keep your heart full of praises; keep on singing as long as you can; you will find it a good method of driving away your fears.

Sing in the night, again, because *God loves to hear his people sing in the night*. At no time does God love his children's singing so well as when they give a serenade of praise under his window, when he has hidden his face from them, and will not appear to them at all. They are all

in darkness; but they come under his window, and they begin to sing there. "Ah!" says God, "that is true faith, that can make them sing praises when I will not look at them; I know there is some faith in them, that makes them lift up their hearts, even when I seem to take away all my tender mercies and all my compassions." Sing, Christian, for singing pleases God. In heaven, we read, the angels are employed in singing; do you be employed in the same way; for by no better means can you gratify the Almighty One of Israel, who stoops from his high throne to observe the poor creature of a day.

Sing, again, for another reason: because *it will cheer your companions.* If any of them are in the valley and in the darkness with you, it will be a great help to comfort them. John Bunyan tells us that as Christian was going through the valley, he found it a dreadful dark place, and terrible demons and goblins were all about him, and poor Christian thought he must perish for certain; but just when his doubts were the strongest, he heard a sweet voice; he listened to it, and he heard a man in front of him saying, "Yea, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Now, that man did not know who was near him, but he was unwittingly singing to cheer a man behind. Christian, when you are in trouble, sing; you do not know who is near you. Sing! perhaps you will get a good companion by it. Sing! perhaps there will be many a heart cheered by your song. There is some broken spirit, it may be, that will be bound up by your sonnets. Sing! there is some poor distressed brother, perhaps, shut up in the Castle of Despair, who, like King Richard, will hear your song inside the walls, and sing to you again, and you may be the means of getting him a ransom. Sing, Christian, wherever you go; try, if you can, to wash your face every morning in a bath of praise. When you go down from your chamber, never go to look on man till you have first looked on your God; and when you have looked on him, seek to come down with a face beaming with joy; carry a smile, for you will cheer up many a poor way-worn pilgrim by it. And when thou fastest, Christian—when thou hast an aching heart—do not appear to men to fast; appear cheerful and happy; anoint thy head, and wash thy face; be happy for thy brother's sake; it will tend to cheer him up, and help him through the valley.

One more reason, and I know it will be a good one for you: try and sing in the night, Christian, for *that is one of the best arguments in all the world in favor of your religion.* Our divines, nowadays, spend a great deal of time in trying to prove Christianity against those who disbelieve it. I should like to have seen Paul trying that! Elymas the sorcerer withstood him: how did our friend Paul treat him? He said, "O, full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" That is about the politeness such men ought to have who deny God's truth. We start with this assumption: we will prove

that the Bible is God's word, but we are not going to prove God's word. If you do not like to believe it, we will shake hands and bid you good-by; we will not argue with you. * * * We may preach fifty thousand sermons to prove the gospel, but we shall not prove it half so well as you will through singing in the night. Keep a cheerful frame; keep a happy heart; keep a contented spirit; keep your eye up, and your heart aloft, and you will prove Christianity better than all the Butlers, and all the wise men that ever lived. Give them the analogy of a holy life, and then you will prove religion to them; give them the evidence of internal piety, developed externally, and you will give the best possible proof of Christianity. Try and sing songs in the night; for they are so rare, that if thou canst sing them, thou wilt honor thy God.

I have been preaching all this while to the children of God, and now there is a sad turn that this subject must take, just one moment or so, and then we have done. There is a night coming, in which there will be no songs of joy—a night in which no one will even attempt to lead a chorus. There is a night coming, when a song shall be sung, of which misery shall be the subject, set to the music of wailing and gnashing of teeth; there is a night coming when woe, unutterable woe, shall be the matter of an awful, terrific *miserere*—when the orchestra shall be composed of damned men, and howling fiends, and yelling demons; and mark you, I speak what I do know, and testify the Scriptures. There is a night coming for a poor soul within this house to-night; and unless he repent, it will be a night wherein he will have to growl and howl, and sigh and cry, and moan and groan forever. "Who is that?" sayest thou. *Thyself*, my friend, if thou art godless and Christless. "What!" sayest thou, "am I in danger of hell-fire?" In danger, my friend! Ay, more: thou art damned already. So saith the Bible. Sayest thou, "And can you leave me without telling me what I must do to be saved? Can you believe that I am in danger of perishing, and not speak to me?" I trust not; I hope I shall never preach a sermon without speaking to the ungodly, for O! how I love them. Swearer, your mouth is black with oaths now; and if you die, you must go on blaspheming throughout eternity, and be punished for it throughout eternity. But list to me, blasphemer! Dost thou repent to-night? Dost thou feel thyself to have sinned against God? Dost thou feel a desire to be saved? List thee, thou mayest be saved; thou mayest be saved as much as any one that is now here. There is another: she has sinned against God enormously, and she blushes even now, while I mention her case. Dost thou repent of thy sin? There is hope for thee. Remember him who said, "Go, and sin no more." Drunkard! but a little while ago thou wast reeling down the street, and now thou repentest. Drunkard! there is hope for thee. "Well," sayest thou, "what shall I do to be saved?"

Then again let me tell thee the old way of salvation: it is, "Believe

in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou art saved." We can get no further than that, do what we will; this is the sum and substance of the gospel. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved. So saith the Scripture. Dost thou ask, "What is it to believe?" Am I to tell thee again? I can not tell thee, except that it is to look at Christ. Dost thou see that Saviour there? He is hanging on the cross; there are his dear hands, pierced with nails, nailed to a tree, as if they were waiting for thy tardy footsteps, because thou wouldst not come. Dost thou see his dear head there? It is hanging on his breast, as if he would lean over, and kiss thy poor soul. Dost thou see his blood, gushing from his head, his hands, his feet, his side? It is running after thee, because he well knew that thou wouldst never run after it. Sinner! to be saved, all that thou hast to do is, to look at that Man. Canst thou do it now? "No," sayest thou, "I do not believe it will save me." Ah! my poor friend, try it; and if thou dost not succeed, when thou hast tried it, I am a bondsman for my Lord—here, take me, bind me, and I will suffer thy doom for thee. This I will venture to say: if thou castest thyself on Christ, and he deserteth thee, I will be willing to go halves with thee in all thy misery and woe. For he will never do it: never, never, never!

"No sinner was ever
Empty sent back,
Who came seeking mercy
For Jesus' sake."

I beseech thee, therefore, try him, and thou shalt not try him in vain, but shalt find him "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him." Thou shalt be saved now, and saved forever. May God give you his blessing; and may you, my dear brethren and sisters, have songs in the night!

The Scotch Pulpit.

Thomas Sutherland

DISCOURSE XLIV.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

Perhaps it is not too much to say, that Dr. Guthrie is the greatest living preacher in Scotland. And yet, until recently, he was comparatively unknown in America. At the present time, however, it is quite the reverse; and to his many admirers, the following facts, which are authentic, will be of interest:

Thomas Guthrie was born in Brechin, Scotland, in the year 1803, the son of an influential merchant and banker. Both his parents were of great piety and worth. He studied for the Church of Scotland at the University of Edinburg, and after having been licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Brechin, proceeded to Paris, where he acquired a knowledge of medicine, with the view of being able to assist the poor medically, when engaged in his pastorial duties. On his return to Scotland he went for a time into his father's banking-house, and in 1830 was ordained minister of the parish of Arbirlot, in his native county. He was afterward translated to the collegiate church of Old Greyfriars, Edinburg, of which Robertson, the historian, and Dr. John Erskine, were formerly ministers; and in 1840 to St. John's, a new church and parish in that city, erected chiefly in consequence of his popularity. He took a prominent part in the non-intrusion controversy, as it was called; the object of which was that ministers should not be intruded on parishes unwilling to receive them, and other ecclesiastical questions, which ended in the disruption of the Established Church of Scotland in 1843, and the institution of the Free Church of that country. He was one of the four leading men of that important movement, the other three being Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish. In 1847, his fervent and heart-stirring appeals to the benevolent, on behalf of the destitute and homeless children of the Scottish capital, led to the establishment of the Edinburg original Ragged or Industrial School, which has been productive of incalculable benefit to the poorer classes of that city.

Dr. Guthrie is now minister of St. John's Free Church, Edinburg, numbering about one thousand communicants; and has for his colleague the Rev. Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers. His popularity is very great, the poor, to a great extent, flocking to his ministry, and the congregations often reaching fifteen hundred hearers. A frequent hearer describes his appearance on entering the pulpit as calm and dignified. On the street, careless in his personal appearance, and apparently uninteresting, the dull look is now gone; the dark eye is gleaming, speakingly, from under an ample forehead, and the countenance kindles with animation and earnest affection. Though possessing a voice of varied modulations there is nothing in his gesture, nothing in his speech, at all attractive. His hand at first often grasps the collar of his coat; he moves slowly backward and forward, and

leans at times over the pulpit, speaking in a mellow north-country accent, with great ease and fluency, but in the plainest and most idiomatic Saxon. In the *matter* the attraction lies; his preaching resembling more a conversation than a sermon, each hearer feeling as if it were directed to him.

The style of Dr. Guthrie is quite peculiar. Judging by the published specimens, we should say he must be an ardent lover of nature, must possess a most picturesque imagination, a deep-toned sensibility, a heart overflowing with warmth and congeniality, and a mind at once vigorous and well-trained. There can be no such thing as tameness in his preaching. His "Gospel in Ezekiel"—consisting of twenty sermons on texts from this old prophet, lately published and now widely circulated in this country—breathes with life and animation from beginning to end. Open sometimes to criticism in matters of interpretation, and with too little contact, or evident connection between the several parts of the discourse, each sermon is nevertheless a thing of exquisite beauty. You seem to be walking in a picture gallery; or rather in a garden of sweets, with meandering streams, and every form of animate and inanimate life surrounding you. Now you weep under the depths of the preacher's pathos; now you are startled with some dazzling luminous sentence rolling out suddenly before you; now you are captivated with the freshness and originality of some thought, the aptness and vividness of some illustrations, or the ease and effectiveness with which some error is exploded, or some glorious doctrine unfolded: but you always arise from the perusal feeling that you have been led beside the waters of salvation, amid the flowers and fruits of paradise, and now return both delighted and enriched. It may be added that the striking portrait accompanying this volume, is copied from a photograph just taken in Edinburg, and forwarded expressly for this purpose.

THE NEW HEART.

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."—EZEKIEL, xxxvi. 26.

As in a machine where the parts all fit each other, and bathed in oil move without din or discord, the most perfect harmony reigns throughout the kingdom of grace. Jesus Christ is the "wisdom," as well as the "power" of God; nor in this kingdom is any thing found corresponding to the anomalies and incongruities of the world lying without. There we sometimes see a high station disgraced by a man of low habits; while others are doomed to an inferior condition, who would shine like gilded ornaments on the very pinnacles of society. That beautiful congruity in Christ's kingdom is secured by those who are the objects of saving mercy being so renewed and sanctified that their nature is in harmony with their position, and the man within corresponds to all without.

Observe how this property of *new* runs through the whole economy

of grace. When Mercy first rose upon this world, an attribute of divinity appeared which was new to the eyes of men and angels. Again, the Saviour was born of a virgin; and he who came forth from a womb where no child had been previously conceived, was sepulchered in a tomb where no man had been previously interred. The Infant had a new birth-place, the Crucified had a new burial-place. Again, Jesus is the mediator of a new covenant, the author of a new testament, the founder of a new faith. Again, the redeemed receive a new name; they sing a new song; their home is not to be in the Old, but in the New Jerusalem, where they shall dwell on a new earth, and walk in glory beneath a new heaven. Now, it were surely strange, when all things else are new, if they themselves were not to partake of this general renovation. Nor strange only, for such a change is indispensable. A new name without a new nature were an imposture. It were not more an untruth to call a lion a lamb, or the rapacious vulture by the name of the gentle dove, than to give the title of the sons of God to the venomous seed of the Serpent.

Then, again, unless man received a new nature, how could he sing the new song? The raven, perched on the rock, where she whets her bloody beak, and impatiently watches the dying struggles of some unhappy lamb, can not tune her croaking voice to the rich, mellow music of a thrush; and, since it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh, how could a sinner take up the strain and sing the song of saints? Besides, unless a man were a new creature, he were out of place in the new creation. In circumstances neither adapted to his nature, nor fitted to minister to his happiness, a sinner in heaven would find himself as much out of his element as a finny inhabitant of the deep, or a sightless burrower in the soil, beside an eagle, soaring in the sky, or surveying her wide domain from the mountain crag.

In the works of God we see nothing more beautiful than the divine skill with which he suits his creatures to their condition. He gives wings to birds, fins to fishes, sails to the thistle-seed, a lamp to light the glow-worm, great roots to moor the cedar, and to the aspiring ivy her thousand hands to climb the wall. Nor is the wisdom so conspicuous in nature, less remarkable and adorable in the kingdom of grace. He forms a holy people for a holy heaven—fits heaven for them, and them for heaven. And calling up his Son to prepare the mansions for their tenants, and sending down his Spirit to prepare the tenants for their mansions, he thus establishes a perfect harmony between the new creature and the new creation.

You can not have two hearts beating in the same bosom, else you would be, not a man, but a monster. Therefore, the very first thing to be done, in order to make things new, is just to take that which is old out of the way. And the taking away of the old heart is, after all, but a preparatory process. It is a means, but not the end. For—strange

as it may at first sound—he is not religious who is without sin. A dead man is without sin; and he is sinless, who lies buried in dreamless slumber, so long as his eyes are sealed. Now, God requires more than a negative religion. Piety, like fire, light, electricity, magnetism, is an active, not a passive element; it has a positive, not merely a negative existence. For, how is pure and undefiled religion defined? "Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." And on whom does Jesus pronounce his beatitude? "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them." And what is the sum of practical piety—the most portable form in which you can put an answer to Saul's question, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" What but this, "Depart from evil, and do good." Therefore, while God promises to take the stony heart out of our flesh, he promises more. In taking away one heart, he engages to supply us with another; and to this further change and onward stage in the process of redemption, I now proceed to turn your attention: and, by way of general observation, I remark—

I. Our affections are engaged in religion.

An oak—not as it stands choked up in the crowded wood, with room neither to spread nor breathe, but as it stands in the open field, swelling out below, where it anchors its roots in the ground, and swelling out above, where it stretches its arms into the air—presents us with the most perfect form of firmness, self-support, stout and sturdy independence. So perfectly formed, indeed, is the monarch of the forest to stand alone, and fight its own battles with the elements, that the architect of the Bell Rock Lighthouse is said to have borrowed his idea of its form from God in nature, and that, copying the work of a Divine Architect, he took the trunk of the oak as the model of a building which was to stand the blast of the storm, and the swell of winter seas.

In striking contrast with this tree, there are plants—some of them of the richest perfume and fairest beauty—such as the passion-flower, the ivy, the clematis, and the woodbine, which can not stand alone. They have neither pith nor fiber to maintain themselves erect.

Yet these are not doomed to the base fate of being trodden in the dust by the hoof of every passing beast, and have their beauty soiled in the mire. Types of one whom God has called by his grace, and beautified with salvation, who is strong in weakness, and rises to the highest honors of heaven, these plants may overtop the tallest oak, and, holding on by the everlasting rocks, they have laughed at the storm which laid his proud head in the dust. This strength they have, and these honors they win, by help of the tendrils, the arms, those instruments of attachment with which God has kindly furnished them. These plants are formed to attach themselves to other objects; it is their nature to do so. If they get hold of one noble and lofty, they rise to the height of its nobility; if of a mean one—some rotten stake or shattered

wall—they embrace the ruin, and, like a true friend, share its fate; and we have seen, when they had no other object on which to fix themselves, how—like a selfish man, who is the object of his own affections, and has a heart no bigger than his coffin, just large enough to hold himself—they would embrace themselves, and lie basely on the ground locked in forced embarrassment in their own arms.

It is with man as with these. What their tendrils are to them, our affections are to us. Ambition aims at independence; and men fancy, that when they have accumulated such or such a fortune, obtained such or such a place, arrived at such or such an age, they shall be independent. Independent! what folly! man was never made to be self-supporting, and self-satisfying. Even when his home was Eden, and he enjoyed the full favors of a benignant God, the Lord said—"It is not good for man to be alone."

We are constituted with affections, of which we can no more divest ourselves than of our skin. Be the object which we love noble or base, good or bad, generous or selfish, holy or sinful, belonging to earth or to heaven, some object we must love. It were as easy for a man to live without breathing, as to live without loving. It is not more natural for fire to burn, or light to shine, than for man to love. And the commandment, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," had been utterly impracticable, and impossible, save in conjunction with that other commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind." It is with man's soul as with this plant which is creeping on the earth; to upbraid it for its baseness, to reproach it for the mean objects around which its tendrils are entwined, will never make it stand erect; you can not raise it unless you present some lofty object to which it may cling. It is with our hearts as with vessels; you can not empty them of one element without admitting or substituting another in its place. And just as I can empty a vessel filled with air or with oil by pouring water into it, because water is the heavier fluid; or as I can empty a vessel of water by pouring quicksilver into it, because the specific gravity of mercury is greatly in excess of that of water, so the only way by which you can empty my heart of the world, and the love of the world, is by filling it with the love of God. This is the divine process and science of the gospel. The gospel is accommodated to our nature; its light is adapted to our darkness; its mercy to our misery; its pardon to our guilt; its sanctification to our impurity; its comforts to our griefs; and in substituting the love of Christ for the love of sin, in giving us an object to love, it meets our constitution, and satisfies the strongest cravings of our nature. It engages our affections, and, in taking away an old heart, supplies its place with a new one and a better.

II. Consider now the new heart—"A new heart also will I give you."

We are not to look for evidence of the new heart in the natural affec-

tions. Religion does not bestow these. We are born with them. We have some of them in common with the brutes that perish; and they may be found flourishing in all their beauty in those who are strangers to the love of God. To them, as to all things else, indeed, which are his gifts, sin is antagonistic and injurious. Let sin ripen, so as to have "its perfect work," and it acts life a cancer on man's best affections. It first indurates, then deadens, and at length destroys. Sinners are essentially selfish; and—as we see exemplified every day—the more men grow in sin, they grow the more heartless, and hesitate less to sacrifice the tenderest feelings and best interests of others to their own base and brutal gratifications. There is a picture in the book of Romans, painted by the hand of a master, which is more appalling and affecting than any which Roman artists have hung on the walls of Rome. Here it is, a full-length portrait of sinners drawn by the hand of Paul, in these vivid and terrible colors:—"God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters; inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." What a dark and dreadful picture of humanity! Behold the monster into which sin, when fully developed, turns the sweetest child! What an abominable thing is sin! Like God, may we hate it with a perfect hatred!

Observe, that although the state of the natural affections does not furnish any certain evidence of conversion, it is the glory of piety that these are strengthened, elevated, sanctified by the change. The lover of God will be the kindest, best, wisest lover of his fellow-creatures. The heart that has room in it for God, grows so large, that it finds room for all God's train, for all that he loves, and for all that he has made; so that the church, with all its denominations of true Christians, the world, with all its perishing sinners, nay—all the worlds which he has created, find orbit-room to move, as in an expansive universe, within the capacious enlargement of a believer's heart. For while the love of sin acts as an astringent—contracting the dimensions of the natural heart, shutting and shriveling it up—the love of God expands and enlarges its capacity. Piety quickens the pulse of love, warms and strengthens our heart, and sends forth fuller streams of natural affection toward all that have a claim on us, just as a strong and healthy heart sends tides of blood along the elastic arteries to every extremity of the body.

This new heart, however, mainly consists in a change of the affections as they regard spiritual objects. Without again traveling over ground which we have already surveyed, just look at the heart and feelings of an unconverted man. His mind being carnal, is enmity or hatred against God. This may be latent—not at first sight apparent, nor sus-

pected—but how soon does it appear when put to the proof! Fairly tried, it comes out like those unseen elements, which chemical tests reveal. Let God, for instance, by his providence or laws, thwart the wishes or cross the propensities of our unrenewed nature—let there be a collision between his will and ours—and the latent enmity flashes out like latent fire when the cold black flint is struck with steel.

The apostle pronounces men to be by nature lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; and is it not a fact that the services of religion are so contrary to all our natural tastes, that we are prone to say of them, as of that day which brings down heaven to earth—"It is a weariness; when will it be over?" The affections of the natural man are like the branches of what are called weeping trees—they droop to the earth, and sweep the ground; harmless or deleterious, they are all directed earthward. This world is his god; his heaven is on earth; the paradise he seeks is here; his ten commandments are the opinions of men; his sins are his pleasures; his prayers are a task; his sabbaths are his longest, weariest days; and, although no sheeted ghosts rise at midnight and walk the church-yard to scare him, he has, in thoughts of God, of judgment, of eternity, specters that haunt him, and to escape from which he will fly into the arms of sin.

Now, if you have received a new heart, this state is past, or is passing. Your affections are not dried or frozen up; they are as warm, or rather warmer than ever—still flowing, only flowing toward different objects, and in a different channel. In obedience to a divine impulse, their course is not only in a different, but in a contrary direction; for the grace of God works such a complete change of feeling, that what was once hated you now love, and what was once loved you now loathe; you fly from what once you courted, and pursue what you once shunned.

For example. Did you not once, like Adam in the garden, hide yourself from God? Like Jacob, when about to encounter an angry brother, did you not once tremble at the prospect of meeting God? How did you fret under the yoke of his law? In those who bore his image, how did you revile, and shun, and hate him? You could not banish him from the universe, but how did *you* try to banish the thought of him from *your* thoughts, and so put him and keep him out of your mind, that it might be that black, cold, empty, dark, dead, atheistic spot of this creation, where God should not be? Believers! Oh! what a blessed revolution has grace wrought! Praise ye the Lord. Although our attainments come far short of David's, and the love of our bosoms may burn with a dimmer and feebler flame, and we should therefore perhaps pitch the expression of our feelings on a lower key, let the psalmist express for us the language of a renewed heart—"Oh how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are better to me than thousands of gold and silver. Like as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul

thirsteth for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life. I love the Lord because he hath heard my prayer and the voice of my supplication. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength. Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts. Bless the Lord, all his works. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

III. In conversion God gives a new spirit.

Conversion does not bestow new faculties. It does not turn a weak man into a philosopher. Yet, along with our affections, the temper, the will, the judgment partake of this great and holy change. Thus, while the heart ceases to be dead, the head, illuminated by a light within ceases to be dark; the understanding is enlightened; the will is renewed; and our whole temper is sweetened and sanctified by the Spirit of God. To consider these in their order, I remark—

By this change the understanding and judgment are enlightened. Sin is the greatest folly, and the sinner the greatest fool in the world. There is no such madness in the most fitful lunacy. Think of a man risking eternity and his everlasting happiness on the uncertain chance of surviving another year! Think of a man purchasing a momentary pleasure at the cost of endless pain! Think of a dying man living as if he were never to die! Is there a convert to God who looks back upon his unconverted state, and does not say with David, "Lord, I was as a beast before thee?"

Now conversion not only restores God to the heart, but reason also to her throne. Time and eternity are now seen in their just proportions—in their right relative dimensions; the one in its littleness, and the other in its greatness. When the light of heaven rises on the soul, what grand discoveries does she make—of the exceeding evil of sin, of the holiness of the divine law, of the infinite purity of divine justice, of the grace and greatness of divine love. On Sinai's summit and on Calvary's cross, what new, sublime, affecting scenes open on her astonished eyes! She now, as by one convulsive bound, leaps to the conclusion that salvation is the one thing needful, and that if a man will give all he hath for the life that now is, much more should he part with all for the life to come. The Saviour and Satan, the soul and body, holiness and sin, have competing claims. Between these reason now holds the balance even, and man finds, in the visit of converting grace, what the demoniac found in Jesus' advent. The man whose dwelling was among the tombs, whom no chains could bind, is seated at the feet of Jesus, "clothed, and in *his right mind.*"

By this change the will is renewed. Bad men are worse, and good men are better than they appear. In conversion the will is so changed and sanctified, that although a pious man is in some respects less, in other

respects he is more holy than the world gives him credit for. The attainments of a believer are always beneath his aims; his desires are nobler than his deeds; his wishes are holier than his works. Give other men their will—full swing to their passions—and they would be worse than they are; give that to him, and he would be better than he is. And if you have experienced the gracious change, it will be your daily grief that you are not what you not only know you should be, but what you wish to be. To be complaining with Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me; that which I would I do not, and what I would not, that I do," is one of the best evidences of a gracious, saving change.

Children of God! let not your souls be cast down. This struggle between the new will and the old man—painful and prolonged although it be—proves beyond all doubt the advent of the Holy Spirit. Until the Saviour appeared there was no sword drawn, nor blood shed in Bethlehem, nor murderous decree issued against the innocents—they slept safely in their mothers' bosoms, Herod enjoyed his security and pleasure, and Rachel rose not from her grave to weep for her children because they were not. Christ's coming rouses all the devil in the soul. The fruits of holy peace are reaped with swords on the fields of war; and this struggle within your breast proves that grace, even its infancy a cradled Saviour, is engaged in strangling the old Serpent. When the shadow of calamity falls on many homes, and the tidings of victory come with sad news to many a family, and the brave are lying thick in the deadly breach, men comfort us by saying, that there are things worse than war. That is emphatically true of this holy war. Rejoice that the peace of death is gone.

By conversion the temper and disposition are changed and sanctified. Christians are occasionally to be found with a tone of mind and a temper as little calculated to recommend their faith as to promote their happiness. I believe that there are cases in which this is due to a deranged condition of the nervous system, or the presence of disease in some other vital organ. These unhappy persons are more deserving of our pity than our censure. This is not only the judgment of Christian charity, but of sound philosophy, and is a conclusion to which we are conducted in studying the union between mind and body, and the manner in which they act and re-act upon each other. So long as grace dwells in a "vile body," which is the seat of frequent disorder and many diseases—these infirmities of temper admit no more, perhaps, of being entirely removed, than a defect of speech, or a physical deformity. The good temper for which some take credit, may be the result of good health and a well-developed frame—a physical more than a moral virtue; and an ill temper, springing from bad health, or an imperfect organization, may be a physical rather than a moral defect—giving its victim a claim on our charity and forbearance. But, admitting this

apology for the unhappy tone and temper of some ious men, the true Christian will bitterly bewail his defect, and, regretting his infirmity more than others do a deformity, he will carefully guard and earnestly pray against it. Considering it as a thorn in his flesh, a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, it will often send him to his knees in prayer to God, that the grace which conquers nature may be made "sufficient for him."

Those, however, who have no such plea to urge in palliation of a suspicious, sour, discontented, irritable temperament, have good ground to suspect their Christianity. Grace sweetens where it sanctifies. In the name of God and Christianity, what has Christ to do with Belial? What has grace to do with that avaricious, envious, malignant, implacable disposition, which is utterly opposed to the genius of the gospel and the Spirit that was in Jesus Christ? Am I told that his disciples sought fire from heaven to consume their enemies? Am I told that, with the intolerance of bigotry, and a narrowness of mind still too common, they thought to silence those whom they regarded as rivals? Am I told that, set on fire of an earthly ambition, they blazed out into unseemly quarrels with each other? Am I told that, even on the solemn eve of a Saviour's sufferings, when their tears should have quenched all unhallowed fires, they strove for the highest place in the kingdom? Am I told how harshly they silenced the cries, and rebuked the importunity of suffering, and how haughtily these proud fishermen bore themselves to the mothers and babes of Israel? True; but this temper passed away. Their Master cast out the unclean spirit. Pentecost baptized them with another nature. With the peace of Jesus they received his gentle, generous, gracious, loving, forbearing, forgiving temper. These Elishas entered on their work clothed in the mantle of their ascended Master. Had it been otherwise—had they not been made of love, as well as messengers of love—had the love they preached not breathed in every tone, and beamed in every look—had they not illustrated in their practice the genius of the gospel, their mission had been a signal failure; they had never opened the hearts of men; they had never made their way in a resistant world—never conquered it. Just as it is not with stubborn but pliant iron that locks are picked, the hearts of sinners are to be opened only by those who bring a Christ-like gentleness to the work; and who are ready, with Paul's large, loving, kind, and generous disposition, to be all things to all men, if so be that they may win some. Never had the disciples gone forth "conquering and to conquer," had they brought their old, bigoted, quarrelsome, unsanctified temper to the mission. They might have died for Christianity, but she had died with them; and, bound to their stake, and expiring in their ashes, she had been entombed in the sepulcher of her first and last apostles.

I pray you to cultivate the temper that was in Jesus Christ. Is he

like a follower of the Lamb who is raging like a roaring lion? Is he like a pardoned criminal who sits moping with a cloud upon his brow? Is he like an heir of heaven, like a man destined to a crown, who is vexed and fretted with some petty loss? Is he like one in whose bosom the Dove of heaven is nestling, who is full of all manner of bile and bitterness? Oh! let the same mind be in you that was in Jesus. A kind, catholic, gentle, loving temper is one of the most winning features of religion; and by its silent and softening influence you will do more real service to Christianity than by the loudest professions, or the exhibition of a cold and skeleton orthodoxy. Let it appear in you, that it is with the believer under the influences of the Spirit as with fruit ripened beneath the genial influences of heaven's dews and sunbeams. At first hard, it grows soft; at first sour, it becomes sweet; at first green, it assumes in time a rich and mellow color; at first adhering tenaciously to the tree, when it becomes ripe, it is ready to drop at the slightest touch. So with the man who is ripening for heaven. His affections and temper grow sweet, soft, mellow, loose from earth and earthly things. He comes away readily to the hand of death, and leaves the world without a wrench.

IV. In conversion God gives a heart of flesh. "I will give you a heart of flesh."

Near by a stone—a mass of rock that had fallen from the overhanging crag—which had some wild flowers growing in its fissures, and on its top the fox-glove, with its spike of beautiful but deadly flowers, we once came upon an adder as it lay in ribbon coil, basking on the sunny ground. At our approach the reptile stirred, uncoiled itself, and, raising its venomous head, with eyes like burning coals, it shook its cloven tongue, and, hissing, gave signs of battle. Attacked, it retreated; and, making for that gray stone, wormed itself into a hole in its side. Its nest and home were there. And in looking on that shattered rock—fallen from its primeval elevation—with its flowery but fatal charms, the home and nest of the adder, where nothing grew but poisoned beauty, and nothing dwelt but a poisoned brood, it seemed to us an emblem of that heart which the text describes as a stone, which experience proves is a habitation of devils, and which the prophet pronounces to be desperately wicked. It is cold as a stone; hard as a stone; dead and insensible as a stone. Now, as by the term "flesh" we understand qualities the very opposite of these, I therefore remark that—

In conversion a man gets a warm heart.

Let us restrict ourselves to a single example. When faith receives the Saviour, how does the heart warm to Jesus Christ! There is music in his name. "His name is as an ointment poured forth." All the old indifference to his cause, his people, and the interests of his kingdom, has passed away; and now these have the warmest place in a believer's bosom, and are the objects of its strongest and tenderest affections. The

only place, alas! that religion has in the hearts of many is a burial-place; but the believer can say with Paul, "Christ *liveth* in me." Nor is his heart like the cottage of Bethany, favored only with occasional visits. Jesus abides there in the double character of guest and master—its most loving and best loved inmate; and there is a difference as great between that heart as it is, and that heart as it was, as between the warm bosom where the Infant slept or smiled in Mary's arms and the dark, cold sepulcher where weeping followers laid and left the Crucified.

Is there such a heart in you? Dou you appreciate Christ's matchless excellences? Having cast away every sin to embrace him, do you set him above your chiefest joy? Would you leave father, mother, wife, children, to follow him, with bleeding feet, over life's roughest path? Rather than part with him, would you part with a thousand worlds? Were he now on earth, would you leave a throne to stoop and tie his latchet? If I might so speak, would you be proud to carry his shoes? Then, indeed, you have got the new, warm heart of flesh. The new love of Christ, and the old love of the world, may still meet in opposing currents; but in the war and strife of these antagonistic principles, the celestial shall overpower the terrestrial, as, at the river's mouth, I have seen the ocean tide, when it came rolling in with a thousand billows at its back, fill all the channel, carry all before its conquering swell, dam up the fresh water of the land, and drive it back with resistless power.

In conversion a man gets a soft heart.

As "flesh," it is soft and sensitive. It is flesh, and can be wounded or healed. It is flesh, and feels alike the kiss of kindness and the rod of correction. It is flesh; and no longer a stone, hard, obdurate, impenetrable to the genial influences of heaven. A hard block of ice, it has yielded to the beams of the sun, and been melted into flowing water. How are you moved now, stirred now, quickened now, sanctified now, by truths once felt no more than dews falling out of starry heavens, in soft silence, upon rugged rock. The heart of grace is endowed with a delicate sensibility, and vibrates to the slightest touch of a Saviour's fingers. How does the truth of God affect it now! A stone no longer, it melts under the heavenly fire; a stone no longer, it bends beneath the hammer of the word; no longer like a rugged rock, on which rains and sunbeams were wasted, it receives the impression of God's power, and retains the footprints of his presence. Like the flowers that close their eyes at night, but waken at the voice of morning, like the earth that gapes in summer drought, the new heart opens to receive the bounties of grace and the gifts of heaven. Have you experienced such a change? In proof and evidence of its reality, is David's language yours: "I have stretched out my hands unto thee. My soul thirsteth after thee as a thirsty land?"

In conversion a man gets a living heart.

The perfection of this life is death—it is to be dead to sin, but alive

to righteousness, alive to Christ, alive to every thing which touches his honor, and crown, and kingdom. With Christ living in his heart, the believer feels that now he is not himself—not his own; and, as another's, the grand object of his life is to live to Christ. He reckons him an object worth living for, had he a thousand lives to live; worth dying for, had he a thousand deaths to die. He says with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live." In the highest sense alive, he is dead—dead to things he was once alive to; and he wishes that he were more dead to them—thoroughly dead. He wishes that he could look on the seductions of the world, and sin's voluptuous charms, with the cold, unmoved stare of death, and that these had no more power to kindle a desire in him, than in the icy bosom of a corpse. "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

It is a mark of grace that the believer, in his progress heavenward, grows more and more alive to the claims of Jesus. If you "know the love of Christ," his is the latest name you will desire to utter; his is the latest thought you will desire to form; upon him you will fix your last look on earth; upon him your first in heaven. When memory is oblivious of all other objects,—when all that attracted the natural eye is wrapped in the mists of death,—when the tongue is cleaving to the roof of our mouth, and speech is gone, and sight is gone, and hearing gone, and the right hand, lying powerless by our side, has lost its cunning, Jesus! then may we remember thee! If the shadows of death are to be thrown in deepest darkness on the valley, when we are passing along it to glory, may it be ours to die like that saint, beside whose bed wife and children once stood, weeping over the wreck of faded faculties, and a blank, departed memory. One had asked him, "Father, do you remember me?" and received no answer; and another, and another, but still no answer. And then, all making way for the venerable companion of a long and loving pilgrimage—the tender partner of many a past joy and sorrow—his wife draws near. She bends over him, and as her tears fall thick upon his face, she cries, "Do you not remember me?" A stare—but it is vacant. There is no soul in that filmy eye; and the seal of death lies upon those lips. The sun is down, and life's brief twilight is darkening fast into a starless night. At this moment one, calm enough to remember how the love of Christ's spouse is "strong as death"—a love that "many waters can not quench"—stooped to his ear, and said, "Do you remember Jesus Christ?" The word was no sooner uttered than it seemed to recall the spirit, hovering for a moment, ere it took wing to heaven. Touched as by an electric influence, the heart beat once more to the name of Jesus; the features, fixed in death, relax; the countenance, dark in death, flushes up like the last gleam of day; and, with a smile in which the soul passed away to glory, he replied, "Remember Jesus Christ! dear Jesus Christ! he is all my salvation, and all my desire."

V. *By conversion man is ennobled.*

Infidelity regards man as little better than an animated statue, living clay, a superior animal. She sees no jewel of immortality flashing in this earthly casket. According to her, our future being is a brilliant but baseless dream of the present; death, an everlasting sleep; and that dark, low, loathsome grave our eternal sepulcher.

Vice, again, looks on man as an animal formed for the indulgence of brutal appetites. She sees no divinity in his intellect, nor pure feelings, nor lofty aspirations worthy of cultivation for the coming state. Her foul finger never points him to the skies. She leaves powers and feelings which might have been trained to heaven to trail upon the ground; to be soiled and trodden in the mire, or to entwine themselves around the basest objects. In virtuous shame, in modesty, purity, integrity, gentleness, natural affection, she blights with her poisonous breath whatever vestiges of beauty have survived the Fall; and when she has done her perfect work, she leaves man a wreck, a wretch, an object of loathing, not only to God and angels, but—lowest and deepest of all degradation—an object of contempt and loathing to himself.

While infidelity regards man as a mere animal, to be dissolved at death into ashes and air, and vice changes man into a brute or devil, Mammon enslaves him. She makes him a serf, and condemns him to be a gold-digger for life in the mines. She puts her collar on his neck, and locks it; and bending his neck to the soil, and bathing his brow in sweat, she says, Toil, toil, toil; as if this creature, originally made in the image of God, this dethroned and exiled monarch, to save whom the Son of God descended from the skies, and bled on Calvary, were a living machine, constructed of sinew, bone, and muscle, and made for no higher end than to work to live, and live to work.

Contrast with these the benign aspect in which the gospel looks on man. Religion descends from heaven to break our chains. She alone raises me from degradation, and bids me lift my drooping head, and look up to heaven. Yes; it is that very gospel which by some is supposed to present such dark, degrading, gloomy views of man and his destiny, which lifts me from the dust and the dunghill to set me among princes—on a level with angels—in a sense above them. To say nothing of the divine nobility grace imparts to a soul which is stamped anew with the likeness and image of God, how sacred and venerable does even this body appear in the eye of piety! No longer a form of animated dust; no longer the subject of passions shared in common with the brutes; no longer the drudge and slave of Mammon, the once "vile body" rises into a temple of the Holy Ghost. Vile in one sense it may be; yet what, although it be covered with sores? what, although it be clothed in rags? what, although, in unseemly decrepitude, it want its fair proportions? that poor, pale, sickly, shattered form is the casket of a precious jewel. This mean and crumbling tabernacle lodges a guest

nobler than palaces may boast of; angels hover around its walls; the Spirit of God dwells within it. What an incentive to holiness, to purity of life and conduct, lies in the fact that the body of a saint is the temple of God!—a truer, nobler temple than that which Solomon dedicated by his prayers, and Jesus consecrated by his presence. In Popish cathedral, where the light streamed through painted window, and the organ pealed along lofty aisles, and candles gleamed on golden cups and silver crosses, and incense floated in fragrant clouds, we have seen the blinded worshiper uncover his head, drop reverently on his knees, and raise his awe-struck eye on the imposing spectacle; we have seen him kiss the marble floor, and knew that sooner would he be smitten dead upon that floor than be guilty of defiling it. How does this devotee rebuke us! We wonder at his superstition; how may he wonder at our profanity! Can we look on the lowly veneration he expresses for an edifice which has been erected by some dead man's genius, which holds but some image of a deified Virgin, or bones of a canonized saint, and which—proudly as it raises its cathedral towers—time shall one day cast to the ground, and bury in the dust; can we, I say, look on that, and, if sensible to rebuke, not feel reproved by the spectacle? In how much more respect, in how much holier veneration should we hold this body? The shrine of immortality, and a temple dedicated to the Son of God, it is consecrated by the presence of the Spirit—a living temple, over whose porch the eye of piety reads what the finger of inspiration has written —"If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

DISCOURSE XLV.

ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.

This distinguished missionary to India was born at Kirkmichael, in Perthshire, Scotland, in the year 1806. After concluding a full academic course at the University of St. Andrews, under the instructions of Dr. Chalmers, with whom he was a favorite student, and others of less note, he was licensed to preach the gospel, and immediately ordained and sent forth as the first missionary of the Church of Scotland to the heathen. He reached Calcutta in the fall of 1830, and set about the work committed to his charge. From the first, the instruction of youth has occupied much of his attention; and he may be considered as having reached a point of perfection in this line of effort which has never been surpassed. In the year 1850 there were over one thousand pupils attending the various classes in the Institution which he founded.

Dr. Duff has twice, at least, revisited Scotland; first in 1835—spending there, to regain his health, some four years—and again a year or two ago, for a like purpose, at which time he made a visit to the United States. Wherever he went, here or abroad, he received the most marked respect, as a man of God, and a self-forgetful and successful missionary. His many powerful appeals on behalf of the heathen will not soon be forgotten. Previous to his departure from his native land, a public meeting was held in the Free High Church in Edinburg, where a multitude of his friends crowded to hear his farewell address. Dr. Tweedie, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church, presided; Dr. Candlish opened the proceedings with prayer; after which Dr. Duff delivered, for the space of two hours, one of his overwhelming appeals on behalf of the missionary enterprise. The conclusion of his speech was a farewell to Scotland and a welcome to India, which, being uttered in his peculiarly powerful and winning style, drew tears from the eyes of almost every person in the great throng of those who listened. He said:

"And now this, my home-work, being for the present finished, while exigences of a peculiar kind appear to call me back again to the Indian field, I cheerfully obey the summons; and despite its manifold ties and attractions, I now feel as if, in fullness of heart, I can say, *Farewell to Scotland*—to Scotland! honored by ancient memories and associations of undying glory and renown! Scotland, on whose soil were fought some of the mightiest battles for civil and religious liberty! Scotland, thou country and home of the bravest among undaunted Reformers! Scotland, thou chosen abode and last resting-places of the ashes of most heroic and daring martyrs?—yet, farewell, Scotland! Farewell to all that is in thee, and *welcome*,

India! Welcome, India, with thy benighted, perishing millions! because, in the vision of faith, I see the renovating process that is to elevate them from the lowest depths of debasement and shame to the noblest heights of celestial glory. Welcome, ye majestic hills, the loftiest on this our globe; for though cold be your summits, and clothed with the drapery of eternal winter, in the vision of faith I can go beyond and behold the mountain of the Lord's house established on the top of the mountains, with the innumerable multitudes of India's adoring worshipers joyously thronging toward it. Welcome, too, ye mighty, stupendous fabrics of a dark lowering idolatry; because, in the vision of faith, I can see in your certain downfall, and in the beauteous temples of Christianity reared over your ruins, one of the mightiest monuments to the triumph and glory of our adored Immanuel. Welcome, too, thou majestic Ganges, in whose waters, through every age, such countless multitudes have been engulfed in the vain hope of obtaining thereby a sure passport to immortality, because, in the vision of faith, I behold the myriads of thy deluded votaries forsaking thy turbid though sacred waters, and learning to wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. Welcome—if the Lord so wills it—welcome, sooner or later, a quiet resting-place on thy sunny banks, amid the Hindoo people, for whose deliverance from the tyrannic sway of the foulest and cruelest idolatries on earth, I have groaned and travailed in soul agony.

"Fare ye well, then! And in view of that bright and glorious eternity, welcome, thrice welcome, thou resurrection morn; when the graves of every clime and every age, from the time of righteous Abel down to the period of the last trumpet sound, will give up their dead; and the ransomed myriads of the Lord ascending on high, shall enter the mansions of glory—the palaces of light—in Immanuel's land; and there, together, in indissoluble and blissful harmony, celebrate the jubilee of a once-groaning, but, then, renovated universe! Farewell! Farewell!"

Dr. Duff is a man of commanding talents, and a large and catholic spirit; and is possessed of remarkable oratorical powers, for either the pulpit or the platform. He is about six feet high, but of slight structure; his face and accent are thoroughly Scotch; his complexion habitually flushed, even to redness, with what appears a determination of blood to the head. His hair is combed back, and when he is excited in a speech, it seems to stand erect; while, trembling like a paralytic, he pours out a torrent of impassioned eloquence such as it is impossible to resist. His gestures at such a time become exceedingly awkward; he distorts his shoulders and his countenance, and "fists his forehead and twitches his pantaloons," and approaches an almost terrible vividness of feeling. Doubtless it is to his earnestness, his evident piety and sincerity, and his excitable temperament, that something of his power over an audience is due; but, aside from all this, there is thought and argument; and it is generally uttered in a manner combining the various qualities of true eloquence.

The following is his most celebrated discourse, and altogether worthy of his reputation. It is copied from an Edinburg edition. and has never before been printed in this country.

MISSIONS THE CHIEF END OF THE CHURCH.

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us.
"That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."—PSALM lxvii. 1, 2.

THE royal Psalmist, in the spirit of inspiration, personating the Church of the redeemed in every age, and more especially under its last and most perfect dispensation, here offers up a sublime prayer for its inward prosperity and outward universal extension. All is in the order of nature and of grace. Knowing full well that he who has not obtained mercy from the Lord, can not be a fit bearer of it to others; that he who has obtained no blessings himself, can dispense none; that he who enjoys no light, can communicate none; he, first of all, with marked and beautiful propriety, begins with the supplication of personal and individual blessings—"God be merciful unto us," forgiving and pardoning all our sin: "and bless us," conferring every gift and every grace really needful for time and eternity: "and lift up the light of thy countenance upon us," cheering us with the smile of reconciliation and love, and causing the Sun of Righteousness to arise on our darkened souls with healing in his beams.

But does the Psalmist stop here? Does he for a moment intend that he and his fellow-worshipers, as representatives of the visible Church of the living God, should absorb all the mercy, all the blessing, and all the light of Jehovah's countenance? Oh, no! Having thus fervently prayed for angelical blessings to descend upon himself, and every member of the Church, he immediately superadds, in the true evangelistic or missionary spirit, "That thy way," or, as it is given in our metrical version, "That *so* thy way may be known upon *earth*, thy saving health among *all nations*."

How significant the connection here established, the *obtainment* and the *distribution* of evangelical favors—"God be merciful to us, and bless us!" Why? Only that we ourselves may be pardoned and sanctified, and thereby attain to true happiness? No. There is *another grand end* in view, to the accomplishment of which, our being blessed is but *a means*. "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, *that so* thy way may be known on earth"—that thus—that in this way—that by our instrumentality—that by our being blessed, and having the light of thy countenance shining upon us—"thy way"—thy way of justification through the atoning righteousness of the Redeemer—thy way of sanctification by his Holy Spirit—"may be made known on earth, and thy saving health among *all nations*."

And then, seized with true prophetic fire, at the grandeur of the divine design in reference to "*all nations*," and hurried away by the

magnificence of the vision of the latter-day glory, does "the sweet singer of Israel" break forth into heroic measures, sublimer far than any ever strung on Grecian or Roman lyre:

"Let people praise thee, Lord;
Let people all thee praise;
O let the nations be glad,
And sing for joy always.
Then shall the earth yield her increase,
God, our God, help us shall;
God shall us bless, and of the earth
The ends shall fear him all."

Here the two grand characteristics of the true Church of God—the evangelical, and the evangelistic or missionary—are written as in a sunbeam: the evangelical, in the possession of all needful gifts and graces out of the plenitude of the Spirit's fullness; the evangelistic, in the instant and perpetual propension which that possession ought to generate and feed, instrumentally to dispense these blessings among *all nations*. As if to confound lukewarm and misjudging professors throughout all generations, these characteristics are represented by the Spirit of inspiration itself as essential to the very existence and well-being of the Church, and in their very nature inseparable. The prayer of the Church, as dictated by the divine Spirit, is directed to the obtainment of blessings, *not as an end, merely terminating in herself*, but as *a means* toward the promotion and attainment of an ulterior end of the sublimest description—the enlightenment and conversion of all nations! Hence it follows, that when a Church ceases to be evangelistic, it must cease to be evangelical; and when it ceases to be evangelical, it must cease to exist as a true Church of God, however primitive or apostolic it may be in its *outward* form and constitution!

There is no mystery here. If, in the common affairs of life, a servant besought and obtained an increased portion of goods, that he might proceed to a distant city or foreign nation, and lay out the whole for the advancement of his master's interest; and if, instead of acting in the terms of his own requisition, and agreeably to the express design of his kind and munificent employer, he chose to remain at home, and appropriate all for his own private ends—what judgment would the world pronounce on such a man? Would he not be condemned as an unprofitable servant, who dishonestly attempted to embezzle the property of another? And would not the master be more than justified in taking away from him even all that he had?

Precisely similar is the position and attitude of the petitioning Church, and, consequently, of all petitioning believers, as portrayed by the pencil of the divine Spirit in the words of our text. Believers are there taught to pray, and all who have ever read or sung this precious Psalm in

a believing frame of mind, have actually prayed for the richest spiritual blessings. For what purpose? That they themselves may enjoy the comforts and consolations of piety in this life, and a meetness for the heavenly inheritance hereafter? Doubtless this is the *first end*, and must be implied and included in the object of the petition. But, so little does *this* appear in the eye of the Spirit, to be *the only*, or *even the chief end*, that it is actually left *altogether unexpressed!* There is *another end* present to his omniscient view, of a nature so transcendently exalted, that the former is, as it were, wholly overlooked, because eclipsed by the surpassing glory of that which excelleth. And that other end of all-absorbing excellence is, *the impartation of God's saving health to all nations.* So pre-eminent in importance does this end appear to the mind of the Spirit, that believers are taught to implore spiritual blessings expressly, and even briefly, that they may thereby have it in their power the more effectually to promote it throughout the world.

If, then, in answer to *such* prayers, spiritual blessings should be conferred from on high; and if, instead of employing them for the promotion of their divine Master's interest, by causing his saving health to be made known to all nations, believers should sit down in ease, and appropriate all to themselves and their own friends immediately around them —what judgment must be pronounced upon them in the court of heaven? Must they not be condemned as guilty of a breach of faith—guilty of a dereliction of duty to their Lord and Master—guilty of a dishonest attempt to embezzle the treasures of his grace? And if so, must not their sin, if unrepented of, bring down its deserved punishment? And what can the first drop from the vial of divine wrath do less than expunge from the spiritual inventory of such worthless stewards all that they have already so gratuitously and undeservedly obtained? What a resistless argument does the Spirit of God here supply in favor of the missionary enterprise! Who can peruse the words of his own inspiration without being overwhelmed with the conviction, that, in his unerring estimate, *the chief end for which the Church ought to exist—the chief end for which individual church-members ought to live, is the evangelization or conversion of the world!*

But, lest any shade of dubiety should exist as to the incontrovertible legitimacy of this conclusion, the same momentous truth may be established by other and independent evidence.

The Spirit of prophecy, speaking through Isaiah, had long announced the Messiah himself, not only as King and Priest, but as the *great Prophet and Evangelist of the world.* "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," says the divine oracle, "because the Lord hath appointed me to preach good tidings to the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year

of the Lord; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And lest any might suppose that the exercise of the functions here described was to be limited to the Jews, the *natural seed* of Abraham, God's chosen people; or the Zion here named was meant exclusively to denote *the literal local Zion* at Jerusalem, and not rather in type and figure, the true Catholic Church throughout the world, it is almost immediately added, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will I not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth; and the *Gentiles* shall see thy righteousness, and *all* kings thy glory." The prophetic import and design of these words can admit of no doubt. For, when, on one occasion, our blessed Saviour stood up in the synagogue, and, opening the book of the prophet Esaias, read the former of these passages, he distinctly appropriated the application of it to himself, saying, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Again, if it was prophesied that the Messiah would "raise up the tribes of Jacob, and restore the proscribed of Israel," it is immediately added, "I will also give thee for a light to the *Gentiles*, that thou mayest be my salvation *to the ends of the earth*." And again: "Men shall be blessed in him; *all nations* shall call him blessed."

In strict accordance, not only with the substance, but almost the *very words* of these and many other prophecies, we find the announcement of the heavenly host to the shepherds of Bethlehem: "Behold, I bring you *good tidings* of great joy, which shall be to *all people;* for unto you is born this day a *Saviour*, which is Christ the Lord." The introductory salutation of the Baptist, the Messiah's forerunner—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away *the sins of the world*." And, lastly, the solemn declaration of the Apostle John—"In him was life, and the life was the *light of men*. That was *the true light* which *lighteth every man that cometh into the world*."

Now, during our Saviour's ministry he conveyed many significant intimations to his disciples that he intended to transfer to them, and through them to the body of believers in every age, those high functions which *primarily* and rightfully belonged to himself as the world's Evangelist. "Ye are," said he, "the salt," not of Judea or Jerusalem, but "*of the earth*." One of the brightest of his own prophetic titles was, "the light of the Gentiles;" or, in the paraphrase of the apostle, "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And this very title he transfers to his disciples, saying, "*Ye are the light*," not of Judea or Jerusalem, but "*of the world*."

And, when about to withdraw his visible presence from the earth, he *formally* transferred the *whole* of his *visible evangelistic* functions to his professing disciples or Church, to be exercised and administered by

it, in his name and stead, till the end of time. "*All power*," said he, "*is given to me in heaven and earth.* Go ye, *therefore*, and teach *all* nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—teaching them (i. e. *all* nations), to observe *all* things whatsoever I have commanded *you;* and lo! I am with *you always even unto the end of the world.*"

This is the grand charter under which a visible Church, directly holding of its divine Head, was at first constituted and designed to be forever perpetuated for the administration of gospel ordinances and the exercise of spiritual authority. These high functions in the royal Head were original and underived—as transferred to his body, the Church, they are, of necessity, derivative and vice-regal. As Christ, therefore, was proclaimed by prophets and apostles, as well as by himself, in his appropriation of prophetic announcements, to be the world's evangelist; in his personal absence during the present dispensation, he was pleased personally to appoint and constitute the Church to be his *delegated representative* as the world's evangelist; and, along with the evangelistic functions, he conveyed the *power* and *authority* indispensable for their exercise.

That this was the interpretation put upon this *original gospel commission* by the primitive disciples, is evident, not only from the whole tenor of their conduct, but also from the most express declarations scattered throughout the book of the Acts, as well as the apostolic Epistles.

It thus appears abundantly manifest from multiplied Scripture evidence, that the *chief end* for which the Christian Church is constituted —the *leading design* for which she is made the repository of heavenly blessings—the *great command* under which she is laid—the *supreme function* which she is called on to discharge, is, in the name and stead of her glorified Head and Redeemer, unceasingly to act the part of an evangelist to *all the world.* The inspired prayer which she is taught to offer for spiritual gifts and graces, binds her as the *covenanted condition on which they are bestowed at all*, to dispense them to *all nations.* The divine charter which conveys to her the warrant to teach and preach the Gospel at all, binds her to teach and preach it to *all nations.* The divine charter which embodies a commission to administer gospel ordinances at all, binds her to administer these to *all nations.* The divine charter which communicates power and authority to exercise these, not alone or exclusively, to secure her own internal purity and peace, union and stability, but chiefly and supremely, in order that she may thereby be enabled the more speedily, effectually, and extensively, to execute her grand evangelistic commission in preaching the gospel to *all nations.*

If, then, any body of believers, united together as a Church, under whatever form of external discipline and polity, do, in their individual, or congregational, or corporate national capacity, willfully and deliberately overlook, suspend, or indefinitely postpone the accomplishment of

the *great end* for which the Church universal, including every evangelical community, implores the vouchsafement of spiritual treasures—the *great end* for which she has obtained a separate and independent constitution at all—how can they, separately or conjointly, expect to realize, or, realizing, expect to render abiding the promised presence of him who alone hath the keys of the golden treasury, and alone upholds the pillars of the great spiritual edifice? If any Church, or any section of a Church, do thus neglect the *final cause* of its being, and violate the very condition and tenure of all spiritual rights and privileges, how can it expect the continuance of the favor of him from whom alone, as their divine fount and spring-head, all such rights and privileges must ever flow? And, if deprived of his favor and presence, how can any Church expect long to *exist*, far less spiritually to flourish, in the enjoyment of inward peace, or the prospect of outward and more extended prosperity?

And what is the whole history of the Christian Church but one perpetual proof and illustration of the grand position—*that an evangelistic or missionary Church is a spiritually flourishing Church; and, that a Church which drops the evangelistic or missionary character, speedily lapses into superannuation and decay!*

The most evangelistic period of the Christian Church was, beyond all doubt, the primitive or apostolic. Then, the entire community of saints seemed to act under an overpowering conviction of their responsible duty, as the divinely-appointed evangelists of a perishing world. No branch or off-set from the apostolic stock at Jerusalem had in those days begun to surmise that, not only its first, but chief, and almost exclusive duty was to witness for Christ in the city, or district, or province, or kingdom, in which it was itself already planted; in other words, to surmise that the most effectual mode of vindicating its title to the designation of apostolic, was to annihilate its own apostolicity! For what can be named as the *most peculiar and distinguishing* feature in the apostolic Church at Jerusalem, if not the burning and the shining aspect of salvation which it held forth toward *all nations!* No, no. In those days the Church's prayer, as breathed by the inspired Psalmist, seemed to issue from every lip, and kindle every soul into correspondent action. The Redeemer's parting command seemed to ring in every ear, and vitally influence every feeling and faculty of the renewed soul. Every man and woman, and almost every child, through the remotest branches of the wide-spreading Church, seemed impelled by a holy zeal to discharge the functions of a missionary. All, all seemed moved and actuated toward a guilty and lost world, as if they really felt it to be as much their duty to disseminate the gospel among unchristianized nations, as to pray, or teach, or preach to those within the pale of their respective Churches—as much their duty to propagate the knowledge of salvation among the blinded heathen as to yield obedience to any commandment

in the decalogue. And were not those the days of flourishing Christianity? Has not the spiritual beauty and brightness of the primitive Church been the theme of admiration and praise to succeeding generations? But no sooner did the Church, in any of its subdivisions, begin to contract the sphere of its efforts in diffusing abroad the light of the everlasting Gospel—no sooner did it begin to settle down with the view of snugly enjoying the glorious prerogatives conferred by its great Head—forgetful of the multitudes that were still famishing for lack of knowledge, to all of whom it was bound by covenant to announce the glad tidings of salvation; in a word, no sooner did the Church, in contravention of Heaven's appointed ordinance, begin to relax in the exercise of its evangelistic function toward the world at large, than its sun, under the hiding of Jehovah's countenance, and the frown of his displeasure, began to decline, and hide itself amid the storms of wrathful controversy, or sink beneath a gloomy horizon laden with freezing rites and soul-withering forms!

It may be thought that the history of the Reformation tends to contradict this general view. So far from this, it is to that very period, as compared with the times immediately succeeding, that we would appeal for one of the most striking illustrations of its truth. Doubtless the Pagan was not included within the immediate sphere of the Reformers' labors. Its miserable condition was then scarcely, if at all, known in its real horror: the very existence of the great Western Continent was but recently discovered; and, in comparison with present times, the facilities of intercommunion with distant parts of the globe were as circumscribed as to appear to us hardly conceivable.

Still the work of the Reformation was itself a grand evangelistic work. God, by his Spirit, put it into the hearts of an enlightened few, to arise and make an "aggressive movement" on the unenlightened many, by whom they were everywhere surrounded. Their first and paramount object was to rescue the Bible itself—the great instrument of the world's evangelization—from the dormitory of dead and unintelligible languages; to emancipate its doctrines from the superincumbent load of Popish traditions and Aristotelian subtleties; to vindicate the rights of conscience in the perusal and interpretation of that Magna Charta of all civil and religious liberty; and, finally, to bring out, and separate from idolatrous Rome, a true Church, that might forever *protest* against all doctrines and rites whatsoever, that infringed, by one jot or tittle, on Christ's supremacy, as the sole and all-sufficient Saviour of lost sinners—a witnessing Church, that might reassume the great evangelistic function of preaching the gospel *as a testimony to all nations.*

This struggle with anti-christian Rome was indeed a long and terrible one; a struggle which, as regards the extent of the field, the might of the combatants, the imperishable interests contended for, and the momentous consequences dependent thereon, has no parallel in history,

except the dreadful conflict of primitive Christianity with Pagan Rome. But, if the struggle was tremendous, proportionately glorious was the issue.

Look at the Protestant Church of this land at the close of the Reformation era. It would seem as if the very windows of heaven had then opened, and the showers of grace had descended in an inundation of spiritual gifts and graces—converting the parched lands into pools of water, and the barren wilderness into gardens that bloomed and blossomed as the rose.

Look at the same Church a century afterward. What a poor, torpid, shrunken, shriveled thing! As if the heavens were of brass, and the earth of iron, and no dew descending, the very waters of the sanctuary became stagnant, and bred and sent forth a teeming progeny of heresies, schisms, and dissents. Ah, how is the beauty of Israel effaced in our high places! How are the mighty fallen! Whence the cause of so sad a discomfiture? It was not from the violence of anti-Christian adversaries—for never did the Church enjoy a safer respite from the myrmidons of her Popish foes. It was not from the fires of political persecution—for never did the Church enjoy a more undisturbed security from the State.

"It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock."

No; it was the blight and mildew of Jehovah's displeasure, on account of a neglected and unfaithful stewardship!

The *active principle* in man, which, though often sluggish, and oftener still strangely misdirected, is never wholly extinguished, was aroused by the Reformation into unwonted energy. And most legitimately was it then made to expend its force, in the awful struggle with anti-Christian Rome. But, on the total cessation of hostilities, and the restoration of general peace, how ought the awakened energy of the reformed Church to have been directed and expended? Plainly, and incontrovertibly, it ought to have found its constant and determinate object—its divinely-intended employ—in extending the triumphs of Protestant, that is, primitive, Christianity, over the realms of Paganism. But, instead of this, the Church, soon casting aside her weapons of aggressive warfare, settled down, in inglorious ease, to enjoy the conquests she had won. What then? Did her active energy abate or sink into torpid quiescence? No; as a proper outlet was denied to it, in assaulting the enemy *without*, it recoiled, and with a vehement rebound, on the heads of the negligent and slothful *within*. That mighty force, which should have been rightfully exerted in demolishing the heathenism of the nations, soon found ample vent for itself in fomenting intestine discords and unhallowed speculation, idle impertinences and heretical controversy—thus proving, when left undirected to its proper object, through luke-

warmness and treasonable neglect, at once the scourge of the faithless professor, and the unhappy instrument of the Church's distraction and decay.

We have comparatively little or no guilt, in this respect, to charge home upon the Reformers. The great work assigned to them by Heaven, they executed in a manner that far exceeds "all Greek, all Roman fame." It is at the door of their successors—for whom the battle had been fought, and the victory won—that the blame must be laid, for which we can find no palliation.

When, after the Reformation, the Protestant Church arose, as by a species of moral resurrection, with new-born energies, from the deep dark grave of Popish ignorance and superstition, then, was she in an attitude to have gone forth in the spirit of her own prayers, and in obedience to the divine command, on the spiritual conquest of the nations, and, in the train of every victory, scatter, as her trophies, the means of grace, and as her plentiful heritage, the hopes of a glorious immortality. But instead of thus fulfilling the immutable law of her constitution—instead of going forth in a progress of *outward* extension and onward aggression, with a view to consummate the great work which formed at once the eternal design of her Head, and the chief end of her being, the Church seemed mainly intent on turning the whole of her energies *inward* on herself. Her highest ambition and ultimate aim seemed to be, to have herself begirt as with a wall of fire that might devour her adversaries; to have her own privileges fenced in by laws and statutes of the realm; to have her own immunities perpetuated to posterity by solemn leagues and covenants.

All well, admirably well, had she only borne distinctly in mind that she was thus highly favored, not for her own sake *alone*, but that by her instrumentality the glad tidings of salvation, through a crucified Redeemer, might be made known to *the uttermost ends of the earth*. All well, admirably well, had she only borne in mind, that her candlestick was not rekindled *solely* for her own use, but that the light of the Gospel might largely emanate therefrom, and be diffused throughout *the nations*. All well, admirably well, had she only borne in mind, that she possessed no *exclusive* proprietary right to the blessings of the covenant of grace, but that, like every other branch of the true Church of Christ, she held these in commission for the benefit of a *whole world* lying in wickedness. Ah! had the Church of these lands, in the days of her glorious triumph and *undivided* strength, gone forth in accordance with the *letter* and *spirit* of her own heaven-inspired prayers, as the almoner of Jehovah's bounties to a perishing world, how different might have been her position now! Instead of being compelled to act on the defensive—instead of being reduced to the necessitous condition of a besieged city, around which the enemy is drawing his lines of circumvallation, threatening to demolish her towers, dismantle her bulwarks, and erase

her palaces, leaving her brave sons no alternative but that of raising the desperate war-cry of beleaguered valor, "No surrender, no surrender," she might all along have been acting on the offensive against "principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places." And, after having made the circuit of the globe, she might this day have been displaying her standard, engraven with a thousand victories, in front of some of the last strongholds of heathenism, and rending the air with the conqueror's shout of "unconditional submission!"

Is it, then, too late to retrieve our past errors and criminal neglect? No; blessed be God, it is not yet too late. In answer to the prayers of a faithful remnant in this land, the Lord hath been pleased once more to regard with special favor that branch of the holy Catholic Church to which we more immediately belong. He hath been pleased to look down from heaven, and visit this his vine, and the vineyard which his own right hand once planted. And now, if ever, is the time to exhibit not only the model of a gospel Church, but a complete model in full operation. We are placed in very different circumstances from those of the early Reformers. We have not, like them, to begin *anew*. We have not, like them, to reckon up our Protestants by units. We have not, like them, to struggle on for years in attempting to new-create, as it were, a true Church from the dark womb of Popish superstition. We have not, like them, to resist unto blood for many years more in establishing the platform of a pure ecclesiastical constitution. No. We at once count our hundreds of thousands of members united together as a Church, under one of the noblest, and purest, and most apostolic constitutions which the world has ever seen. We have the entire machinery ready-made. We have only to arise, and, in the strength of our God, set all parts of it in motion; and thus, at once and simultaneously, discharge all the functions not merely of an evangelic, but of an evangelistic Church.

That Church, which, notwithstanding many acknowledged weaknesses, and even alleged deformities, must be regarded as our venerable parent still, may already have passed through the different stages of existence. From the feebleness of infancy, she may have speedily risen to the giant vigor of maturity, and, passing the meridian of her power, may at length have sunk enervated under a load of years. But what of all this, if, in answer to the prayer, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these dry bones, that they may live," we behold everywhere a moving and a shaking among them? And if, already, we behold her beginning to exhibit cheering symptoms of a revival—to exchange the hoariness and withered features of age for the greenness and blooming freshness of youth;—if, by the new quickening of all her powers, she has now resolved to roll back the dark tide of corruption, which is said to have swollen to mountainous heights with the lapse of time, and begun to emulate the purity and ardor of her Reformation faithfulness, oh!

let her not again be guilty of committing the egregious, the fatal, and, it may be, the irremediable blunder and sin of attempting to grasp and appropriate all religious rights, blessings, and privileges, as if these were a *special monopoly* exclusively intended for herself and her children, and not rather, what they truly are, in the divine purpose and design, a *sacred deposit*, committed to her for the enriching of the famished nations! On the contrary, let her new-burnish all the lamps of her noble institutions; let her add to these by hundreds, not to dispel the darkness within her own territory alone, but for the kindling of a flame that shall rise, and spread, and brighten, till it illumine the world. Let her revive the golden age of the Christian Church, when professing believers, not satisfied with showers of words that contrast so ominously with barren practices, were ever prepared to testify, not only the sincerity, but the height and depth, and length and breadth of their gratitude and love to the blessed Redeemer, by submitting to the amplest sacrifices of comfort, and life, and all; when the Christian treasury was replenished to overflowing by the free-will offerings of a self-denying, God-honoring people; and when a general assembly of apostles and prophets met at Jerusalem to select and set apart, not the young and inexperienced, but the greatest and most redoubted champions, to go forth and shake the strongholds of error to their basis, by sounding the gospel trump of jubilee. Let the Protestant Church of these lands, in this the day of her incipient revival, thus nobly resolve to assume the entire evangelistic character, and implement the divine condition of preservation and prosperity, by becoming the dispenser of gospel blessings, not only to the people at home, but, as speedily as possible, to all the unenlightened nations of the earth. And if there be truth in the Bible; if there be certainty in Jehovah's promises; if there be reality in past history, she may yet arise and shine, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

Again, we say, the field of divine appointment is not Scotland or England, but "*the world*"—the world of "all nations." The prayer of divine inspiration is, "God bless and pity us," not that thy way may be known in all Britain, and thy saving health among all its destitute families, but "that thy way may be known on all *the earth*, and thy saving health among *all nations*." The command of divine obligation is not, "Go to the people of Scotland, or of England," but, "Go unto *all the world*, and preach the gospel to *every creature*." And if we take our counsel from those blind and deluded guides that would, in spite of the Almighty's appointment, and in derision of our own prayers, persuade us, altogether, or for an *indefinite* period onward, to abandon the real proper Bible field, and direct *the whole* of our time, and strength, and resources, to *home*; if, at their anti-scriptural suggestions, we do thus dislocate the divine order of proportion; if we do thus invert the divine order of magnitude; if we daringly presume to put that last,

which God hath put first; to reckon that least which God hath pronounced greatest, what can we expect but that he shall be provoked, in sore displeasure, to deprive us of the precious deposit of misappropriated grace, and inscribe "Ichabod" on all our towers, bulwarks and palaces? And if he do, then, like beings smitten with judicial blindness, we may hold hundreds of meetings, deliver thousands of speeches, and publish tens of thousands of tracts, and pamphlets, and volumes, in defense of our chartered rights and birth-right liberties; and all this we may hail as religious zeal, and applaud as patriotic spirit. But if such prodigious activities be designed solely, or even chiefly, to concentrate all hearts, affections, and energies, on the limited interests of our own land; if such prodigious activities recognize and aim at no higher terminating object than the simple maintenance and extension of our home institutions, and that, too, for the exclusive benefit of our own people, while, in contempt of the counsels of the Eternal, the hundreds of millions of a guilty world are coolly abandoned to perish, oh! how can all this appear in the sight of heaven as any thing better than a national outburst of monopolizing selfishness? And how can such criminal disregard of the divine ordinance, as respects the evangelization of a lost world, fail, sooner or later, to draw down upon us the most dreadful visitation of retributive vengeance?

Thus it was with the Jews of old. Twice, after the creation and the flood, was the true religion universal; and if, subsequently, it was contracted in its sphere, and shut up within the narrow bounds of a favored locality, it was out of mercy and loving-kindness to man. It was, that it might not be wholly swept away and lost in the swelling tide of an apostacy, which threatened to rise and overwhelm all the kindreds of the nations. But, in the eternal decree, it was ordained: and by the mouth of prophets who spoke in successive ages, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, it was clearly foretold that, in the fullness of time, the true religion should once more become universal—that out of Jerusalem the law should go forth to *the ends of the earth.* The inhabitants of Jerusalem, however, resolved that beyond the bounds of Judea, their own beloved home, it should not go—and thus dared the Omnipotent to hostile collision. And never, never did any people put forth efforts, of a nature so absolutely volcanic, in defense of their heaven-ordained institutions. But it was all in order that they might wholly monopolize the advantages of these to themselves. Calamitous monopoly! Insane opposition! Preservation of the types and shadows for their own exclusive benefit, was the Jewish watchword. Preservation of the substance in new, expanded, and remodeled forms for the benefit of the "world," was the divine watchword. Who could for a moment doubt which must, in the end, prevail? Surely the people that could presume to contend, in unequal strife, with the full thunder of Jehovah's power, must have been more than ordinarily infatuated! And seized they

verily were with a *judicial* infatuation, out of which they were not, and would not, be awakened till the tempest of divine wrath burst upon them with exterminating violence!

And thus, assuredly, will it be with us, if we do not arise and speedily resolve to discharge *all* those high catholic and evangelistic functions that devolve upon us, as a Protestant Church, and Protestant nation. Or, shall we blindly and perversely determine, alike to scorn the counsels of heaven, and brave the warnings of Providence? Then let us only try the fatal, the disastrous experiment!—let us try, if we will, and overlook wholly, or in great measure, Heaven's irrevocable law, and our own plighted obligations to save a lost world—let us try, if we will, and maintain the warfare in defense of our home institutions, altogether or chiefly, for our own benefit and that of our children—and as sure as Jehovah's purposes are unchangeable, our doom is sealed. By unparalleled exertions we may arrest, for a season, the day of national calamity. We may retard, but shall not be able finally to arrest, the progress of national disorganization and decay. The chariot-wheels of destruction may be made to drag more heavily as they roll along the fatal declivity. But nothing, nothing shall effectually prevent the ultimate awful plunge of all our institutions—social, civil, and religious—into the troubled waters, where they shall be dashed to pieces, amid rocks and quicksands, in a hurricane of anarchy!

To avert a catastrophe so fell and so terrible, O, let us all imbibe into our inmost souls, the Church's heaven-inspired prayer: "Lord bless and pity us, shine on us with thy face." In order to prove the sincerity wherewith the prayer is uttered, let us put forth the mightiest exertions in the endeavor to repair all the ancient channels, and open up hundreds of new ones, through which the blessing may be expected to descend in refreshing streams into every congregation, every household, and every heart in our own land. But, O, let us not, in blind, narrow-minded, and anti-Christian selfishness, forget the *final cause* and *chief end* for the furtherance of which, the blessing must be mainly sought by us, and for the accomplishment of which, it must be mainly conferred, if conferred at all by a gracious God—as emphatically taught us in the ever-memorable words of his own Holy Spirit—"That *so* thy way may be known upon *earth*, and thy saving health among *all nations*." And let not our efforts in attempting to realize the glorious end for which the evangelical mercies and favors are avowedly sought and bestowed, be either feeble or disproportionate—lest, by deficient or contradictory practices, our prayers should prove so many idle mockeries of our God; and our petitions, so many provocations to the High and Holy One, to withdraw from us altogether those privileges which we already enjoy—if we enjoy them only with the selfish and dishonest intention of enriching ourselves by defrauding the world!

Come, and let us, with united heart and soul, adopt as our own, the

fervid language of one who drank deep at the fount of inspiration—one, whose presence once gladdened these shores and tended to chase the darkness from heathen lands—one, who is now of the happy number of glorified spirits that cease not to chant their hallelujahs before the throne. And, while we appropriate his glowing words, as the vehicle of our own irrepressible longings—O, let our hands be ever ready to give prompt effect to the utterance of the heart, when we sing—

"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign."

DISCOURSE XLVI.

JOHN CAIRD, M.A.

This Scottish divine, born at Greenock, and ordained in 1845, was but little known in the United States until the somewhat recent publication of his famous sermon—"Religion in Common Life"—preached before the Queen of England, and printed by her "*command*." Its reprint here has gained for the author quite a reputation. In Scotland he has for years occupied an eminent position.

It was upon the death of the eloquent *Bennie*, in 1846, which threw such a gloom over the Scottish metropolis, that John Caird, then a "mere boy," preaching at Newton-on-Ayr, was invited to take the charge of Lady Yester's, which the above death had vacated. From the first his ministrations were highly acceptable and popular, almost as much so as those of a Candlish, or Guthrie, or even a Chalmers, in former days. It is said that his congregations in Edinburg, besides being very large, were remarkable for intelligence and piety, and that the sermons which they heard evinced far more than ordinary grasp of mind and comprehensiveness of view, and a thorough insight both into the book of Nature and the book of Inspiration.

The precarious state of his health, however, led him to desire a country place of more quiet; and in the earlier part of 1849 he accepted the pastorate of the parish of Errol, where he has since remained.

The language of Mr. Caird's discourses is flowing, rich, and sparkling, often rising to the higher styles of eloquence. One has styled him the child of feeling, of poesy, of passion; who can not move in paths which ordinary minds have traveled, but makes a way for himself, "soaring on eagles' wings, with a graceful and majestic flight." The sale of his "Religion in Common Life" has been immense in Great Britain, yielding its author, it is said, between five and six thousand dollars, which are to be applied to the endowment of a Female's Industrial School in Errol. This prodigious circulation of the discourse is doubtless attributable, in part, to the circumstances under which it was preached; but of itself it possesses rare merit; and it speaks well for the good judgment of the amiable Queen that she directed it to be printed. It is no secret that the Queen and Prince, after hearing it, read it in manuscript, and expressed themselves no less impressed by the soundness of its views, than they had been in listening to it by its extraordinary eloquence. The subject is a most important one, and it is discussed with fidelity, thoroughness, and an evangelical spirit, and with an unusual force and beauty of diction. The remark is true that Mr. Caird has far more honor from the able, manly, and faithful manner in which he discharged his duty, than from the accident of having had such a duty to discharge.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—ROMANS, xii. 11.

To combine business with religion, to keep up a spirit of serious piety amid the stir and distraction of a busy and active life—this is one of the most difficult parts of a Christian's trial in this world. It is comparatively easy to be religious in the church—to collect our thoughts, and compose our feelings, and enter, with an appearance of propriety and decorum, into the offices of religious worship, amid the quietude of the Sabbath, and within the still and sacred precincts of the house of prayer. But to be religious in the world—to be pious, and holy, and earnest-minded in the counting-room, the manufactory, the market-place, the field, the farm—to carry out our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into the throng and thoroughfare of daily life—this is the great difficulty of our Christian calling. No man not lost to all moral influence can help feeling his worldly passions calmed, and some measure of seriousness stealing over his mind, when engaged in the performance of the more awful and sacred rites of religion; but the atmosphere of the domestic circle, the exchange, the street, the city's throng, amid coarse work and cankering cares and toils, is a very different atmosphere from that of a communion-table. Passing from the one to the other has often seemed as if the sudden transition from a tropical to a polar climate—from balmy warmth and sunshine to murky mist and freezing cold. And it appears sometimes as difficult to maintain the strength and steadfastness of religious principle and feeling, when we go forth from the church into the world, as it would be to preserve an exotic alive in the open air in winter, or to keep the lamp that burns steadily within doors from being blown out if you take it abroad unsheltered from the wind.

So great, so all but insuperable, has this difficulty ever appeared to men, that it is but few who set themselves honestly and resolutely to the effort to overcome it. The great majority, by various shifts or expedients, evade the hard task of being good and holy, at once in the church and in the world.

In ancient times, for instance, it was, as we all know, the not uncommon expedient among devout persons—men deeply impressed with the thought of an eternal world, and the necessity of preparing for it, but distracted by the effort to attend to the duties of religion amid the business and temptations of secular life—to fly the world altogether, and, abandoning society and all social claims, to betake themselves to some hermit solitude, some quiet and cloistered retreat, where, as they fondly deemed, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," their work would become worship, and life be uninterruptedly devoted to the cultivation of religion in the soul. In our own day the more common device, where religion and the world conflict, is not that of the

superstitious recluse, but one even much less safe and venial. Keen for this world, yet not willing to lose all hold on the next—eager for the advantages of time, yet not prepared to abandon all religion and stand by the consequences, there is a very numerous class who attempt to compromise the matter—to treat religion and the world like two creditors whose claims can not both be liquidated—by compounding with each for a share—though in this case a most disproportionate share—of their time and thought. "Every thing in its own place!" is the tacit reflection of such men. "Prayers, sermons, holy reading"—they will scarcely venture to add, "God"—"are for Sundays; but week-days are for the sober business, the real, practical affairs of life. Enough if we give the Sunday to our religious duties; we can not be always praying and reading the Bible. Well enough for clergymen and good persons who have nothing else to do, to attend to religion through the week: but for us, we have other and more practical matters to mind." And so the result is, that religion is made altogether a Sunday thing—a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put past when the state occasion is over. Like an idler in a crowded thoroughfare, religion is jostled aside in the daily throng of life, as if it had no business there. Like a needful, yet disagreeable medicine, men will be content to take it now and then for their souls' health; but they can not, and will not, make it their daily fare—the substantial and staple nutriment of their life and being.

Now, you will observe that the idea of religion which is set forth in the text, as elsewhere in Scripture, is quite different from any of these notions. The text speaks as if the most diligent attention to our worldly business were not by any means incompatible with spirituality of mind and serious devotion to the service of God. It seems to imply that religion is not so much *a* duty, as a something that has to do with *all* duties—not a tax to be paid periodically and got rid of at other times, but a ceaseless, all-pervading, inexhaustible tribute to him, who is not only the object of religious worship, but the end of our very life and being. It suggests to us the idea that piety is not for Sundays only, but for all days; that spirituality of mind is not appropriate to one set of actions and an impertinence and intrusion with reference to others, but like the act of breathing, like the circulation of the blood, like the silent growth of the stature, a process that may be going on simultaneously with all our actions—when we are busiest as when we are idlest; in the church, in the world, in solitude, in society; in our grief and in our gladness; in our toil and in our rest; sleeping, waking; by day, by night—amid all the engagements and exigences of life. For you perceive that in one breath—as duties not only not incompatible, but necessarily and inseparably blended with each other—the text exhorts us to be at once "not slothful in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." I shall now attempt to prove and illustrate the idea thus

suggested to us—the compatibility of Religion with the business of Common Life.

We have, then, Scripture authority for asserting that it is not impossible to live a life of fervent piety amid the most engrossing pursuits and engagements of the world. We are to make good this conception of life—that the hardest-wrought man of trade, or commerce, or handicraft, who spends his days "'mid dusky lane or wrangling marl," may yet be the most holy and spiritually-minded. We need not quit the world and abandon its busy pursuits in order to live near to God—

> "We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
> Our neighbor and our work farewell:
> The trivial round, the common task,
> May furnish all we ought to ask—
> Room to dĕny ourselves, a road
> To bring us, daily, nearer God."

It is true indeed that, if in no other way could we prepare for an eternal world than by retiring from the business and cares of this world, so momentous are the interests involved in religion, that no wise man should hesitate to submit to the sacrifice. Life here is but a span. Life hereafter is *forever*. A lifetime of solitude, hardship, penury, were all too slight a price to pay, if need be, for an eternity of bliss: and the results of our most incessant toil and application to the world's business, could they secure for us the highest prizes of earthly ambition, would be purchased at a tremendous cost, if they stole away from us the only time in which we could prepare to meet our God—if they left us at last rich, gay, honored, possessed of every thing the world holds dear, but to face an eternity undone. If, therefore, in no way could you combine business and religion, it would indeed be, not fanaticism, but most sober wisdom and prudence, to let the world's business come to a stand. It would be the duty of the mechanic, the man of business, the statesman, the scholar—men of every secular calling—without a moment's delay to leave vacant and silent the familiar scenes of their toils—to turn life into a perpetual Sabbath, and betake themselves, one and all, to an existence of ceaseless prayer, and unbroken contemplation, and devout care of the soul.

But the very impossibility of such a sacrifice proves that no such sacrifice is demanded. He who rules the world is no arbitrary tyrant prescribing impracticable labors. In the material world there are no conflicting laws; and no more, we may rest assured, are there established in the moral world, any two laws, one or the other of which must needs be disobeyed. Now one thing is certain, that there *is* in the moral world a law of labor. Secular work, in all cases a duty, is, in most cases, a necessity. God might have made us independent of work. He might have nourished us like "the fowls of the air and the lilies of the

field," which "toil not, neither do they spin." He might have rained down our daily food, like the manna of old, from heaven, or caused nature to yield it in unsolicited profusion to all, and so set us free to a life of devotion. But, forasmuch as he has not done so—forasmuch as he has so constituted us that without work we can not eat, that if men ceased for a single day to labor, the machinery of life would come to a stand, and arrest be laid on science, civilization, and progress—on every thing that is conducive to the welfare of man in the present life—we may safely conclude that religion, which is also good for man, which is indeed, the supreme good of man, is not inconsistent with hard work. It must undoubtedly be the design of our gracious God that all this toil for the supply of our physical necessities—this incessant occupation amid the things that perish, shall be no obstrution, but rather a help to our spiritual life. The weight of a clock seems a heavy drag on the delicate movements of its machinery; but so far from arresting or impeding those movements, it is indispensable to their steadiness, balance, accuracy: there must be some analogous action of what seems the clog and drag-weight of worldly work on the finer movements of man's spiritual being The planets in the heavens have a two-fold motion, in their orbits and on their axes—the one motion not interfering, but carried on simultaneously, and in perfect harmony, with the other: so must it be that man's two-fold activities—round the heavenly and the earthly center, disturb not, nor jar with, each other. He who diligently discharges the duties of the earthly, may not less sedulously—nay, at the same moment—fulfill those of the heavenly sphere; at once "diligent in business" and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

And that this is so—that this blending of religion with the work of common life is not impossible, you will readily perceive, if you consider for a moment what, according to the right and proper notion of it, Religion is. What do we mean by "Religion?"

Religion may be viewed in two aspects. It is a *Science*, and it is an *Art;* in other words, a system of doctrines to be believed, and a system of duties to be done. View it in either light, and the point we are insisting on may, without difficulty, be made good. View it as a *Science*—as truth to be understood and believed. If religious truth were, like many kinds of secular truth, hard, intricate, abstruse, demanding for its study, not only the highest order of intellect, but all the resources of education, books, learned leisure, then indeed to most men, the blending of religion with the necessary avocations of life would be an impossibility. In that case it would be sufficient excuse for irreligion to plead, "My lot in life is inevitably one of incessant care and toil, of busy, anxious thought, and wearing work. Inextricably involved, every day and hour as I am, in the world's business, how is it possible for me to devote myself to this high and abstract science?" If religion were thus, like the higher mathematics or metaphysics, a science based on

the most recondite and elaborate reasonings, capable of being mastered only by the acutest minds, after years of study and laborious investigation, then might it well be urged by many an unlettered man of toil, "I am no scholar—I have no head to comprehend these hard dogmas and doctrines. Learning and religion are, no doubt, fine things, but they are not for humble and hard-wrought folk like me!" In this case, indeed, the gospel would be no gospel at all—no good news of heavenly love and mercy to the whole sin-ruined race of man, but only a gospel for scholars—a religion, like the ancient philosophies, for a scanty minority, clever enough to grasp its principles, and set free from active business to devote themselves to the development and discussion of its doctrines.

But the gospel is no such system of high and abstract truth. The salvation it offers is not the prize of a lofty intellect, but of a lowly heart. The mirror in which its grand truths are reflected is not a mind of calm and philosophic abstraction, but a heart of earnest purity. Its light shines best and fullest, not on a life undisturbed by business, but on a soul unstained by sin. The religion of Christ, while it affords scope for the loftiest intellect in the contemplation and development of its glorious truths, is yet, in the exquisite simplicity of its essential facts and principles, patent to the simplest mind. Rude, untutored, toil-worn you may be, but if you have wit enough to guide you in the commonest round of daily toil, you have wit enough to learn to be saved. The truth as it is in Jesus, while, in one view of it, so profound that the highest archangel's intellect may be lost in the contemplation of its mysterious depths, is yet, in another, so simple that the lisping babe at a mother's knee may learn its meaning.

Again: view religion as an *Art*, and in this light, too, its compatibility with a busy and active life in the world, it will not be difficult to perceive. For religion as an art differs from secular arts in this respect, that it may be practiced simultaneously with other arts—with all other work and occupation in which we may be engaged. A man can not be studying architecture and law at the same time. The medical practitioner can not be engaged with his patients, and at the same time planning houses or building bridges—practicing, in other words, both medicine and engineering at one and the same moment. The practice of one secular art excludes for the time the practice of other secular arts. But not so with the art of religion. This is the universal art, the common, all-embracing profession. It belongs to no one set of functionaries, to no special class of men. Statesman, soldier, lawyer, physician, poet, painter, tradesman, farmer—men of every craft and calling in life—may, while in the actual discharge of the duties of their varied avocations, be yet, at the same moment, discharging the duties of a higher and nobler vocation—practicing the art of a Christian. Secular arts, in most cases, demand of him who would attain to eminence in any one of them, an almost exclusive devotion of time, and thought, and toil. The most

versatile genius can seldom be master of more than one art; and for the great majority the only calling must be that by which they can earn their daily bread. Demand of the poor tradesman or peasant, whose every hour is absorbed in the struggle to earn a competency for himself and his family, that he shall be also a thorough proficient in the art of the physician, or lawyer, or sculptor, and you demand an impossibility. If religion were an art such as these, few indeed could learn it. The two admonitions, "Be diligent in business," and "Be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," would be reciprocally destructive.

But religion is no such art, for it is the *art of being, and of doing, good:* to be an adept in it, is to become just, truthful, sincere, self-denied, gentle, forbearing, pure in word and thought and deed. And the school for learning this art is not the closet, but the world—not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is, therefore, an art which all can practice, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that whatever he writes, he learn to write *well*. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution is every thing. It is true indeed that prayer, holy reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the Church are necessary to religion, and that these can be practiced only apart from the work of secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such holy exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder of heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are the irrigation and enriching of the spiritual soil—worse than useless if the crop be not more abundant. They are, in short, but means to an end—good, only in so far as they help us to be good and do good—to glorify God and do good to man; and that end can perhaps be best attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world. No man can be a thorough proficient in navigation who has never been at sea, though he may learn the theory of it at home. No man can become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet: he must in actual service acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a school-boy soldier after all. And, in the same way, a man in solitude and study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid, effeminate piety of what

is technically called "the religious life." But never, in the highest and holiest sense, can he become a *religious man* until he has acquired those habits of daily self-denial, of resistance to temptation, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind. Tell us not, then, that the man of business, the bustling tradesman, the toil-worn laborer, has little or no time to attend to religion. As well tell us that the pilot amid the winds and storms, has no leisure to attend to navigation—or the general, on the field of battle, to the art of war! Where *will* he attend to it? Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion, I repeat, is, mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world; the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the sar-light of duty and the compass of divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life. Away, then, with the notion that ministers and devotees may be religious, but that a religious and holy life is impracticable in the rough and busy world! Nay rather, believe me, *that* is the proper scene, the peculiar and appropriate field for religion—the place in which to prove that piety is not a dream of Sundays and solitary hours; that it can bear the light of day; that it can wear well amid the rough jostlings, the hard struggles, the coarse contacts of common life—the place, in one word, to prove how possible it is for a man to be at once not "slothful in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Another consideration which I shall adduce in support of the assertion that it is not impossible to blend religion with the business of common life, is this: that religion consists *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts, as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive.*

There is a very common tendency in our minds to classify actions according to their outward form, rather than according to the spirit or motive which pervades them. Literature is sometimes arbitrarily divided into "sacred" and "profane" literature, history into "sacred" and "profane" history—in which classification the term "profane" is applied, not to what is bad or unholy, but to every thing that is not technically sacred or religious—to all literature that does not treat of religious doctrines and duties, and to all history save Church history. And we are very apt to apply the same principle to actions. Thus, in many pious minds there is a tendency to regard all the actions of common life as so much—an unfortunate necessity—lost to religion. Prayer, the reading of the Bible and devotional books, public worship—and buying, selling, digging, sowing, bartering, money-making, are separated into two distinct, and almost hostile, categories. The religious heart and sympathies are thrown entirely into the former, and the latter are barely tolerated as a bondage incident to our fallen state, but almost of necessity tending to turn aside the heart from God.

But what God hath cleansed, why should we call common or unclean? The tendency in question, though founded on right feeling, is surely a mistaken one. For it is to be remembered that moral qualities reside not in actions, but in the agent who performs them, and that it is the spirit or motive from which we do any work that constitutes it base or noble, worldly or spiritual, secular or sacred. The actions of an automaton may be outwardly the same as those of a moral agent, but who attributes to them goodness or badness? A musical instrument may discuss sacred melodies better than the holiest lips can sing them, but who thinks of commending it for its piety? It is the same with actions as with places. Just as no spot or scene on earth is in itself more or less holy than another; but the presence of a holy heart may hallow—of a base one, desecrate—any place where it dwells; so with actions. Many actions, materially great and noble, may yet, because of the spirit that prompts and pervades them, be really ignoble and mean; and, on the other hand, many actions, externally mean and lowly, may, because of the state of his heart who does them, be truly exalted and honorable. It is possible to fill the highest station on earth, and go through the actions pertaining to it in a spirit that degrades all its dignities, and renders all its high and courtly doings essentially vulgar and mean. And it is no mere sentimentality to say, that there may dwell in a lowly mechanic's or household servant's breast a spirit that dignifies the coarsest toils and "renders drudgery divine." Herod of old was a slave, though he sat upon a throne; but who will say that the work of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth was not noble and kingly work indeed?

And as the mind constitutes high or low, so secular or spiritual. A life spent amid holy things may be intensely secular; a life, the most of which is passed in the thick and throng of the world, may be holy and divine. A minister, for instance, preaching, praying, ever speaking holy words and performing sacred acts, may be all the while doing actions no more holy than those of a printer who prints Bibles, or of the bookseller who sells them; for, in both cases alike, the whole affair may be nothing more than a trade. Nay, the comparison tells worse for the former, for the secular trade is innocent and commendable, but the trade which traffics and tampers with holy things is, beneath all its mock solemnity, "earthly, sensual, devilish." So, to adduce one other example, the public worship of God is holy work: no man can be living a holy life who neglects it. But the public worship of God may be—and with multitudes who frequent our churches is—degraded into work most worldly, most unholy, most distasteful to the great Object of our homage. He "to whom all hearts be open, all desires known," discerns how many of you have come hither to-day from the earnest desire to hold communion with the Father of spirits, to open your hearts to him, to unburden yourselves in his loving presence, of the cares and crosses that have been pressing hard upon you through the past week, and by common

prayer and praise, and the hearing of his holy Word, to gain fresh incentive and energy for the prosecution of his work in the world; and how many, on the other hand, from no better motive, perhaps, than curiosity or old habit, or regard to decency and respectability, or the mere desire to get rid of yourselves and pass a vacant hour that would hang heavy on your hands. And who can doubt that, where such motives as these prevail, to the piercing, unerring inspection of him whom outwardly we seem to reverence, not the market-place, the exchange, the counting-room, is a place more intensely secular—not the most reckless and riotous festivity, a scene of more unhallowed levity, than is presented by the house of prayer?

But, on the other hand, carry holy principles with you into the world, and the world will become hallowed by their presence. A Christ-like spirit will Christianize every thing it touches. A meek heart, in which the altar-fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things in life, and transmute them, like coarse fuel at the touch of fire, into a pure and holy flame. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life—its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions, its manifold incidents and events—the means of religious advancement. Marble or coarse clay, it matters not much with which of these the artist works, the touch of genius transforms the coarser material into beauty, and lends to the finer a value it never had before. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined as life's work to us may be, it will become to a holy mind only the material for an infinitely nobler than all the creations of genius—the image of God in the soul. To spiritualize what is material, to Christianize what is secular—this is the noble achievement of Christian principle. If you are a sincere Christian, it will be your great desire, by God's grace, to make every gift, talent, occupation of life, every word you speak, every action you do, subservient to Christian motive. Your conversation may not always—nay, may seldom, save with intimate friends—consist of formally religious words; you may perhaps shrink from the introduction of religious topics in general society: but it demands a less amount of Christian effort occasionally to speak religious words, than to infuse the spirit of religion into all our words; and if the whole tenor of your common talk be pervaded by a spirit of piety, gentleness, earnestness, sincerity, it will be Christian conversation not the less. If God has endowed you with intellectual gifts, it may be well if you directly devote them to his service in the religious instruction of others; but a man may be a Christian thinker and writer as much when giving to science, or history, or biography, or poetry, a Christian tone and spirit, as when composing sermons or writing hymns. To promote the cause of Christ directly, by furthering every religious and missionary enterprise at home and abroad, is undoubtedly your duty; but remember that your duty terminates not when you have done all this, for you may promote Christ's cause even still more effectually

when in your daily demeanor—in the family, in society, in your business transactions, in all your common intercourse with the world—you are diffusing the influence of Christian principle around you by the silent eloquence of a holy life. Rise superior, in Christ's strength, to all equivocal practices and advantages in trade; shrink from every approach to meanness or dishonesty; let your eye, fixed on a reward before which earthly wealth grows dim, beam with honor; let the thought of God make you self-restrained, temperate, watchful over speech and conduct; let the abiding sense of Christ's redeeming love to you make you gentle, self-denied, kind, and loving to all around you; then indeed will your secular life become spiritualized, while, at the same time, your spiritual life will grow more fervent; then not only will your prayers become more devout, but when the knee bends not, and the lip is silent, the life in its heavenward tone will "pray without ceasing;" then from amid the roar and din of earthly toil, the ear of God will hear the sweetest anthems rising; then, finally, will your daily experience prove, that it is no high and unattainable elevation of virtue, but a simple and natural thing to which the text points, when it bids us be both "diligent in business" and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

As a last illustration of the possibility of blending religion with the business of common life, let me call your attention to what may be described as *the Mind's power of acting on Latent Principles.*

In order to live a religious life in the world, every action must be governed by religious motives. But in making this assertion, it is not, by any means, implied, that in all the familiar actions of our daily life religion must form a *direct* and *conscious* object of thought. To be always thinking of God, and Christ, and eternity amid our worldly work; and however busy, eager, interested we may be in the special business before us, to have religious ideas, doctrines, beliefs, present to the mind—this is simply impossible. The mind can no more consciously think of heaven and earth at the same moment than the body can *be in* heaven and earth at the same moment. Moreover, there are few kinds of work in the world that, to be well done, must not be done heartily; many that require, in order to excellence, the whole condensed force and energy of the highest mind.

But though it be true that we can not, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion, yet it is also true that, unconsciously, insensibly, we may be acting under its ever-present control. As there are laws and powers in the natural world, of which, without thinking of them, we are ever availing ourselves—as I do not think of gravitation when, by its aid, I lift my arm, or of atmospheric laws when, by means of them, I breathe, so in the routine of daily work, though comparatively seldom do I think of them, I may yet be constantly swayed by the motives, sustained by the principles, living, breathing, acting in the invisible atmosphere of true religion. There are under-currents in

the ocean which act independently of the movement of the waters on the surface; far down too in its hidden depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign. So there may be an under-current beneath the surface-movements of your life—there may dwell in the secret depths of your being the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may mark your outer history.

And, in order to see this, it is to be remembered, that many of the thoughts and motives that most powerfully impel and govern us in the common actions of life, are *latent* thoughts and motives. Have you not often experienced that curious law—a law, perhaps, contrived by God, with an express view to this its highest application—by which a secret thought or feeling may lie brooding in your mind, quite apart from the particular work in which you happen to be employed? Have you never, for instance, while reading aloud, carried along with you in your reading the secret impression of the presence of the listener—an impression that kept pace with all the mind's activity in the special work of reading; nay, have you not sometimes felt the mind, while prosecuting without interruption the work of reading, yet at the same time carrying on some other train of reflection apart altogether from that suggested by the book? Here is obviously a particular "business" in which you were "diligent," yet another and different thought to which the "spirit" turned. Or, think of the work in which I am this moment occupied. Amid all the mental exertions of the public speaker—underneath the outward workings of his mind, so to speak, there is the latent thought of the presence of his auditory. Perhaps no species of exertion requires greater concentration of thought or undividedness of attention than this: and yet, amid all the subtle processes of intellect—the excogitation or recollection of ideas—the selection, right ordering, and enunciation of words, there never quits his mind for one moment the idea of the presence of the listening throng. Like a secret atmosphere, it surrounds and bathes his spirit as he goes on with the external work. And have not you, too, my friends, an Auditor—it may be, a "great cloud of witnesses"—but at least one all-glorious Witness and Listener ever present, ever watchful, as the discourse of life proceeds? Why then, in this case too, while the outward business is diligently prosecuted, may there not be on your spirit a latent and constant impression of that awful inspection? What worldly work so absorbing as to leave no room in a believer's spirit for the hallowing thought of that glorious Presence ever near? Do not say that you do not see God—that the presence of the divine Auditor is not forced upon your senses, as that of the human auditory on the speaker. For the same process goes on in the secret meditations as in the public addresses of the preacher—the same latent reference to those who shall listen to his words dwells in his

mind when in his solitary retirement he thinks and writes, as when he speaks in their immediate presence. And surely if the thought of an earthly auditory—of human minds and hearts that shall respond to his thoughts and words—can intertwine itself with all the activities of a man's mind, and flash back inspiration on his soul, at least as potent and as penetrating may the thought be, of him, the great Lord of heaven and earth, who not only sees and knows us now, but before whose awful presence, in the last great congregation, we shall stand forth to recount and answer for our every thought and deed.

Or, to take but one other example, have we not all felt that the *thought of anticipated happiness* may blend itself with the work of our busiest hours? The laborer's evening release from toil—the school-boy's coming holiday, or the hard-wrought business-man's approaching season of relaxation—the expected return of a long absent and much-loved friend—is not the thought of these, or similar joyous events, one which often intermingles with, without interrupting, our common work? When a father goes forth to his "labor till the evening," perhaps often, very often, in the thick of his toils, the thought of home may start up to cheer him. The smile that is to welcome him, as he crosses his lowly threshold when the work of the day is over, the glad faces, and merry voices, and sweet caresses of little ones, as they shall gather round him in the quiet evening hours—the thought of all this may dwell, a latent joy, a hidden motive, deep down in his heart of hearts, come rushing in a sweet solace at every pause of exertion, and act like a secret oil to smooth the wheels of labor. And so, in the other cases I have named, even when our outward activities are the most strenuous, even when every energy of mind and body is full strung for work, the anticipation of coming happiness may never be absent from our minds. The heart has a secret treasury, where our hopes and joys are often garnered—too precious to be parted with even for a moment.

And why may not the highest of all hopes and joys possess the same all-pervading influence? Have we, if our religion be real, no anticipation of happiness in the glorious future? Is there no "rest that remaineth for the people of God," no home and loving heart awaiting us when the toils of our hurried day of life are ended? What is earthly rest or relaxation, what that release from toil after which we so often sigh, but the faint shadow of the saint's everlasting rest—the repose of eternal purity—the calm of a spirit in which, not the tension of labor only, but the strain of the moral strife with sin, has ceased—the rest of the soul in God! What visions of earthly bliss can ever—if our Christian faith be not a form—compare with "the glory soon to be revealed;" what joy of earthly reunion with the rapture of the hour when the heavens shall yield our absent Lord to our embrace, to be parted from us no more forever! And if all this be not a dream and a fancy, but most sober truth, what is there to except this joyful hope from that law to which, in all

other deep joys, our minds are subject? Why may we not, in this case too, think often, amid our worldly work, of the Home to which we are going, of the true and loving heart that beats for us, and of the sweet and joyous welcome that awaits us there? And, even when we make them not, of set purpose, the subject of our thoughts, is there not enough of grandeur in the objects of a believer's hope to pervade his spirit at all times with a calm and reverential joy? Do not think all this strange, fanatical, impossible. If it do seem so, it can only be because your heart is in the earthly hopes, but not in the higher and holier hopes—because love to Christ is still to you but a name—because you can give more ardor of thought to the anticipation of a coming holiday than to the hope of heaven and glory everlasting. No, my friends! the strange thing is, not that amid the world's work we should be able to think of our Home, but that we should ever be able to forget it; and the stranger, sadder still, that while the little day of life is passing—morning, noontide, evening—each stage more rapid than the last, while to many the shadows are already fast lengthening, and the declining sun warns them that "the night is at hand, wherein no man can work," there should be those among us whose whole thoughts are absorbed in the business of the world, and to whom the reflection never occurs that soon they must go out into eternity—without a friend—without a home!

Such, then, is the true idea of the Christian life—a life not of periodic observances, or of occasional fervors, or even of splendid acts of heroism and self-devotion, but of quiet, constant, unobtrusive earnestness, amid the common-place work of the world. This is the life to which Christ calls us. Is it yours? Have you entered upon it, or are you now willing to enter upon it? It is not, I admit, an imposing or an easy one. There is nothing in it to dazzle, much in its hardness and plainness to deter the irresolute. The life of a follower of Christ demands not, indeed, in our day, the courage of the hero or the martyr, the fortitude that braves outward dangers and sufferings, and flinches not from persecution and death. But with the age of persecution the difficulties of the Christian life have not passed away. In maintaining a spirit of Christian cheerfulness and contentment—in the unambitious routine of humble duties—in preserving the fervor of piety amid the unexciting cares and wearing anxieties—in the perpetual reference to lofty ends amid lowly toils—there may be evinced a faith as strong as that of the man who dies with the song of martyrdom on his lips. It is a great thing to love Christ so dearly as to be "ready to be bound and to *die*" for him; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross, and to *live* for him.

But be the difficulties of a Christian life in the world what they may, they need not discourage us. Whatever the work to which our Master calls us, he offers us a strength commensurate with our needs. No man who wishes to serve Christ will ever fail for lack of heavenly aid. And

it will be no valid excuse for an ungodly life that it is difficult to keep alive the flame of piety in the world, if Christ be ready to supply the fuel.

To all, then, who really wish to lead such a life, let me suggest that the first thing to be done—that without which all other efforts are worse than vain, is heartily to devote themselves to God through Christ Jesus. Much as has been said of the infusion of religious principle and motive into our worldly work, there is a preliminary advice of greater importance still—that we *be religious*. Life comes before growth. The soldier must enlist before he can serve. In vain, directions how to keep the fire ever burning on the altar, if first it be not kindled. No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be constant or lasting, that springs not, as its primary source, from faith in Jesus Christ. To know Christ as my Saviour—to come with all my guilt and weakness to him in whom trembling penitence never fails to find a friend—to cast myself at his feet in whom all that is sublime in divine holiness is softened, though not obscured, by all that is beautiful in human tenderness; and, believing in that love stronger than death, which, for me, and such as me, drained the cup of untold sorrows, and bore without a murmur the bitter curse of sin, to trust my soul for time and eternity into his hands—this is the beginning of true religion. And it is the reverential love with which the believer must ever look to him to whom he owes so much, that constitutes the main-spring of the religion of daily life. Selfishness may prompt to a formal religion, natural susceptibility may give rise to a fitful one, but for a life of constant fervent piety, amid the world's cares and toils, no motive is sufficient save one—self-devoted love to Christ.

But again, if you would lead a Christian life in the world, let me remind you that that life must be *continued* as well as begun with Christ. You must learn to look to him not merely as your Saviour from guilt, but as the Friend of your secret life, the chosen Companion of your solitary hours, the Depositary of all the deeper thoughts and feelings of your soul. You can not live *for* him in the world unless you live much *with* him apart from the world. In spiritual as in secular things, the deepest and strongest characters need much solitude to form them. Even earthly greatness, much more moral and spiritual greatness, is never attained but as the result of much that is concealed from the world—of many a lonely and meditative hour. Thoughtfulness, self-knowledge, self-control, a chastened wisdom and piety, are the fruit of habitual meditation and prayer. In these exercises heaven is brought near, and our exaggerated estimate of earthly things corrected. By these our spiritual energies, shattered and worn by the friction of worldly work, are repaired. In the recurring seasons of devotion the cares and anxieties of worldly business cease to vex us; exhausted with its toils, we have, in daily communion with God, "meat to eat which the world knoweth not of;" and even when its calamities and losses fall upon us, and our

portion of worldly good may be withdrawn, we may be able to show, like those holy ones of old at the heathen court, by the fair serene countenance of the spirit, that we have something better than the world's pulse to feed upon.

But, further, in availing yourself of this divine resource amid the daily exigences of life, why should you wait always for the periodic season and the formal attitude of prayer? The heavens are not open to the believer's call only at intervals. The grace of God's Holy Spirit falls not like the fertilizing shower, only now and then; or like the dew on the earth's face, only at morning and night. At all times, on the uplifted face of the believer's spirit, the gracious element is ready to descend. Pray always; pray without ceasing. When difficulties arise, delay not to seek and obtain at once the succor you need. Swifter than by the subtle electric agent is thought borne from earth to heaven. The Great Spirit on high is in constant sympathy with the spirit beneath, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the thrill of aspiration flashes from the heart of man to God. Whenever any thing vexes you —whenever, from the rude and selfish ways of men, any trials of temper cross your path; when your spirits are ruffled, or your Christian forbearance put to the test, be this your instant resource! Haste away, if only for a moment, to the serene and peace-breathing presence of Jesus, and you will not fail to return with a spirit soothed and calmed. Or when the impure and low-minded surround you—when, in the path of duty, the high tone of your Christian purity is apt to suffer from baser contacts—O, what relief to lift the heart to Christ! to rise on the wings of faith—even for one instant to breathe the air of that region where the infinite Purity dwells, and then return with a mind steeled against temptation, ready to recoil with the instinctive abhorrence of a spirit that has been beside the throne, from all that is impure and vile. Say not, then, with such aid at your command, that religion can not be brought down to Common Life!

In conclusion, let me once more urge upon you the great lesson upon which we have been insisting. Carry religious principle into every-day life. Principle elevates whatever it touches. Facts lose all their littleness to the mind which brings principle and law to bear upon them. The chemist's or geologist's soiled hands are no sign of base work; the coarsest operations of the laboratory, the breaking of stones with a hammer, cease to be mechanical when intellectual thought and principle govern the mind and guide the hands. And religious principle is the noblest of all. Bring it to bear on common actions and coarse cares, and infinitely nobler even than the philosophic or scientific, becomes the Christian life. Live for Christ in common things, and all your work will become priestly work. As in the temple of old, it was holy work to hew wood or mix oil, because it was done for the altar-sacrifice or the sacred lamps; so all your coarse and common work will receive a conse-

cration when done for God's glory, by one who is a true priest to his temple.

Carry religion into common life, and your life will be rendered useful as well as noble. There are many men who listen incredulously to the high-toned exhortations of the pulpit; the religious life there depicted is much too seraphic, they think, for this plain and prosaic world of ours. Show these men that the picture is not a fancy one. Make it a reality. Bring religion down from the clouds. Apply to it the infallible test of experiment, and, by diffusing your daily actions with holy principles, prove that love to God, superiority to worldly pleasure, spirituality, holiness, heavenly-mindedness, are something more than the stock ideas of sermons.

Carry religious principle into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. "The world passeth away!" The things that are seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties—the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world"—will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and muse over the perishableness of earthly things: it finds in them the seed of immortality. No work done for Christ perishes; no action that helps to mold the deathless mind of a saint of God is ever lost. Live for Christ in the world, and you carry out with you into eternity all of the results of the world's business that are worth the keeping. The river of life sweeps on, but the gold grains it held in solution are left behind, deposited in the holy heart. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Every other result of our "diligence in business" will soon be gone. You can not invent any mode of exchange between the visible and invisible worlds, so that the balance at your credit in the one can be transferred, when you migrate from it, to your account in the other. Worldly sharpness, acuteness, versatility, are not the qualities in request in the world to come. The capacious intellect, stored with knowledge, and disciplined into admirable perspicacity, tact, worldly wisdom, by a lifetime devoted to politics or business, is not, by such attainments, fitted to take a higher place among the sons of immortality. The honor, fame, respect, obsequious homage that attend worldly greatness up to the grave's brink, will not follow it one step beyond. These advantages are not to be despised; but if these be all that, by the toil of our hand, or the sweat of our brow, we have gained, the hour is fast coming when we shall discover that we have labored in vain, and spent our strength for naught. But while these pass, there are other things that remain. The world's gains and losses may soon cease to affect us, but not the gratitude or the patience, the kindness or the resignation, they drew forth from our hearts. The world's scenes of business may fade on our sight, the noise of its restless pursuits may fall no more upon our ear, when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle

word, not one act of self-sacrificing love done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our common work, but will have left an indelible impress on the soul, which will go out with it to its eternal destiny. So live, then, that this may be the result of your labors; so live that your work, whether in the Church or in the world, may become a discipline for that glorious state of being in which the Church and the world shall become one; where work shall be worship, and labor shall be rest; where the worker shall never quit the temple, nor the worshiper the place of work, because "there is no temple therein, but the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof"

DISCOURSE XLVII.

JOHN McFARLANE, LL.D.

A CHIEF ornament in the way of church architecture, in the city of Glasgow, is the place of worship owned by the ERSKINE CHURCH (so called in honor of the men of this name, the founders of the Scottish Secession, now the United Presbyterian Church), and here it is that Dr. McFarlane has ministered for the last sixteen years. He is a native of Dunfermline, and was ordained in Kincardine in the year 1832.

Eight years after, he was translated to Glasgow to preside over the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Smith, who died some ten years since. The congregation worshiped in Nicholson-street chapel, until they built their place of worship in south Portland-street.

Dr. McFarlane is said to possess a clear and musical voice, a mind, if not profound, yet eminently historical and poetic, an unusual readiness of utterance, and a style of communicating his thoughts, not always remarkable for beauty or finish, but entirely perspicuous and lucid to the most ordinary perception. He has published a number of works, among which are "The Mountains of the Bible," "The Night Lamp," "The Hiding-Place," "Why Weepest Thou?" We remember that the Eclectic Review, some years ago, said of the first mentioned of these, that it was the best series of discourses on this subject that had ever been published. The sermon here given was preached before the London Missionary Society in Whitefield's Tabernacle, Moorsfield, London, May 9th, 1855, and published at the request of the Directors. It was pronounced, at the time, one of the most marked discourses recently preached in London; "thoroughly digested and severely elaborated, in an unusual degree luminous and powerful, a torrent of exposition and argumentation, blended with touching appeal." One of Dr. McFarlane's hearers was so wrought upon, that he placed five hundred pounds, or two thousand five hundred dollars, on the plate, when the collection was made. When published, it was thrown into the form of a treatise, without the appearance of a sermon. A few unimportant alterations have here been made, principally with a view to give it its original shape.

ALTAR-GOLD; OR, CHRIST WORTHY TO RECEIVE RICHES.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches."—REV., v. 12.

THE Church of God has the highest of all destinies. Through her instrumentality the whole world is to be brought back to holiness. To fulfill this destiny that Church has to carry the gospel to the utmost ends

of the earth. She has to do this out of her own resources. To establish and maintain the indispensable agencies she must needs have a revenue, and that revenue she can collect only from within herself. Has her revenue hitherto been equal to her work or to her divine commission? It certainly has not. In this respect she is, and always has been, far behind. Till she be greatly improved here, her destiny remains unfulfilled. The truth is, a revival in Christian liberality must take place. Worldly-mindedness in the Church must be crucified; the spirit of prayer must be more copiously poured out; her communion must be purer, her faith made more vigorous and lofty, and her finances must be greatly augmented. Without under-estimating the high importance of the others, we would lay emphasis on the last—our conviction is, that the pecuniary resources of the Church must be increased in order to the successful issue of her missionary enterprise. Some master-mind must arise and deliver her out of her financial difficulties, some mighty principle must be evolved to subdue her people into a uniform and munificent system of sacrificing unto God their "riches," otherwise that enterprise must prove a failure. Money is known to be the sinews of war—it is not less the sinews of missions. True, the latter is a divine cause, but its divine Author has ruled that it shall be maintained and extended by means of the pecuniary contributions of his people. Have we then such a mind, and is there such a principle at work? Yes; we have this mind in the recorded opinions of angels and saints, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive—riches;" and we have such a principle at work in the consciences of those on earth who harmonize with the judgment expressed by the witnesses in heaven. It is to the elucidation of this subject that we now proceed. We take the above stanza from the song of heaven *literally*. A splendid theme, no doubt, opens up to us in the worthiness of the Lamb to receive the riches of all intellectual, moral, and spiritual adoration and service; but, though somewhat reluctantly, we pass by this view of the subject to the less interesting, it may be, but not less useful and practical, portion of it. Our object is, to baptize the riches of men with the spirit of the gospel. If we succeed, even in an humble degree, we may multiply the number of "cheerful givers," diminish the necessity (which is often felt to be painful) of speaking so much about *money* in connection with Christian objects, and fix attention upon *principles*, the operation of which alone can supply what is needful, especially for carrying onward the great missionary cause.

I. CHRIST HAS NEED OF THE FAVORS OF MEN.

Jesus Christ has a cause in this world. The idea is not necessarily Christian. It has been known from the dawn of prophecy; it was re-echoed among the shades of Horeb; the battles of Israel inscribed it

on the valleys of the Jordan and the hills of Judea; and it was the most brilliant gem in the diadem of their kings. David spoke for the rest when he prayed, "Arise, O Lord, and plead thine own cause." From sire to son it descended among the chosen, and its deep cadences were heard by the expectant minds that waited in the fullness of the times "for the consolation of Israel." When the Son of man was born, it was embodied in him, and, speaking with its own voice, left the world in no further doubt of its presence, power, and prospects. When good old Simeon took the holy child into his arms and "blessed God," he became for the moment the sublime representative of the whole world's ultimate espousal of the Christian religion.

In this very transaction there was a full recognition of Jesus Christ as the divine Saviour, and a transference to him of the future love and service of mankind. He and his cause were now identified; all men were now commanded to come to *him*, to believe in *him*, to publish *him;* all possessions, relationships, and even life itself, were to be surrendered to *him*—to *him*, as God's own Son—to *him*, as emphatically God's "*own cause.*" The question then is, did the merciful purpose of God to save men, through the incarnation, sufferings, and death of his Son, suffer in any sense when Christ left the world and ceased to be its visible center?—in other words, did his cause ascend with him, or did it remain behind him on the earth? Of course *it* remained; yet he also is to be understood as not only represented by it, but as being, in a very important sense, identified with it. When he solemnly committed that cause to his disciples, he assured them that in cordially espousing it they would become as it were insensible to his personal absence, and that in working at it they would enjoy such manifestations of his love and power as would be to them almost as good as himself. Christ is on the earth always, and always must be, while sinners are to be saved and saints are to be edified.

True, we can not now break over him the box of precious alabaster, nor invite him to our houses, nor offer to him the pillow of rest, nor lay our own heads on his bosom, whereon to respond, in the very prelibations of heaven, to the heavings of his wonderful love; but we can do these things to his cause, which he assures us is just as good as if it were to be done to himself. In all this he acts both as a sovereign and a friend—as a sovereign, in using his right to arrange his own matters in his own way; and as a friend, in reposing such confidence in his people. He, of course, was not shut up to this plan; he could have selected many others. As he has not done so, we conclude that the one chosen is the best; viz., *human salvation to be prosecuted by means of human agency.* The *wisdom* of the Redeemer in this plan may by vindicated by three references—to the *principles* in his people to which he appeals, to the *organization* among them through which he works, and to the *sacrifices* which he requires at their hands.

1. *We refer, first, to the principles in his people to which he appeals.* In the principles he has resources alike mighty and inexhaustible. He has by his Holy Spirit implanted in them such an amount of faith, gratitude, zeal, hope, and honor, as to make it quite safe for him to trust them. To an absolute certainty, these principles must operate so as to maintain and complete his work as Redeemer. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one of those indestructible agents in the *heart* of the Church militant. Policy is transitory—principle is everlasting. To assert that it was a blunder to leave his cause in human hands, and that he ought to have retained it absolutely in his own, as its divine head, is to forget that for four thousand years it moved forward, even under the shadows of the initiatory economy; and also, that it never was smaller than when he, even by miracles and wisdom, was its minister.

It was not till he went out of the world that Christianity commenced its sensations. Who has not stood back in admiration of the promptitude, zeal, and power of primitive faith? There must be something peculiarly solemn in the idea of an absent Saviour—an influence which calls into action the spiritual life. While he was with them, his disciples seemed to think that they had little or nothing to do; but when they felt that they were *alone*, and that the Master had intrusted them with the cause for which he had shed his blood, the purpose was immediately formed to adopt and prosecute it to victory. They nobly appreciated this grand token of his confidence. Its influence was, indeed, invisible, but to it may be traced the zeal that ere long carried the cross throughout the world. Feeling their responsibility, they as it were flew into action, and worked and prayed as if all would prove a failure, unless they took his place and did his will. When, therefore, the eleven descended from Olivet, they had more of Christ in their midst than when they went up together. What had their Lord done? He had laid down his life for a truly godlike object, and then disappeared. It looked as if he had deserted it, and they felt that it was laid upon their bosoms. Around it, then, they entwined the arms of their holy confederacy; they kissed it with the kisses of unquenchable love; and swore that they would never betray it, but so diligently work at it and work it out, as to make the world more sensible than ever of the presence, power, and prevalency of the despised Nazarene. The responsibility was tremendous; but their faith was omnipotent, their love ardent, their zeal unquenchable. Speedily it was telegraphed far and near that their Redeemer was indeed gone away, but that his great redemption was deposited in the Church—in the principles and affections of his people—to be cherished and extended till completed at once in their own perfection, and in his return to exclaim for the last time, "It is finished."

2. *We refer, secondly, to the organization among his people, through*

which he works, as vindicating his wisdom in committing his cause to them.

Let us regard this organization as to its *rules*, *agents*, and *action*.

By its *rules*, the machinery is kept in constant and orderly motion. These are not of human invention, they are the rules which God made: nothing is left to lucky thoughts or happy coincidences. Mediatorial foresight has provided for all—nothing is loose or accommodating to meet a surprise or surmount a crisis: all is revealed, and all is fixed. The "Master" himself has already assorted his Christian institute so as to meet every variety in the Church's history or in the world's revolutions. Not one of these rules shall ever or anywhere be found impracticable; not one of them shall fail of accomplishing its end. And as it is with the rules, so it is with the *agents* who are intrusted with their application. They are not any body or every body, they are a people chosen and qualified by God for the purpose; hence they are not only highly enlightened expositors, but necessarily faithful executors of the laws. True, there is no meritorious connection between their agency and the achievements of divine grace. Still there is a connection—the end is gained by it—men are saved, while God takes to himself all the glory. They may be a poor and despised association, but there is no confidence to be put in any other. No means, or combination of means—no individuals or number of individuals—no forces or concentration of forces, other than those which include regenerated men and spiritual instrumentalities—shall uphold and extend Christianity. "The weapons of this warfare are not carnal, but spiritual"—spiritual men and spiritual means. The Church of the Lamb, in short, is the Lamb's agent; and it is well that it is so, for she alone conserves and obeys the precepts that shall lift him up and "draw all men unto him." Engagement in it brings no earthly honor and pampers no conceit of men; hence it appeals to nothing carnal, either in sentiment or motive. It is a cause which, above all others, demands an amount of self-denial for which the unbelieving are unequal. Here, if anywhere, are needed the loving and lowly heart, the contrite spirit, the undying purpose, the unearthly aim, the unslumbering eye, and the unconquerable faith, of the Church of God. Human agency it is, but with those precious things laid up in its heart.

And as it is with the rules and agents, so is it with the *action* of the organization. *It is well-directed action.* We often see in the world a great deal of intellectual, moral, and political action sadly misdirected: its object is to decry the divine and applaud the human—to place mind in man above the holiness that is in God, and which is commanded to be in us. The equivocal efforts of mere ethics to displace the gospel in its purpose to redeem and reform mankind, though modestly put forth, are not the less to be deplored. The puffing zeal of political action for public weal, though apparently patriotic, is of "the earth earthy," and

deserves not our confidence. In these instances the action is intense but misdirected. It is otherwise with the action of the Church: it is directed to one and the selfsame object with God, in sending his Son to save the world. To take action here is to take the place of God—to put our energies at his disposal, and to yield up to him the bows of our faith and strength, that he may draw them, not at a venture, but with the certainty of piercing the hearts of his enemies.

It is also economically-employed action. It does not follow that in great activity there is real power. In the experiments of the chemist, the mechanic, the utilitarian, and the philanthropist, there is often ineffective energy. The work is done in the dark, but when the light comes it is found to be a failure. It is true, indeed, of most of the activities of the men of the world, that in them they "sow the wind and reap the whirlwind." There is no waste, however, in the action of the Church; it is uniformly economized, and always productive. No effort for Christ, however feeble—no sacrifice, however small—no prayer, however humble—fails to accomplish good. There never fell to the ground like water a single drop of truly Christian action. We may be reminded of the apparent failure of the gospel, after a two thousand years' trial, to convert the world, and we may be specially taunted with our unsuccessful missions. But these are not exceptions to the rule, for we believe that not one word of God has ever returned unto him void, whether spoken at home or abroad, among the purlieus of London, the prairies of America, the isles of the Pacific, or the bushes of Africa; whether we see it or not, no well-directed missionary action has ever been wasted. God has conserved it all, and will yet reproduce it in one or other of those forms of blessing which divine love assumes in its intercourse with the fallen and the guilty. Let us never then be cast down by the wail of the coronach—let the signals of distress never be hoisted among us; and let every friend of Christian missions, however humble, be cheered by the thought that his or her mite is not only not useless, but in God's hand an element of prodigious power.

It is also a vigorously-prosecuted action. There is weakness in a policy of alternation. To aim well is good—to concentrate and economize resources is better—but to be steady and persevering in Christian action is best of all. Better it is never to begin, than, having begun, to retire in chagrin. It is never so with the action of the Church: having begun, it goes on. It began thousands of years ago, and still maintains its position and successfully discovers the range of its influence. The Church, no doubt, has at various periods been of more or less dimensions, which have determined the degree of her vigor. When accompanied by thousands of applauding spectators, she did not put forth a corresponding amount of strength, because she drew no real help from such heterogenous subsidies. The history of Christian action here has proved that the most intense zeal and the best-sustained energies of

the Church have been put forth in her days of persecution, and suffering, and sorrow. No doubt her calm and progressive movements have oft been in the inverse proportion of her outward fortunes—when she has been weak then she has been strong. Notwithstanding, it is her destiny to restore the balance of power in the moral government of God, and to dictate to mankind the will of heaven and the mercy of Calvary; and this godlike object she will never cease vigorously to prosecute, till it is done. In a word, *it is invariably successful action.* By mismanagement, even respectable influence has lost ground as well as character. Reverses often neutralize successes. Alternate gains and losses oft issue in humiliating capitulation: the agents become demoralized, resources are diminished, hopes die away, and the disgrace of total defeat is only concealed behind the feint of compromise. But no such tergiversations shall ever stereotype the Christian annals. We must judge of success in all warfare, not by the character of a sortie here and there, but by the general progress and ultimate issues of the engagement. Thus judged, Christ's substitute in our world has been always on the winning side. The agents may have occasionally been off guard, but the action itself has done its work. It shall never be written on honest pages that Christ, in his cause, has ever sustained a defeat; and when mundane events are looked at from the one standpoint of the righteous revelations of the last day, then it shall be seen that what were considered failures were connected with future advantages, and that in the most gloomy eras of the Church's history were deposited the acorns of her mountain oaks, the seeds of her harvest-homes.

3. *We refer, thirdly, to the sacrifices which Christ requires of his people, as vindicating his wisdom in committing his cause into their hands.*

These sacrifices may all be included under two heads: *first*, their abandonment of the world; and *secondly*, the consecration of their all to him. Now, with regard to the first of these—*the abandonment of the world*—it is evident that it tells powerfully in his favor: it weakens the world to the extent of their withdrawment from it. They had their all in that world, and from it their all is taken. The strength of the world is sin. When men become holy, the world becomes weaker as an opposition to the kingdom of Christ. Now, all his people are in a sense out of the world; they are no longer the friends of its spirit, its philosophy, its fashions, or its iniquities. To all these things, as antagonists to Christ, they are antagonists; and in this antagonism the foundation of the mediatorial reign on earth and over earth is laid. So far as his people are concerned, the world, the devil, and the flesh must be continually losing ground. We say it must be, for it is not conjectural; we can not conceive of it otherwise without admitting that the loss of

numbers, of strength, and of position, is favorable to a bad cause. The cause, whatever be its pretensions, from which the virtuous and the brave retire, is doomed. We are in darkness when the sun goes down; we languish when there is dearth of the staff of life; our bodies molder and decay when the soul has quitted them; and so must it be with the evil that is in the world. Abandoned by so many, that evil has no longer the advantage of their presence, of their riches, of their favor—and to all that extent it is impoverished and weakened. It must not be forgotten, then, that our Saviour has handed over his cause to a party who stands in this negative relationship to the kingdom of darkness.

But this is not all: there is *consecration* as well as abandonment in the sacrifices he requires. Not only must they withdraw heart, and soul, and substance, from the world, but they must invest all these things in his cause. They must and they do give their own selves, in the first place; and then, all they have they hand over to him. They are not only negative in their influence, but most positive. Their very life, indeed, is the most active and powerful of all his agencies; it is salt, and savors all around it; it is leaven, and leavens all around it; it is light, and illumes all around it. It is for this very end that they have been taken out of the world and put into the Church. To bless the world is their vocation—shall we say it is their necessity?—they can not help themselves; they must do it. The sun can do nothing but shine; the mountain streams can not but roll down toward ocean; the earth must yield its fruits in their season; and the laws of nature must control nature. Do we ever tremble lest the planets lose their way and dash off from their orbits? or that thorns and briars shall come up from the seeds of the corn and the olive? or that the greater orbs shall falsify their prestige and forget to illuminate the system? We never do; neither should we ever doubt of the necessary efficacy of the Church. That Church has truth in the center of her system, and truth is as certainly a light-diffusing constellation as any firmamental cluster. Besides, his Church has always possession of the influences of the Holy Spirit, which can no more be misdirected, resisted, or made eccentric, than the "sweet influences of Pleiades or the bands of Orion." Under the bidding and help of that Spirit, his people throw their whole energies into the cause of Christ. They are so absorbed in it as to live, and move, and have their being in it. They are enthusiasts, enlightened enthusiasts, and are sure to accomplish their ends. They have accomplished all the Christianity that ever has blessed or that now blesses mankind, and they alone will finish what remains of the glorious work. How can we doubt it? Do we not at this moment feel the earth heaving under the influence of their faith and zeal? Do we not know that the abodes of vice, idolatry, and superstition, are every day and everywhere approached and blessed by their love? Do we not see the cordon of their charity drawn around the globe? And do we not listen to their manifestoes, in every language, that

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners?" They are so devoted, indeed, that no power hitherto has repelled them. If it could have been done, it would have been done long ago, for Christ's adversaries seem to have come to the bottom of their genius for cruel inventions. They have done their worst: still the cause triumphs in the Church's hands. Our confidence then is, that the Most High, who is in the midst of Zion, will continue to anoint her people with the spirit of the "Ancient of Days," and that her treasury shall never cease to draw toward itself the riches of the world until a second Moses appears, to proclaim, "It is enough."

But long before the dawn of this remarkable period there must be and there shall be *sacrifices* of a *peculiar* kind in behalf of the gospel of our Lord, by means of which that gospel shall be made greatly to triumph. We allude to the pecuniary gifts of Christians to this cause. It is astonishing how much depends upon and how much has been gained for Christ by such sacrifices. At first view, the arrangement seems to be mysterious. The spiritual and heavenly cause of Christ dependent in any degree on gold and silver! How comes this? Is it not unworthy of him to whom the earth belongs, and the fullness thereof, that he should have risked the character and staked the destiny of his kingdom upon that lucre to which the human heart clings with such greed, and the incessant demand for which, in his name, so often perplexes the Church and offends at least her nominal friends? If a verdict were to be called for, even from many who have said, "Lord, Lord!" would it not be against the kindness, if not the propriety, of this financial law of his house? Now, we admit that there are many things in the conduct of Christians themselves that bring this law into reproach; for it is clear, that what may be called the *Christianity of money* is a subject very far from being either understood or practiced as it ought to be. Still it is not difficult to defend the statute in question, either as to its wisdom, justice, or kindness.

One thing is certain, the Lamb stands in no *absolute* need of such pecuniary sacrifices: he could easily have devised methods by which, without a farthing of money, his gospel could have been carried in triumph everywhere; or, even admitting their usefulness, he could have had the command of thousands of gold and of silver by simply creating them for himself, as he produced the silver coin in the mouth of the fish to pay a tax. He has preferred, however, to ask his own riches from his own friends. He gave them these that they might have the honor and the happiness to restore them by consecrating them to him. This is truly an admirable constitution of things. It acts and reacts in blessedness. It is the safety of his own people. Nothing so easily displaces him from their affections as money. Besides, money is the world's idol. There is no carnal power which Satan uses with such deadly aim against the spiritual power of the cross. Is it not the "bright day that brings

forth the adder?" Has not increase in riches often occasioned decrease in godliness? And has not "prosperity often the same effect on a Christian that a calm at sea has on the mariner, who ties up the rudder, gets intoxicated and goes to sleep?" It is kind in him, then, to take it out of the affections and out of the way of his disciples. The financial law of his Church does so. It commands the silver and the gold into his service. How profound, then, the administrative wisdom of him who, by the more than magic touch of his wand of authority, makes the idol himself step down from his pedestal in the temple of Mammon, to become the willing servant of God in the temple of salvation! How exquisitely beautiful the plan that persuades men to break their gold and silver to pieces, wherewith to build, and bless, and beautify many such temples in this weary world! How affectingly tender the statute that causes blessings purely spiritual to flow through the channel of such liberality? And, oh, how worthy of him who can not be imposed upon by mere profession, and who authenticates genuine discipleship by unmistakable credentials, to institute, as one of its tests, a system of self-denial which very powerfully discriminates Christian character!

For all these reasons, then, we justify the plan which our Lord has adopted for the maintenance, extension, and final success of his gospel. He certainly has left it to his people's affections and management; but when we consider the *principles* in them to which he appeals, the *organization* among them through which he works, and the *sacrifices* which he requires at their hands, we need be under no apprehension about its safety. It is well ordered, and it shall turn out to the world's advantage and to the Saviour's own satisfaction and glory.

II. THE WORTHINESS OF CHRIST TO RECEIVE THE RICHES OF MEN.

This worthiness is threefold—*absolute, personal,* and *mediatorial.*

1. *It is an absolute worthiness.*

This right to human riches is peculiar to a creator—and "the Lamb that was slain" is the *Creator;* "by him all things were made." "The silver is mine and the gold is mine," saith the Lord; "the earth is full of thy riches," says the Psalmist. If there be, as Job says, "a vein for the silver and a place for the gold," it is because the "Lord has formed them" therein. The same thing is true of any property, and of all the representations of what is called "*capital.*" "God made the cattle after their kind." The words of Laban to Jacob were not true in his mouth, but in the Saviour's mouth they are absolutely true, "these daughters are my daughters, and these children are my children, and these cattle are my cattle, and all that thou seest is mine;" "the cattle upon a thousand hills is mine"—yea, his is also the very food on which they live; for it is written, "he causeth the grass to grow for the cattle;" and

hence it is that "beasts and all cattle praise the Lord." Besides, he it is that *gives* riches. It is a common expression, that such an one has "made money;" now, no one ever did so, either in the sense of creating or meriting it. Though it be written, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," and though it be true that there is a connection between skillful industry and prosperity, yet it is not true absolutely that money is made by thrift or amassed by success. The very talent expended upon the handicraft or the speculation is itself a gift. "Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth." It was to keep Solomon humble that God said to him, "I have also given thee both riches and honor;" and Solomon indorsed this truth when he wrote, "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich." It was one of God's heaviest charges against some, that they did not know that "he gave them the corn and wine and oil, and multiplied their silver and gold." And, as it is the Saviour that makes and gives, so it is he that *blesses the money in the using*. Money is a curse to any man if it comes unblessed. It is so to his own people, even when they have thirsted after it for their own sake. He has given them their desire—their idol has been set up in their house and in their heart, but along with that idol came his priests of blood and instruments of torture; and from the day that riches increased, their happiness and their spirituality too declined. Many a good man has lived to regret the day when riches began to flow upon him. Better, O, better far, a blessed poverty, than an unblessed wealth! When, however, that wealth is blessed, it is wealth indeed; and all such blessing cometh by the Lord, and can come from no other quarter.

2. *But, secondly, it is also persona*

There lives not a man qualified to the sinless use of money. The best of men are more than jealous, they are afraid, of it; they know it to be the root of evil—that its possession entails heavy responsibilities—and that it powerfully tempts the heart to love the present world, and thus to forget God. Jesus Christ alone can be trusted with it. He can make the best use of it. For himself he needs it not: in his eye it is filthy lucre. Besides, he alone of all intelligent beings has read the history of money. He has long seen how it deceives man with promises false and vain, and how it mounts into the Father's throne and steals away the affections of his children. He has especially watched its chameleon hues, its ever-changing shapes—how at one time it forms itself into a splendid image, makes its lovers fall down in worship, and then itself falls upon and crushes them almost to death: thereafter he has seen it assume the figure of beautiful charity, working upon the pieces of gold into which it has been broken, and laying them down as so many steps by which its victims may rise again, but only to cling to the horns of the Pharisee's altar. Anon, he has beheld it passing into the "viewless form of a lovely

sound," or into the luscious figures of Angelo's chisel or Raphael's pencil, and thus so to bewitch its admirers as to make them unconscious of their subjugation to the goddess of licentiousness. Yes: he has followed this Moloch everywhere, and tried his spirits and denounced his deceits. He himself, however, is perfectly safe from the evils of riches. And why? Because he alone puts them to their proper use. He receives, but he does not over-estimate them. They may be laid down before him, but they never rise higher. He stoops not to touch them—as for his heart, it knows them not. By his will they are immediately dismissed on errands of salvation. They never accumulate interest by lying in, but by being sent out of, his Church, to bless the world. Emanating from him, they assume every variety of beautiful and blissful forms—they become brothers and sisters of mercy, bread to the hungry, wine to the faint, comfort to the afflicted, society to the forsaken, pardon to the guilty. Worthy indeed is he "to receive riches," who thus recommissions them into our miserable world—who thus lets them down again as so many angels to distribute the golden vessels of love among the sons of men. We may have our misgivings about lending money to one another, or about its safest investment, but we should have none in giving it to Christ. It is the only loan of which we can never repent. *He, indeed, gives the highest rate of interest.* He himself indicates what that rate shall be: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sister, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive AN HUNDREDFOLD, and shall inherit everlasting life." Our fathers used to talk of "the bank of faith," and spake highly of its liberal discount. They told the shareholders of their time that it was not only dutiful, but most lucrative, to invest their all in that bank—that their Lord had always done with their money what Joseph did with that of his brethren, when they came to buy corn in Egypt, "returned it to them in their sacks' mouth"—that they had never helped Christ without receiving a prophet's reward in the unfailing barrel of meal and cruse of oil—and that they had never suffered reverses, and for Christ's sake taken "joyfully the spoiling of their goods," without having it in their power to indorse the record of the patriarch's profits where it is said, "every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold; so the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

And what shall we think of this personal worthiness of the Lamb, when to all this we add the highest view of the matter—viz., the *equivalents* which are given to his people in return for their riches? These are nothing less than *saved* and *glorified* souls. What a sublime and mysterious reproduction of riches is this! Yes, liberal devisers! to keep you humble, not only shall all your moneys be restored at the gates of heaven, but, to raise to their loftiest pitch your first hallelujahs, there you shall be welcomed by many of the children of Zion who were told

of redeeming love in the Bibles printed, and from the lips of the missionary supported, by your Christian liberality. If blushes are ever known above, what must be their feelings who, on their arrival in heaven, meet their gifts to the Lamb at every step in the "spirits of just men made perfect," and, as it were, hear the merry ring of their coins in the songs and shouts of these ransomed ones!

3. *In the third place, this worthiness is mediatorial.*

Beholding him as "the Lamb that was slain," the angels and saints emphatically proclaim him to be worthy to receive riches. Mediatorial worthiness has a depth which can not be fathomed, a height which can not be scaled, a breadth which can not be measured, and a length which can not be told. Had I the heart of a seraph and the tongue of an angel, I should miserably fail in doing justice to such a theme. And yet it can not be passed over—we must, however feebly uttered, cast in our cheerful notes along with the swelling anthems of the celestial orchestra, and we must say for him what we can, though that be but a word. Yes, infinitely lovely Lord Jesus, condescend even now to receive our rapturous acknowledgments of thy ineffably glorious and irresistible claims upon the riches of men, because thou "wast slain for us!" We were all lost—lost in the loss of thy Father's image—lost for time, for eternity lost; when *thou*, *thou* alone, didst pity our fallen and wretched humanity, and by thy perfect obedience and propitiatory death, didst deliver our souls from hell and purchase for us a title to eternal life. "*Thou art the Lamb that was slain.*" And has not the Church its grandest and most overpowering appeal from this consideration? Who can gainsay her when she asks riches for the diffusion of Christ's blessed gospel on the ground of such a plea? The apostle seems to think that he exhausts the argument for missions when he says, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich;" and exhausted indeed it is. Was *he* not *rich?*

Think of his *absolute* glory, as the equal of the Father—of his *relative* glory, as that Father's well-beloved Son—and of his *declarative* glory, as shining forth in the splendor of creation and the revelations of providence, and as expressed by the jubilant hosannas of ten thousand times ten thousand hearts—and say, was he not rich: rich in infinite complacency with himself as the perfect One, rich in the smiles and within the bosom of his Father's love, and rich in the holy affections of these adoring myriads? And yet, though thus rich, "he became poor." Was he not poor? Think of the vail that was hung over his divine glory—of his departure from that Father's bosom, and from the praises and services of these innumerable hosts. Think of such a person as this being born of a woman, and that in a low condition—of his continuing till death in a state of poverty, having not even where to lay his head—

of his enduring the contradiction of sinners—of his submission without a murmur to all the sinless ills of life, and of his last dying on the accursed tree; and all this *in our room*, all "*for us*," that he might thereby satisfy divine law and justice, and lay deep the foundations of that mercy wherein so many precious souls have been made to rejoice in the blessedness of pardon, purity, peace, and heaven. Was there ever such a stoop of majesty as this—such a descent from the heights of glory to the depths of infamy—such a fall from the bosom of divine Fatherhood to the lap of human poverty—such an ignominy or such a curse as this, to be made the victim of men and devils, to be hurried out of the very world he came to save, and to be enduring, along with it all, the righteous wrath of God, without complaint, without a word, that we his enemies might attain an everlasting redemption—that we might rise from *our* poverty, through *his* poverty, into the wealth and health of immortality, and that not one but millions of sinners, not one but every nation, not the past only and the present, but all and every generation, should have scattered before them in their march to glory the whole of the unsearchable riches of his love, all of them alike welcome, and all without money and without price.

In vain do we search for argument, and in vain do we ask for justice, if claims such as these fail to convince. That heart, that society, that Church, which can resist appeals coming from the mediatorial worthiness, need never be assailed from any other point. It will be useless to describe the deplorable condition of the heathen world, the miseries of savage life, the cruelties and delusions of idolatry, and the perdition of the immortal soul—these may collect a little from the sentimentality of a momentary benevolence, but they are not able to command from the Church a sufficient and a steady revenue. We must rise high, as high as we can, in our appeals for riches to aid our missions: and higher we can not rise than to the blood of the dying Lamb of God.

Perhaps we have been experimenting too much upon the mere sympathy of human nature with its own miseries. If so, we have not hitherto found this to be a sufficient power. The appeal strikes too low—it meets with too much of human avarice and cruelty even in the avenues of its own benevolent yearnings. Let us then try more than ever to urge our demands for riches to Christ, upon the plea of his priceless love. If we do so, we can not strike our appeal on a loftier or more subduing key—we can not lay a firmer fulcrum, upon which to move the lever that shall remove the world's gold into the coffers of the world's Redeemer. As Benjamin Franklin sent his kite up to the clouds, to fetch down to him the very electricity of heaven, so must we do with our thoughts, our arguments, and our appeals in this grand theme; we must send them first of all up to "the most excellent glory," and, deriving thence their awful power, their soul-entrancing beauty, and their lightning speed, we may confidently await an issue which shall turn fable into fact and fiction

into truth—which shall substitute for the philosopher's stone the rent rock of Calvary, converting all that touches it into gold—yea, "the most fine gold."

III. THE WITNESSES TO HIS WORTHINESS.

The judges in this matter are the angels and the saints in glory. "And I beheld (says John), and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE—RICHES." Now, that these celestial beings have opportunities and capacities for judging peculiar to themselves, and which entitle them to our highest consideration, will appear if we regard, in the first place, *their position;* and, secondly, their *state of mind* when forming and expressing their opinions.

1. *Let us regard, in the first place, their position.*

It must be admitted to be the very best that can be occupied. They are in heaven; they are therefore upon those heights of knowledge, devotion, and experience, from which they can look down upon and take the just measure of all worldly affairs—from which especially they can comprehend the whole domain, within and without, of mere wealth, with its perils and temptations to the sons of men. The angels have enjoyed the finest opportunities of watching whereunto money and the love of it would grow, but for the restraints of providence and of grace. Many an awful shipwreck of moral and spiritual treasure have they seen upon the fickle sea of life. On that sea there may be few buoys or signals to indicate where lie the sunken rocks or the shifting sands; but to them there are abundance of such marks in their recollections of the spots where the frail barks of mortality have been so often dashed to pieces. In the gratification of a holy curiosity, they have often followed out the human experiment of seeking for happiness in money. They have seen with amazement the worldling begin his sordid course, with a cool and daring dismissal of God from his heart and head—they have seen him next wrap tightly around his soul the miser's mantle, shut up and bar his bowels of mercy, retire into the dark cell of self, and hear and see and know nothing and no one that bring not along with them a gift. They have seen him swell out into bigger proportions as riches grew, but never in the direction of piety or charity. They have noticed him in the circles of sociality, in the organizations of science, in the institutions of mercy, and in the assemblies of the saints; but they never saw

him part with his gold, even to gratify his self-importance. They have followed him, when he became a sensualist, into the temples of pleasure, where lust wrung even from him a momentary gratification; but whether his money got a palace, a title, an inheritance, or a kingdom, satisfaction it never gained for him. Yea, in speechless wonder that an immortal soul could waste its sacred fires on such absolute trifles, and be drawn together into such narrow and shriveled dimensions, they have gone down with him to his lone and wretched hovel, have listened to the psalms he has sung and to the prayers he has offered up to those gods of gold that meanwhile mocked and chattered over the poor creature lying at their feet; but they never heard one expression of thankfulness, never saw one sign of joy, even when the silver shrines gleamed most brightly or the golden eyes filled the miser's den with their wildest glares. And, at length, they have gone to his death-bed, to see how much the avarice of a lifetime could do for a dying hour; but, alas, how agonizing the scene! Let us not ask these beautiful beings to detail to us the tortures of a rich man's soul who has to seek God in that dark night. Let us believe that riches are not for men, when angels emphatically pronounce that the Lamb who was slain is alone worthy to receive them.

Moreover, the position occupied by these holy beings lets them see the full bearings of riches upon *the progress of the Redeemer's cause.* They can judge of the importance of Bibles, ordinances, and missions; and, seeing all these rise into influence from the pious use of money, they know exactly its worth and its place in the economics of Christianity. Employed otherwise than in the service of the Lamb, they see it running to and fro to gratify appetite, to breed ungodliness, to destroy souls. Carefully weighing the case, not in the balances of time and the flesh, but in those of the soul and of eternity, they conclude that the only being wearing the human form to whom riches can be safely intrusted is the Saviour, all whose treasures go to instruct the ignorant, reclaim the sinner, and restore the soul; thus drying up the sources of human grief, canceling guilt, and opening heaven.

2. *But let us regard, in the second place, their state of mind when forming or expressing their opinion.*

It seems enough to say, that from their being absolutely independent of riches, they can, without partiality, pronounce upon their real value. A state of dependence is not the most favorable to a sound mind in matters of relative obligation. There was no gold in the earthly Canaan: when it was needed, Solomon had to send to Ophir. What a beautiful type, this, of the heavenly! There is not only no gold there, but there is no need of it. Unless for some benevolent purpose, the very word that describes it would never be whispered there. To them it is nothing, absolutely nothing, however much it may be worshiped on

earth. If so, they must believe that it is less than nothing to their God, except in its Christian union with the work of human redemption. Thus are they precisely in the state of mind which educes an impartial judgment. The angels can not use it—the saints have no use for it; so that, when thinking of its fictitious value in this world, they are competent to say which is worthiest to receive it—men, or the Saviour of men. When to this we add their moral and spiritual perfection, we see at a glance that such judges can not err either in opinion or action. No clouds hover about, and no misconceptions enter, their minds. Education is complete, and ideas on all subjects must be just and good; especially on that most important of all subjects to them, the worth of the Lamb. Now they know him as they are known, see him as he is, and feel their obligations as they ought. The angelic portion of them have been students of redeeming love from the first of days, and have been learning for thousands of ages, by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God. Well acquainted, then, they must be with the work and the worth of Jesus Christ. The saints, too, now appreciate as they ought him who loved them and gave himself for them—who suffered, and bled, and died, in their room.

But here we may be permitted to appeal to Christians still below, and to ask them to pronounce their judgment on this weighty matter. Are we of the same mind with our sainted friends and the angels? We certainly are. The Christian state not only proves, but necessitates it. There is a difference but only in the degree, not in the nature, of the judgment formed. Above, they feel and act in harmony with their convictions. We do not; and, because of this inconsistency, it is needful to remind one another of our obligations, and to argue and plead for the cause of Christ. Strictly speaking, we can not ask Christians to give themselves and their all to Christ; this they have done already in their *abandonment* and *consecration*. What we say is, let their gifts be more in proportion to their promises; let their sacrifices be counterparts to their obligations. We have set before us, in Christ himself, the stature of a perfect liberality; and though none here have ever reached it, it is the duty of all to strive to attain. A Christian is constantly rising up to it; his efforts amount at once to a duty and to a privilege. How interesting it is to look back upon the tides of Christian munificence! With what extraordinary regularity have these risen in the Church and ebbed from the world! Checkered now and then they have been, seemingly ebbing from the Church, and flowing toward the world; but, in the main, these tides have been always rising round about "the Rock of Salvation." Something depends on how you view their motions. Objects in nature present widely different aspects, according to the dispositions of light and shade; so do objects in the spiritual region: they are variously judged of, according to the purity of the medium and the state and power of the faculties of observation. When we stand, for instance,

on old ocean's shore, there are times in which we are puzzled to say whether his waters advance or recede; oft, when flowing, we think they ebb: so it may be with our impressions in this matter. There are great depths and mysterious eddyings, even in the heart of Christ's Church; undercurrents of faith, love, and hope, which are rushing toward him with prodigious power, while on the surface we may be more tantalized by its billowy heaving and yawning than cheered by the dashing and lofty crests of the noble estuary.

Be this as it may, let us thank God for those grand specimens of Christian liberality which, standing out and up from this lower firmament, serve as laws of gravitation to the entire body of Christian sacrifice, secure regularity in its motions, prevent declensions from the appointed orbits, and apply that centripetal force which makes every light in that spiritual canopy seek its way to the grand orb, "the Lamb that was slain." Who can tell what mighty impulses have been given to the large heart of the Church by the story of the widow's mite? That mite has brought forth its thousands and tens of thousands of gold and silver to the Lamb. Who can tell how much more he has received from his inscription on that woman's monument who anointed his head with costly ointment?

For the purposes alike of fertilizing and beautifying our earth, give me those deep but pure and gentle streams that ooze up from the hidden fountains and everywhere permeate our valleys, rather than the impetuous mountain-torrent that carries all before it tumultuously to the ocean. The one is unheard-of, but, like all the healthy processes of nature, it silently and surely does its work; the other commands the wonder of the tourist and the naturalist, and no doubt serves its own end among physical phenomena; but few there be that know, and fewer still that experience, its blessedness. He, then, would be the best friend of Christian enterprise, who could fix the eye of the Church on the duty of greatly enlarged offerings to the cause of Christ, and persuade her everywhere to reduce the polities and practices of her manifold associations to such a system, as would have all the effect of a legislative tax, with none of its obnoxious elements. He who would do so, must not be ashamed of "small things;" he must be a believer in the omnipotence of principles. Science tells us that the most potent forces in nature are the simplest—that one spark of electricity in a moment communicates mind to mind, however far asunder. Chemistry tells us that the implements of explosive power need not be monstrous, and that the instruments of death may almost be infinitesimally small. It is not the arsenal, it is not the magazine of gunpowder, that does the work of war: it is the skillful selection of thousands of lesser weapons, and their dexterous aims. And so it is in the kingdom of grace. One sound principle, calmly but securely at work in every Christian heart, would speedily level the dynasty of Satan and win the battle for Christ. We

have such a principle in the worthiness of the Lamb to receive riches. O that this principle were to go down into and through the entire Church of God! Then would spring forth streams in the desert, and fountains of perennial peace would be poured out on a thirsty world; the plethoric Church would be greatly relieved, but not impoverished in any sense, and the anthems in heaven would be gladly re-echoed in the symphonies of earth.

DISCOURSE XLVIII.

JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.

THIS famous Anglo-Scottish divine has been for twenty-four years one of the most celebrated preachers in London.

His present charge, the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, was assumed in 1832. It is his first charge, and has been eminently successful. The Church, which has arisen from a small body, now embraces about eight hundred communicants. The congregations, made up in great part of the *élite*, are often larger than can well be accommodated. It is no rare occurrence for hundreds to go away without gaining admission, although the house is of fair dimensions.

In personal appearance, he is described as of middle height, and slenderly made, well-formed features, with an intelligent expression of countenance, dark and lustrous eyes, and a well-developed forehead. He always wears glasses, and in the pulpit is never seen without his "clerical robes." His discourses are not pronounced from a manuscript, generally, at least; but a man is often seen sitting at the left hand of the pulpit, taking them down in short-hand, and so, with a revision by the author, they are as readily printed as if fully written out. This explains, in part, their frequent publication; for, as all the world know, Dr. Cumming is often seen in print.

As a prolific author, Dr. Cumming has few equals among the men of his age. His "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Lectures on the Parables," "Benedictions," "Signs of the Times," "Voices of the Night," etc., etc., have been, most of them, republished in the United States; and, taking into view both countries, their circulation has been immense.

We should say that Dr. Cumming could not lay claim to depth and originality as a preacher and writer; but still he need never be tame or feeble. It is said that he is a man of exceedingly pleasing pulpit address, and that his preaching is remarkable for its equality; rarely dazzling by its brilliancy, and never falling below mediocrity. His chief fault must be that he is too gaudy and diffuse. Dr. Cumming is quite noted as a platform speaker; and whether here or in his pulpit, he is never more in his element than when making some onset upon *Romanism*, which has often and keenly felt the edge of his blade. His readiness of utterance is truly wonderful; and from the moment he commences an address or discourse, until its conclusion, the current of his eloquence is said to be almost always calm and untroubled.

Dr. Cumming is now about forty-eight years of age, having been born in 1809, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, of a good father, bearing the same name, and a very devoted and cherished mother. He was educated at King's College University of Aberdeen. At our request he has made his own selection in the discourse for this work. He is not responsible for the title.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION OR NO RELIGION.

"Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."—JOHN, vi. 67, 68.

JESUS seeing the multitude retire and leave him, the faithful and the living expositor of eternal truth, because the truth did not square with their previous prejudices, nor gratify their groveling appetites, turns and appeals to the apostles, and asks, "Will ye also go away?" *Ye*, whom I have nursed as a hen her brood—as a mother her children, whose infirmities I have borne with, whose necessities I have supplied, whose sins I have forgiven, whose professions I have heard—will *ye* also, like the rest of the world, go away and leave me, your Master, your Saviour, your Redeemer, and your Lord, alone? When Jesus spake thus, he appealed to their convictions, and substantially said, "I do not wish you to remain unless you are satisfied, deeply and truly satisfied. I do not ask the blind and irrational obedience of the brute, but the enlightened subjection of the man. I ask you not to come round me as the slaves of a tyrant, that dare not think, but to listen to me as the intelligent pupils of a loving and an affectionate and a faithful teacher." Christianity from first to last is the religion of conviction. It strikes its roots in the mind as well as in the heart. It bids you follow because you are persuaded, and accept because convinced; and you show it the greatest respect when you refuse to follow because you have failed to arrive at a sincere and earnest conviction. It holds out to its followers no tempting earthly and alluring inducements; it has no offer of a Mohammedan license upon earth, and it presents no promises of a Pagan elysium or Paradise beyond it. It seeks the conversion of your hearts through the enlightenment of your minds, and as soon as they are convinced it insists on hospitality; it asks the loyalty of your hearts and the homage of your intellects. It will not deceive you; it holds out no false bait; it candidly tells you bonds and imprisonment await the faithful. "Through much tribulation ye must enter into the kingdom of God." "In the world ye shall have tribulation, in me only ye shall have peace."

When Peter hears this appeal, ever the first to speak forth his convictions, sometimes when ill-conceived, and necessarily transient, and at other times when they were deep, enduring, and divine, he exclaims: "Lord, to whom shall we go?" What are we to do if thou leavest us, and where shall we go if we desert thee? Every man has a god that he worships; every one a prophet he learns from in the prospect of heaven. It is not really a question, Will you worship? the question is, Will you worship the only true and living God? The miser worships the gold in his coffers; the ambitious man the dazzling objects of his aspirations in the distant horizon; the enthusiastic scholar adores learn-

ing, the statesman sets his heart on fame. That which is uppermost and first in your morning thoughts, which is deepest and dearest in your mid-day anxieties, which is last, most lingering, in your evening reflections, that is practically your god; that you really deify, to that you burn the incense of the heart, to him you give the homage of your soul. Peter felt that he could not live without God; that as a creature he must have a Creator to look up to, as a sinner he must have a Saviour to lean on. He felt that no man on earth is the illimitable and inexhaustible fountain, but that each is rather the cistern that needs to be filled from the fountain, and even it is very often dry; that he is not himself original and underived, but has a borrowed life dependent on a source that is above him, cut off from which he must fall like a withered branch, or become as a broken cistern that can hold no water. Peter therefore appeals to Christ in language extremely touching and beautiful: "Blessed Lord, what master will be so kind to us as thou; what teacher so patient, so tender; what Saviour so able, so willing to help us; weary and heavy laden, where shall we get rest; guilty and sinful, where shall we get pardon; ignorant and blind, where shall we learn the truths and the lessons of everlasting life? To whom, blessed Lord, shall we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life."

Let us, also, ask the question of ourselves, partly as bearing on our own relations at this moment, partly as identifying ourselves in spirit and feeling with those who first gave utterance to these words. If we do not go to Christ and living Christianity, to what source shall we go in order to find a better, a more satisfactory or joyous religion? Shall we, if we desert the blessed Saviour as our Priest, and Prophet, and King, fall back into the freezing void of atheism? Shall we plunge into that emptiness and desolation in which no wing can soar, no spirit can breathe, and no heart can beat or cherish one bright and weighty hope? Shall we fall back into that wretched state where the darkness is so great that vice and virtue are undistinguished, and confounded together? Shall we conclude with the atheist, that there is no immortal and soaring soul to leap from the wreck which we leave behind us in the grave? that there is no eternity beyond the confines of time, to be to us a blessed and a happy and everlasting home? that there is no God that made us, as the creatures of his world? no precious Redeemer who has died for us? that we are like the brutes which perish—with this disadvantage, that they do not know their approaching doom, and therefore have no fears within, nor fightings without; while we know and see the annihilation that yawns before us, and recoil in horror from so hateful an issue, so terrible a catastrophe? Surely, surely, the prospect is too dreadful to be true; we can not prevail on the heart to entertain it for a moment. To think that this orb in which we live is moving without a governing, a controlling, and a guiding hand; that all the events of life are the random shots of irrational chance; that in futurity there is

nothing before us that we can cherish with any certainty as an everlasting hope, and nothing solid and lasting beneath us, on which the soles of our feet can be at rest, is surely a conclusion no man outside of a lunatic asylum can accept. Hardness of heart or bewilderment of intellect alone can come to the awful, the freezing, the horrible conclusion, "There is no God!" We can not, we will not go to atheism; we can not exchange the only Saviour for that which is a miserable and a wretched negation. The consciously debased and impure may live themselves into atheism, but even they can never arrive at it as a solemn logical conclusion. If we will not go to atheism, where shall we go? Shall we go back to the gods of the Pantheon? Shall we bow the knee at those cold altars, those long-forsaken shrines? Shall we become again the worshipers of Jupiter and Juno? Impossible! There is no satisfaction there; there is no rest for the intellect, no peace for the conscience, no hope for the soul there. The most gifted intellects of heathendom owned it could not satisfy them; but they hoped—though their hopes were merely the offspring of their wishes—that God would one day interfere, and tell them of a Saviour, a futurity, a home. The most consistent worshiper in the ancient Pantheon was unhappily the most debased and corrupt. The sins of the fallen were too often the rites of its worship, the lusts of depravity were the acceptable incense of its gods. They canonized what we are taught to crucify—the crimes of Christendom were too extensively the virtues of the heathen. Well might the disciples have said to the Master, "Blessed Lord, thy beatitudes pronounced upon the mount"—those beatitudes of Jesus that will outlive the Pyramids of all the Pharaohs—"are too beautiful, they have impressed themselves too deeply on our hearts; they have unfolded to us too fully thy character and thy love, and the work and the service that thou requirest, for us ever to fall back into the worship of the gods of the heathen, or to recognize as the rulers of the universe them that were the scourges and the curse of mankind." It would have been descending from the light of day into the dreary dungeon—it would have been the exchange of all that dignifies and adorns for all that debases and degrades. Their new nature would not submit to it. Their experience of the peace and joys of truth would not allow them to descend so terribly. Shall we go back again, they might have said, to Judaism? If we forsake thee, blessed Jesus, shall we return to those sacrifices offered year by year, which never could take away sin? The eloquence of Aaron, the energy of Moses, the sacrifices of Levi, have all failed to satisfy us. If thou art not the fulfillment of all; if thy sorrows and thy sufferings, thine agony and bloody sweat, be not the atonement predicted by Isaiah, proclaimed by the prophets, and expected by the saints, then, blessed Master, we have no faith for the present, we have no hope for the future, and all our expectations are at an end; we are without a father, without a friend, and without a home. We can

not go back to them. If thou art not the Messiah, we renounce the past, we despair of the future; the Old Testament is a fable, if the New Testament be not true. We have gone to Moses, and he has pointed us to thee. We forsook him, because we found him and more than him in thee; if we go back to him, he will direct us to thee; if we appeal to Aaron, he will conduct us to thee; if we refer to Isaiah, he speaks to us only of thee. Blessed Lord, we can not go to Judaism; to whom shall we go, if we forsake thee, our Lord and our Master—our life and hope?

But to apply the text more strictly to ourselves, let me ask if we give up Christianity, if we renounce Christ crucified, to whom shall we go? What religion can we substitute for that which the infidel renounces? Suppose Christianity extinguished, suppose all its truths discovered to be false, what have we? Nothing but guesses, conjectures, hope that ends in despair; and despair that starts hopes that end again in blanker despair. All is chaos, if this Book be removed; all is darkness, if its light be quenched. Shall we find in the religion of Hume—if religion it can be called—or rather in the blasphemies of Hume, or the nonsense of atheistic Secularists, that which Christ fails to supply? The articles of their faith are guesses, their hopes are conjectures, their theology is a system of doubts or cold negations. They admit no ruin, which we feel; they therefore look for no Saviour as we do. If God be just, I ask the skeptic, will he condemn all? He says, No. Then if God be merciful, will he save all? He answers, that we can not expect. Then how far will his justice reach in punishing; how deep will his mercy go in saving? What is the least sin that he will punish; what is the greatest sin that he will forgive? Your God must be unjust in order to be merciful, and he must be unmerciful in order to be just. The only God that you have dreamed of, if you have dreamed of a God at all, is a composite of imperfections, contradictions, and confusion. Surely, surely we can not exchange a religion that tells us of a sure home, a loving Father, and the way to both, for a religion that can not tell us of a God, of a Saviour, or give us any well-founded hope or probability of hope, or remove from our hearts one anxious and irritating doubt, or foreboding.

Shall we adopt, if we refuse Deism, its milder modification? Shall we subscribe to the creed of Socinianism? Shall we exchange the warm and living Christianity of Jesus for the cold, comfortless creed of Socinus; which is the cross without the glory, a religion without a sacrifice, a salvation without a Saviour? The religion of the Unitarian contains directions beautiful and true for them that are well; but we are sick, and we want prescriptions for our cure. In the Unitarian's chapel there is a desk for an eloquent teacher, but there is no pulpit for an ambassador of glad tidings from our Father and from our God. He offers us a directory how to walk when we can not move our limbs, and want and

wait for the power to do so; he ignores the Fall, he is satisfied with a human Saviour because he believes only in an insignificant, that is, in a partial calamity. But what we need, sorely need, is not direction, but life; not simply to be told what to do, but to be told how our sins can be forgiven—not only how we are to walk, but how strength may be imparted to the withered limbs, in order that we may walk in those ways which are ways of pleasantness, and in those paths which are paths of peace. If Jesus be not God, Christianity is the mother of despair. I do not want a purer law than that which was proclaimed on Sinai; I see well enough already that I can not obey it. I hear distinctly from it that there is a curse upon my disobedience; and to give me a loftier standard, without the means of coming up to that standard, is to increase the despair it pretends and professes to relieve. Besides, such is my ruin that I feel a divine hand must set me on my feet again, or I never can be lifted up at all. I have such a grand apprehension of the vastness of that thing called the soul—that wonder-worker of the age in which we live, I have that sense of its capacity of joy and its capability of woe; I have that conviction of its preciousness, and that foreboding of its peril, that if I can not have a divine Saviour to take care of it, I will do the best that I can to take care of it myself. "But I know in whom I have believed"—a very different Saviour from him the Unitarian accepts—"and that he is able to keep what I have committed to him against that day."

If we go not to Christ, nor to Deism, nor to Socinianism, shall we relapse into Romanism, the exploded superstition of the past, the withered husks of a once-living Christianity? Shall we sing the Psalms of David, not to God, but to the Virgin Mary, as the Romanist does? Shall we attach to human works an expiatory virtue? Shall we regard human tears as cleansing from sin? Shall we believe the word of man superior to or equal to the word of God? Shall we be satisfied with penance that man can pay, instead of the repentance that God can give? Shall we be contented with confessing to a priest who can not sympathize with the sorrow though he can sympathize with the sin, who can not forgive the guilt when he hears it and knows it, instead of confessing to him who sympathizes with the sorrow, and hates the sin, and is able to mitigate the pangs of the one, and to remove by his precious blood all the guilt and iniquity of the other?

Wherever I look, in the height or in the depth, on the right or on the left, I can see no religion that comes within ten thousand miles of that which is in this blessed Book. And if I can not believe in Christ crucified, which is Christianity, as my only religion, I know nothing else in the past or in the present worthy of the acceptance of a rational man, or that can convey any thing like peace, repose, and satisfaction to the human heart. We may therefore well say, Blessed Lord, if we go away from thee, to whom shall we go? Not to Judaism, not to Socinus, not

to Pio Nono; where, then, shall we go? Tested by every test, tried in every pretension, all fails to satisfy the intellect, to meet the necessities of the heart, to give peace to the conscience. If Christianity be not the religion of God, God has never spoken, and man has no revelation at all. Ask the dying skeptic, in that hour when realities and sincerities thrust out delusions, prejudices, and passions, whether his religion will satisfy him then and there. Voltaire prays for only another hour, and while he curses the Saviour, he curses himself. Or shall I appeal to Hume—trying in his last moments to jest away thought, as boys whistle in the dark when they fancy there is a specter behind them or beside them, in order to keep off their fears? Or shall we appeal to D'Alembert or to Diderot, or to any other of the lurid spirits of that dark and potentous epoch, when God seemed to have given up a portion of the world to the domination of fallen angels? They taught nothing powerful enough to extract the stings of conscience, or drown the forebodings of hell. Ask the skeptic on his death-bed; ask witnesses of skeptic death-beds, and they will all answer that skepticism may do very well for convivial hours, for rude health, for thoughtless moments; but it will never do for a dying hour, and alas! alas! still less for death, and judgment, and eternity But ask the Christian, on the other hand. Ask Stephen as he is stoned by the enemies of Christ; he sees Jesus at the right hand of God, and concludes his agony on earth while expressing the hopes that he cherished of nearing joy: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Ask the Apostle Paul, and he will tell you, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; and now there remains for me a crown of glory which the Lord will give me on that day." Ask any Christian whose history you know, whose acquaintance you have enjoyed—ask him in a dying hour, whether the religion he has professed and lived in, and loved in, stands him instead at that testing moment; and you will find that while thousands have repented they were unbelievers, never yet did one die repenting that he loved the Saviour too much, leaned on him too strongly, or indulged brighter hopes than the last hour of experience on earth has realized. To whom, then, blessed Lord, shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Eternal life; he reveals it to his own. He makes known the life and the way that leads to it. He is the purchaser of it. We are redeemed not with gold and silver, or any such corruptible things, but by his precious blood. He bestows it: "I give unto them eternal life, and none shall pluck them out of my hand." He has not a dream about it, a conjecture, about it, a guess, a poem, a problem; but he has words that are unspent by the ages that have intervened since he uttered them—the very words of eternal life. What is the great want, then, of all mankind? Life. A Christian is not a man that hopes to live, but he has—he begins now on earth—the life that culminates in heaven. Hell begins the instant that a man is born; heaven begins the instant that a man is born again.

We are all born under the curse, in the eclipse, in a state of aberration from God. And when we are born again, we come under a new attraction; the curse is removed, we have in the heart life, and so eternal life.

Let me ask, have we eternal life—have we this new birth? Born we are, under the curse; aliens and strangers by nature, we all are; but the question is, are we born again? We have not to do something in order to be ruined. Just let man live as he is born, and as a stone falls to the earth, he falls away from God further and further. The *matériel* of hell is not, probably, a material flame, a living worm, a fire that is not quenched; but ceaseless, progressive, darkening aberration from God. The longer that the soul lives, the further it retreats from God. And heaven is not so much physical and material enjoyment, though all this it may be! it is ceaseless approximation to God. The lost soul is under a centrifugal impulse, that drives him away and downward deeper and deeper, a descent which is described in the Bible as "bottomless;" and the redeemed and the saved soul is under a centripetal attraction that brings him nearer and nearer to God in moral likeness, in intellectual greatness, in knowledge, in love, in peace, and enjoyment, through the endless ages of eternity. Therefore, at this moment, every one of us is either under the attraction that brings us nearer to God, that is, we have eternal life; or we are under the impulse that is carrying us further away from God. Which is it? Answer it to your consciences, answer it to yourselves. You will have to meet it at the judgment-seat. Better entertain the question when it can be disposed of to your everlasting well-being, than have to meet it when you find it too late to find the way, or recover the opportunity you have lost. So shall you receive the reward of them who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

But great privilege is great responsibility. These apostles that found in Christ so much to love, found in themselves no less to answer for. To hear the words of eternal life, is privilege and responsibility; to accept the truth, is our instant and paramount obligation. They that crucified the Lord of glory, were not so guilty as we shall be "if we neglect so great salvation." Christ said to them what he can not say of us: "They know not what they do." The very next duty that devolves upon us after knowing and accepting the words of life, is to spread them among those who are nearest to us; not to cease till the whole earth is covered with the presence and lighted up with the glory of him who is the Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel. The possessor of a truth without a testimony to the truth, is possible in theory, but almost impracticable in fact. Wherever the word of life is possessed as a life in the heart, it will radiate as a light upon the rest of mankind. To be in possession of a saving truth, but to keep it as a choice secret to ourselves, seems to involve no ordinary culpability indeed. If I see a

person tried for an offense, and know him to be innocent; if I hear the verdict of the jury, "guilty," and the sentence of the judge, "death;" and if I have the secret that explains his innocence: for me to be silent is to be in my measure accessory to the death of that innocent man. If I see persons laboring under a fatal epidemic, while I possess the medicine that is its specific antidote, if such there be; and if, possessing that medicine, and knowing its efficacy, I withhold it from those who are perishing, most assuredly I am guilty, not only in the sight of man, but in the judgment of God, of manslaughter. If I possess a knowledge that illuminates the ignorant, conveys pardon to the guilty, plants regeneration in the hearts of the corrupt and the fallen, and if possessed of that light, I refuse to spread it; if acquainted with the secret of a world's restoration, I feed myself upon that secret and taste its sweetness, but resolve to monopolize it: I do say, that if peradventure safe through the blood of sprinkling, it will be a safety destitute of the repose, the happiness, the joy of them who, saints by grace, have toiled as servants to express their gratitude to him that loved them and died for them. But, in fact, it is scarcely possible to believe and accept a magnificent and saving truth, and yet to keep it in selfish monopoly to ourselves. A truth that we do not spread, either we scarcely believe, or we very inadequately appreciate. Whoever heartily believes a precious truth, that truth he never can keep to himself. The efforts that you make to spread God's truth are the exponents of the depth of the impression it has made on your hearts. What is selfishly retained or indolently enjoyed, we have never grasped as we should, or tasted its sweetness as it is, or appreciated justly in its own intrinsic magnificence and greatness. That man who honestly accepts an error, believing that error to be truth, is much more a truth-holder than the man who accidentally accepts the truth, but has never examined thoroughly whether it be a truth or a falsehood. Truth never is accepted as it should be until it be incorporated with our nature; the lights of our intellects, the scepter in our conscience, the life in our hearts, and a ceaseless missionary influence in our conduct and converse in the world. It is possible, but not frequent, that the word of life shall be held in its intrinsic vitality in a man's heart, and yet that he never has made an effort to spread it; just as seeds of corn have been kept in the Egyptian pyramids in the hands of mummies, shut up in their stony coffins, without germinating. Nevertheless, the instant that those seeds were brought to the light, under the rains, and the sunbeams, and the prolific earth, they did eventually grow; so if the seeds, the incorruptible seeds of living truth, have been scattered in your hearts, and honestly received, yet have remained torpid and unprolific hitherto; now that you are made to feel your responsibility, and what Christ has done for you, and what God commands you to do for him, are clearly and plainly impressed, those living seeds, if such have been really and truly received into your hearts, will begin for

the first time to bud, and grow up, and bear fruit in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some a hundred fold.

It is not improbable that the truth of God itself received into the heart as a dead, dry, and unprolific thing, proves not a blessing, but the reverse. The best and most nutritious food eaten, but not incorporated into our animal economy, by the process of digestion, becomes poison; the purest truth taken into the intellect, left there, never "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested," instead of being nourishing food to the soul, becomes a destructive poison. The truth in every shape, within and without, is either a savor of life, or it is a savor of death. Truth believed, but not lived, loved, and acted out, is a savor of death; truth believed, lived, loved, incorporated into our hearts, cherished not as a dogma, but a life, not as a notion, but an experience, is the savor of life to ourselves and of life unto life among all with whom we come into contact. To hold forth the word of everlasting life is not only the duty, the privilege, but the instinctive desire, prayer, and effort of all that know the truth in its saving and sanctifying power. And when I open this blessed Book, and look at the characteristics of them who have received and believed the word of everlasting life as delineated there, I see that every figure under which a Christian is set forth, every light in which he is seen, every angle at which he is viewed by the sacred penmen, indicate that he is designed of God to diffuse the knowledge of that glorious gospel which he has received from God in his distinguishing grace. "Ye are the lights of the world," to spread around you its kindling splendors. Or, if yours be a lower position, "ye are the salt of the earth," silently and quietly to penetrate with its restorative and preservative powers the whole surrounding mass. Every Christian is made what he is in order that he may be a means of making others what they should be; we are by God's grace made lights, in order that in providence we may be luminous; we have received, in order that we may give. The means of giving, the mode in which we act upon the world, may be various as circumstances in this life are; but the force with which we act upon the world is just the measure of the vitality of living religion in our hearts; for he that is not a blessing must necessarily be a blot. No man can be a blank in a world so constituted as ours. God's great design in giving his grace, is to make us the privileged, and joyous, and consecrated distributors of what he has given. The largest recipient in the Church is meant thereby to become instantly the greatest giver among mankind. The Christian heart is not the barren sand that receives the sun-beams and dew-drops, and absorbs them, and yields nothing in return: but the fertile soil that, warmed by the sun, and in itself richly endowed by him that originally made it, is to respond to its privileges, and its possession, by many a joyous and golden harvest. And we know, too, by a very beautiful law that he that is the greatest giver is always the happiest man. What parts of the earth seem to

smile with the richest joy and to reflect the greatest happiness? Not its barren sands, nor its deserts, but its most fertile, and prolific spots. And what are the words that denote the intensest happiness? Words that mean living out of self, and going from self. What is meant by the word *ecstacy?* the intensest joy that human nature feels—standing out of one's self; making self no more the center and the basis of our action, but sacrificing self in order to do good to others. And what is the meaning of the word *transport*, ecstatic joy? Being carried beyond one's self, and subdued, absorbed, floated into a current of irrepressible beneficence and love. And hence our blessed Lord has uttered what is deep thought, worthy of being deeply pondered: "It is more blessed," not, as it is sometimes read at the Royal Exchange, to receive than to give, but as they read it in heaven, and as it is felt by Christian hearts upon earth, "It is more blessed to give than it is to receive." Our Lord has thus so constituted them that are the recipients of his grace, that they shall be the greatest distributors of it. It is his own great plan for spreading upon earth the grand truths that are inspired from heaven; and he that fails to spread the truth, is just in that fact as criminal as he that refuses to accept the truth; for both are ordinances and appointments of Heaven. I must add what is equally true, that the man who refuses to give, will very soon discover that he has very little worth giving. A limb that is rarely used, loses its muscular power, and grows feeble; coins that are not in currency, soon become corroded; the keys that open not the stores of beneficence, will soon rust; and a Christianity, that lives in itself and for itself only, is a Christianity that gives very equivocal evidence of its birth-place, heaven, and contains very little that will enable it to last and outlive the strifes, the trials, and the temptations, of this present world. It is a law lasting as the economy of grace, "to him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, shall be taken, even that which he hath." The well of living water which is planted in every individual heart the moment it is inspired and taken possession of by the Holy Spirit of God, does not increase its water and augment its volume by remaining still; on the contrary, the more it wells up and pours forth in multitudinous rivulets upon this world's deserts, the more it draws from its parent depths of everlasting life. He that is made a saint by grace, will instantly become a servant by obligation; and the evidence, the greatest, brightest, evidence of his saintship, are the toils and sacrifices of his service to men for Christ's sake.

The great truth that Christ died a sacrifice for our sins, is the greatest motive that can possibly be urged for the great sacrifices that Christians can make. Jesus came from a height so high, that our soaring thoughts can not climb to it; and he came down to a depth of woe, and agony, and misery, so unfathomable, that no plumb-line of ours can sound it; and he endured a distress within and a torture without so far beyond

precedent, and above parallel, that he cried, in its noontide agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He lived for us, he died for us, he suffered for us, he sacrificed for us. What are we doing for him? It was these lips of ours that shouted, "Away with him, away with him!" It is surely right, it is surely proper they should be consecrated to say now, "Come, behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." It was these hands of ours that crucified him; what more natural than that these hands of ours should now distribute the bread of everlasting life? He came to save us; we had no claim upon him; and he had no inducement out of himself to come to us, but in his great love, and for no other reason, he died for us: the least that we can do is to carry out as far as we can those unsearchable riches, and that blessed gospel which will bring others to the brightness of his rising, and make the rest of the world as happy as it has made us.

From Jesus we have received the words of eternal life. Let us reflect them on the wide world. Let us bring all we can within the hearing of this sweet music, these saving strains, these words of eternal life.

His words are going round the earth, and awakening echoes in its remotest districts. They are translated into every tongue. They are preached and heard by increasing thousands, from the pine forests of the North, to the palm groves of the East. They mingle with the hum of busy cities, and are reflected in the sheen of great rivers. They are carried in the soldier's knapsack, and give him happy thoughts amid the privations of the Crimea. They lie under the sailor's pillow, and make Sunday all sunshine on the Euxine and the Baltic. They are pronounced at our weddings; they hallow our graves; they give names and blessings to our children. Can these words be of earth, or of time, or of man, that so widely spread, so sweetly sound, so gloriously cheer? Is it reasonable to come to any other conclusion than that they are words of eternal life; that they come from heaven, and lead to heaven? Other words of poet, and novelist, and orator, come and go, and often leave no impression beyond the transient interest or amusement of the day. But these words are living; they strike deeply and last long. They have almost creative force. Applied by the Spirit of God, they prove incorruptible and living seeds in the heart in which they are sown. Very soon all that man fears or loves, in this world, will pass away. But the word of the Lord abideth forever, striking its roots deeper in the convictions of the thoughtful, and occupying a larger space in the affections of the good. Blessed thought! stones may fall and temples decay, and basilicas and cathedrals crumble into the dust, and the great pyramids descend into the sands that day by day accumulate about them. But thy word, O God, like thy throne, is from everlasting to everlasting; and thy truth, like thy kingdom, has no end.

DISCOURSE XLIX.

JAMES BUCHANAN, D.D., LL.D.

The distinguished successor of Dr. Chalmers in the chair of Systematic Theology, in New College, Edinburg, was born at Paisley in the year 1804. His father, James Buchanan, Esq., was an elder of the Church, and a magistrate of the borough. Until the time of the disruption in 1843, Dr. Buchanan was attached to the Established Church of Scotland, when he joined the Free Church, of which he may, perhaps, be called the *intellectual* leader. He was educated in the grammar-school at Paisley, and in the University of Glasgow; and, in 1828, ordained to the charge of the Chapel of Ease, at Roslin. A year later he came to his charge in the parish of North Leith, where he continued till the year 1840, when he was transferred to the High Church of Edinburg. Three years later he became pastor of the Free Church of St. Stephen's, and in 1845 was appointed Professor of Apologetic Theology, in New College, on the translation of Dr. Cunningham to the chair of Church History. At the death of Dr. Chalmers, in 1847, he was appointed to the vacant professorship, a position which he has filled with honor ever since.

Dr. Buchanan is the author of several works; as, "Comfort in Affliction" (which has reached its twenty-first edition); "Office and Work of the Holy Spirit;" "Faith in God and Modern Atheism Compared;" and several smaller works, such as "Address to the People of Scotland" (of which 200,000 copies were circulated), "On Tracts for the Times," and "On Church Establishments."

His "Modern Atheism," in part, has recently been printed in this country, and is received with very great favor. It is one of the ablest works of recent British authorship; and, as a specimen of profound, luminous, discriminating, and conclusive reasoning upon an abstract subject, is not often excelled. A leading journal remarks, that "we have nowhere met with a more clear and complete outline of the several systems he exposes. Comte's Positive Philosophy, Oken's Theories of Development, Kant's Transcendentalism, Fichte's, Hegel's, and Schelling's Pantheism, with other similar forms of disguised Atheism, which have originated on the Continent, and thence been disseminated throughout England and America, are explained in their essential features so plainly and fully as to make them comprehensible by the most unlettered reader. He is, besides, eminently fair and just in his outline, allowing the strong points of each system to appear. His argument, in considering them, is conclusive and convincing, affording a most satisfactory refutation of these fallacious theories."

Dr. Buchanan has published few sermons, as such; but we have his own authority for presenting the following as a specimen of his discourses.

THE DYING MALEFACTOR.

"And one of the malefactors railed at him; but the other said," etc.—LUKE xxiii. 39-43.

THE crucifixion of the Lord Jesus was so ordered as to furnish a striking illustration, at once of the depth of his abasement, and the certainty of his reward. To enhance the agony and the shame of his death, he was crucified between two thieves, being numbered with transgressors, placed on the same level, in the public view, with men whose lives had been justly forfeited by their crimes, and subjected, in his last moments, to the painful spectacle of their sufferings; but, to evince the certainty of his reward—to make it manifest that the joy which was set before him, and for which he endured the cross, despising the shame, would be realized—and to give him, as it were, a pledge in hand that "he should see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied"—one of the thieves who suffered along with him was suddenly converted; and, in the lowest depths of the Redeemer's humiliation—in the darkest hour of the power of darkness, when Satan's policy seemed to be crowned with complete success—this immortal soul was snatched as a brand from the burning, and given to Christ as a pledge of his triumph, and the first-fruits of a glorious harvest. While others mocked and reviled him, and when his chosen disciples stood aloof, the dying malefactor relented—his conscience awoke—his heart was touched; and, amid the ridicule, and the execrations, and the blasphemies of that awful hour, one solitary voice was heard, issuing from the cross beside him, which called him "LORD," and which spake of his "KINGDOM" in accents of faith, and penitence, and prayer. And how must that voice have gladdened the Saviour's heart, and imparted to him, in the midst of bitterest agony, a foretaste, as it were, of the joy "that was set before him;" exhibiting, as it did, a proof of the efficacy of his death, the faithfulness of God's covenant promise, and the certainty of his reward; for if, even now on the cross, and before his work was finished, the stricken spirit fled to him for refuge, and was quickened into spiritual life in the very hour of death—was it not a sure pledge and earnest that he should yet bring many sons and daughters to glory, when, being by God's right hand exalted to the throne, he should receive the promise of the Father, and shed forth the Spirit on high?

I. In reference to the state of the man's mind before the time of his conviction, nothing is recorded that would lead us to suppose that he had ever thought seriously of religion, or acquired any knowledge of the gospel until he was brought to Calvary. He is described as a malefactor, and more specifically as a *thief* or robber—a desperate character—fearing neither God nor man; whose crimes exposed him to the highest penalties of the law; and his own confession admits the justice of the sentence under which he suffered—"We receive the due reward of our

deeds." On a comparison of the parallel passages in the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, it would seem that at first he had joined with the other malefactor in reviling the Saviour; for, in the one, it is said, "The thieves also which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth;" and in the other, "They that were crucified with him reviled him;" expressions which may indeed be interpreted generally as descriptive of Christ's extreme humiliation in being subjected to reproach from such a quarter—this class of men being spoken of as partaking in the crime of embittering his last moments, just as the soldiers are said to have filled a sponge with vinegar, because one or more of them did so; but if they be understood as applying specifically to each of the two, they are sufficient to show that, at first, the one who was converted was as ungodly and as guilty as the other.

But immediately before his conversion, and preparatory to it, a change seems to have been wrought in the state of his mind—a change which consisted in a deep conviction of sin, and a just sense of his own demerit on account of it. For when one of the malefactors railed on Jesus, the other answering "rebuked him, saying, Dost thou not fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds." The whole process was so suddenly accomplished in this case, that it is difficult to say whether, in the order of time, the convictions which are expressed in this remarkable confession preceded, by any perceptible interval, his cordial reception of the truth; but as, in the order of nature, conviction precedes conversion, we may consider it part of his experience, while as yet he was in a state of transition from darkness to light. The words of his confession imply that his conscience, which, by the commission of crime, might have been seared as with a hot iron, was now deeply impressed with a sense of sin; and it was a true sense of sin—not the mere "sorrow of the world which worketh death," but godly sorrow, working toward genuine repentance; for, although the condemnation of which he speaks might be the temporal sentence of death, pronounced and executed by his fellow-men, his language shows that he viewed his guilt with reference not to men merely, but to God also—to God, as the supreme Lawgiver and the final Judge. As a resident at Jerusalem, or at least in Judea, the seat of true religion, he had probably enjoyed some of the advantages of early religious instruction, and had been taught some of the elementary truths of Scripture; for he speaks of God, the only living and true God, whose name he knew and feared, although he had lived in the violation of his law. The thought of God as a Lawgiver and Judge was now vividly present to his mind; and the conception of God's character, combined with the inherent power, of conscience, which, even in the breasts of the most depraved, is never altogether extinguished, produced that conviction of sin which is invariably accompanied with the fear of God, and of a judgment to come. So

long as God can be kept out of view there may be a secret consciousness of guilt, without any sensible alarm or apprehension of danger; and hence the malefactor's question to his hardened fellow-sufferer—"Dost thou not fear God?" But so soon as God is present to the mind, every conscience intuitively connects guilt with danger, and awakens fear of the wrath to come, for conscience instinctively points to God as a Judge—to God as an avenger.

But, in the case before us, as in every other where there is a commencement of a work of grace in the heart, conviction of sin was accompanied, not only with the fear of danger, but with such a sense of demerit as led to the acknowledgment that punishment was *justly deserved.* This is not always implied in the mere terrors of an awakened conscience, and would be altogether repudiated by a conscience still asleep. The malefactor who railed at Jesus might not be able to deny his guilt, and he might yield himself as a passive and unresisting victim to the arm of public justice, merely because he could not, by any resistance, escape from the punishment of his crimes; but had he been asked to acknowledge that he justly merited the bitter death which he was called to endure, he would too, probably, have denied that he was so guilty as to deserve such a punishment, and complained of the hardship and severity of his case. In reference to God, the supreme Judge, and the retributions of an eternal world, he seems to have had no fear; for he could join, even at that solemn hour, and in spite of his own sufferings, in the insults and blasphemies which were poured out on the meek and lowly Saviour; but even had his conscience been so far awakened as to impress him with the fear of God and eternity, he might still have been utterly destitute of that deep sense of the evil nature of sin, which led his fellow-sufferer to acknowledge that he was only receiving the due reward of his deeds. A convinced sinner may tremble, as Felix did, when he heard of temperance, and righteousness, and judgment to come; and he may be conscious of a deep horror when he hears of "the worm that shall never die, and the fire that can not be quenched;" yet the omniscient eye of him who can analyze the confused emotions of a sinner's heart, might not discern there any one element of genuine contrition; on the contrary, he might find the fear of wrath and the dread of hell, combined with an invincible spirit of opposition to God's authority, an undying reluctance to condemn his own sin, and an unyielding determination to deny the rectitude and reasonableness of its penalty. And when, therefore, the poor malefactor was so far convinced of his sin, as not only to be impressed with a sense of his danger, but also with a sense of his demerit, and of God's justice, we see the commencement of a great change, which affords the best and most hopeful symptom of his ultimate and entire conviction.

II. While he was thus changed, so as to have become a convinced sinner, he was not yet a converted man, but his conversion immediately

followed; and it will be interesting now to inquire into the circumstances which accompanied, and the means which, under God's blessing, effected that great change. It was alike complete and sudden; it was wrought, like the conversion of the jailor, in a short space of time, and yet, it amounted to an entire revolution in all his views and habits, insomuch that he became a new man, and, born on the cross, he passed into heaven. Now, what was there in the circumstances in which he was placed, and in the means which were brought to bear upon him, that could account for so great a change?

If we place ourselves in his circumstances; if, by a strong mental effort, we bring ourselves to look on the scene which he saw, and to realize, by the eye of faith, what then passed before the eye of sense; if, joining the crowd which thronged the judgment-hall of Pilate, we listened with the same personal interest which the poor thief must have felt, when Pilate made the proposal to release one or other of the condemned, did we then join the tumultuous procession, and follow the meek sufferer as he slowly walked along with the thieves, "followed by a great company of people, and of women, who lamented and bewailed him?" did we hear the words of warning and consolation which he spoke to the daughters of Jerusalem? did we stand beside him on the hill, when the cross, which Simeon was honored to bear, was planted in the ground? did we see "the man of sorrows" carried by violence, and nailed to the accursed tree? did we look on his benignant countenance, and listen to his awful words? did we behold the sudden darkening of the sky, and the rending of the rocks, which gave a deep impressiveness to the scene? Then, with *our* knowledge of the personal dignity of the sufferer, the causes, design, and end of his death, and the fullness of all gospel truth, which is embodied in his cross, we could have no difficulty in conceiving how such a scene, so witnessed and so understood, might have converted any sinner unto God. It is, indeed, nothing else than a spiritual view of the scene then witnessed on Calvary, which is the chief means of every conversion, the cross of Christ being to every instructed disciple the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation: insomuch, that every believer will say with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." Looking back to that scene with the eye of faith, the Christian derives from it all his sublimest views and his holiest impressions of the truth; he delights to contemplate what the poor malefactor was privileged to witness; and, as often as he reviews the events of that awful hour, he is filled with awe and wonder, with admiration, and gratitude, and joy.

But, while the scene on Calvary must appear to every instructed mind the most solemnly interesting, and the most profoundly instructed scene which was ever witnessed on earth, it was quite possible that, to an unenlightened mind, it might fail to impart any spiritual or salutary impression; and we are to put ourselves into the place of this poor malefac-

tor, and inquire what were the means of his conversion, when it is clear he came to Calvary in a state of ignorance and guilt, and yet was suddenly brought out of darkness into marvelous light.

We have already seen that he had been brought under convictions of sin, such as are sufficient to show, that depraved and guilty as he had been, he had still a conscience in his breast, and some notion, however obscure and feeble, of God, as a lawgiver, governor, and judge. He was a man—a poor, wretched, and degraded man, but still a man, and therefore a fit and capable subject of conversion; and partly from the light of nature, which is never altogether extinguished, and partly from his education in a country where the knowledge and worship of the true God were established, he had acquired the knowledge of some elementary truths, such as the being and providence of God, the difference betwixt right and wrong, the demerit and sure punishment of sin, which was sufficient to awaken remorse and apprehension, but had no power to effect his conversion. Real conversion to God depends on the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. How, then, was this poor malefactor converted, and whence did he derive his acquaintance with that truth which alone maketh wise unto salvation? Oh! it is deeply interesting to mark how a heart that has been opened by the Spirit of God, and awakened to earnest and serious inquiry, will pick up the fragments of gospel truth, in whatever form they may be presented to it, and will find nourishment in the very crumbs which fall from the Master's table! for, in the case before us, there was no formal discourse—no full disclosure of doctrine—no systematic instruction; but his eye was opened to observe, and his ear to hear, and his heart to receive the truth, as it was presented incidentally during his progress from Pilate's hall to the hill of Calvary, and exhibited before his crucifixion there,* and there are just three sources from which he derived those simple lessons which sufficed for his conversion.

The first was *the testimony of Christ's friends:* not only the testimony of Pilate, who declared, that "he had found no fault in him," but that of many others who bore witness to his spotless character, and of whom it is said (ver. 27), that "there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him." The innocence of Christ was thus impressed on the malefactor's mind, and is pointedly referred to in his confession: "We receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss."

The second was *the deportment of Christ;* the meek majesty of that suffering Saviour; the words he uttered, breathing a spirit so different from that of this world: these seemed to have deepened the impression of his innocence and worth. His address to the daughters of Jerusalem, so solemn, yet so tender; and still more, the prayer for his murderers—

* See an admirable sermon by Dr. McCrie. (It is found in "History and Repository of Pulpit Eloquence, Deceased Divines."—Ed.)

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" that address and this prayer, pronounced at such an hour—the one exhibiting a prophet's faithfulness, the other a Saviour's love, and both breathing a spirit of meek submission to God's will, and intimating the guilt of sin, the certainty of future judgment, and the necessity of forgiveness—these few words, uttered in such circumstances, might reveal to the poor malefactor such a view of Christ as would irresistibly impress him with the conviction that he was no common sufferer, and that his was no ordinary death; and constrain him to believe that he was none other than the Son of God and the Saviour of men: the Son of God—for he calls him Father; and the Saviour of men—for he prayed for the forgiveness of his very murderers.

But there was a third: he was not left to ponder on the scene without a commentary, and that commentary was furnished *by the Saviour's enemies*—first of all, in the sneers and blasphemies which they uttered; and secondly, in the inscription which was put on the cross. They meant it not; but in these they gave such a testimony to the Saviour, as sufficed for the conversion of his fellow-sufferer. The rulers, we read, derided him, saying, "*He saved others.*" Yes, he saved others; he had healed the sick, and given eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf, and life to the dead; and that testimony to Christ's miraculous power sunk deep into the heart of the dying man beside him. But who was this to whom his very enemies gave witness, that "he saved others," or what did he profess to be? This, also, the dying malefactor learned from their lips: "Let him save himself, *if he be the Christ, the chosen of God;*" "If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself;" and they put a superscription over him: "This is *the King of the Jews.*" These words, used in ridicule or rancorous hatred, conveyed to the mind of the malefactor the idea of what Christ claimed and professed to be; and when, combined with what he had seen and heard; with the testimony which had been given to his miraculous powers, now confirmed by the preternatural darkness of the sky, and the rending of the rocks; with what he had witnessed of his godlike bearing, "full of grace and truth," and with the words which had fallen from his lips—they carried to his heart the conviction that the illustrious sufferer was indeed the Son of God, the Christ, the Messiah, that had been promised to the fathers; that, although suspended on the cross, he was *the King;* and if a king, then he had a kingdom; and immediately the prayer of faith burst from his quivering lips: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!"

III. If we now consider the nature of the change which was thus suddenly produced, or wherein it properly consisted, and the results which flowed from it, we shall find that the turning point of his conversion was, that *Jesus was the Christ.* This was precisely the point in question, both with the scornful multitude and the subdued malefactor. They doubted; he believed. They required another kind of evidence:

"Let him come down from the cross, and we shall believe on him;" he did not come down from the cross, but having died there, he arose from the dead, and their unbelief remained; but the dying malefactor, satisfied with the evidence already given, saw his glory through the vail of his humiliation, and, embracing him in his true character as the Christ, the chosen of God, he believed, to the saving of his soul.

It was simply by faith—and by faith in the simple truth, that Jesus is the Christ—that this man passed from death unto life; but here was *great faith* indeed. For consider the circumstances in which Christ was then placed. He was in the lowest depths of his humiliation; in the extremest hour of his agony on the accursed tree; suffering the sentence of death as a public criminal; surrounded by multitudes who ridiculed and reviled him; forsaken by his chosen disciples, and complaining that he had been forsaken by God himself; yet, in these circumstances of humiliation, and sorrow, and shame, the dying malefactor called him *Lord*, and spake of his *kingdom*, and addressed him in *the language of prayer!* Yes; when Jesus was slowly dying on the cross, and had no prospect of life, still less of a kingdom on earth, the poor malefactor showed at once the greatness of his faith, and his correct appreciation of the nature of Christ's kingdom, by uttering a prayer which implied in it his own immortality, and a spiritual and eternal kingdom in heaven. Here was a manifestation of faith to which we can find no parallel in the history of the apostles themselves. They called him Lord *after* his resurrection; but this man calls him Lord on the very cross; they spake of his kingdom but doubtfully, and with many gross earthly anticipations: "We *trusted* that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel;" and, "Lord! wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" but this man speaks of his kingdom as a future inheritance, whose certainty was not affected by his shameful and ignominious death. And believing in Christ as the Lord's Anointed, the Messiah which had been promised unto the fathers, he embraced him as his own Saviour; encouraged, doubtless, by the grace which he had witnessed, and by that most merciful prayer for his murderers, he felt that he could confide and trust in such a friend; and therefore he addressed him in that language of believing *prayer:* "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

This prayer is alike touching from its simplicity, and remarkable for its comprehensive brevity. He seemed to ask little, yet he asked every thing that was necessary for his everlasting welfare: "Lord, remember me," was his simple and modest request; but it included much—it cast him on the Saviour's care—it put his soul into the Saviour's hands—it expressed his faith, his dependence, his desire, his hope; as if he had said, I am a poor dying sinner: thou art a king going to thy kingdom—thou canst save me. I leave myself in thy hands; I lean on thy love; Lord, remember me!

The circumstances of the case did not admit of that full exhibition of the practical fruits of conversion which adorn the life and conversation of every true believer; for he was converted at the eleventh hour, and was no sooner converted than he died, and entered into glory. We have, however, even in this brief narrative, some precious indications of the great moral change which had been wrought on his mind and heart. He evinced a true sense of sin, a thorough conviction of its demerit, a just apprehension of the punishment that was due to it; an awful fear of God, a lively trust and confidence in the Saviour, a serious thoughtfulness in regard to the future, a disposition to pray, and a new-born but honest zeal for righteousness and truth, which prompted him to rebuke his fellow-sufferer in these remarkable words: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation; and we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds;" and these new principles and feelings would no doubt have evinced their power, by altering all his habits, and his whole course of life, had life been prolonged. It is true, that in many cases, serious thoughts of God, and judgment, and eternity, are often awakened in the souls of unconverted men, when they have the near prospect of death, and that, in many cases, when health is restored and life prolonged, they "vanish like the morning cloud, and the early dew." So that, in the case of most late conversions, there is a painful feeling of doubt as to the genuineness and stability of those good resolutions which are awakened in the mere prospect of death, such as must prevent any very certain deliverance on the actual state and eternal prospects of such as are not spared to verify their profession by a consistent Christian life. But in the instance before us there is no room to doubt; we have the infallible testimony of Christ himself sealing this man's conversion, and assuring him of eternal glory. The grand result of the change that was wrought upon him on the cross, is declared in these words, "Verily, I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." No sooner was the prayer uttered, than the promise was given; and that promise was to be immediately fulfilled. The Lord gives more than was asked: the malefactor's request was, "Lord, remember me!" but the answer far exceeded the demand; it spake to him of Paradise, and of Christ's presence there, and of his admission that very day. What a sudden transition—what a glorious change! A malefactor, condemned for his crimes to die—led to Calvary, that he might be nailed to a cross—converted there as he hung between life and death, on the brink of eternity—and on the self-same day born again, justified, adopted, saved; translated from earth to heaven—from Calvary to Paradise—from a cross of shame to a throne of glory!

On a review of the interesting narrative to which our attention has been directed, we may derive from it many *instructive lessons*, which are applicable to all sinners at the present day.

1. It exhibits a remarkable proof of the Saviour's power. That this

malefactor was a great sinner, only serves to show that he by whom he was delivered was a great Saviour; that he had reached the extreme point of guilt, and the very end of life, only serves to make it clear that "Christ is able to save unto the uttermost." The power of Christ to *subdue* the most hardened sinner, and his power to *cancel* the most aggravated guilt, and his power to open the gate of heaven, and secure our admission there—all this is evinced with undeniable certainty by the fact, that even in the lowest depths of his humiliation, before his work was finished, or his reward secured, he snatched this brand from the burning, and rescued this captive from the power of Satan, and carried him as a trophy from the cross, when he entered within the vail. And O! if such was Christ's power then, who should *now* despair, who knows that Jesus, then on the cross, is now upon the throne, exalted as a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins.

2. It exhibits a precious proof of the perfect freedom of his grace. Loaded with crime, and standing on the very verge of an eternal world, what could have been of any avail to this poor sinner but *grace*, and *grace* that was perfectly free. Righteousness he had none; good works he had none. He was self-convicted and self-condemned, and he had nothing before him but the certain fearful looking-for of judgment, unless God had *grace*, and that *grace* were free. But when he heard the Saviour pray for his murderers—when he heard him pray for *their* forgiveness—the idea of *free grace* to pardon sin seems to have entered into his inmost soul, and he ventured to ask that the Lord would remember him; and immediately—such was the grace of Christ—he required no previous qualifications, demanded no acquired merit, imposed no conditions, made no stipulations of any kind; but gave him at once an answer in peace, and a full and irreversible promise of admission into glory; and this, too, while he was in such agony as might have been expected to concentrate all his care upon himself; yet, even then, he had room in his heart for the sorrows of this poor sinner.

3. It has been remarked, that in the Bible, this is a solitary example of a man being converted at the hour of death—there being *one* such instance, that none may *despair*, and only one, that none may *presume*. Presumption and despair are the two great rocks on which we are ever in danger of making shipwreck; and this narrative may well serve to guard us against both; against *despair:* for why should any man *despair*, who reads of the thief who was converted on the cross; and against *presumption:* for who dare *presume* when he reads that there was another thief on another cross, who died unconverted there? The hoariest sinner who lives may be encouraged by the one, but the boldest may be deterred by the other. "The one was taken and the other left."

4. We learn from this narrative how little of God's truth may serve for conversion, if it be suitably improved by the hearer, and savingly

applied by the Spirit. The penitent on the cross was saved by means of mere fragments of truth, and these presented to him in the blasphemies of Christ's accusers and the inscription on his cross. This is a delightful thought, when it is viewed in connection with the case of the poor and ignorant, and of others who live under a dark or defective dispensation of truth; but it is unutterably solemn when viewed in connection with our own case, for how shall we escape if we die unconverted, after the light we have received, the many sermons we have heard, the much truth we have slighted and despised!

5. We learn, that on the instant of his conversion, a sinner acquires all the rights and privileges of a child of God, and that, if he die immediately thereafter, he will immediately pass into glory. No sooner was this malefactor converted, than he was assured by the Lord himself, that on the self-same day he should be with him in Paradise. Had he lived on earth, he would have been capable of growth and increase in grace; but the new creature, although but as a new-born babe, is entire in all its members, and capable of entering into the kingdom, however short its earthly span.

DISCOURSE L.

ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.

Dr. Candlish was born about the beginning of the present century, of humble and honest parentage, and, having attended to the usual classical and theological curriculum, was licensed as a probationer, and located, about the year 1832, in a small town in the west of Scotland. Preaching occasionally in Glasgow, his superior gifts attracted attention, and he was soon called to that city, where, ever since, he has held a prominent position, and identified his name with all the great church movements of the age. At the period of the disruption in 1843, his people erected a temporary place of worship, and, some ten years ago, a splendid church-edifice was built, at an expense of nearly £10,000. His people (the St. George's Free Church) are numerous and wealthy, and, besides home support, do much for benevolent purposes abroad.

Dr. Candlish is of middle height and slightly formed, and speaks with a broad Scotch dialect. *Earnestness* is a striking characteristic in his preaching, his energy resembling the impetuosity and fire of Chalmers. His gesticulations are violent and ungraceful. His mind is rather imaginative than profound, and his writings discover a frequent looseness of thought and style, which appear to be the result of haste in their preparation. They are, however, quite popular; and his chief works—an "Exposition of Genesis," "Scripture Characters and Miscellanies," "The Christian Sacrifice," "Past Memories and Present Duties"—have passed through several editions, and extended widely his influence.

The following, which is the first of a series of discourses on Scripture Characters, has had the reputation of being the finest specimen of polished eloquence which this distinguished divine has ever put to press. In the title, we substitute the word "doom" for "characteristic."

THE UNIVERSAL DOOM.

"And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation."—Exodus, i. 6.

The successions of generations among the children of men, has been, from Homer downward, likened to that of the leaves among the trees of the forest. The foliage of one summer, withering gradually away and strewing the earth with wrecks, has its place supplied by the exuberance of the following spring. Of the countless myriads of gay blossoms and

green leaves, that but a few months ago were glancing in the beams of the joyous sun, not one remains; but a new race, all full of brightness and promise as before, covers the naked branches, and the woods again burst forth in beauty and song, as if decay had never passed over any of their leafy boughs. So of men: "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever" (Eccl., i. 4). The same to the new generation that cometh—the same scene of weary labor, endless variety, alternate hope and disappointment, as if no warning of change had ever been given, as if the knell of death had never rung over the generation that is passing away.

But there is one point in which the analogy does not hold: there is one difference between the race of leaves and the race of men. Between the leaves of successive summers an interval of desolation intervenes, and the "bare and wintry woods" emphatically mark the passage from one season to another. But there is no such pause in the succession of the generations of men. Insensibly they melt and shade into one another. An old man dies, and a child is born; daily and hourly there is a death and a birth; and imperceptibly, by slow degrees, the actors in life's busy scene are changed. Hence the full force of this thought, "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," is not ordinarily felt.

Let us conceive, however, of such a blank in the succession of generations as winter makes in the succession of leaves. Let us take our stand on some middle ground in the stream of history, where there is, as it were, a break or a void between one series of events and another, where the whole tide of life, in the preceding narrative, is engulfed and swallowed up, and the new stream has not begun to flow. Such a position we have in some of the strides which sacred history makes over many intervening years, from the crisis or catastrophe of one of the world's dramas to the opening of another, as, for instance, in the transition from the going down of Israel into Egypt, in the days of Joseph, to their coming out again, in the time of Moses. Here is a dreary vacancy, as of a leafless winter, coming in between the scene in which Joseph and his cotemporaries bore so conspicuous a part, and another scene in which not one of the former actors remained to bear a share; but "there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." And the historian seems to be aware of the solemnity of this pause, when, dismissing the whole subject of his previous narrative, he records the end of all in the brief, but significant words, "And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation."

The first view of this verse that occurs to us is its striking significancy and force, as a commentary on the history of which it so abruptly and emphatically announces the close. The previous narrative presents to us a busy scene—an animated picture; and here, as if by one single stroke, all is reduced to a blank. But now we saw a crowded

mass of human beings—men of like passions with ourselves—moving and mingling in the eager excitement of personal, domestic, and public interests like our own. They were all earnest in their own pursuits; and the things of their day were to them as momentous as those of our day are to us. They thought, and felt, and acted, and suffered; they were harassed by cares and agitated by passions; and their restless energies, contending with the resistless vicissitudes of fortune, the very earth they trod, seemed instinct with life and the stern struggles and activities of life—when, lo! as by the touch of a magic spell, or the sudden turn of the hidden wheel, the whole thronged and congregated multitude is gone, like the pageant of a dream, and the awful stillness of desolation reigns. It is as if having gazed on ocean, when it bears on its broad bosom a gallant and well-manned fleet, bending gracefully to its rising winds, and triumphantly stemming its swelling waves; you looked out again, and, at the very next glance, beheld the wide waste of waters reposing in dark and horrid peace over the deep-buried wrecks of the recent storm. All the earth, inhabited by the men with whose joys and sorrows we have been sympathizing—Egypt, with its proud pyramids and palaces—Goshen, with its quiet pastoral homes—the rich land of Canaan—the tented deserts of Ishmael—all passes in a moment from our view; and there is before us, instead, a place of tombs, one vast city of silent death. "Joseph is dead, and all his brethren, and all that generation."

What an obituary is here! What a chronicle of mortality! How comprehensive, yet withal how precise and particular—a single intimation swelling out into the most wide, and sweeping, and wholesale generality of announcement. In the first instance, the name is given—"Joseph died"—as if the intention were to enumerate in detail the whole. But the number grows, and accumulates too fast—"his brethren also died." These, too, might in part be specified—Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah—Issachar, Zebulon, and Benjamin—Dan and Naphtali—Gad and Ashur. But already the family branches out beyond the limits of easy computation. And all around there stands a mighty multitude, which arithmetic is too slow to reckon, and the pen of the ready writer too impatient to register, and the record too small to contain; and all must, without name or remark, be summed up in the one indiscriminate notice—a notice all the more emphatical on that very account—"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation."

"And all that generation." How many thousands does this phrase embrace! And of how many thousands is this the sole monument and memorial! How startling a force is there in this awful brevity, this compression and abridgment, the names and histories of millions brought within the compass of so brief a statement of a single fact concerning them—that they all die!

And these were men as alive as you are to the bustle of their little

day—as full of schemes and speculations—as much wrapt up in their own concerns, and the cares of the times in which they lived. Each one of them could have filled volumes with details of actions and adventures too important in his eyes to be ever forgotten; and yet all that is told of them in this divine record, and told of them as of an uncounted and undistinguished mass, is, that they all died. Or, if any particular individual has been selected for especial notice—if any one, by the leading of Providence, and by his own worth, has gained in this record an undying name—and if he has collected a small circle around him, who dimly and doubtfully stand out in his light and luster, and are not quite lost in the common crowd, still he to whom prominency is given, and they who partly share his exemption from oblivion, are singled out only that they may be the better seen to have their part in the one event which happeneth alike to all; and of each and all the same summary record is to be made—"And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation."

Surely it seems as if the Lord intended by this bill of mortality for a whole race, which his own Spirit has framed, to stamp as with a character of utter mockery and insignificance, the most momentous distinctions and interests of time; these all being engulfed and swallowed up in the general doom of death, which ushers in the one distinction of eternity.

I. Look to the announcement as it respects the individual—"Joseph died." Carry this intimation back with you into the various changes of his eventful life, invested as these are in your recollection with a peculiar charm by the affectionate associations and the fresh feelings of childhood; and does not the intimation impart to them all a still more touching and tender interest? You see him a child, a boy, a youth at home, the favorite of a widowed father, the first pledge of a love now hallowed by death. You follow him with full sympathy through the petty plots and snares of a divided family, to which his frank and unsuspecting simplicity made him an easy prey; and when you think of him as even then, in boyhood, honored by direct communications from above, and on that very account persecuted and hated by those who naturally should have cherished and watched over him; when you read of his unsuspecting readiness to meet them half-way in their plans against him, and of the desperate malignity of these plans—the cruel deceit practiced on his aged parent, and his own narrow escape, his providential deliverance—are you not touched by the reflection that all this is but to lead to the brief conclusion, "Joseph died?" You follow him to Egypt. You go with him into Potiphar's house, and rejoice in his advancement there. You share in his disgrace and degradation. Joseph in prison is to you like an old familiar friend. His innocence, his unsullied honor to his deceived master, his unshaken loyalty to his God, endear him to your hearts, and you burn with indignation at the wrongs he suffers. The

dreams which he interpreted, the chief baker's fate, the chief butler's fault, all the particulars, in short, of his exaltation to royal favor—his rank at Pharaoh's court, his power over all Egypt, his policy in providing for the years of famine, his treatment of his father and his father's house—these circumstances in his history, the history which first won your regard in childhood, and will longest retain its hold over your age—these things give to the earthly career of Joseph an attractiveness and beauty in your fond esteem, equaling, nay, far surpassing, what you have ever found in any of the pictures of romance.

It may not be pleasant to cast over all this stirring picture the sullen gloom of death! Yet, it does invest it all with a sort of softened and twilight charm, like the peaceful shades of evening shed over a busy landscape; and it teaches, at all events, a salutary lesson—to bear in mind, that, prominent as was the station Joseph occupied in his day, famous through all ages as his name has become, great and lasting as were the fruits of his measures, after he was gone, touching not the Israelites alone, but Egypt and all the world, he himself had to go the way of all flesh. His trials, with their many aggravations—his triumphs, with all their glories, were alike brief and transient; and his eventful career ended, as the obscurest and most common-place lifetime must end—for "Joseph died."

Read over again the history of Joseph, with this running title, this continual motto, "And Joseph died." Call before your mind's eye its successive scenes; and as one by one they pass in review before you, and you gaze on the man of so many changes, let a loud voice ever and anon ring in your ears the knell, "And Joseph died," and try how its startling alarums will affect the judgments you form and the emotions you feel! Take each event by itself, isolate it, separate it from all the rest, bring it at once into immediate contact with the event which closes all, and see how it looks by the light, or in the lurid shade of the tomb.

Joseph is at home, the idol of a parent. Ah! dote not, thou venerable sire, on thy fair and dutiful child. Remember how soon it may be said of him, and how certainly it must be said of him, that "Joseph died." Joseph is lost, and the aged father is disconsolate. He thinks of his son's bright promise, and of all that he might have been, had he been for a season spared. But grieve not, thou gray-haired patriarch. What though thy child has gone ere he has won life's empty prizes? Ah! think, though he had been left to win them all, how it must have come speedily to the same issue at the last, and it must have been said of him, that "Joseph died." Joseph is in trouble—betrayed, persecuted, distressed, wounded in his tenderest feelings, a stranger among strangers, a prisoner, a slave. But let him not be disquieted above measure, nor mourn over the loss of his prosperity. It will be all one to him, when a few years are gone and the end comes. It is but a little while, and it shall be said of him that "Joseph died." Joseph is

exalted; he is high in wealth, in honor, and in power. He is restored to his father; he is reconciled to his brethren. But why should all his glory and his joy elate him? It will be nothing to him soon—when it comes to be said of him that "Joseph died." Ah! there is but one of Joseph's many distinctions, whether of character or of fortune, that does not shrink and shrivel beside this stern announcement. The simplicity of his trust in God, the steadfastness of his adherence to truth and holiness, the favor of heaven, his charity out of a pure heart, and a good conscience and faith unfeigned—these will stand the shock of collision with this record of his decease. And the one bright thought on which chiefly we love to rest, when we read this record is, that he of whom we learn the tidings that he is dead, is the same Joseph whom we have heard uttering, in his prosperity, the noble sentiment, "How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"—the same Joseph of whom we have read in prison, that "the Lord was with him, and showed him mercy"—the same Joseph whom we have seen in Pharaoh's presence disclaiming all personal credit, and giving glory to God alone: "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace"—the same Joseph who has spoken so kindly to his father and brethren, soothing his father's death-bed with the promise, that he should indeed, as he so fondly wished, lie with his sires in the promised land: "I will do as thou hast said;" and relieving, with exquisite delicacy, the troubled consciences of his brethren, "Fear not, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good; I will nourish you and your little ones;"—and finally, the same Joseph who is found strong in faith when his own hour of departure comes, hoping against hope, "making mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and giving commandment concerning his bones," saying, "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence."

Yes, it is something to learn that it is such a man, who so fears to offend against God, so trusts in his mercy, and so glorifies him before kings; one, moreover, so dutiful to his father, so generous and forgiving to his brethren; and one, in fine, so firm in faith to the last, and so joyful in hope of the inheritance of God; it is something to learn that it is such a one, that it is Joseph, who is dead. There is comfort in the news that Joseph died. "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come." "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." So "Joseph died."

II. "And all his brethren." They, too, all died, and the vicissitudes of their family history came to an end in the silent tomb. That family history has its scenes of tenderness and of trouble, of pathos and of passion, like other family histories before and since—scenes of similar though surpassing interest—and do not all these scenes derive a new import and new significancy from so solemn an intimation of death at the close? The actors in these scenes—the members of this family—would surely have thought and felt far otherwise than they did, had they reflected al-

ways how soon the time would come when, of all their joys and sorrows, their jealousies and heart-burnings, and rivalries, and resentments, their feuds and reconciliations, their sins and their sufferings—when of all these, the simple and summary record would be, that "Joseph died, and all his brethren." Ah! how intimately should this reflection have knit them together in unity of interest, of affection, and of aim! The tie of a common origin is scarcely stronger or closer than the tie of a common doom. That they were all born in the same father's house, is an argument of love that is greatly heightened and enhanced by the consideration, that soon it may and must be said of them, that they are all gone to the same resting-place of the tomb.

The graves of a household, as they are dug one by one, the breaches in the little circle of home, made singly and in detail, as one and then another dear member is called away—these are very impressive to you who remain, and stamp with a new character in your estimate all the intercourse which you have been wont to have. When individuals of a family depart, ah! does it not compel the survivors to review the past in a new light, and to think—alas! often in what bitterness of soul—on what terms, and for what objects and ends, they have for long years been living together? The friend, the beloved brother who is gone, has acquired, by his death, new value in your esteem—a new and sacred claim to your regard. Now, for the first time, you discover how dear he should have been, how dear he was to your hearts—dearer far, than you had ever thought. How fondly do you dwell on all his attractions and excellences! How do his faults and failings fade away from your eyes! And O! with what a pang, and with what poignancy of grief does the wounded soul brood over any passages of unkindness, any instances of neglect! How frivolous are all former causes of misunderstanding, all excuses of indifferences, now seen to be! Death has stamped upon them all a character of most absolute insignificancy; and bitter almost beyond endurance, is the idea now, that for the sake of such trifles and vanities as are all the things of earth that breed coldness and suspicion among brethren, you have in any degree lost or wasted the season of friendly and familiar communion, so precious and so soon to close. How cheerfully would you give your all, if you could recall the lost one but for a day, or for an hour, that you might unburden a heavy heart, and exchange anew forgiveness and affliction! With what warmth would you now meet, with what fullness of confidence and love embrace him, whom, but yesterday, perhaps, you carelessly overlooked or cruelly offended! Would that you had known beforehand, how soon and how suddenly death was to claim him as its victim.

Ah! then you would have better improved the time of his remaining with you. You would not have omitted so many opportunities of cultivating and enjoying his intimacy. You would not have delayed from day to day your purposes of kindness. You would not have been so

readily and so frequently estranged from him. You would not have suspected or envied, or provoked, or wounded him, as you have done. You would not have consulted so constantly your own selfish inclinations, or sought your own selfish ends, or indulged your own selfish passions. And, above all, you would not, in your dealings with him, have so exclusively regarded the things of time, and so grievously neglected the things of eternity. Ah! you would not have met so often, and so often parted, without one sentence or one mutual thought of godliness interchanged between you. You would have spoken more faithfully; you would have conversed and communed on the things that belong to your peace. You would have wept over sin together, and praised the love of the Saviour together, and prayed together, and joined together in the works of faith and labor of love. Your reserve would have been far more completely laid aside, and God would have been far more fully acknowledged, and "a word in season" would have been uttered, and something, it may be, perilous to the soul of a dying sinner would have been left unsaid, if, when you last saw and conversed with your brother, you had had the slightest idea that he so speedily was to go to his long home. And does this consideration lose its force when, by such a sentence as that before us, the members of a family are not, as it were, individually, and one by one, but altogether, and in one sweeping summons, called to pass from the shadows of time to the dread realities of the eternal world? Is there not an awful voice to families in the brief and passing record, "Joseph died, and all his brethren?" With their loves and hatreds, their fears and hopes, their family affections, such as they were, their family sins—they are all gone from this earth, and the place that once knew them now knows them no more. And whither are they gone? and what are their views now, and what their feelings, on the matters which formed the subject of their familiar intercourse here? Are they united in the region of blessedness above? Are they formed again into a society in heaven, more happy and more stable than was their household on earth—Joseph and his brethren, the beloved Benjamin, and the aged Jacob—all met in joy, to part no more forever. Or is there a fearful separation, and are there some of their number on the other side of the great gulf—vainly regretting the time when they would not cast in their lot with those who were faithful to their father's God? We dare not raise the curtain, or gaze even in imagination on the mysterious secrets of the invisible state. It is enough that they are all dead, and have left the many things about which they were careful, and have all now at last learned the lesson—"One thing is needful." O would to God that the anticipation of the time when, concerning you and those with whom you are dwelling together in families, the short and summary record shall be, that you are dead and all your brethren, were sufficient to teach you that lesson now, ere it be too late! O that God himself would persuade you now, so to cultivate the charities of

home, in the spirit and hope of heaven, that to you and your brethren it may be applied, in their highest and holiest and happiest sense, the words of David's lamentation over the father and son who fell together in the fight—"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." So "Joseph died, and all his brethren."

III. "And all that generation." The tide of mortality rolls on in a wider stream. It sweeps into the one vast ocean of eternity all the members of a family—all the families of a race. The distinctions alike of individuals and households are lost. Every land-mark is laid low. The various dates and manner of different departures are merged and overwhelmed in the one universal announcement, that of all who at one given time existed on the earth, not one remains—Joseph is dead, and all his brethren, and all that generation. Some are gone in tender years of childhood, unconscious of life's sins and sufferings—some in gray-headed age, weighed down by many troubles. Some have perished by the hand of violence—some by natural decay. Here is one smitten in an instant to the dust—there is another, the victim of slow and torturing disease—the strong man and the weak—the proud man and the beggar—the king and the subject—some in prosperity, and nursed by friends; others in dreary and desolate destitution, without a friend or brother to close the anxious eye. The thousands have all met their doom from a thousand different causes, and in a countless variety of circumstances. War, famine, pestilence, have had their innumerable victims. Crime has carried off, in one indistinguishable crowd, the ministers that did his pleasure—the dupes that fell into his snares. Profligacy has slowly preyed on the pining souls and bodies of her votaries. Accident has suddenly snapped the thread of life. The tyrant, mingling men's blood with their sacrifices—the falling tower crushing its inmates under its weight—fire seizing the midnight dwelling, or the lonely ship in mid ocean far—the assassin's knife—the poisoning cup—or the weary wear and tear of a prolonged battle with life's ills—all have numbered their triumphs over the proud race that lords it in this lower world. Grave after grave has been opened and filled; man after man has gone the way of all living; new bodies have been consigned to the silent tomb; new sets of mourners have gone about the streets. And now, of the entire multitude that at some one point of time occupied the earth, not one remains; all, all are gone. Various were their pursuits, their toils, their interests, their joys, their griefs—various their eventful histories; but one common sentence will serve as the epitaph of all—"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation." And another generation now fills the stage—a generation that, in all its vast circle of families, can produce not one individual to link it with the buried race on whose ashes it is treading. Make for yourselves, in imagination, the abrupt transition the historian here makes in his narrative—the sudden leap across an interval of years, during

which the gradual process of death and birth has been going on, ever emptying, but ever replenishing, the earth, and keeping it ever full. Make that interval, as he does, an absolute blank—a dreary void—a great gulf. Let the sleep or oblivion of a century come in between; and as you awake out of a trance, let it be amid a throng as eager and as busy as that which you left, but a throng in which you see "not the face of one old friend rise visaged to the view." It is the same scene as before; but ah! how changed. On a smaller scale, you have experienced something of what we now describe. In the sad season of bereavement, how have you felt your pain embittered by the contrast between death reigning in your heart and home, and busy life going on all around! Oh! to step out from the darkened chamber of sickness, or the house of solitary woe, and stand all at once in the glare and amid the tumult of the broad and busy day—to see the sun shine as brightly, and the green earth smile as gladly, and all nature rejoice as gloriously as ever, while all to you is a blank—to hear the concord of sweet voices mocking your desolation—to mix with dreary heart in the unsympathizing crowd—it is enough often to turn distress into distraction, and make you loathe the light and life that so offend your sadness! In the prospect, too, of your own departure, does not this thought form an element of the dreariness of death, that when you are gone, and laid in the silent tomb, others will arise that knew not you? Your removal will scarce occasion even a momentary interruption in the onward course and incessant hurry of affairs, and your loss will be but as that of a drop of water from the tide that rolls on in its career as mighty and as majestical as ever.

But here, it is a whole generation, with all its families, that is engulfed in one unmeasured tomb! And lo! the earth is still all astir with the same activities, all gay with the same pomps and pageantries, all engrossed with the same vanities and follies; and alas! the same sins also, that have been beguiling and disappointing the successive races of its inhabitants since the world began!

Is there no moral in the shadow which this summary and gigantic burial of a whole generation, in one single brief text, casts upon all these things—on the joys and sorrows, the cares, the toils, the pleasures of time—as the gates of eternity open to shut in from our view, with a single sweep, the millions that once used them as we are using them now?

What are they all, with the tears or smiles they caused, to those millions to whom but now they seemed to be every thing? What will they all be to us, when of each one of us, as of Joseph, the simple record shall be, that he died, and all his brethren, and all that generation? This burial of a whole generation! the individual, the family, and the entire mass of life, mingled in one common tomb! surely it is a solemn thought. It appeals to our natural sensibility; does it not appeal also to our spir-

itual apprehension? For natural sensibility is but little trustworthy. Easily moved by such musings, it is easily composed—violent emotion and frivolous apathy being the extremes between which it vacillates and vibrates. To carry and command its sympathies for the moment is an insignificant and unworthy triumph. But faith finds matter of deeper and more lasting impression here. Death is the great divider; it severs families and cuts friendships asunder—breaking closest ties, and causing the most compact associations to fall to pieces. Coming as it does upon the race of men, one by one—singling out individually, one after another, its successive prey—it resolves each hill or mountain into its constituent grains, taking separate account of every one of them, as separately it draws them into its own insatiable jaws. But death is the great uniter, too: separating for a time, it brings all together at last. The churchyard opens its graves to part dearest brethren and friends; but soon it opens them again, to mix their kindred ashes in one common dust.

Is the union, however, that death occasions, real, substantial, enduring?

"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation." Death passed upon them all, for they all had sinned. It is the common lot—the general history—the universal characteristic.

And there is another common lot—another general history—another universal characteristic: "After death, the judgment." Joseph rises again, and all his brethren, and all that generation; and they all stand before the judgment-seat. There is union then: the small and the great are there—the servant and his master—all are brought together; but for what? And for how long? "The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

What a solemn contrast have we here! Death unites after separation; the judgment unites in order to separate. Death, closing the drama of time, lets the curtain fall upon its whole scenery and all its actors; the judgment, opening the drama of eternity, discloses scenery and actors once more entire. All die; all are judged. The two events happen alike to all. And both are near; for the time is short—the Lord is at hand.

But before death, before the judgment, is the gospel freely preached to all; and a voice is heard: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open unto me, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me." Let this feast of love be begun in heart after heart, as one by one, sinners die with Christ unto sin, and live with him unto God. And when individuals, families, generations, are separated, and united, to be separated again, may it be our privilege to meet at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, beyond which there is no parting any more forever.

DISCOURSE LI.

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S.

The "Moore of the Pulpit," as Dr. Hamilton has been called, was born about the year 1810, at Strathaven, Scotland, where his father was parish clergyman, and a man of considerable distinction. He was graduated at the University of Glasgow in the year 1829, and has now been pastor of the National Scotch Church, Regent's Square, London, some twelve or fifteen years. Dr. Hamilton is widely known in this country, as well as beyond the Atlantic, from his excellent and popular works; such as "Life in Earnest;" "Harp on the Willows;" "Happy Home;" "Life of Lady Colquhoun;" "Mount of Olives;" "The Royal Preacher," etc. He is besides possessed of remarkable pulpit talents, which attract many to his ministry. We copy the remarks of a frequent hearer:

"He is the most poetical of preachers. Like the person described in Hudibras,

> "'————he scarce can ope
> His mouth, but out there flies a trope.'"

He possesses a vivid imagination, a brilliant fancy, and a sparkling phraseology. His sentences are strings of pearls, and whatever subject he touches, he invariably adorns. His affluence of imagery is surprising. To illustrate some particular Scripture, he will lay science, art, and natural history under contribution. But plenteous as are the flowers of eloquence, their sweetness does not cloy. And withal, a spirit of earnest piety pervades the discourse. There is one drawback—the broad Scotch accent in which it is delivered."

Some of his views of preaching are brought out in the Introduction to his "Life in Earnest:" "For the directness of the style and the plainness of the illustrations, I do not apologize. They are not more a natural propensity than the result of conscientious conviction; for as I can not be persuaded that, in matters of taste, any thing is eloquent which does not answer the end in view, nor that in theology any thing is sublime which is not scriptural; so I can not think that, in preaching, any thing is out of place which puts the truth in its proper place—in the memory and the hearts of the hearers—nor that any thing is mean which can trace its pedigree back to the Mount of Beatitudes."

The sermon which is here given will commend itself as justifying, in some measure, the high award of merit assigned to the preacher's abilities. We are sorry to add, that Dr. Hamilton has been for some time in ill health; and that his constitution, at best not firm, seems of late somewhat broken.

THE PARTING PROMISE, AND THE PRESENT SAVIOUR.

"And, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."—MATT., xxviii. 20.

THERE are some plants which grow right up—erect in their own sturdy self-sufficiency; and there are some feeble ones which take hold with their hands and clasp and climb. The soul of man is like these last. Even in his best estate he was not meant to grow insulated and stand alone. He is not strong enough for that. He has not within himself resources sufficient to fill himself. He is not fit to be his own all-in-all. The make of his mind is an out-going, exploring, petitionary make. The soul of man is a clasping, clinging soul, seeking to something over which it can spread itself, and by means of which it can support itself. And just as in a neglected garden you may see the poor creepers making shift to sustain themselves as best they can; one convolvolus twisting round another, and both draggling on the ground; a clematis leaning on the door which will by and by open and let the whole mass fall down; a vine or a passion-flower wreathing round a prop which all the while is poisoning it; so in this fallen world it is mournful to see the efforts which human souls are making to get some efficient object to lean upon and twine around. One clasps a glistening prop, and it poisons him. The love of money blasts his soul, and it hangs round its self-chosen stay a blighted, withered thing. Another spreads himself more amply over a broad surface of creature comfort—a snug dwelling, and a well-furnished library, and a pleasant neighborhood, with the command of every thing that heart can wish, and a steady income—but death opens the door, and, with nothing but vacancy to lean upon, he falls over on the other side all helpless and dejected. And a still greater number, groping about along the road, clutch to one another, and intertwine their tendrils mutually, and by forming friendships and congenial intimacies, and close relations, try to satisfy their leaning loving nature in this way. But it answers little end. The make of man's soul is upward, and one climber can not lift another off the ground. And the growth of man's soul is luxuriant, and that growth must be stifled, checked, and scanty, if he have no larger space over which to diffuse his aspirations, his affections, and his efforts, than the surface of a fellow-creature's soul. But, weedy as this world-garden is, the Tree of Life still grows in the midst of it—erect in his own omnipotent self-sufficiency, and inviting every weary straggling soul to lay hold of his everlasting strength, and expatiate upward along the infinite ramifications of his endless excellences and all-inviting love.

God has formed the soul of man of a leaning, dependent make; and for the healthy growth and joyful development of that soul, it is essential that he should have some object far higher and nobler than himself to

dispread his desires and delights upon. That object is revealed in the gospel. That object is Immanuel. His divinity is the almighty prop—able to sustain the adhering soul, so that it shall never perish nor come into condemnation—the omnipotent support which bears the clinging spirit loftily and securely, so that the whirling temptations which vex it can not rend it from the tree of life, and that the muddy plash, which soils and beats into the earth its sprawling neighbors, can not tarnish the verdant serenity and limpid glories of its flowering head. And just as his divine strength is the omnipotent prop of the adhering soul, so his divine resources and his human sympathy make him the all-sufficient object, over which each emotion and each desire of regenerate humanity may boundlessly diffuse itself. And however delicate your feelings, however eager your affections, and however multitudinous the necessities of your intricate nature, there is that in this heavenly friend which meets them every one. There are in his unimaginable compassions, and in his benignant fellow-feelings, holds sufficient for every craving tendril and every eager clasper of the human heart, to fix upon and wreath around.

This is what the gospel does. It just offers you a friend, who can both save and satisfy your soul. Jesus, the Son of God, God manifest in flesh, Immanuel, the gospel offers this friend to you—not more tender than he is holy, not more divine than he is human. Instead of clutching to props which can not elevate you, or if they do bear you up for a moment, must soon be withdrawn again—the gospel bids you grow against the tree of life, and just as you grow up into Christ, you will grow up into holiness and into happiness. And if you have not yet found an object to your heart's content—if you feel that there is still something wrong with you—that you are neither leading the life which you would like to lead, nor enjoying the comfort which you think might be somehow got; be advised. Take the Lord Jesus for your friend. He is one in whom you will find no flaw. He is one in whom—if you really get acquainted with him—you will never weary; and one, who, if once you really go to him, will never weary of you. He is a friend of whom no one had ever reason to complain—a friend who has done so much for you already, that he would have done enough even though he were never to do any more; who is so generous, that his thoughts are all occupied with the great things he designs to do—a friend who is singularly kind and considerate, for "he sticketh closer than a brother"—a friend who does not vary, "for he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"—and, best of all, a friend who is never far away, for "lo, I am with you alway."

My dear friends—there are many reasons why men do not love the Lord Jesus. Some feel no need of him. They understand that he is a Saviour; but a Saviour is what they do not desire. Others have no congeniality with him. They understand that his character is divine—that his love of holiness is as intense as his hatred of iniquity—and as they

love the world, and love their own way, and love the pleasures of sin, they can not love the Lord Jesus. But the hearts of some toward Christ are cold for other reasons. Their conceptions regarding him are sufficiently vague and dim; but so far as they can be reduced to any thing definite, we might say that they do not love the Lord Jesus, because they habitually think of him as a dead Saviour, or a Saviour different from what he was, or a distant Saviour—a Saviour far away.

I. Some look on the Lord Jesus as dead. They read his history as of one who lived long ago, but who is not living now. They read Matthew's narrative, or John's, and they are interested—for the moment moved. They feel that these words are very beautiful—that this stroke of kindness or tenderness was very touching—that that interposition was very surprising. They feel that the whole history of Jesus of Nazareth is very affecting; and, just as they may have wept at the death of Socrates, or when they read the martyrdom of the saints at Lyons, so they may have felt for him who had not the fox's hole—they may have wept when they saw the son of Mary hanging on the tree. And, if they were visiting Palestine, they might linger over many a silent spot with a solemn impression. "Is this the grassy mount where he preached that sermon? Yon lake, rippling round its pebbly margin, is it the one he so often crossed? And are these the very rocks which echoed the strong crying of his midnight prayers?" But there they feel as if it ended. They look on it all as a tale that is past. They take for granted that it all closed on Calvary—that the cross was the conclusion of that life—the most wonderful life that the world ever saw—but still its conclusion. To them Christ is dead, not living; and therefore no wonder that they do not love him. You may revere the character of those long ago departed; but love is an affection reserved for the living. You will only love the Lord Jesus when you come to believe in him as the living Saviour—one who was once dead, but who, once dead, dieth no more. Jesus lives. He was not more alive when he sat at Jacob's well than he is alive at this moment. He was not more alive when he poured the water into the basin and washed their feet—not more alive when he took the cup and made a beginning of the remembrance-feast—not more alive when he rose from table and sang the parting hymn, and went out among them to the Mount of Olives, than he is living now. The Lord Jesus lives. He is alive for evermore.

II. Some do not love the Lord Jesus because they look on him as an altered Saviour—as different now from what he once was. Earthly friends are apt to change, and if they do not change, they die. When a visitor comes from a foreign land where you once sojourned, you ask eagerly about the different acquaintances you once had there. "And did you see such a one?" "Yes; but you would not know him, he is so greatly altered." "Did he remember me?" "Well, I rather think he was asking for you, but I can not be very sure. He has got other

things to occupy his thoughts since you and he were wont to meet." "And what of such another?" "Ah times are sadly changed with him. You would be sorry to see him now. I believe he has the same kind heart as ever; but he has it not in his power to show it as he used to do" "And our old neighbor, who lived next door?" "Your old neighbor? dear good man, he is safe in Abraham's bosom. I found his house shut up, and all his family gone away." And it is very seldom, after years of absence, that you hear of one whose outward circumstances are nowise different from what they were, and rarer still to hear of one whose dispositions are quite unchanged.

However, one there is who wears our nature, but is not liable to the variations of mortality. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The concurring testimony of those who have seen him from time to time, along a reach of some thousand years, goes to prove that the Alpha and Omega, the friend of sinners, can not change. He who talked with our first parents in the cool of the day is the same holy, yet condescending one that he ever was, and loveth righteousness, and hateth iniquity, as much as when the first sinners ran away from his pure and sin-repelling presence. The heavenly high priest is still as accessible to prayer, and as ready to yield to his people's entreaty, as when he six times conceded to Abraham's intercession. The God of Bethel is still the faithful keeper of his people and their families, as when he heard Jacob in the day of his distress, and was with him in the way which he went.* And any thing which has been heard of him since he went back to his glory, goes to prove that he is the same Saviour now as during the continuous years he sojourned with us.

It is true, there are some circumstantial differences, but no intrinsic change. There is more of the oil of gladness on him than when the Father first anointed him, and crowns are on his head which have been planted there since the work given him to do was finished. His satisfactions are fuller, as he continues to see the travail of his soul; and, doubtless, there are outbursts of his glory yet to come, more dazzling than any which have yet astonished heaven. But still the mind of the Lord Jesus is the same as it ever was; and when the last saint sits down beside him on his throne—when the fullness of "It is finished" comes to be understood, and word is brought to the many mansions that Death is dead, and that Time is now no more—the redeemed, as they bow beneath that exceeding glory, will feel that it is still the glory of the Lamb that was slain—the glory of the friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

III. But the feelings of others toward the Lord Jesus are vague and comfortless, because they think of him as a distant Saviour—a Saviour far away. The Lord Jesus is omnipresent. He is not far from any one of us. His flame-bright eye follows the Sabbath-breaker through the fields, and is on the drunkard as he reels into the tavern. It reads the

* Gen., xxxv. 3.

thought of the liar as he forges his falsehood, and looks through and through that heart which is full of its corrupt imaginings. It notices the worldly professor at the communion-table, and sees the unbeliever tumbling, night after night, into his prayerless bed. But though the Lord Jesus be everywhere present, he is present with his own people in a peculiar relation. He is with them as a Saviour, a shepherd, a friend. His divine presence fills immensity; but his gracious and reconciled presence—his loving and interested presence—his Saviour-presence—is exclusively with his own. So constantly is the Lord Jesus present with his people that, in order to get the full good of it, they have only to remember the fact. From the moment that a man becomes a disciple of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always" becomes a promise to that man—a promise, the performance of which is never for a moment suspended by the Saviour; but the existence of which is often forgot by the disciple. But, forgotten or remembered, it is every moment true; and, to enjoy the full blessedness of this assurance, you have only to remember, to realize it. Sometimes, without any effort on your part, the conviction will dawn gently, or flash brightly, on the mind, and you will feel for a moment that Jesus is with you. But why not feel it always? for it is always equally true.

"A glance from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

"So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away

"The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospects it revealed;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed."*

These lightning-bursts, these momentary gleams, are just the hints of truth which the Holy Spirit darts into the mind from time to time, revealing matters as they really are. But we ought to recollect, that even during the dark the solid landscape has not vanished, but is only hid. And even so, when Christ's sensible presence is withdrawn, we should remember that he is near as ever, and it is the believer's wisdom to go on in the joyful strength of the assurance, "Lo, I am with you."

Let me mention some benefits of Christ's perpetual presence with his people, especially when that presence is recollected and realized.

1. It is sanctifying. The company of an earthly friend is often influential on character. If he be one of very pure and lofty mind, and,

* Newton.

withal, one who has gained an ascendancy over your own soul, his very presence is a talisman. If an angry storm be gathering in your bosom or lowering in your countenance, the unexpected sunshine of his heavenly aspect will disperse it all again. If mean or unworthy thoughts were creeping into your mind, the interruption of his noble presence will chase them all away. If you are on the point of declining some difficult enterprise, or evading some incumbent duty, the glance of his remonstrating eye will at once shame away your indolence or cowardice, and make you up and doing. So the Saviour's recollected presence is a constant reproof and a ceaseless incentive to an affectionate disciple. Is he provoked? Is his temper ruffled? Is he about to come out with some sharp or cutting sarcasm, or to deal the indignant blow? One look from the Lamb of God will calm his spirit—will cool the flush of fury in his burning cheek—will make his swelling heart beat softly. Are you tempted? Do evil thoughts arise in your heart? One glance from those holy eyes can chase away a whole legion of devils, and banish back into the pit each foul suggestion. Are you seized with a lazy or selfish fit? Are you wearying of work which for some time you were doing, or refusing work which God is now giving you to do? Are you angry at an affliction, or averse to a given task? Lo! he puts to his hand, and offers to help you with this great cross, and you observe that it is a pierced hand; and he offers to go before and show you the way, and you notice that the footprints are bleeding, and it wounds you to think that you should have needed such an admonition. Or you have just come away from a scene of guilt—from a company where you have denied him—where you have just been saying by your conduct, by your silence, or your words, "I know not the man;" and as you encounter the eye of Jesus, whom they are leading away to crucify, O, Peter, do you not go forth and weep bitterly?

2. Christ's presence is sustaining. The apostles were wonderfully calm and collected men. People, considering what they were, many of them unlearned and ignorant, were amazed at their dignified composure in most difficult circumstances. It was scarcely possible to alarm or agitate them. When brought before kings and rulers, it was usually their judges who trembled, but they themselves were tranquil. And Paul tells us the secret of it. When he himself was brought before Cæsar, it was an agitating occasion. Nero was a cruel prince, and the people looked on his palace much as they would have looked on a leopard's den. An order has arrived to bring the Galilean prisoner to the emperor's judgment-hall. The apostle had just time to warn a few friends, and like enough they came and condoled with him; but they thought it prudent not to go with him into court. It might compromise their own safety, and it could do him no effectual good; and he did not urge them. The soldiers arrived, and he went cheerily with them—the old weather-beaten man—without his cloak, for he had left it at Troas;

without his friends, for he had left them behind at his own hired house—as forlorn as ever prisoner stood before Cæsar. And how was it that the infirm old man passed, with so serene a look, the clashing swords and scowling sentries at the palace-front? How was it that he had trod the gloomy gateway with a step so full of merry innocence and martyr-zeal, and never noticed Nero's lions snuffling and howling in their hungry den? And how was it that in the dim and dangerous presence-chamber, where cruelty sat upon the throne of luxury—how was it that, with that wolf upon the judgment-seat and those bloodhounds all around him—with none but pagans present, and not one believing friend to bear thee company—how was it, O Paul! that in such an hour of peril, instead of pleading not guilty, and falling down on suppliant knees, thou didst commit the very crime they charged against thee—the crime of loyalty to Jesus—and urge Christ's claims on Cæsar? Why the secret of this strange courage was, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me. Notwithstanding, the LORD stood with me and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

And you, my friends, will all be brought into agitating circumstances. It is not likely that it will be said to you, "Fear not, for thou must stand before Cæsar." But you may be arraigned before terrible tribunals—the tribunal of public opinion—the tribunal of private affection—the tribunal of worldly interest—for Christ's name's sake. From time to time you may be constrained to pass through ordeals which will make you understand how Paul felt when passing in at the palace-gate. When called to give your testimony for Christ, the flesh may be weak, and the willing word may be like to expire in your choking utterance. Worldly wisdom may beckon you back, and, like Paul's fearful friends, cautious or carnal Christians may refuse to support you. It is not Nero's hall, but a quiet parlor you are entering; but before you come out again you may be a poor man, or a friendless one. The *Yes* or *No* of one faithful moment may have spurned the ladder of promotion from under your feet, and dashed your brightest hopes on this side the grave. Or, by the time the letter you are now penning is closed and sealed and posted, and the sinful assent, or the compromising proposal, or the resolute refusal is written, the Lord Jesus will have said, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead;" or, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot;" or, "I know thy works; behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. I will also keep thee." In such fiery trials of love and fidelity there is nothing so sure to overcome as the recollected presence of "Lo I am with you." And O! it is sweeter, like the three holy children, to pace up and down beneath the furnace's flaming vault, arm in arm with the Son

of man, than to tread the green pastures of an earthly promotion or a carnal tranquillity purchased by the denial of Jesus, and so with the wrath of the Lamb.

3. Comforting. You have noticed the difference in traveling the same road solitary and in pleasant company. "What! we are not here already! It takes three hours to do it, and we have not been half that time. Well, I could not have believed it; but then I never before traveled it with you." No doubt Cleopas and his comrade used to think the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus long enough, and were very glad when they reached the fiftieth furlong, But that evening when the stranger from Jerusalem joined them, they grudged every way-mark which they passed; and as in the progress of his expositions Moses and all the prophets beamed with light from heaven, and their own hearts glowed warmer, they would fain have counted the mile-stones back again. "How vexing! This is Emmaus; but you must not go on. 'Abide with us, for the day is far spent.'" Any road which you travel solitary is long enough, and any stage of life's journey where no one is with you, will be dreary and desolate. But you need have no such companionless stages—no such cheerless journeys. If you be a disciple, the Lord Jesus always is with you. And whether they be the silent weeks which you spend in search of health in some far away and strange-looking place, or the long voyage in the sea-roaming ship, or the shorter journey in the rattling stage or railway-car—if, in reading, or musing, or lifting up your heart, you can realize that Saviour's presence, who is about your path and compasses all your ways, you will be almost sorry when such a journey is ended, and when *such* a solitude is exchanged for more wonted society. I can almost believe that John Bunyan left Bedford jail with a sort of trembling, fearing that he might never find again such a Bethel as he had found in that narrow cell for the last twelve years; and I can understand how Samuel Rutherford wrote from his place of banishment, "Christ has met me in Aberdeen, and my adversaries have sent me here to be feasted with his love. I would not have believed that there was so much in Jesus as there is. But 'Come and see,' maketh Christ be known in his excellency and glory."

The presence of Christ can turn a dark night into a night much to be remembered. Perhaps it is time to be sleeping, but the November wind is out, and as it riots over the misty hills, and dashes the rain-drift on the rattling casement, and howls like a spirit distracted in the fireless chimney, it has awakened the young sleeper in the upper room. And when his mother enters, she finds him sobbing out his infant fears, or with beating heart hiding from the noisy danger in the depths of his downy pillow. But she puts the candle on the table, and sits down beside the bed; and as he hears her assuring voice, and espies the gay comfort in her smiling face, and as she puts her hand over his, the tear stands still upon his cheek, till it gets time to dry, and the smoothing

down of the panic furrows on his brow, and the brightening of his eye announce that he is ready for whatever a mother has got to tell. And as she goes on to explain the mysterious sources of his terror—"That hoarse loud roaring is the brook tumbling over the stones; for the long pouring rains have filled it to the very brim. It is up on the green to-night, and had the cowslips been in blossom they would all have been drowned. Yes—and that thump on the window. It is the old cedar at the corner of the house, and as the wind tosses his stiff branches they bounce and scratch on the panes of glass, and if they were not very small they would be broken in pieces." And then she goes on to tell how this very night there are people out in the pelting blast, while her little boy lies warm in his crib, inside of his curtains; and how ships may be upset on the deep sea, or dashed to pieces on rocks so steep that the drowning sailors can not climb them. And then perhaps she ends it all with breathing a mother's prayer, or he drops asleep beneath the cradle-hymn.

And why describe all this? Because there is so much practical divinity in it. In the history of a child, a night like this is an important night, for it has done three things. It has explained some things which, unexplained, would have been a source of constant alarm—perhaps the germ of superstition or insanity. It has taught some precious lessons—sympathy for sufferers, gratitude for mercies, and perhaps some pleasant thought of him who is the hiding-place from the storm and the covert from the tempest. And then it has deepened in that tender bosom the foundations of filial piety, and helped to give that parent such hold and purchase on a filial heart as few wise mothers have ever failed to win, and no manly son has ever blushed to own.

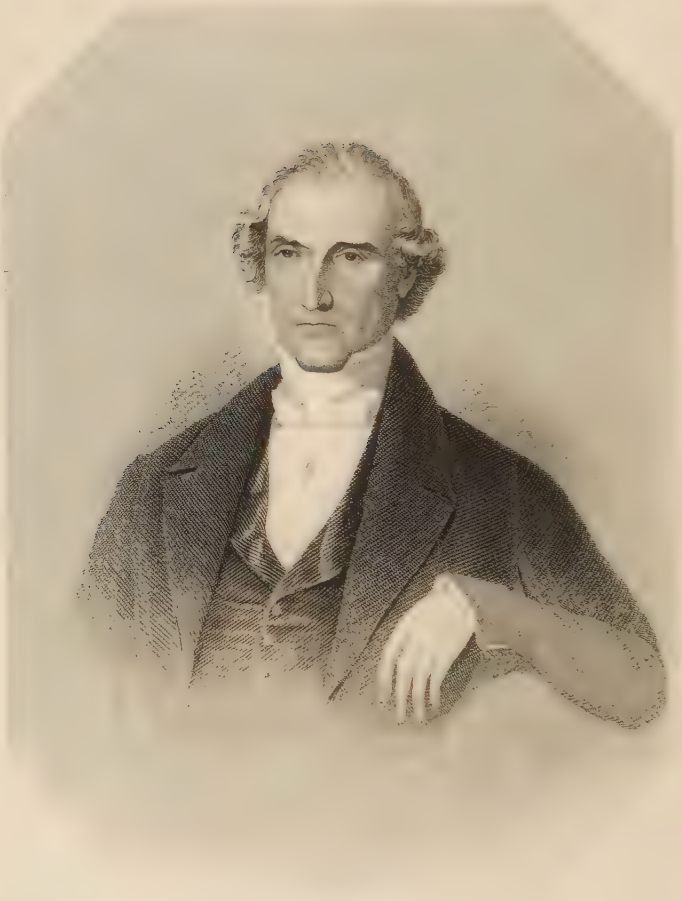
Then for the parallel. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord comforteth his people." It is in the dark and boisterous night of sorrow or apprehension that the Saviour reveals himself nigh. And one of the first things he does is to explain the subject-matter of the grief, to show its real nature and amount. "It is but a light infliction. It lasts but for a moment. It is a false alarm. It is only the rain-drift on the window—wait till the day dawns and shadows flee away. Wait till morning and you will see the whole extent of it." And then the next thing he does is to teach some useful lesson. And during those quiet hours, when the heart is soft, the Saviour's lessons sink deep. And, last of all, besides consolation under the trial, and peaceful fruits that follow it, by this comforter-visit, the Saviour unspeakably endears himself to that soul. Paul and Silas never knew Christ so well, nor loved him so much, as after that night which he and they passed together in the Macedonian prison. And the souls on which the Lord Jesus has taken the deepest hold, are those whose great tribulations have thrown them most frequently and most entirely into his own society.

But we hasten to a close. We have seen the meaning of the words so far—"Lo, I am with you alway;" I am with you to succor in temptation, to strengthen in duty, to guide in perplexity, to comfort in sorrow. From the instant you become a disciple, I am with you all along. I am with you every day. All your life I am with you—and at death?—at death you are with me. That's the difference. At present I am always with you, but you are not always with me. At present Jesus is constantly near his own, but his own do not constantly desire to be near him. Here it is only by faith that believers enjoy his presence. There they shall see him as he is. Now the Lord Jesus follows his own whithersoever they go, but they do not always follow him. Then it will be different, for they will follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And all that is wanting to complete the promise is what death's twinkling will supply. Now it is, "Lo, I am with you alway"—and then it is, "And so shall *we* be ever with the Lord."

"Ever with the Lord." At once and forever. At once—for absent from the body, we are present with him. So near is Jesus now, that, like the infant waking from its dream, it looks up, and lo! she sits beside it—waking up from this life-dream, the first sight is Jesus as he is. At once—no flight through immensity—no pilgrimages through the spheres—for the everlasting arms are the first resting-place of the disembodied soul—it will be in the bosom of Immanuel that the emancipated spirit will inquire, "Where am I?" and read in the face of Jesus the answer, "Forever with the Lord." *Forever*—to be with him for a few years, as, one way with another, John and Peter were—to be with him one Lord's day as the beloved disciple subsequently was—to be with him a few moments, as Paul caught up into the third heavens was—how blessed! But to be ever with the Lord—not only to-day, but to-morrow—nay, neither to-day nor to-morrow, but now, now, one everlasting now!

Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

The Irish Pulpit.



Yours truly

Hooke

DISCOURSE LII.

HENRY COOKE, D.D., LL.D.

This distinguished divine is tall, slender, and erect, in his exterior—possesses a very piercing eye, high brow, and aquiline nose. His early ministerial career commenced in a small country charge in county Antrim. He was subsequently translated to Killileagh, in county Down, and finally to May Street, Belfast, which is his present charge. His great forte lies in polemics; and a hard conflict with Unitarianism—which was spread over five years, between 1824 and 1829—tried his controversial powers most severely. He was brought into contact with no ordinary metal during this controversy, but he gained a signal triumph; and, under God, was the instrument of regenerating the Presbyterian church of Ulster.

During the rage of voluntaryism in Scotland, and prior to the late disruption in the national church, Dr. Cooke's powers as a polemic were once more tested in a *vivâ voce* discussion, which spread over two entire nights, with Dr. Richey, of Edinburg, known as the "Potter Row" Doctor. The issue of this contest was the demolition of the Edinburg doctor, and the silencing, ever since, of the controversy in Ulster. In 1841, Daniel O'Connell, then in the zenith of his glory as a demagogue, proposed to visit the province of Ulster, with a view to agitate the Repeal of the Union. Dr. Cooke issued a challenge to the Liberator, so-called, which appeared in all the metropolitan and provincial papers of the kingdom; but the Repealer, on the principle of discretion being the best part of valor, "backed out," and the Rev. Doctor walked over the ground in solitary triumph.

The doctor's writings have been somewhat restricted, owing to his public calls and his unbounded popularity. He edited Blackie's edition of Brown's Bible, adding some 20,000 original notes, exegetical and practical. In a fire which broke out in one of the hotels in London, in 1840, while in the metropolis on church business, a large pile of valuable MSS. belonging to him, was destroyed. It embraced a "Concordance" nearly ready for the press. Whether he has undertaken the work again, is not known.

Dr. Cooke, besides being pastor of the Presbyterian church in May Street, Belfast, is Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Assembly's College. He is a man of unbounded generosity of heart and soul, possessing, in a most extraordinary degree, the attributes of the lion and the lamb. In debate he is fierce, keen, hair-splitting, and sarcastic. In the pulpit, exegetical, illustrative, argumentative, eloquent and practical; in the parish, full of mirthfulness and pleasantry, abounding in anecdote, and profuse in the use of such epithets as belong to the figure of speech called *alliteration.*

The sermon which follows contains some striking passages and weighty counsels. It was preached at the opening of the General Synod of Ulster, in 1825, when Dr. Cooke was stationed at Killileagh. A considerable part, as delivered, was purely *local* in its bearings. In striking out these parts, the *form* of the sermon has been necessarily somewhat changed.

It is proper, also, to add, that the published sermon contained quite extended *notes* additional and explanatory to certain parts of the discourse. These are too extended to be introduced, but we give one or two as specimens of the rest. Referring, near the close, to the ancient churches of Asia Minor, mentioned in the book of Revelation, he says:

"Among the most wonderful things of the providence of God, is the manner in which he makes the tongues of his enemies praise him. Take for example the following quotation from the insidious Gibbon, in his 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:'—'The captivity or ruin of the Seven Churches was consummated by the Ottomans in 1312, and the barbarous lords of Ionia and Lydia still trample on the monuments of classic and Christian antiquity. In the loss of Ephesus, the Christians deplored the fall of the first angel; the extinction of the first candlestick of the Revelation: the desolation is complete; and the Temple of Diana, and the Church of Mary, will equally elude the search of the curious traveler. The circus and three stately theaters of Laodicea are now peopled with wolves and foxes. Sardis is reduced to a miserable village. The God of Mahomet, without a rival, is invoked in the mosques of Thyatira and Pergamus; and the populousness of Smyrna is supported by the foreign trade of the Franks and Armenians. *Philadelphia alone has been saved* by prophecy or courage. At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the Emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant sons defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the Greek colonies, and churches of Asia, *Philadelphia is still erect*, a column in a scene of ruins; a pleasing example that the paths of honor and safety may sometimes be the same. Let it be ever remembered, that the great body of the churches of Asia had fallen into 'Arianism,' or some of its kindred errors, before they were overwhelmed by Mohammedanism. They had disregarded the admonitions of the Saviour; they had fallen by degrees from the truth; they had forgot their first love; they had neglected to strengthen the things that remained;—and the Lord 'removed their candlestick out of its place.'"

The catholic spirit of Dr. Cooke is apparent in one of the notes, which runs thus:

"It may, perhaps, appear strange that, notwithstanding their acknowledged differences on some important doctrines, I have classed together the names of Wesley and Whitefield. I am aware of their differences in the superstructure of the building; but I am equally aware that they built upon the same foundation. When Christians build upon the same foundation, and follow the same head, I am more inclined to rejoice where they agree, than to canvass where they differ. How nearly these two eminent servants of Christ agreed in their explanations of the gospel, may be seen beautifully exemplified in one of Simeon's notes on Claude's Essay. It is worthy the attention of every candid Christian."

Some of the notes consist of historical references, of which the following is an example:

"The early state of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, it is to be hoped, will shortly form a distinct subject of history. The forlorn condition of our forefathers when they petitioned the General Assembly of Scotland for missionaries, will form a surprising contrast to our present superabundance in the ministry—while the zeal and labors of the missionaries, who preached, at least, once every day during their ministry in Ireland, will set an admirable example before their successors of the present generation."

UNCONSCIOUS SPIRITUAL DECAY.

"Thou hast a name to live, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die."—REVELATION, iii. 1, 2.

BETWEEN the diseases of the body, and the sins of the soul, there are many features of a striking and instructive resemblance. They originated together in rebellion against God; they advance together in the production of suffering and misery; and, if unremedied, they terminate together in temporal and spiritual death. But in no circumstance is the resemblance more striking, than in that fatal self-deception with which they are so often accompanied. It is owing to this self-deception that though man can never become insensible to pain, nor hope to evade the universal sentence of death; it is yet by no means uncommon to find him acting as if perfectly unconscious of the progress of years, or the ravages of disease, and resting in the confident anticipation of long life, and enjoyment, and success; while, to every eye but his own, he appears under the most manifest symptoms of approaching dissolution. And just so it is with the sinner. He acknowledges the general charge, that he is, indeed, guilty before God; he admits the general belief, that he must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; yet voluntarily ignorant of the demands of the law; unacquainted with the determined alienation of his heart from God; forgetting the renovation and conversion which the gospel requires; he is supported by the baseless hope of an undiscriminating mercy, and rests contented with the name and profession of an outward religion, though unaccompanied with one single movement of the life of God in the soul.

This coincidence between bodily and spiritual disease, may still further be traced. In the maladies of the natural body, our restoration, in a great degree, depends upon the knowledge of our disease, and sensibility of our danger; our watchfulness against the causes of injury, and in the application of appropriate and timely remedies. So in the case of spiritual malady described in our text, the church is informed plainly, and faithfully, of the deadly nature of her disease, and the extent of her danger; is exhorted to the exercise of lively watchfulness against the causes of defection; and instructed to strengthen the few remaining principles of spiritual life, which though yet surviving in name, were, in reality, ready to die.

We propose, then, as a main inquiry, the question, "When may it be said of a church, 'Thou hast a name to live, and art dead?'" I answer:

I. *When a church has the name of Christian*, WITHOUT THE DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL.

1. The most important discovery in the word of God, is that of *redemption by the Lord Jesus Christ from sin and death.* One of the most vital doctrines must therefore be that which relates to the person and

work of the Redeemer. On this subject we may view the opinions of professing churches under three heads.

By some, the Redeemer is considered a mere man, in all respects, as to nature, like ourselves. By others he is considered an angel, or created spirit, in union with human nature. By others he is held to be the WORD that was with God and was God—"God manifest in the flesh."

With respect to the first—if the Redeemer were a mere man, in all points like ourselves, subject to prejudice, error, weakness, sin; then may we say of our faith, "surely we have preached in vain, and you have believed in vain! we are yet in our sins." If we know our own hearts, we must feel that a Saviour, no better, or only a little better, than ourselves, can never be a fit object for the faith, the hope, the dependence of sinners; nor give movement or life to the church of God.

But should the Redeemer be of a more elevated nature; should he rank among angels, as one of those spirits who, during the innumerable ages that have elapsed since the commencement of creation, have been advancing in wisdom, and holiness, and power; still, though the Saviour were an angel, man is but a little lower than the angels, and would therefore have to depend on an arm little stronger than his own. Nay, as all but God himself is liable to change; as God is declared to have even charged his angels with folly; this Saviour, this Redeemer, might fall from God, and be banished into that misery from which the gospel, by him, proposes to rescue sinful man.

The power of a creature, however exalted, can never give life to the church. There is, in the awakened conscience of a sinner, a fear that can find no repose but in the bosom of the Eternal; and can put no confidence in any redemption but that which is effected by the arm of Omnipotence. The first movement of the life of hope in the penitent sinner, and, consequently, of the life of holiness in the church, originates from receiving Christ as "God made manifest in the flesh."

The life of the soul is, to know God, with feelings of love and conformity. Now God is not known to his creatures, even in innocence, but by means of some external manifestation. Let us suppose, for example, that in the wide circuit of the world there existed nothing but God; let us suppose God to call into being some man or angel of mighty mind; let him exist without any external world; let him have no sun, no moon, no stars, no earth, to contemplate; let him stand dark and solitary in the universe. From the fact of his own existence, he may infer an eternal being; but how little more can he discover of the attributes and will of his Creator. But let us now suppose the deity to arise in the act of creation. He forms the heavens and the earth; he says, Let there be light, and there is light; he sets the sun his tent in the heavens; he garnishes the skies with all his stars; he plants the earth with trees, and decks it with flowers; he forms innumerable orders

and varieties of animated things; and, in the midst of these, stands that creature who lately was solitary in the universe! The things of God are now speedily discovered, being understood by the things that are made; even his eternal power and Godhead (Rom., i. 20). And in the mighty power that created the heavens and the earth, in the profusion of kindness that supplies the creatures, in the admirable adaptation of means to so many ends, the intelligent creature discovers those attributes of omnipotence, and wisdom, and goodness, which constitute the essential elements of the divine character.

Now, were we even to admit, what the Scriptures will by no means warrant us, that the works of nature afforded to man, at his creation, a perfect revelation of the being, attributes, and will of God; still this revelation could serve no longer than man continued to hold his original and natural relation to his Creator. Should it then appear that man, by sin, has fallen into a new and unnatural relation to the Creator, there is required a new manifestation of God, that man may again be enabled to know God, and again have spiritual life in the knowledge of God. Philosophers have darkened our eyes with the discoveries, and stunned our ears with the praises, of "natural religion;" but alas! of what avail to man is "natural religion," since the condition of man himself is "unnatural." His natural state was innocence and immortality; his unnatural state is sin and death. Just of so much avail as light to him that is blind, music to him that can not hear, and food to him that is dead, are the discoveries of natural religion to him that is in the unnatural condition of sin and death. Now that man is capable of discovering his unnatural state of rebellion appears, not only from the confession of some of the wisest heathens, but the apostle informs us (Rom., i. 32) that the Gentiles, when guilty of wickedness, and taking pleasure in wicked persons, yet knew the judgment of God, that they who committed such crimes were worthy of death; their consciences (Rom., ii. 15) bearing witness, and their thoughts, the mean while, accusing, or else excusing one another; while (Rom., iii. 19) every mouth is thus stopped, and all the world becomes guilty before God. Man, thus self-condemned by his own conscience, requires a manifestation of God which proclaims PARDON. Ignorant of pardon, man is ignorant of God. Ignorant of God, he is dead in trespasses and sins. While obedient to God, man knew God loved him; but where has God told him he will save him though guilty? And even if God can love and pardon the guilty sinner, where shall the sinner look for the evidence of that love and pardon? If the solution of these questions be not furnished by creation, we have internal evidence, that in order to his restoration to spiritual life, another manifestation of God was necessary to sinful man. Let us then examine creation, that we may find whether, as the source of natural religion, it afford to the sinner any manifestation of God as ready to pardon his iniquities

Ascend we with astronomy to the sun, the moon, and the stars: in all their pages of light and of glory, we read not a record of pardon. Descend we to the earth, the scene of our sin, our misery, and our death: and neither in the sea, the land, the mountain, the plain, the qualities of plants, or the nature of animals, do we find one evidence how, or whether, God will pardon. Or enter we into the secret recesses of our souls: conscience has there recorded our sins; but instead of revealing to us whether God will pardon, her eye wanders unsatisfied by a ray of reviving hope; and to every visitant, it is her earnest, but unsatisfied inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Here, then, there is internal evidence that there was required a new manifestation of God, to meet the new situation into which man was reduced by sin; to supply to the awakened conscience the deficiency of nature, which did only reveal the Creator, but not "the sin-pardoning God," and, to save him from ignorance, and sin, and misery, and death, by restoring him to the knowledge and love of God, wherein consisteth his spiritual life.

2. The second doctrine upon which depends the life of the church, is *the atonement or sacrifice which Christ, our Lord, has offered for sin.* The supreme deity of our Saviour demonstrates this his power to save, if he would. The sacrifice he has offered exhibits the power exerted and salvation accomplished. The humble, and cordial, and efficient acceptance of the doctrine of Christ's atonement, is the very life-pulse of the church.

The evidence of this important doctrine I shall merely review in the order of time. It may be viewed as figured in the sacrifice of the law. From the days of Abel, who offered the firstlings of his flock, till the days of Christ, who offered himself without spot to God, the sacrifices bear testimony, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." We may view it also as foretold by prophets: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we were healed. The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all. For the transgression of my people was he stricken; and he bore the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

We have the same doctrine declared by John the Baptist, when he came to prepare the way of the Lord. John was our Saviour's witness that all men through him might believe; and pointing to him with the finger to direct the people's faith: "Behold," saith he, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Moreover, we may consider the doctrine as taught by our Saviour himself: "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for the remission of the sins of many." We have it, also, as explained by the inspired apostles of our Lord: "In whom we have redemption through his blood—the forgiveness of sins."

And, finally, we have the doctrine explained as understood by saints in glory, who had already entered into their everlasting rest. Now,

though all men on earth should have expected salvation by inadequate means, or to arrive at glory by an erroneous road, there can be no hesitation in believing, that those who had already attained to heaven, must have known the means of their success, and the road they had traveled. Let us listen to them: "And I beheld, and lo! in the midst of the throne, and of the beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb, as it had been slain; and when he had taken the book, the four beasts and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, and they sung a new song, saying, 'Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood.'" Let any man examine this series of evidence; it commences nearly coeval with creation; it is exhibited in sacrifices; it is foretold by prophets; it is announced by the Baptist in our Saviour's presence; it is recorded by our Saviour himself a few hours before his death; it is preached by apostles to Jews and Gentiles; it is the theme of saints in the kingdom of their rest; it runs uninterrupted and unvarying along the stream of four thousand years, till the testimony is sealed, and revelation completed; let all this be examined, and must we not then conclude, that the doctrine of the atonement is a necessary principle to the life of the church. The believer lives because Jesus died for him. He bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness.

3. The third doctrine upon which depends the life of the church, is that of *the Holy Spirit and his influences.* The doctrine of the existence and energy of the Holy Spirit is revealed in the very commencement of the Word of God: "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." That this Spirit is the moving power in restraining from sin, in exciting to faith, repentance, love, and obedience, is manifested in the historical record of Noah: "My Spirit shall not always strive with men." For this pure Spirit to renew his heart, David prays; of the outpouring of this Spirit Ezekiel prophesies; of this Spirit our Saviour promises: "Your heavenly Father will give his Holy Spirit to them who ask." And of this Spirit the apostle declarés, he makes the heart of the believer his temple; and witnesseth with our spirits, that we are the children of God. The supreme deity of the Holy Spirit is manifest from the following Scriptures: "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie unto the Holy Ghost? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile that temple, him will God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." "Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell with them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you."

The entire efficacy of religion is, by our Saviour, ascribed to the Holy Spirit: "Verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Having convinced the soul of sin, of righteousness, and judgment, it is the office of the Holy Spirit to take the things of Christ and show them unto the believer. These things of Christ are: his glorious nature, yet lowly humiliation; the atonement of Christ, whereby the sinner beholds his iniquities forgiven and his transgressions blotted out; the gifts of the Spirit in the hand of Christ, whereby the polluted soul becomes acquainted with sufficient means of purification, and the saddest and weakest heart finds comfort and strength; and finally, the glory that shall hereafter be revealed in all them that love God. These are the things of Christ which the Holy Spirit witnesseth to the mind, and by the living impress of which upon the understanding and the conscience, the soul of the sinner is sealed unto the day of redemption.

4. In the sum of these doctrines, we discover the fourth principle, upon the influence of which the life of the church depends—*the doctrine of free grace.* In the dispensation of his gifts, God sits the sovereign of the universe. His sovereignty, indeed, is not, as some have pretended, under the guidance of ignorance, or cruelty, or caprice. In the exercise of power no one of his perfections is, or can be, excluded. In truth, though to the weak eye of man God may appear in perfections multiform or opposing, the Deity is in reality but one perfection. The division of his attributes is a mere effort of man to bring the Deity to the level of his humble conception. The sovereignty of God, thus viewed, is an equal and simple exercise of power, and justice, and wisdom, and love.

The practical reception of this doctrine in the church, lies at the foundation of a religion for sinners. "How do you expect to be pardoned?" is the first question in such a religion. The common answer returned is, "If I repent, and amend my ways, God will pardon me." I am aware thus runs the full current of popular and inconsiderate theology. As no man can be saved without repentance, it is therefore concluded, that men are saved on account of their repentance. But if men are saved on account of their repentance, then is salvation of works, not of grace. Now, the Scriptures assure us that we are justified freely by grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; and that "by grace are we saved through faith;" and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. There can be only two possible grounds for the pardon of a sinner—his own works of repentance, or the free grace of God in Christ. On whatever principle the sinner receives pardon, on the same principle depends the life of the Redeemer's church. Let us then examine the scriptural grounds for pardon, as we have already quoted them; and to these let us add one plain text—"And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." Now, in all these plain quotations, pardon is ascribed to one single cause—"the blood of

Christ." But as we live in a philosophical age, perhaps it may be of some importance to show that the principles of the soundest philosophy can be exhibited in strict subservience to the accumulated testimony of Scripture. It is, then, a principle of the soundest philosophy, that "we are not to assign to any effect more causes than are adequate to its production." In Scripture, then, the pardon of sin is ascribed to one cause, "the blood of Christ;" why, then, ascribe it to another, "the sinner's own repentance?" The simple fact is, the pardon of sin is not the *effect*, but the *cause* of repentance. The love of God in sending his Son into the world, the free grace of God in pardoning sin, are the motives that work upon a sinner's soul. He loves, because he was first loved; and sincerely repents, because he is freely pardoned.

These are the doctrines, by whose mighty energies the church of God arises to life and glory. These were the doctrines that gave life to the labors of Paul, and of Peter, and of John, and the noble army of martyrs and confessors of the truth. These are the principles, obscured during a long night of mental darkness, or entombed through ages of spiritual death, which again sprang to life on the morning of the Reformation, and propelled the life-pulse of their divinity through the renovated churches. These are the living doctrines, which warmed the hearts, and guided the pens, and gave eloquence to the tongues, of Luther, and Calvin, and Zuinglius, and Melancthon, and Knox. These are the doctrines, which, in more modern times, stirred within the souls of Wesley and of Whitefield, when they burst irresistibly over those barriers of formality without which, a cold, and lifeless, and almost heathenish mythology had intrenched herself. These are the doctrines by which they stirred up the life of God in the cold hearts of multitudes sleeping in sin and the shadow of death. These are the doctrines which sent an Eliot, and a Brainerd, and a Swartz, and a Vanderkemp, and a Martyn, to the Indian, the Hottentot, the Hindoo, and the Persian. These are the doctrines which wafted life around the globe, to our antipodes in the South Seas, and made the scattered islands to blossom as the gardens of God. These are the doctrines by which the church shall live, unchanged by time, and which shall hail the Redeemer in her hymns, and her sermons, and her prayers, when he shall come the second time without sin to salvation.

II. The church may have a name to live, and be in reality dead, WHEN ORTHODOXY IN OPINION IS SUBSTITUTED FOR MORALITY IN PRACTICE. Our Saviour has attributed sanctification to the belief of the truth; yet the Word of God has denounced deserved wrath against those who hold or imprison the truth in unrighteousness. The life of the church must be seen in the fruits of the Spirit, growing from the seed of the truth. For as bodily life is not a principle that we understand by its own nature, but is merely seen and acknowledged in its outward effects; so the spiritual life is not to be evidenced by a mere mental possession of the doctrines of truth from which it springs, but by a visible exhibition of their fruit

unto holiness. Gal., v. 22. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit, we must also walk in the Spirit.

III. The church may also have a name to live, while in reality dead, FROM AN EXTERNAL MORALITY, WITHOUT HUMILITY AND PIETY.

It is a favored object with those called philosophical Christians, to discard all importance from the belief of the truth, and to attach every thing valuable to moral conduct. And, indeed, could it be proved that genuine morality, having equally the love of God and man for its motive and its object, could exist without the belief of the truth, then might it be granted that the doctrines we believe are of little importance. But so long as practice must arise from principle, the value of our outward conduct must be estimated by the inward principles from which it springs. The fact is, that whenever men begin to extol morality, and depreciate doctrinal truth, they are found to be equally strangers to both. They have a name to live in some partial and conventional virtues—virtues founded in pride and self-love, and which, therefore, are frequently the parents of the most revolting crimes. Of this fact we have a remarkable instance in the case of the Pharisees. They pride themselves upon the unimpeachable correctness of their outward morality; yet our Saviour tells them: "I know you that ye have not the love of God in you." And the fruit of their morality was awfully exhibited in their prosecution and crucifixion of the Lord of life and glory. The life of the church, produced by the Spirit of God, is truth in the understanding, the love of God in the heart, humility because of our unworthiness, watchfulness unto prayer, and holiness in all our conversation.

I can not conclude without remarking that in all the pages of historic record we find the life of the church endangered by two diseases; the first of these is—conformity in church rulers to the spirit and pursuits of the world. When the clergy of a church become so conformed to the world, that in secularized employments, frivolous amusements, epicurean indulgence, and idle conversation, they so assimilate with the general picture of society, that the eye of the most experienced searches in vain for the distinctive features of the primitive ministerial character—or when they are only distinguished from the crowd of busy men, by the weekly routine of their allotted employment; and when, with intensity of application, they are bowed down to the profitable but perishable secularities of time, disregarding the imperishable riches of their people's eternity—then is the time when their fellow-laborers, who have not yet been fascinated by the spirit of the world, should speak aloud in their ears and awake them from the fatal lethargy, and raise them from their earthly pursuits, and compel them to the reproduction of the talent which they have hid in the earth, that their souls may be saved in the day when their Lord cometh.

The second disease that threatens the life of the church, is a spirit of indifference about religious truth. The doctrines of the gospel are of vital operation, and paramount importance. To be indifferent about them is the first symptom of an infection, that, if not remedied, must terminate in death. While Christians exercise charity toward the prejudices or faults of one another, it by no means follows that, in the exercise of this charity they are to sacrifice the truth, as it is in Jesus, to the errors of a false philosophy or a spurious gospel. The great basis upon which this indifferentism is founded, is the plausible and imposing proposition, "that if we be *sincere* in profession, it is no matter what we believe." This dream about sincerity is a sad delusion. It reduces to one common level the religion of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, of Mahomet the Imposter, of the Brahmins of India, the Sophis of Persia, and the Cannibals of the South Seas. They are all, without question, *sincere*. Therefore, all their religions are alike. It supersedes the necessity of searching the Scriptures for the mind of the Lord, or of praying for the light and guidance of his Spirit. It puts the sinner's sincerity in place of the atonement of Christ, and in place of the work of the Holy Spirit in purifying his heart. The word of God tells us, with all possible plainness, "Except ye be converted;" except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, "ye can not enter into the kingdom of God." But this specious indifferentism tells us at once, "mind none of these declarations—for if a man be sincere, there is no doubt he will be saved." God forbid I should undervalue real sincerity. It is an essential principle of vital godliness. It was the principle of the disciples when they left all to follow Christ; it was the principle of Paul when he said, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" But the pretended sincerity against which I speak, is the sincerity that begins in carelessness about religious opinions or practice, and then wishes to beguile others to a similar indifference. I speak of those men who, too much prejudiced to inquire, and too obstinate to be convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus, yet seek, under the plea of sincerity, a shelter for their voluntary errors. The sincerity of the Christian makes him a candid inquirer, and an humble receiver of the truth as it is in Jesus. The test of truth is not his own sincerity, but an appeal to the Scriptures, the standard of truth. His test of conduct is not the declared sincerity of his convictions of duty, but conformity to the will of God, with the fruits of the Spirit in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. This conformity is evidence of the life of God in the soul, or in the church; all other sincerity is pretended, and merely proves the mental disease of those by whom it is pleaded in defense of their aberrations.

Finally. Our text discovers to us the danger of substituting the *name* for the *life* of religion. When we reflect on the life of our Redeemer; and when we perceive how little the churches are conformed to his image—then the bearing and application of the epistle in our text

should fall heavy upon every ear, and sink deep into every heart. The various conditions of the churches in Asia may be viewed as so many prophetic pictures of all the churches upon the face of the earth; and the epistles of Jesus to these several churches as impressive declarations of that providential government which he exercises over them to the end of the world. To one, he testifies, "I know thy works, and labor, and patience, and that for my name's sake thou hast labored and hast not fainted; nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." To another, he testifies, "I know thy works and thy poverty (but thou art rich); be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." To another, he testifies, "I know thy works, that thou holdest fast my name and hast not denied my faith; but I have a few things against thee; repent, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth." To another, he testifies, "I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience and thy works, and the last to be more than the first Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee, but that which thou hast, hold fast till I come." To another, he testifies, "I know thy works," etc.; "remember, therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent." To another, he testifies, "I know thy works, that thou art neither hot nor cold; I would thou wert either hot or cold; I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed; and eye-salve that thou mayest see. Be zealous, therefore, and repent." To another, he testifies (and I humbly pray God that this last testimony may be found descriptive of the Presbyterian church, whose concerns and interests we are met to consider and to conduct), "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name; and because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the earth to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him my new name."

Let us, then, be "watchful, and strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die." Should we ever forsake the Rock of ages, the foundation of our church, the fabric will crumble into ruin; but as long as we rest on the foundation, Christ Jesus the Lord, "God manifest in the flesh," we shall remain, through the changes and injuries of time, a temple unprofaned by the foot of the enemy—a building of God amid the ruins of the universe.

DISCOURSE LIII.

RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., LL.D.*

This distinguished prelate, himself the son of a clergyman of note (the Rev. Dr. Whately, of Nonsuch Park, Surrey), was born in 1789. The youngest of a family of nine children, he received, nevertheless, all the advantages which the limited income of an excellent father could afford; and commencing his studies at an early age, was, in due time, admitted to Oriel College, Oxford—a school famous for having sent out some of the most distinguished thinkers of the present generation, among whom are Arnold, Copleston, Newman, and others. Having completed his education, he was, in 1811, elected a fellow of this college, and thus put in possession of a yearly stipend, sufficient for his necessities, but guarantied to him only so long as he remained unmarried. Subsequently he received the appointment of college tutor, the duties of which he performed for several years. Marrying in 1821, he lost the benefits of his fellowship, but by the influence of an uncle, obtained the rectory of Halesworth, which yielded him an income of £450 per annum. In 1825, Lord Granville, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, appointed him President of St Alban's Hall, where he had as a co-laborer, the distinguished Dr. Samuel Hinds, author of the "History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity," as well as of other learned works. In 1830, he was elected by the University Professor of Political Economy, and during the following year was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin, and Bishop of Glendalagh.

As an archbishop of the English Church, he is entitled to a seat in the House of Peers; and here, though ever ready to perform his duty, he has constantly avoided party strife, and thus maintained the manly independence and noble impartiality of his character. Whenever questions have arisen which imposed upon him the duty of speaking, he has never hesitated either to combat or to defend the ministry.

The elevation of Dr. Whately to the Episcopal dignity was, doubtless, due to his writings, which had, for a long time, engaged the attention of the University of Oxford. Unable to side with either of the two extreme parties, of which one threatened to destroy the English Church by a want of discipline, while the other seemed destined to paralyze it by formality and priestly rule, he resolved to exorcise both; and the plan which he formed, and the manner in which he executed this plan, deserve to be remembered by all the defenders of the Christian religion. Instead of entering the lists and provoking the contending parties, he went into his closet, and with a sincere love of truth, and an humble submission to the teachings of the

* Most of the strictly biographical data of this sketch have been translated from the preface of the French edition of Dr. Whately's "Kingdom of Christ," written by M. Reville, and furnished us from Dublin, by direction of the archbishop.

Holy Spirit, opened the Word of God; then, ascending the pulpit of the University, he discoursed in language clear and profound upon the records of the evangelists, and the letters of the apostles. In the discussion of the various themes before him, he could not fail to encounter the Antinomian exaggerations of the one party, and the clerical pretensions of the other; but, without indulging in any personality, and with the calmness of a Christian philosopher, he showed that none of these things had the slightest foundation in the holy Scriptures. From these premises he drew, in the first place, this very wise and moderate conclusion, namely, that the disciple of Jesus Christ ought to guard for himself his interpretation of the divine Word; to persuade others to adopt it, if he can, but never to enforce it. And, in the second place, that, instead of reading the gospel by the light of his own system, the servant of Jesus Christ ought to examine his system by the light of the gospel; and then, to resolve solemnly to believe and to profess publicly every thing taught by the Saviour's words.

The liberality of the learned prelate aroused the displeasure of the mere scholastics of the English Church. He was accused of betraying his religion, because he acknowledged Christians of other denominations as his brethren, and co-heirs of the kingdom of God; because he spoke of the divinity of the Saviour as spoke the Holy Spirit; and because he taught man's responsibility as well as man's depravity. But his equanimity has never been disturbed by his adversaries, whose bitterness affords him abundant evidence that he is on the side of truth.

The original form of most of the works of Dr. Whately, which are very voluminous, was that of *discourses*, delivered either from the desk of the University, or from the different pulpits in which he officiated. Besides his "Lectures on Political Economy," his "Elements of Logic," and his "Elements of Rhetoric," he has contributed largely to the departments of theology and moral science. Some of his works have been translated into several of the languages of Europe. In addition to those already mentioned, the best known are: "Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion;" "Essays on the writings of St. Paul;" "Essays on the Errors of Romanism;" "Sermons on various Subjects;" "Charges and other Tracts;" "Essays on Dangers to the Christian Faith;" "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion;" "The Kingdom of Christ Delineated;" "Easy Lessons in Reasoning;" etc., etc.

The writings of Dr. Whately are uniformly characterized by clearness of thought, and precision and transparency of style. If one would not *indorse* all his sentiments, with the slightest attention he may, at least, *comprehend* them. The following very able discourse has the reputation of being one of his *best*. It is inserted with the sanction of the archbishop.

THE NAME IMMANUEL.

"They shall call his name Immanuel: which, being interpreted, is, God with us."—MATTHEW, i. 23.

THIS prophecy of Isaiah, which the Evangelist brings forward as having reference to the birth of our blessed Saviour, is the more especially remarkable from the circumstance that it was *not* fulfilled in that sense

which, to an English reader, the expression would seem naturally to bear. The name given to him was, we know, not Immanuel, but (by the express direction of the angel) JESUS, signifying SAVIOUR. And yet neither the Evangelist himself, who records the name of Jesus, and then adduces the prophecy, nor any of the sacred writers, has thought it necessary to explain this circumstance. None of them notice as seemingly at variance with the words of the prophet, or, in any way, at all remarkable, our Lord's not literally bearing the very name Immanuel.

In this, as in most other points of difficulty, Scripture will explain itself. You will be at no loss to account for the circumstance. I have mentioned, if you will refer to, some of those numerous passages both in the Old and New Testaments, in which the word "name" is employed according to the then common usage; not in the precise and literal sense which it now bears among us; but to denote *manifestation of divine power, or revelation of divine will*, by a special communication. You will meet with a multitude of expressions in Scripture which would be unintelligible, or very obscurely and imperfectly intelligible, to any one who did not keep this in mind. In such expressions (and they are exceedingly frequent) as "calling on the name of the Lord," praising, blessing, magnifying "the name of the Lord," etc., to an English reader, not familiar with Scripture, the word "*name*" would be likely to appear superfluous. When again we are forbidden in the third commandment to take the name of the Lord in vain, and are taught in the Lord's Prayer to pray that God's name may be hallowed, such a reader might be apt to understand this as applying merely to the very *name* of God, literally, and to nothing else; though the word certainly ought to be understood as extending to the holy Scriptures—to the sacraments—and, in short, to every thing connected with the worship of the Lord our God. To such a reader, again, the expression of overthrowing enemies, or performing any other mighty work, "in the name of the Lord," would be even misunderstood; as it would seem to signify, merely *professing* to act in the Lord's service; whereas it is plain from the context, that these, and other such phrases, denote the performance of the works *through actual divine assistance*--not only with the *invocation*, but through the actual *display* and manifestation of divine power. When again our Lord Jesus says of himself, "I am come in my Father's *name*, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own *name*, him ye will receive," it is plain he did not mean that the false Christ, whom the Jews that had rejected Jesus, followed, would not, in *our* sense of the phrase, come in his Father's name; i. e., professing and claiming, as he did, to be sent from God. But, by "coming in his Father's name," he plainly means, coming supported by a *manifestation* of divine power, through which he wrought sensible miracles. "The works," said he, "that I do in my Father's name" (i. e., by divine power) "they bear witness of me." Others would come hereafter in

their own "names;" i. e., though pretending to be sent from God, yet manifesting no power beyond the natural ability of man—requiring to be believed on their own bare assertion, instead of appealing to (what is in Scripture called the "*name* of God") a display of divine interference.

When again the Israelites are enjoined, in the Mosaic Law, to offer their sacrifices, not in all places indiscriminately, but in the place which the Lord should "choose to *set his name* there," the meaning plainly is, that, at the tabernacle first, and afterward at Solomon's temple, the Lord would manifest himself—would be, what we call, especially present—hearing prayer, accepting sacrifices, and delivering oracles.

Hence it is that there is a correspondence between the Lord Jesus Christ and that temple; which he himself expressly alluded to when he described his death and resurrection, as a destroying and re-building, after three days, of the temple; viz., says the Apostle John, "the temple of his body." And as the temple at Jerusalem is spoken of as the place which the Lord should "choose, to cause his *name* to dwell there;" so of the promised Messiah, it is said (evidently in a corresponding sense), that his "name should be, '*God with us*;'" and, again, that his "name should be called (according to Jeremiah) the Lord our righteousness;" and yet again (according to Isaiah), that his name should "be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace;" all which expressions being conformable to the established phraseology of the Jews, were readily understood to mean, that, as in the temple of Jerusalem, so, in the promised Christ or Messiah, there should be an especial indwelling of the divine presence and power; that in him should be a manifestation of God's "might" and "wonderful works," and through him proclamation of God's *fatherly* kindness, and an offer of "*peace*" with mankind. Their customary use of the words "name" and "called" conveyed this sense to them. The only question with *them* was, whether *Jesus of Nazareth* were the person to whom these prophecies applied, and in whom the Lord God had thus manifested himself. They were all more or less startled and revolted ("offended," as the Evangelists express it) at his not coming forward with temporal power and splendor, as they had expected; but (as you may observe in confirmation of what I have been saying) none of them seem to have been at all in expectation that he would literally, in one sense, bear the "name of Immanuel," and to have made it a matter of surprise or objection that he did not.

And you may observe that when the question was debated between the believers and the unbelievers in Jesus, the same kind of language was employed. Our Lord himself bid his disciples go forth, after his ascension, and make converts to his religion, "baptizing them" (not *in* the name, as it appears in our translation, but) "*into* the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," which is often spoken of, simply, as "baptizing them into the name of the Lord Jesus;" enlisting them,

that is, into his service, and receiving their confession that God had thus manifested or declared himself in him. This kind of language was, of course, equally *intelligible* to believers and unbelievers, much as they differed as to the *fact*. We find the chief priests using it when they forbade the apostle to speak to any man "in his name;" they having just before commanded a lame man to "rise and walk, in the *name* of Jesus of Nazareth;" and having declared before the assembly, that "there is no other *name* given under heaven, whereby we must be saved." Now it is plain there could be no miraculous virtue in the sound of the name, but in the divine power and manifestation of God in Jesus. There seems every reason to suppose that this employment of the word "name" (or "title," as it might more strictly be rendered) arose from the custom of persons assuming, or having applied to them, a title, alluding to some remarkable action or quality; thence, the word "name" came to be used to denote the very performance of that action, or the possession of that quality, which had given rise to the appellation; and, finally, it was thus used even when the appellation was *not* actually borne; as, for instance, "the Lord thy God who is a *jealous* God," and, "the Lord, whose *name* is *jealous*," were understood as equivalent expressions.

But, whatever may have been the origin of the custom, you will find it very useful, toward the right understanding of Scripture, to familiarize your mind, by examining various passages (of which you will find many more than I have cited), to the *fact*, that the word *is* thus used, and ordinarily used, by the sacred writers, to denote any especial manifestation of God's presence and power, and immediate communication with man, and revelation of his will to us. And you will find such an examination will, if carefully conducted, with the aid of no greater reflection than the plainest Christian, guided by God's Holy Spirit, is equal to, gradually throw light on many important passages which would otherwise be either very obscure, or liable to be mistaken. It will, for example, throw much light on the true character of that great Person, whose coming into the world we this day celebrate.

And on this point I shall proceed to offer a few observations. Let us unite in the prayer which he offered up for us and his other disciples to the Father, "that we may *know* him the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent."

All Christians are agreed that Jesus of Nazareth was, in some way or other, the promised Immanuel; that in some sense, and in some degree or other, "God was with him," and was "declared," or manifested, in and by him; that he was called the Christ, Messiah, or Anointed, as being in some especial manner "anointed" (as the Apostle Peter expresses it) "with the Holy Ghost and with power; he himself having applied to himself the prophecy—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." And many intricate and fruitless metaphysical questions have been debated

among different sects of Christians, as to the divine nature of our Lord, and the manner of the union between the deity and a man; the parties engaged in these questions being too often hurried into presumptuous, as well as unprofitable, speculations, on points as far beyond the reach of the human intellect as colors to a man born blind, and forgetting that the union of the soul and the body of any one among us, can neither be explained nor comprehended by himself, or any others, and appears the more mysterious the more we reflect on it.

The chief practical and intelligible question for Christians to decide, as to this matter, is, simply, whether our Lord Jesus Christ is (supposing it admitted, I mean, that there is but one God) properly an object of *divine worship*, or not.

We know that, in a certain manner, God was with Moses (to whom he said, "Certainly I will be with thee"), and with the other prophets, who were all called "men of God," and all of whom, though in various degrees, received immediate communications from him; and most of them, at least (probably all), were endued with a divine power of working sensible miracles; yet none of these claimed or received any divine worship. No one adored God as *manifested in* Moses; and Peter, who had wrought so many miracles, when the centurion Cornelius seemed disposed so to adore him, forbade him, "saying, 'Stand up; I myself also am a man!'" Now, the question is, whether God was with Jesus of Nazareth, only as with a most eminent prophet, or in some such manner as authorized and requires us to *worship* God in Christ. Those who deny Christ this worship, and represent him as only the greatest among the prophets, charge us with *idolatry*, as paying divine adoration where it is not due.

To this it is sometimes answered, that even supposing us erroneous in our notion of Christ's person, still we ought not to be charged with idolatry, inasmuch as we intend to direct our worship to the one true God, and not a man, as man, or to any angel or other created being. But this answer, though it repels the charge as far as the *first* commandment is concerned, does not clear any one in regard to the *second;* and many of the idolaters among the Israelites might have defended themselves, and most likely did, on the same ground. Those, indeed, who worshiped Baal and the other gods of the heathen, did intend to direct their worship to some different being from Jehovah; but the worshipers of the golden calf in the wilderness, and of those set up in Bethel and Dan long after, and most probably, also, those who burned incense to the brazen serpent, intended to worship, in these emblems, the Lord, the God of Israel; as, indeed, we may judge from the expression used, "These be thy gods, O Israel, who *brought thee out of the land of Egypt.*" And these two sins, the breach of the first and of the second commandments, are frequently and strongly distinguished in the Old Testament history; as, e. g., in the case of Jehu who is recorded as having destroyed Baal out of Israel,

yet as "not departing from the sin of Jeroboam, to wit, the *golden calves* in Bethel and in Dan."

In this, and in several other cases that are recorded, there was no breach of the first commandment, but only of the second; viz., by the worship of the true God in some *unauthorized* image, emblem, or representation, in which the worshipers falsely and superstitiously supposed some such divine presence to reside, as made it a fit object of adoration. For it should be remembered (and this, though evident, on a moment's reflection, is often lost sight of), it should be remembered, I say, that some, even the most brutish idolaters, ever *could* worship a block of wood or stone, *as* mere wood and stone. Whether man pays divine adoration to an image, or a piece of bread, or a fire, it is plainly implied by the very act of adoration that he supposes it to be *something more* than a lifeless image, or a piece of bread, or a fire; he must conceive, whether falsely or truly, that some divine (or, at least, spiritual and superhuman) power resides in the image, or is in some manner connected with it.

To worship a stone, considering it as merely a stone, is not only impossible, but inconceivable, unmeaning, and self-contradictory. The violation, therefore, of the second commandment *must* consist in attributing falsely, and without being authorized, some such divine presence to some being or object to which it does not properly, and by divine appointment, belong.

Hence, the very same act may be idolatrous, or not, according as this divine appointment is wanting, or not. For instance, when God first revealed himself to Moses in the wilderness, in the appearance of a flame of fire blazing from the bush, he was commanded to "put off his shoes from his feet" (the customary mark of reverence still in the East), because the place whereon he stood was "holy ground;" and the Lord spake to Moses from this flame, and Moses there "fell on his face and worshiped." Now, if Moses had, either before or afterward, himself kindled a fire and worshiped before it, as a suitable emblem of the Lord, and as having the same divine presence in it, he would clearly have been guilty of idolatry; an idolatry which was, in fact, long practiced, and still is, by some of the Persians, and which had its origin, probably, in the traditions respecting these real manifestations of God. The difference between the worship which Moses paid, and that of the idolatrous fire-worshipers, is a difference as to a matter of *fact;* in the one case, the manifestation of the deity was *real;* in the other, an unauthorized and presumptuous fancy. Moses, no doubt, was aware, as we are, that "God" (as the evangelist John expresses it) "no man hath seen at any time;" but he considered God as revealing himself and holding communication through the means of the visible appearance of the supernatural flame. This miraculous flame (or "*glory* of the Lord," as it is often called in Scripture) continued to appear from a cloudy pillar, as a visible

guardian and conductor of the Israelites; and from its being the means of communication between the Lord and them, is thence repeatedly called the Angel (i. e., messenger) of the Lord. E. g., (Ex., xiv. 19, 20.) "The angel of the Lord which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them; and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these." And it is worth observing that the word *Angel* (or messenger) is seldom if ever applied in the Old Testament (as it is in the New), to ministering spirits—*persons* created by the Lord, and employed in his service. In the Old Testament it is almost always applied to some visible appearance in which there was an immediate manifestation of the Lord himself. So that the expressions of "the Lord," and "the Angel of the Lord," are frequently used indiscriminately, to convey the same sense. Of this description, you will find, if you read the passages attentively, was the appearance of the angels to Abraham and to Lot, in (Genesis, xviii. 19); and again that of an angel to Balaam, in (Numbers, xxii); and to Manoah and his wife, in (Judges, xiii); and the same in other places. Accordingly, in the Old Testament, when an angel is mentioned, we generally read of divine worship being offered and *accepted;* in the New Testament, on the contrary, to the angels or ministers recorded as appearing, divine worship either is not offered, or is rejected. "See thou do it not," says the angel to John in (Rev., xxii), "for I am thy fellow-servant."

On the other hand, in respect to the part of Scripture we have just been considering, you may observe, that when the Lord promises himself to lead the Israelites through the wilderness into the promised land, he elsewhere explains that he will do so by sending his angel, i. e., a sensible manifestation of himself, in which his power shall reside and be displayed—his "name," according to that use of the phrase which I have before adverted to: "Behold (Ex., xxiii. 20) I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee in to the place which I have prepared. Beware of him, and obey his voice; provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions; for my *name* is in him. But if thou shalt indeed obey *his* voice, and do all that *I* speak, then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies," etc.

I have dwelt thus earnestly on the scriptural uses of the word *name* as applied to a manifestation of divine power, because the usage of our own language is so different that an inattentive reader will be very likely, on this point, to miss the true sense of the sacred writers; and, because, on the right fixing of the sense chiefly depends, as it appears to me, the determination of the most important, or at least first, question in religion, viz., *whom we are to worship.* We must learn the nature of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, if at all, from the Scriptures; not from philosophical conjectures and speculations of our own. And the Scrip-

tures will not lead us to the knowledge of evangelical religion, unless they are both carefully and candidly studied. Whoever sets out with a favorite theory of his own, and then searches the Scriptures for confirmations of it, will hardly ever fail to find them. He will be viewing objects through a colored glass, which will impart its own tint to every thing he looks at. If, again, you fix on some single detached sentence of the Bible that happens to strike you, and make this the guide of your belief or your conduct, without taking any pains to ascertain its real sense by a careful examination of the rest of Scripture, you may fail of the truth, and fail through your own fault; because you must be well aware that a single sentence picked out from a conversation or a letter of your own, and taken entirely by itself, might convey a very imperfect, or even erroneous notion of your own sentiments.

And if any one tells you that, as the sacred writers addressed themselves to simple, unlearned men, and therefore you should take the *plain and obvious* sense of what they say, you should consider that this maxim is just, only so long as you keep before you the question, "plain and obvious *to whom?* To *us*, in this country, reading in a translation, and at a distance of near eighteen centuries? Or, plain and obvious to the persons whom the apostles and other sacred writers were actually addressing?"

No one can scarcely doubt that they wrote and spoke so as to be understood readily by those around them. The sense in which *these* would most naturally understand them, it seems reasonable to suppose must be the true sense. And if in any points the customs and habitual mode of thinking and speaking among the hearers of the apostles were different from our own, this difference (which the Scriptures themselves will enable an attentive reader to understand), must be taken into account in our interpretation of what is said.

To take an instance from the subject we have been already treating of: when it was prophesied of the promised Messiah, "they shall call his name Immanuel;" the plain and obvious sense of this passage, *to an English reader*, would lead him to expect that our Lord should actually and literally go by that name; but this certainly was not (and I have already explained *why* it was not), the obvious sense of the passage to the readers of that time and country, and no one, accordingly, either of the followers or the enemies of our Lord, seems to have felt the smallest surprise that the name of one who professed to be the promised Messiah should be, not Immanuel, but Jesus.

Again, when our Lord distinguishes between himself and the false Christs who should come after him, by saying that whereas he came in his "Father's *name*," *they* would come in their "own *name*;" this would imply, in its obvious sense, *to an English reader*, that while he professed to come from God, the others would make no such profession. But we know that the fact was not so. It has been already explained

that what he meant, and was readily understood to mean, by those who heard him, was, that which actually took place; viz., that the false Christ whom the greater part of the Jewish nation received, did not, though pretending to be sent from God, display the miraculous powers, and perform the works that Jesus did "in his Father's name."

But the Scriptures themselves will, as I have said, serve to explain their own meaning in the most essential points, if studied under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, with an humble, patient, diligent, and candid mind. And such a mind, even without extensive learning or great ability, will be more enlightened by them than the most learned or the most ingenious, if led away by conceited and presumptuous fancies, and given up to indolent prejudice, or blinded by spiritual pride or the spirit of party.

To apply, then, what has been said, to the great question, which, as I have observed, may, I think, be settled by the considerations I have laid before you:

Those who pay divine worship to Jesus Christ, are, as I have said, not necessarily cleared of the charge of sinful idolatry, by the mere consideration that they *intend* to direct their worship to the one true God; but they *are* cleared if the Scriptures *authorize* and enjoin us to *worship God in Christ;* if we are taught that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself;" if we are taught, not merely that "the Spirit of the Lord was upon him," but that "God giveth not the Spirit *by measure* unto him," since (as the apostle expresses it), "In him dwelleth *all* the *fullness* of the Godhead bodily;" if we are taught, in short, that his *name* being called Immanuel, "God with us," denotes, according to every fair interpretation, God's having chosen so to "*place his name*" in the man Christ Jesus—so to dwell in him, i. e., and to manifest or declare himself in him, as to be, in him, properly worshiped; if all this be so, then are we, in this worship, obeying the divine will, and not incurring the charge of sinful idolatry.

But why do I say *sinful* idolatry? Is not the very word always so used as to imply a sin? It is so; but if any one should choose, instead of looking to common usage, to turn to the strict etymological sense of the word "idolater," and to ask whether we are or are not "worshipers of an image," we ought not without hesitation to answer that we *are*. No one *can* (as I said), address his prayers to a stone, *as a mere stone*, or a piece of bread, as no more than bread; nor can pay divine adoration to a mere man, whom he himself considered as no more than a man: in all cases he can not but direct his worship to some divine virtue or presence, which he supposes (whether with or without good reason) to reside in the object of his worship. To presume to do this in any case, without the divine appointment, is the sin of idolatry offensive to the "jealous God." But we worship God in his beloved Son, in whom, the Scriptures teach us, "it hath pleased the Father that all full-

ness should dwell;" "through whom we have access to the Father;" and through him alone; for "I" (said he himself) "am the way, and no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "Have I been so long with you" (says he again) "and hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father. Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? and how sayest thou then, show us the Father?"

We differ, then, from the worshipers of any mere man, whether an impostor, as Mohammed, for instance, or a saint, as Moses or Peter, or of a graven image, or of a fire, or of any thing else that they have set up for themselves; we differ from them, I say, in this, the essential circumstance, that *their* worship is unauthorized, presumptuous, and vain, while *ours* is divinely appointed; *they* "worship they know not what; *we* know what we worship." But the *kind* of adoration which idolaters pay to their images, so far corresponds to the Christian's, to our Lord Jesus Christ, that we might very reasonably and intelligibly describe him by that term, even if we had not, as we have, the express authority of one of his own apostles for doing so. Paul, in the epistle to the Colossians, distinctly calls him, "the image of the invisible God:" using in this place the word (εικων) which is commonly employed for an "image." When again, to the Hebrews, he calls him the "brightness of God's glory," alluding evidently to the radiant flame by which the Lord had been accustomed to manifest his presence of old, "and the express image of his person:" the word rendered "express image" (χαρακτηρ), denotes a stamp, or impress—any thing imprinted, as the form of a seal is, on wax.

Of course he could not mean that the visible body of Christ, or any other *visible* thing, could be literally an image or *resemblance* of the *invisible* God. He must have meant, that our Lord's human life and character on earth, give us the best representation we are capable of receiving of the divine greatness and goodness; even as a statue, though it have not real flesh and blood, as a man has, conveys to us a notion of his outward appearance. But did he not also, beside this, mean a great deal more? An image, or picture of any one we are acquainted with, may remind us of his person, and may, for that reason, be cherished with regard; but we should never think of conversing with, or expecting it to speak or act in any way. Nor would the heathen idolaters have said to a graven image, "Deliver me, for thou art my god," if they had not erroneously imagined some spiritual power to reside in it; that the god it represented had (in the scriptural expression) caused his name to dwell there. Now, Jesus, himself, describes himself (as do his apostles), as not only conveying to us a notion of the Father's character, but as possessing the Father's POWER, offices, and attributes, and claiming the *honor* due to the Father: "All power" (said he) "is given unto me in heaven and in earth." "The Father judgeth no man, but hath commit-

ted all judgment unto the Son, that all men should *honor the Son*, even as they honor the Father." Surely, therefore, Paul, in speaking of this "image of the invisible God," must have been understood as of an image *in* which that God was to be adored.

And this will be the more evident if you consider what sort of notion such expressions would naturally convey to those particular persons whom the apostle is addressing. They were surrounded by, and familiar with, idolaters—men who were accustomed to worship images, in which resided (as they imagined) some present deity—some celestial power, which could listen to their prayers!

Would not, therefore, one of Paul's converts conclude, from his language, that Christ was the one authorized image of the true God, appointed to receive that worship which the heathen superstitiously paid to images made with their own hands? Such an interpretation they could not have failed to put on his words; and what is more, *he* must have been sure that the *world* so understood him, unless he took care to put in an express caution against it, and to warn them that Christ was *not* to be an object of worship. *Did* he, then, give any such caution? So far from it, that he takes various occasions to say the direct contrary. For instance, he says (as plainly as he *could* say it, according to that use of the word "name," which has been already explained) that the manifestation of God in Jesus Christ is not only *superior* to any other ever made before, but is such as to demand divine worship. "God," says he, "hath given him a *name* which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." It is chiefly from this passage, I conceive, that the custom arose of making an outward gesture of reverence when the *name* of Jesus is pronounced. When this external homage to the sound of the word serves to *remind* us of the inward and real veneration due to the divine manifestation in our Lord, the custom is useful. But it is absurd and hurtful, when (as I fear is often the case) the outward reverence for the name is made the *substitute* for an inward reverence for the person of Jesus; when we imagine that we *obey* the direction of the apostle by literally bending the body, when the literal *name* of Jesus is uttered. By his *name* is meant (as has been already fully explained to you), much more than the mere sound of the word; and by the bending of the knee is meant (as the apostle's hearers must have well understood) the religious veneration of the heart toward him who is "one with the Father," and "in whom God was, reconciling the world unto himself."

The hearers of the apostles, then, were, by them (it is plain) not merely left, but led, to be, in this sense, worshipers of an image—the *one* divinely-appointed and authorized image. Nor did the apostles merely *teach* them thus to worship God in Christ, but set them the example.

There are, indeed, very few Christian prayers expressly recorded in Scripture; but from these few, it should seem that our Lord's disciples understood his injunction to them, to pray to the Father *in his name*, as meaning that they were to address their *prayers directly to* Christ, and pray to God *in* him. This, indeed, if you consider what has been said on the use of the word *name*, is what we might naturally have supposed *would* be their interpretation of the command of God to ask of God in Christ's name; i. e., of God as manifested in Christ for the redemption of the world. And the few instances that *are* recorded, go to confirm this. Keeping in mind that the title of "the Lord" is that which the Christians constantly applied to Jesus Christ, look at the prayer recorded in the beginning of Acts, where they apply to him who had in person chosen each of the apostles to fill up for himself the number left deficient by the apostacy of Judas. They do not say "Our Father, we pray thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to fill up the number of his apostles," but they apply themselves to him direct; saying, "Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men (*καρδιογνωσα*), show whether of these two thou hast chosen."

Again, look to the dying prayer of the blessed martyr, Stephen, whose birth-day to immortal life we celebrate to-morrow. His prayers are an evident imitation of those of his crucified Master. Yet he does not use the same invocation of *Father*, but addresses himself direct to Christ. Our Lord had said, when his enemies were nailing him to the cross, "*Father*, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and again, when about to expire, "*Father*, into thy hands I commend my Spirit." Stephen, in manifest imitation of him, says, "*Lord*, lay not this sin to their charge;" and again, "*Lord Jesus*, receive my spirit." It is plain, that these persons, if they designed at all (as they surely did) to obey the injunction of praying to the Father in Christ's *name*, must have supposed themselves to be conforming to it, by praying immediately to Christ. It would perhaps be too much to assert positively that they prayed usually in this form, and seldom in any other; but it is plain that, according to their views, such *might* have been their usual practice; and, I believe, not above one instance of a departure from it is recorded. It is remarkable, too, that of the same character is the oldest, or one of the oldest, of all the prayers for general use, that have come down to us composed by an uninspired Christian; that of the celebrated Chrysostom, retained in our service. It is addressed to Christ himself, with the title of "Almighty God," and with an allusion to his promise, to be present in the midst of his disciples, and that they should obtain what they should agree to ask in a common (or joint) supplication, when assembled in his name—"Almighty God, who hast given us grace, at this time, with one accord to make our common supplication unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their request; fulfill now, O Lord, the de-

sires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Do not, then (I would observe in conclusion)—do not forget that he "through whom we have access to the Father," is still with us; and will be, as he has promised, "even unto the end of the world." His bodily presence, indeed, is withdrawn; which, as he declared, is "expedient for us;" since that bodily presence could not be enjoyed by numbers of disciples, at once, and in various places; but he has promised to be with us by his Spirit, wherever, and whenever, a congregation, even of two or three, "are gathered together in *his name*." "There," said he, "am I in the midst of them." Draw near to him, then, in faith, and bow the knees of your hearts before him; remembering that though you see him not with your eyes, he has promised to "manifest himself unto every one that will love him and keep his commandments." "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him; we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Shall we now accordingly, my Christian brethren (gathered together as we are in Christ's name), "agree touching something we shall ask," and which he has promised "shall be given us by the Father, who is in heaven?" But we must ask something that we are *sure* will be suitable for us. For in many cases we know not what is truly for our good; and we can not suppose he meant to promise us the fulfillment, to our own hurt, of prayers we might blindly and ignorantly offer. And hence Chrysostom wisely prays him *so* to hear his servants' prayers, "as may be *most expedient* for them."

And let all of us unite in offering to him who *has redeemed*, and who is *now ready to govern* and support us, and who will one day *judge* us, the adoration contained in one of the very earliest of the Christian hymns: "When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. "Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge; we *therefore* pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting. O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage; govern them, and lift them up forever. Day by day, we magnify thee; and we *worship thy name* ever, world without end."

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God; unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us; unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

DISCOURSE LIV.

ALEXANDER KING, D.D.

Dr. King was born in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, in the year 1814. His father, named Thomas King, had been brought up a Presbyterian, and was related to several of the eminent men who had been prominent in the movements of the first "United Irishmen," before those movements became implicated in anti-Protestant conspiracies; and though attached to the Established Church (there being then no Presbyterianism in the county of Wicklow), yet retained his Presbyterian and liberal notions. His mother had been educated in the English Established Church; was of an English family named Watts, collaterally related to the family of the celebrated Dr. Watts, "the poet of nonconformity." The son was designed for the ministry in the Established Church; but his earliest impressions did not tend to form a strong attachment to that institution. He became familiar with liberal and popular notions; learned the Shorter Catechism and Watts's hymns for children; and, next to the Bible, had been most accustomed to quotations from Brown's poems (which his father seemed to have always at hand from memory), and to various incidental references to the great doctrines of liberty and right. When quite a grown boy, and possessed of a good share of general knowledge, he regarded his mother as singular among and above women, for every thing excellent and lovely, and it was from her piety he received his first religious impressions.

His conversion occurred when he was about fourteen years old, in the Established Church, in which he was confirmed. He afterward formed decided convictions as a Dissenter, principally in consequence of the constitution of an ecclesiastical establishment appearing to be contrary to religious liberty, and opposed to the New Testament; and the system of "priests' orders" and the sacraments, being, as he conceived, derived from Popery, and not from the Word of God.

An excellent clergyman in the establishment, who knew his conscientious difficulties, was the first to recommend him to enter the ministry among the Independents; and this worthy, liberal Christian man still continues his warm personal friend, although conscientiously retaining his own position. He was educated, principally, in Dublin, and spent the last four years, preparatory to entering upon the ministry, in the Dublin Theological College, under the instructions of the late Rev. W. H. Cooper and others. He was ordained to the ministry in 1838; spent nearly two years at home missionary work, and settled as pastor of the Independent church, in Cork, in 1840.

In 1846 he returned to Dublin and took the pastoral charge (temporarily) of the old Congregational church, in "Plunket street meeting-house," while assisting to conduct the mission of the Irish Congregational Union. In 1848 he visited America,

at the request of Dr. Baird and other friends, for the purpose of interesting the American churches in missionary effort in Ireland, where he received marked attention, and accomplished great good. In seven months he traveled about six thousand miles, going by the north out to St. Louis and Illinois, besides visiting through all the Atlantic States, from Washington City, District of Columbia, to Maine. He also made a short visit to Canada, and was the first minister from the Old World to attend and preach at the annual meetings of the Congregational Union of Canada. From the beginning of 1849 to the middle of 1856, he labored in Ireland (principally for the enlightenment of Roman Catholics) in connection with American societies. In November, 1856, he commenced pastoral ministrations in a new sphere, in a beautiful new chapel, lately erected in Brighton (south of England) by the English Congregational Chapel Building Society.

Dr. King has not published any large or important works. His first pamphlet, entitled, "The Might and the Right of the People,"* contains the first public call for the movement which originated the initiation of the Queen's College, and he was the only minister of religion who took part in the preparatory meeting for obtaining these colleges, which took place in the city of Cork. His letter to Father Mathew occasioned his issuing a cheap edition of the Douay Bible, which circulated largely among Roman Catholics. Other pamphlets have been on "The Life and Labors of St. Patrick," and on various points of the Roman Catholic controversy.

Dr. King speaks and writes in a bold, dashing manner, and though comparatively regardless of the niceties of style, is often highly rhetorical and effective. His marked peculiarities are pretty fairly brought out in the subjoined discourse, which was preached in Queen's Square Chapel, Brighton, last December, and forwarded by himself for insertion in this work. It is, by permission, somewhat abridged.

A WARNING TO THE CHURCHES.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear, what the Spirit saith *unto the churches.*"—Rev., ii. 7.

Reason and religion unite to testify that this world is under the moral government of God. As professed Christians, we are bound to recognize and appreciate this glorious fact; and to study human history and divine providence in their relations to the gospel of Christ. Christianity is the great exponent of God's moral government. Yet we may learn something of the principles of that government, and discover its presence and its power, through circumstances and events, in themselves trivial, secular, carnal, and altogether destitute of a sacred character.

When we speak of God's moral government of this world, we allude to his superintendence and control of the affairs of men, and the exercise of his sovereignty and righteous judgment regarding them. The affairs of men are frequently associated with littleness, and vileness, and ungodliness and wrong; but, considered in connection with the government of

* Consisting of letters to Daniel O'Connell, Father Mathew, and others

God, they appear invested with a solemn interest that is derived from the awful grandeur of this relationship; just as the glories of heaven's sunlight are shed upon the beggar's rags, upon the dungeon's walls, upon the horrors of the gibbet or the battle-field, and upon all the sorrows, and crimes, that crush and curse the earth. As Christianity is the fullest embodiment and expression to us of the objects and principles of God's moral government, so, doubtless, that government is administered with special reference to the honor and progress of the gospel. The divine word expounds the divine administration in regard to human conduct and affairs, so that we may estimate the actions and characters of men by reference to the laws of God; and the divine government proceeds upon principles by which human conduct and affairs take rank in the universe, according to their relations to the interests of Christianity.

These are solemn and suggestive thoughts: Omnipotence reigns, to give effect to mercy. God governs, to redeem and bless. Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour. He reigns in righteousness, mighty to save. He must reign until all his enemies be made his footstool. Whatever resists his purposes of mercy, must perish by the breath of his anger. His power shall punish and destroy all that is hostile to his reigning and redeeming love.

It is in harmony with these thoughts, and not in any spirit of sectarian animosity or moroseness, that we design to notice some instructive facts in the constitution and history of the Papacy; and to glance at some remarkable modern incidents in the conduct and circumstances of its chiefs. The Papal power is unquestionably one of the most wonderful systems ever known among men. In its origin and growth—in its organization and development—in the depth of its administrative sagacity—in the height of its aspiring ambition—in the daring grandeur of its assumptions—in the appalling mystery of its achievements—it stands unrivalled and unique in the history of the world! To many now it appears incredible, and to all it will yet appear as a great mystery in the history of our race, that such a system could have sprung from an institution for *teaching religion;* and *that* religion the purest, the meekest, the most spiritual and holy, the most beneficent and divine, ever known among mankind. This is the peculiar, perplexing, instructive fact in the Papacy. It *has* an "apostolical succession!" It is, in a sense, the historical offspring of a pure and scriptural Christian church. It stands, and has for ages stood, on the ground where once the imperial Paganism proudly decreed the annihilation of Christianity—on the ground where proud, persecuting, imperial Paganism fell, before the Christianity it had attempted to destroy. It claims to be the representative and inheritor—nay, the very completion and development—of that Christianity by which that Paganism was overthrown. It possesses trophies which that victorious Christianity wrested from its fallen foe. It has set up its own seat of power in Cæsar's palace, amidst the ruins of the temples of Cæsar's gods;

and it challenges the world's assent to the historical demonstration that Christianity is divine; AND—*that the chair of the Pope is the throne of God on earth!*

Among the thrones and crowns of worldly authority, it shines with awful splendor as the oldest dynasty in Christendom. In its extremest debasement and decrepitude it holds alliance with the proudest sovereigns in the world; and by wielding a power with which none of them can trifle, it makes them the instruments of its aggrandizement, and the vassals of its supremacy. By an imposing and tragical exhibition of Christian facts, and by the aids of a gorgeous ceremonial, it secures the religious homage of multitudes of devout and humble souls; and by its sublime assumption of political autocracy and divine attributes, it establishes its authority over the most ardent and ambitious. Thus the Papal power has secured a temporal dominion, and established a religious despotism, in the name of Christianity. The nations have wondered after this great mystery, as with "the voice of many waters" its authority has been acknowledged, and its praises have been celebrated in the earth. It history has shown such spoils and trophies as no other conqueror can boast: monarchs dethroned—kingdoms convulsed—nations enslaved—and the civilization, literature, wealth, liberties—all the rights and resources of the mightiest states—compelled to do homage to its power. Nay, even the ordinances of heaven have been repealed—the word of God has been prohibited—the doctrines of salvation have been set aside for monkish fables and heathen rites—and the gospel of peace and love has been turned into an implement of priestly domination—the symbol and the sanction of tyranny and blood.

Even in our own day, when the fires of persecution are extinguished, and the rusty implements of torture are, by most persons, regarded with disgust and horror, this mysterious power counts its millions of willing victims among the exalted and lowly, the rude and the refined. It holds spell-bound in superstitious veneration masses of the pious poor; while it boasts its converts drawn from the high places of educated and aristocratic Protestantism. With the stains of its past atrocities upon it—with its gripe upon the throat of liberty, and its heel upon the profaned and mutilated gospel—it stands up in presence of the august civilization of this age, and with admirable effrontery puts forth its pretensions, in the name of Christ, to the dominion of the world!

How and whence this enormous and stupendous development of evil, in connection with the Christian name? By what process did the Papacy grow to be what it has been, and what it is? This is a very important inquiry, and the answer is pregnant with instruction and warning of the highest interest. We must carry this investigation back to the inspired records of Christianity itself. There we learn how sadly the light of God's revelation has become darkened to the world by the follies and the sins of men. The same testimony that informs us of "the word

of truth, the gospel of our salvation," also warns us of insidious errors, false doctrines, and evil workings; by which the gospel is subverted, and men bring upon themselves swift destruction.

In the presence of miraculous gifts, and under the inspired ministrations of the apostles, we find nearly all the first societies of Christian converts in constant and imminent peril of departing from the faith, and some of them actually tending to apostacy. Some of them were fascinated by a revival of the "carnal ordinances" of Judaism. They forsook the simple doctrines of Christianity, for a religion of ceremonialism; or attempted to unite a code of ritual sanctity with the intelligent spirituality of the gospel. Some, "who loved to have the pre-eminence," set themselves up as leaders and dictators among their brethren, and endeavored "to draw away disciples after them;" and thus introduced the evils of schismatical contention, and sowed the seeds of clerical ambition and ruthless intolerance, which afterwards wrought such mischief in the churches. Others, again, undertook to vindicate or modify the doctrines of the gospel, by amalgamating them with the speculations of Pagan philosophy, and throwing around them various conceits and expositions of their own, until the truth was buried beneath a mass of error. And some became so tainted by surrounding abominations, and perverted by carnal reasonings, that they sank into the grossest pollution, and "made shipwreck of the faith." On every hand we find roots of bitterness springing up, troubling the churches; the germs of incipient apostacy sometimes appearing to grow with appalling vigor and rank luxuriance, hastening to bring forth fruit unto death. Hence the frequent warnings and earnest expostulations of the apostles, exhorting the disciples to "keep themselves pure"—to "stand fast in the faith"—to "try the spirits"—to receive "no other doctrines" than those which had been "delivered to them"—to "beware of false teachers"—to avoid unprofitable "contentions and strifes about words"—to reject "the traditions and commandments of men." "Even now," they said, "are there many anti-Christs!" "Many false prophets are gone out into the world." "The mystery of iniquity doth already work." From these early and fatal manifestations of pernicious errors within the pale of the Christian profession, they predicted that great apostacy, which should afterwards come, "with the working of Satan; with power, and signs, and lying wonders; and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved."

How marvelous that the spread and prevalence of false Christianity should thus become a proof to us that Christianity is true! And O, with what profound reverence and holy awe should we adore that inscrutable wisdom which prepares for the final victory and consummate glory of the Redeemer, by allowing, even within the precincts of his mediatorial dominion, the appearance and growth, through ages, of a diabolical

usurpation, "that opposeth and exalteth itself, above all that is called God or that is worshiped," until "the Lord shall consume it with the breath of his mouth, and destroy it by the brightness of his coming!" "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!" Out of the crude and germinating errors of the apostolic age, by a gradual and natural course of development, through the succeeding centuries—THE PAPACY AROSE! In its conflicts with the dominant Paganism, the defective Christiantity of those times imbibed much of the spirit, and adopted many of the notions and observances, of its corrupt and powerful foe. By the influences thus introduced, the process of deterioration was accelerated, and the downward tendency increased. Each succeeding degree of corruption necessitated and facilitated another, until a whole code of idolatrous superstition became incorporated with nominal Christianity; and the compound exhibited refinements in iniquity, and a hideous growth of moral deformity, which primitive Paganism never knew.

When imperial policy adopted "Christianity" as a war-cry in the strife of factions, and afterwards used it as an instrument of government, the corrupting influence of this alliance united to increase the impurity and degradation of the church. An ambitious priesthood strove and scrambled for political power. The profession of the gospel was associated with intrigue and imposture—with violence, intolerance, and carnal strife; until the way was prepared for setting up a clerical dominion upon the throne of the Cæsars, and, ultimately, for making the kingdoms of modern Europe so many feoffs and vassalages of the empire of the Popes. We do not now call attention to the political events through which the Papal system attained its completion; although it were easy and instructive to mark this progress from Constantine to Charlemagne, and from Charlemagne to the Council of Trent. Our object is to study the *beginnings* of this astonishing system, and to derive instruction for ourselves from a serious investigation of the germinant principles—the *seeds of evil*—out of which such desolating mischief arose.

A departure from the simplicity of the gospel, a defection from spiritual Christianity, a usurpation against Christian liberty—PRODUCED THE PAPACY. Religious zeal, associated with worldly policy, clerical ambition, and popular ignorance, issued in the great apostacy, which paganised Christianity and imperilled the salvation of the world! These things are assuredly calculated to suggest to us salutary warnings and instructions. They are "for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world have come." They most impressively teach us to guard against the beginnings of evil. They admonish us, as with the united voices of God's revelation in the gospel, and his awful and glorious providence, not to cherish any of those elements of corruption, that contributed to the formation of the great "mystery of iniquity."

This subject sometimes calls up in my mind a sad, but suitable analogy. Some years ago, the people of these countries thought of the cholera as a disease peculiar to foreign climes. It was imagined that some natural laws connected with the atmosphere, or the soil, or the intervening ocean, effectually confined it to those distant lands; and though we might pity the inhabitants of those ill-fated and far-off regions, yet, *for ourselves*, it was supposed we need not be alarmed: OUR POSITION MADE US SAFE! That delusion was effectually, but painfully removed. A bitter experience taught us that we were wrong. Several times has our land mourned, as if a destroying angel were spreading his wings over our dwellings, and smiting their inmates with the blast of death. It has been found that *the state of things among ourselves* supplied the destroyer with the aliment of his life and the means of our destruction. In the habits of our people—in the dwellings of our poor—in the streets of our cities—in the purlieus around our cathedrals and our palaces—were found the predisposing causes of disease, the squalor and pollution, by which the pestilence was fed. Now, it is understood that our safety depends upon our purity. To cleanse our cities, is to save our people. *Every sanitary board is an anti-cholera institution:* and, by God's blessing upon such means, we expect the plague to be stayed.

Every one can apply this illustration.

The indifference and false security, which formerly prevailed regarding the spread of Popery among us, have been, in some measure, dispelled by its recent advances. The plague has entered our dwellings: "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and "the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," are in our midst. Our carnal dreams of Protestant infallibility have been disturbed; and now the voice of duty calls us all to vigilant and holy efforts to purify our churches and to save the land. Our brethren in the Established Church are most exposed to this evil. They most demand our sympathy and our prayers. The post of danger is the post of honor; and if they be "valiant for the truth," and meet the motley legions of Rome, equipped with "the whole armor of God," and "quit themselves like men, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," then a double glory will rest upon them as the victorious vanguard in the great Reformation-battle of this age. If they falter and fail in the hour of conflict, their children's children may howl around their graves, muttering execrations upon their memory, as arch-traitors to their country and their God. May all holy influences descend upon them, and heavenly power sustain them, that their hearts may not quail in the day of trial.

It is high time that all our Protestant people were brought to understand the true idea of a Christian church, as a voluntary society of Christian people, and *not* a close corporation of clerical interpreters. As the Article in the English Prayer Book beautifully expresses it: "a church is a congregation of faithful men." Let these congregations

recognize and assert their rights and privileges in allegiance to Christ; and take into their own hands the administration of their own affairs; and they will soon find the way to get rid of Anglican Romanism, and to worship God without the mediation of priests.

Let the united voice of all our Protestant churches meet, and answer all the Romish assumptions on this head, by the glorious Scripture testimony, that there is no proper and literal priesthood in Christianity, but that of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, "who, by the one offering of himself, has brought in everlasting righteousness, and obtained eternal redemption for us;" and that the only other priesthood in Christianity, is the common privilege of all true believers—of ministers and people alike—*and of ministers, not as ministers, but as believers*—who are God's "spiritual priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." All bodies of Protestant Dissenters are vitally interested in this question. It is a humiliating fact, that the spirit of Popery is natural to us all; and all ecclesiastical systems are more or less calculated to foster it. Our sectarian differences, and the rivalries and antipathies which they occasion, have inflicted much mischief upon the cause of truth; and among the evils existing in connection with nonconformity, it is deeply to be deplored that a culpable indifference has prevailed, in some instances, regarding the baleful influence and threatening progress of Romanism; while a pitiful *imitation of the Papacy and its priestism* has grown up in some of our churches.

Let us, by the grace of God, avoid all this. *If you do not desire to have the tragedy, do not, I pray you, have any thing to do with the farce.*

It may be thought a little thing; but I solemnly believe that one of the highest duties to which earnest Christians are called in the present day, is to REPUDIATE ALL CONNECTION BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND SHAMS! The gospel of Christ has to teach the world, in a purer sense than the world has known it, that "an honest man is the noblest work of God!" Protestant ministers require to be pre-eminently honest men. In seeking to convince and persuade men for God, they should desire to be *transparent media*, through which God's truth shall reach the human soul. It behooves us to take good care that our piety shall not afford food to the infidelity that surrounds us. We should endeavor to make honest men of all classes and of all capacities understand and feel, that it is not our professional honor we are seeking; but the honor of God, and the salvation of their souls. We must therefore put away from us all the little artifices and pious frauds of semi-Protestant Jesuitism; "not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Our subject, and the signs of the times, demand this of us. The

shrewd and practical worldly men of this age, the hard-headed and sometimes hard-hearted race, which evangelical Protestantism has to sanctify and save, are not to be converted or convinced by oracular assumptions, or the platitudes of clerical pretense. Let us, then, renounce all claims to spiritual dictatorship, and all the mimicries of priestism; and stand erect before our fellow-men, in the moral dignity of downright upright Christian manhood. Be it our desire to testify to all men "the glorious gospel of the blessed God;" not to know any thing among men, "but Jesus Christ and him crucified;" not desiring "to have any dominion over faith, but to be helpers of their joy;" "seeking the profit of many, that they may be saved." Let us unite in hearty, holy, brotherly efforts, for the defense and triumph of Christian truth; ever remembering that our sufficiency is of God; and that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through him. Especially should it be the constant aim and earnest prayer of all true Protestant Christians that Roman Catholics may be brought to know and rejoice in "the truth as it is in Jesus;" and that the masses of our people may be turned unto God.

O that the tide of popular sympathy, which is now, in many cases, fast ebbing away toward the dark dead sea of infidelity and ungodliness, were turned to mingle with the living waters which flow from the throne of God! Oh! that our churches and their ministers were all imbued with the spirit of the gospel; and that we were all so constrained by the love of Christ that the great purpose of our lives should be to make known his name, and manifest the glories of his wondrous grace! Come the day when these shall be the characteristics of all our Protestant churches! Then shall Britain be prepared for the crash of nations, when "God shall arise to shake terribly the earth;" then the pallor of detected conspirators shall not mantle *our* cheeks, nor the terror of a divine conscription paralyze our hearts, when God's own hand shall strike, at Rome, that death-knell of priestly imposture, which all the churches shall hear, and at whose echoes men and angels shall rejoice. That day is coming! Who can tell how soon its dawn may be upon us? Day of wrath and glory; day of terrible retributions and munificent mercy! May we be prepared for its appearing!

In the prospect of it, let all the churches of the Reformation unite in a penitential and revival hymn, that may become a choral anthem for the jubilee of the world:

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us;
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations!
Let the people praise thee, O God,
Let all the people praise thee!"

DISCOURSE LV.

ROBERT IRVINE, D.D.

This gentleman is a native of the province of Ulster. He received the early part of his professional education in the Royal College at Belfast, and finished his theological studies in Edinburg, being a pupil of the late Dr. Chalmers.

After the disruption in Scotland in 1843, the Irish Assembly set to work with great earnestness to furnish missionaries in co-operation with the Free Church of Scotland to the British colonies, and Dr. Irvine was loosed from an important charge in Ballynahinch, county Down (his native county) and sent as the *first* missionary of the Irish church to British America. His first field of labor was in the city of St. John, N. B., the great commercial metropolis of that province, where he labored with very great success for eight years, when he was removed to the charge of the second church in the city of Toronto, Canada West. This charge he held for two years, and during the time he occupied this post the Synod of Canada engaged his services as a lecturer on Church History in the Knox's College. On the removal of Professor Young from Hamilton, to fill the chair of moral philosophy, vacated in Knox's College, Dr. Irvine received a unanimous call to his present charge of the Knox Church, Hamilton, Canada West, one of the most important and influential churches in the province.

Dr. Irvine is about forty years of age, middle size, with a slight inclination to corpulency. He is a man of high literary and moral qualifications, of gentlemanly bearing, of indefatigable zeal and energy of purpose; and in the pulpit and through the press, is doing perhaps as much as almost any other man for the moral elevation of the province favored with his immediate labors. Dr. Irvine always preaches without notes; even one of his longest sentences, filling an entire paragraph, will be uttered with ease and fluency, without a single scrap of a pen under his eye. His appearance in the pulpit is more than ordinarily commanding and attractive; his delivery distinct and impressive; his communications rich in thought and evangelical in sentiment; and his whole style formed after the best Scotch models.

The discourse which we give is one of a course of lectures delivered in 1854–56 on the Evidences of Christianity. Its great length obliges us to abridge some of its parts; but the luminous and effective train of reasoning is preserved entire.

THE SELF-EVIDENCING POWER OF THE TRUTH.

"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."—1 JOHN, v. 10.

IF by some miraculous decree of heaven, every vestige of a visible religion were swept from the face of the earth, and we were left without a Bible, and without an ordinance, is there any evidence yet remaining by which we should be sustained in our belief that Christianity is of God? It is true we might, from our recollection, cite the miracles which are recorded in the New Testament—we might appeal to the story of the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem—we might point to that miraculous star which cast its radiance over the town of David—we might summon the lepers who were cleansed, the palsied and the fevered who were cured, the blind whose eyes were opened, and the dead who were raised, before our tribunal, to give testimony in favor of our Christianity. Nay more, we might bring the law and the prophets to Mount Calvary, and read them by the dim light which the gloomy heavens, even with reluctance, afforded to the reckless crucifiers of our Lord; we might appeal to the earthquake, to the rending rocks, to the darkening heavens, and to all that mysterious phenomena that accompanied the crucifixion of the Saviour, and each incident would speak and declare that Christianity is divine. Still, admitting that we can not prove to the satisfaction of the skeptic that miracles are truth, or that prophecy is fulfilled, or that the morality of the Bible is not superior to that of Socrates, are we even then to reject our Christianity for want of evidence? The skeptic will reply in the affirmative. But here we meet him, and simply say, that because I am unable to prove to *his* satisfaction that my Christianity is from heaven, it does not follow that I am bound to reject it. Nor does it follow that because I can not adduce evidence enough to convince *him*, there is therefore no evidence. There may be a species of evidence which one man can comprehend, while another can not. A philosopher can comprehend the argument derived from science, a peasant can not; yet, the peasant may be as firmly wedded to his Christianity as the philosopher, and, for aught we know, he may be possessed of evidence as convincing and conclusive as that of the philosopher.

The evidences of Christianity generally dwelt upon are of a kind in which the reasoning faculties of the Christian philosopher are brought into collision with those of the skeptic. But the following argument is more sacred, more sublime, and yet more simple. More sacred, because the Spirit of God alone can afford the data on which it rests; more sublime, because it is the class of evidence in which the church in glory rejoices; and more simple, because it is a species of evidence which the most unlettered peasant in the universe can comprehend. It is not a species of evidence derived from the facts recorded *without*,

but from deeds performed *within*. It is not a species of evidence in the consideration of which the human intellect, with all its gigantic powers of research and reflection, need be enlisted. It is a species of evidence which is not speculative, but purely experimental. It can not boast of its Goliaths and its Samsons, it can not cite the volumes of literature to which it has given birth, but it can enlist all the virtues, all the morality, all the deep-toned spirituality of heaven and earth, and pointing to these, it can boast that these are the offspring of Christianity, and hence the parent of such a heavenly progeny must be divine.

We read of a blind man whose eyes the Saviour miraculously opened, and when called upon by Pharisaical skeptics to give an account of the miracle, the man was completely puzzled. His parents were then appealed to, who referred once more to their son, assuring the cavillers that the man was born blind. Accusations are next preferred against the Saviour, and he is charged with sin: "Give God the praise, for we know that this man is a sinner." The reply involves an evidence so strong, that all the skepticism of the universe can not resist it: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind *now* I see." The Pharisees could not understand the miracle—the physician could not explain it—the man on whom it was performed could give no other account of it than simply that a man "named Jesus made clay, and anointed his eyes, and bade him go wash in Siloam," which he did, and he came seeing. Was it necessary in the case that this man should understand the theory of optics? Was it necessary that he should be acquainted with the philosophy of sight, or the nature of colors? Did he require the information of any friend or acquaintance, to assure him that he could now see? No. His own consciousness was the witness. And the sight of a picture, the sight of a parent or friend, was to him a more convincing evidence of the fact that he could see, than all the lectures that ever were written or read, on the philosophy of optics, or the properties of light and color. Now, it does not follow that because the man once blind, though now seeing, was utterly unable to give a philosophical account of the miracle, or because he was unable to show to the satisfaction of the Pharisee how he had been made to see, he was on that account still blind. Or, supposing one of those cavillers had come to the man, and attempted to persuade him that the miracle was all a delusion; that he did not see; that those eyeballs were still blind, and that the miracle was a fraud, would any amount of persuasion have convinced the man of the correctness of such allegations? Did not his own consciousness satisfy him of the fact, which they ignorantly, impiously, and blasphemously rejected?

Or let us put the matter in this form. We read among the miracles of Christ that he raised Lazarus from the dead. Many of the friends of Lazarus were cognizant of the fact that he had been conveyed to the grave, after he had been kept the usual time between the decease and

the interment. He had been four days in the grave. His resurrection had already been known, and had excited considerable inquiry among the populace. Now, supposing some unbelieving Sadducee had visited Lazarus, and assured him that the fact of his resurrection was all a delusion, that he was still a dead man, a prisoner of mortality, would it have required a lecture on the nature and functions of life, a discourse on the organization of the physical system, to convince Lazarus that he was a living man? No. The *consciousness* of the man was a more convincing and satisfactory proof of the matter, than all the lectures and discourses that ever were read, published, and circulated on the doctrines of anatomy and physiology. Lazarus could not explain the miracle. The Sadducees could not understand it, and therefore they would not believe it. Yet the ignorance of Lazarus, and the unbelief of the Sadducees, did not make the miracle less true. In spite of both, Lazarus is a living man, and the consciousness of his being alive is all the evidence he requires, while the only account he can give of his resurrection is simply that he was dead and is alive again.

Again, supposing some one is seized at this moment with an acute pain, a physician is immediately cited to examine the region of the system in which the pain is supposed to exist. He can see no inflammatory symptoms, no discolored or cutaneous indications of disease. He accordingly denies the existence of such a pain, and attempts to persuade the sufferer that he is laboring under hallucination; will any amount of persuasion convince the man that he is mistaken? All the physicians in Christendom can not convince him that he is free from pain. Their skill in diagnosis—their philosophy of cause and effect—their knowledge of anatomy, may be perfectly sound and perfectly true, but all this will not convince the sufferer that he is free from pain. His own consciousness furnishes him with evidence more convincing than all the reasoning of all the philosophers and all the physicians, since the days of Esculapius. It is true, he can not explain in anatomical phraseology the nature or character of the pain, neither can he assign any cause for it, but he knows that he is suffering pain, and it is vain to persuade him to the contrary. The existence of the pain in question is attested by a sensation of which he is as conscious as he is of his own existence, and it were as easy to persuade him that he had no existence, as that he had no pain. This testimony is sufficient to establish the existence of pain in the physical system; and the fact that one or two, or ten thousand, deny it, is not sufficient to destroy the belief in its existence where it has an existence. Neither will the fact that there have been men, from time immemorial, who have denied the existence of a pain in such a region, destroy the consciousness of its existence, for the experience of another class, who have existed in all ages, is quite sufficient to neutralize that of the class supposed, and still, as before, there is a surplus in favor of our assumed possibility.

The point of these illustrations is sufficiently obvious, and we shall now proceed briefly to apply them to the case before us.

The species of evidence by which the facts of such cases are attested is not such as may satisfy the skeptic, but it loses nothing on that account. The skeptic reasons, that because he is unable to appreciate the nature of your argument, therefore it involves a fallacy. You are treated as a blind enthusiast, destitute of common sense, and of reason, because the infidel is unable to comprehend the nature of that experience, by which your Christianity is attested. It is neither honest nor logical to deny the existence of such experience. He may not have been in the circumstances in which you obtained such experience.

A simple-minded Christian, without the advantages of education, debarred by circumstances over which he had no control, from those sources of intelligence which his more privileged opponents enjoy, with his Bible in his hand, and the Spirit and grace of God in his heart, is fully persuaded that the doctrines of Christianity are true. He can not tell why, but the conviction is so deeply engraven on his heart, that he could no more surrender it than he could part with his own existence. Nay, more, to deny the Bible is to deny his very being. He can not give any other account of his Christianity than that he has felt all that the Bible says. Its descriptions of sin—its account of the emotions of the soul—its statements with respect to the operations of the Holy Spirit on the human heart, exactly accord with all that he has felt passing within, and when he thus compares all that Christianity reveals with all that he experiences, he gives the same testimony to its character that the woman of Samaria gave to its divine founder, when she entered the streets of the city: "Come see a revelation that told me all things that ever I felt; it not this Christianity?" The humble and unpretending Christian in question, does not attempt to travel over the range of inquiry which has been embraced in a course of lectures on Christianity. He does not pretend to travel through the regions of scientific and historic literature in search of relics and specimens which furnish proofs of the truth of Christianity. His range of inquiry is more limited and more experimental, yet not the less certain. He is directed to his conclusion, not by the light of science—not by the philosophy of religion—not by any anatomical acquaintance with the structure of the mind—not by any metaphysical knowledge of the principles of the intellectual, or the faculties of the moral, department of his nature. But like the sufferer, who feels conscious of pain, though ignorant of the structure of his own frame-work, he knows that Christianity is true, because he *feels* its truth. He may be unable to assign such a reason for the truth as will satisfy the skeptic, but he can say with the blind man, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." He may be unable to describe the nature and function of the principle which constitutes the hidden life in the soul; but still he is as thoroughly satisfied that "he was dead

and is alive again," as was Lazarus after his resurrection from the tomb.

The infidel here admits his own defectiveness. One half his opposition arises from the fact that he has never experienced the feelings of the Christian. How, then, can he tell what these feelings are, since he has never possessed them. A man can not tell whether an apple be sweet or sour if he never tasted it. The other half of his opposition arises from the fact that he knows of no law in metaphysics to which the experience of the Christian can be reduced; but this again argues merely his ignorance. There may be a law for aught he knows. It were absurd of the skeptic to deny that there are two methods of extracting the cube root of a certain number, because he only knows one method. Hence, according to the candid admission of the skeptic, his opposition to the self-evidencing power of Christianity, arises entirely from ignorance.

He may feel himself safe in reasoning with the uneducated, and with men of humble capacity; but when men of equal power, men of equal advantages in point of education, men as capable of grappling with any problem in physical or metaphysical science, as he is—when such men can be cited to add their testimony to that of the humble experimentalist on this subject, then we consider that the truth of Christianity may be fairly inferred from its own irresistible testimony to the conscience and the heart. Chalmers tells us that Christianity has carried credentials into his heart, so authentic and so convincing, that he can not for a moment impeach them with forgery; they bear the very signature of divinity, they are stamped with the seal of Jehovah, and they are felt to be God's own manuscript within, authenticated and sealed by the Holy Ghost. To deny it were to deny his moral vision, and to impeach his veracity. He is as firmly persuaded of the truth and infallibility of this internal document, as he is of the fact that he saw, in a certain library, a parchment containing a Hebrew manuscript. Now, supposing Chalmers tells us that ten years ago, he saw in the British Museum a roll of parchment inscribed with Hebrew characters, and said to have been written by Ezra, after the Babylonish captivity, will any of us impeach his veracity by denying that he ever saw such a document? If then, with evidence as convincing as that of ocular demonstration, he tells us that there is a writing in the inner chamber of his soul—that this is a certificate of the truthfulness of Christianity; that he has scanned it and perused it; that to deny it were to deny his very existence—if with such testimony, from such a quarter, we will not admit the self-evidencing power of the truth of Christianity, we can have no higher.

But this is the united and concurrent testimony of Christians, and as such it is entitled to a high place among the arguments for the truth of Christianity. It is, in fact, God's own argument to the soul. All other arguments are collected from circumstances of which the reasoning

and observing faculties take cognizance; but this is an argument derived from the "Spirit of God, witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God." That the infidel can not understand it—that he can not appreciate it—we do not wonder. Before he can understand it, he must become a Christian. That men like Hume should reject it, we do not wonder, because it is an argument addressed to the heart, not to the head. But that minds as great as his, hearts as benevolent as his, felt its suasion, believed in its authenticity, and relied on its testimony, we fearlessly maintain. If we should multiply the names already introduced by one thousand or one million, our argument is strengthened in the same ratio. Every Christian philosopher introduced into our calculation, adds so much weight to our argument; and here we might summon all the testimony of all God's saints from the days of Enoch, who, "before his translation, had THIS testimony, that he pleased God," till the present moment. And if, as has already been demonstrated, there shall be found only as many *learned* Christians on the one side, as there are *learned* skeptics on the other, then the argument is unquestionably on the side of Christianity, inasmuch as to all other arguments we can append this—the argument from experience. And supposing, for the sake of argument, that one, or two, or ten, or an hundred of the most learned and most talented of our Christian divines were mistaken, and their alleged experience were a mere imaginary thing, is it likely that the whole class of Christians in all ages, and in all countries, could be so deceived? How comes it that they all *feel* the same emotions, that they all *speak* the same language, that they all experience the same conflict, that they all contend against the same spiritual opposition, and that they all aspire with the very same assiduity after immortality? Is it not that they are all subjects of the same government, and that they are all taught by the same divine preceptor? This uniformity of feeling and of sentiment, argues a unity of design and a unity of operation; and whether men maintain that this is the work of a person, or merely an *influence*, it is manifest there is such a unity in the cause, and such a uniformity in the effect, as must satisfy every intelligent and rational Christian, that he is indebted to a *divine person* for his Christianity, and though he sees not the visible agent, "descending like a dove in bodily shape, and abiding upon him," as upon his Lord at Jordan, still he is not the less convinced on that account of the *existence*, *personality*, and *real divinity* of the Holy Ghost.

But this argument is deemed by some unphilosophical. We regard that a philosophical principle which exhibits the relationship between cause and effect. It is not deemed unphilosophical to maintain, that experience and observation are the two grand sources of knowledge. Now it appears, from remarks already made, that these are the two grand sources from which THE knowledge is derived whereon we ground our argument. The word of God without, and the Spirit of God within,

are the two grand sources of intelligence, from which we derive our knowledge of the truth of Christianity.

Hence our argument is no more unphilosophical than the argument of Locke or Newton. Locke was conscious of certain trains of thought passing within his own mind, and he found, by examination, that similar trains of thought existed in the minds of other men, hence his Essay on the Human Understanding. Who will deny that such a book is a philosophical book? Newton perceived that the prismatic colors, when arranged in a certain way, produced a particular picture on his own eye, and, by observation, he discovered that they produced similar effects on the eyes of others, and hence his Treatise on Optics. The same might be said of every other author in metaphysical and physical science, and yet the skeptic will not deny that the arguments based on observation and experience, are philosophical in other departments of learning. Why, then, deny the Christian the same privilege you grant to the metaphysician or other natural philosopher? If you admit that Locke and Newton are philosophers, that their works are specimens of philosophical literature, unparalleled for accuracy of thought, and perspicuity of demonstration, then, on the same principle, you are bound to admit that such works as Dr. Alexander on "Christian Experience," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the biographical sketches of many a saint of God, to which we might allude, are as philosophical as the works already adverted to. Alexander derived his information, and collected the material, which he so admirably arranged and analyzed, evidently from observation and experience—the very sources from which Locke and Newton derived their information. And wherein do they differ? Only in the field of inquiry over which they respectively travel. Newton traverses the field of matter. Lock the field of mind. Alexander the field of spirit. The first explores the regions of physical science, the second those of metaphysical science, and the third those of moral and spiritual science. Observation and experience being the grand sources wherein each derives his knowledge.

But we maintain that whatever exhibits the relationship between cause and effect is philosophical. And where do we find this relationship more clearly demonstrated than in the Spirit's working upon a human heart? Here is a man who complains of thirst. He can not explain to you the various circumstances which have contributed to produce this thirst, but he experiences the feeling. Again, you administer a quantity of water to this thirsty man. He is not a chemist, and therefore he can not analyze the water, and tell you how many particles of oxygen, and how many particles of hydrogen it contains. Nor is it necessary that he should. He receives the beverage, and his thirst is immediately quenched. But supposing a physician were to attempt to persuade him that he is not thirsty, and a chemist were to attempt to reason him into the idea that the beverage he solicits will not quench

his thirst, is it not manifest that a single draught of the water, when received, exhibits much more clearly the relationship between cause and effect, than all the theories of the physician on the one hand, and all the analysis of the chemist on the other. Who, then, is the philosopher? Undoubtedly the man who has, from a firm and irrepressible belief in the cause, experienced and realized the effect. But the relationship between cause and effect is not more clearly demonstrable in any department of physical science, than it is in Christianity. Every one familiar with the history of Saul of Tarsus, must admit, that Saul the persecutor, and Paul, the preacher of righteousness, differ so widely, as to afford unequivocal proof that a change has taken place. Now, let any Hume, or Volney, or Paine, or Lord Herbert, account for this change. These men, as philosophers, believe in cause and effect—but here is the effect, and they can not point to any legitimate cause. Where, then, is the defect? Not in Christianity, for it assigns a cause. It reveals and explains the cause, and therefore the defect is in infidelity itself. Infidelity charges us with defectiveness in philosophy, but we perceive that the defect is not in Christianity, for it demonstrates the relationship between every effect and its legitimate cause, while infidelity, looking at the changes produced in the minds of such men as Paul, John Bunyan, John Newton, and many others, feels utterly unable to account for them. Every Christian, then, is a better philosopher than an infidel. He can trace the effects which have been produced in his own heart and life to an adequate cause, while the infidel is compelled, in looking at the Christian as he once *was*, and as he now *is*, to regard him as an anomaly in philosophy—an effect without a cause.

Every real Christian is satisfied that his Christianity is divine, and every real Christian can give such a philosophical account of his Christianity, as exhibits the doctrine of cause and effect, although he may be ignorant of the method of operation. Two sick men receive medicine and are cured—the one a physician, the other a peasant—the effect is the same in both cases—it is a cure. The one can explain the nature of its action, and the suitableness of the medicine to the disease in question, the other can not; both, however, can trace the cure to its legitimate cause—each has the witness in himself, and there is a relation between the medicine and the restoration to health. It is so in Christianity. Every man who has received Christianity in his heart, has the evidence in himself that it is of God. A change has passed upon him which no power but a divine could accomplish—a transformation has taken place in his moral system, which no agency save an omnipotent could effect—a revolution has been produced in his thoughts, feelings, and emotions, as great as though heaven and earth had been moved—a miracle has been wrought in his soul as great as that which awoke the body of Lazarus from the slumbers of the tomb. And though one, or ten, or ten millions of skeptics were to deny it, his belief is not shaken by their infidelity; for "*he hath the witness in himself.*"

The Welsh Pulpit.

William Roberts

DISCOURSE LVI.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

The *Welsh* element in the present American religious influence, is quite important. It were easy to form a long list of preachers who are, by descent or immigration, Welshmen; and the number of lay members is greater than is generally supposed. In New York city alone, they amount to some nine thousand, and are composed of Wesleyans, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Calvinists (or Calvinistic Methodists). Of these, the last-named body is probably most numerous: it numbered, in 1854, in the United States, sixty-seven preachers, and ninety-two churches. In Wales, their membership, the same year, was 59,377. The religious head-quarters of this denomination, in New York, is in Allen-street; and they have to their ministry the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Roberts was born September 25th, 1809, at Llanerchymedd, in the Island of Anglesea, North Wales, of parents in humble life, and brought up in connection with the Calvinistic Methodist church. There are two sons, beside himself, who are ministers. He was the subject of powerful convictions of sin when about fourteen years of age, and was savingly impressed by reading, alternately with his mother, on a Sabbath evening, the first chapter of John's first epistle, especially the eighth verse.

After attending the school in his native village, and when sixteen years of age, he was placed under the tuition of Rev. W. Griffith, Congregational minister, Holyhead, where he studied the elements of the English language and classics. When twenty years old, he entered the Presbyterian Collegiate Institution, Ormond Quay, Dublin, where he studied mathematics, the classics, etc.

He was licensed to preach by the Synod, or Quarterly Association, in June, 1831, and resided at Holyhead, and itinerated on the Island of Anglesea, until May, 1849, when, upon the unanimous invitation of the Liverpool Presbytery, he became pastor of an English church at Runcorn, which belonged to the Countess of Huntington's connection. In this charge he was greatly blessed in the work of winning souls to Christ. He is now pastor of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist church, Allen-street, New York, having come to the United States at the urgent and unanimous call of the church, and with the prospect of rendering greater service to Messiah's kingdom.

Mr. Roberts has put forth a publication "On the Abrahamic Covenant," and one "On the Election of Grace." He is now editor of a Welsh quarterly, called the "Traethodydd," or "Essayist."

As a preacher, Mr. Roberts possesses, in a happy degree, some of the marked peculiarities of the Welsh pulpit. His manner is animated and energetic, his matter rich in gospel truths, and his general style simple, passionate, illustrative, and impressive. The following discourse has not before been published.

CHRIST THE MIGHTY SAVIOUR.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH, lxiii. 1.

THE redemption of sinners is effected through a wonderful process of conquest and destruction. In the accomplishment of the stupendous scheme of our salvation, the deliverance of the soul is invariably the result of victory and devastation. Four mighty empires are vanquished and demolished in the rescue of sinners from the state of their spiritual thralldrom—the kingdom of Satan, the dominion of sin, the supremacy of the world, and the empire of death. In regard of the moral government of Jehovah, there exists a most suitable and effective provision for its pacification, its exaltation, and its establishment in the highest honor and dignity. "It is magnified and made honorable." Hence it appears, that the grand design propounded therein, is, not to overcome and destroy, but to propitiate and glorify the constituent principles of the divine government. Nevertheless, the tyrannical and oppressive dominions of Satan, sin, the world, and death must be overthrown and abolished in order to complete the salvation of human sinners; "for he (Christ) must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." To effect this great undertaking on legitimate grounds, it was absolutely necessary for the eternal Son of God to propitiate and magnify the divine government by a sufficient ransom, even his precious blood. The mediatorial throne of Christ as the King of Zion, has been founded and erected upon the merits of his atoning sacrifice as a Priest. Hence the elements of his priestly office constitute the basis of the power and authority of his kingly office; and the great work which he accomplishes in the latter capacity, is, the *actual* redemption of sinners by overcoming and destroying their bitter and cruel enemies. His *meritorious* victory over these powerful empires through his atonement as a Priest, was preparatory to his *effectual* triumph over them as a king, by the influences of his Spirit. He bruised the serpent's head on the cross, that he might *actually* redeem sinners from the power of Satan. He overcame the world in its insults and proffered honors, that he might save his people from the enchanting pomps and vanities of "the present evil world." He finished transgression in respect to its punishment, in order to destroy the reigning power of sin in the soul. He swallowed up death in victory, that he might shelter believers from the venomous sting of death. Thus his *meritorious* triumph on the cross, is to be regarded as the ground of his *actual* triumph by the gospel.

And besides, the ascendancy of the benign principles of Messiah's kingdom in the world, will doubtless be realized through the interposition of providence, in the overthrow and demolition of those civil powers which stand opposed to the prevalency of its interests.

Thus it is evident that the salvation of sinners *individually*, and the

redemption of the world *universally*, are accomplished by a mysterious dispensation of victory and destruction.

Our Lord, in the illustrious prophecy of which the text forms a part, is beautifully represented as a mighty conqueror returning in triumph from the field of battle, having his garments covered with the blood of his enemies, appearing "as one that treadeth in the winefat." The prophet being struck with his majestic appearance, anxiously inquires, "who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

Now, mark, the kingdom of Edom or Idumea of which Bozrah was the chief city, was a rival and an enemy of the Jews, the people of God. The word *Edom* signifies red, as is blood; and *Bozrah* means vintage. According to the prophetical idiom, this denotes God's vengeance on his enemies. Now, Edom and Bozrah, in reference to the Messiah, are to be understood *mystically* and not *literally*. The Jewish writers have generally supposed that Edom, in the language of prophecy, stands for Rome. And it is an undoubted fact, that both pagan and papal Rome have been avowed and cruel enemies to the true Christian church, just as Edom was to the Jewish church. And Bozrah being the capital of Edom, *mystically* means, the chief seat of their power.

Some are of opinion that the prophecy refers to the subversion of pagan Rome, through the advancement of Constantine the Great, to the imperial throne. Moreover it is to have a further and fuller accomplishment in the final destruction of papal Rome, and all the anti-Christian powers of Europe. But, we must bear in mind, that there is an inseparable connection between the triumphs of Christ's atonement, and all his future achievements, inasmuch as the former is the cause, and the latter the effect.

In all his triumphs Messiah appears arrayed in glorious apparel, as some mighty Prince, and traveling, not as one wearied with the combat, but "in the greatness of his strength," able and prepared to vanquish all opposing powers. And when it was asked, "Who is this," etc., Messiah himself answers, "I that speak in righteousness." I, who pronounce sentence in righteousness upon my enemies; and am "mighty to save" my church from the tyranny and oppression of her adversaries.

Having made these preliminary remarks, let me invite your attention to what is implied, and what is declared in the text. The truth implied, is, the misery, wretchedness, and danger of man's state by nature. The truth declared, is, the all-sufficiency of Christ's power to save him from his lost and ruined condition—"mighty to save."

I. Let us notice THE MISERY, WRETCHEDNESS, AND DANGER OF MAN'S STATE BY NATURE.

The terms Saviour, salvation, and to save, imply that the condition of man by nature, is one of misery and danger. His state is such as to *require a mighty Saviour.*

1. We remark, that man is in a *lost and perishing condition.* Humanity is defined, in the language of inspiration, as "that which was lost." Here man is represented under the different emblems of a lost sheep, and a criminal sentenced to die. As a lost sheep, he has abandoned God, his faithful and provident shepherd; he has departed from the sheepfold of his covenant; he has broken over the limits of his law; he has strayed from the fruitful land of his favor, into the sterile wilderness of this world, and here he is surrounded by the devouring wolves of worldly lusts, and the roaring lions of the infernal den, exposed to all their cruelty, ferocity, and destructive powers. Now Christ, the good shepherd, must be "mighty to save," ere he could rescue sinners from under the claws, nay, from the very jaws of such powerful and unsatiated monsters.

Again, man is described in the sacred volume as a culprit under the awful sentence of death. "Judgment is come upon all men to condemnation." "He that believeth not, is condemned already." "We have before proved," says the Apostle Paul, "both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin," *i. e.*, we have proved from the records of the court of heaven, that all have been found guilty and sentenced to die eternally. *There* it is written, "there is none righteous, no, not one." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Now, the sentence thus denounced against man is strictly just, immutable, and unalterable, though transferable; and, indeed, it involves in its nature an infinite punishment. Here you may easily perceive, that Christ must be "mighty to save," before he could possibly suffer an infinite punishment in a definite period of time.

2. We observe, that the state of man, by nature, is that of *poverty*—of *degradation*—of *misery.*

Now, my fellow-sinners, think not that I am speaking only of the dark and benighted heathen—of the wild tribes of Africa, or the wandering hordes of Arabia, or the savage and barbarous Indians, or even the mass of the degraded, deluded, and abandoned beings about you:—*no*, no, "*thou* art the man." Though rolling in wealth and affluence; though occupying respectable positions in society, and though adorned with all the imposing accompaniments of knowledge and learning, yet in a moral point of view thou art in a state of poverty, degradation, and misery. Thou mayest be *unconscious* of it; but *in reality* this is thy condition.

Man is so awfully ruined by sin, that the Holy Spirit employs the most striking and lively figures to represent it. He is described as diseased—as leprous. Leprosy is an incurable disease to all human agency. Man's wisdom and skill have proved themselves too weak to overcome its fatal ravages. Nevertheless, the great Physician of souls is so mighty in skill and wisdom, that he has provided an infallible remedy for the leprosy of sin.

Man is further stated to be blind, naked, and dead. He has been *born* blind; his nakedness is of such a character, that no means of covering could be devised, by any created understanding; and he is so dead in

trespasses and, sins as to swarm abundantly of the morbid and filthy worms of corruption and depravity. Now, the Saviour must be mighty in ability and ingenuity, or he could never open the eyes of one that has been *born* in moral blindness. He must be mighty in his work, otherwise he could not have wrought a robe of righteousness to cover the nakedness of man's guilt, from the all-seeing eye of the heart-searching God. He must be mighty in power and authority, or he could not deliver man from the strong grasp of spiritual death, and restore him to the enjoyment of a life of holiness and happiness.

Again, man is represented as a debtor—as a prisoner—as a slave. His liabilities are infinitely beyond his power of discharging them. He is a moral bankrupt; and has nothing to pay. He is a prisoner lawfully committed into the custody of divine justice. His hopes are cut off, so far as himself is concerned. And besides, he is reduced to a state of bondage, being the willing slave of Satan, who holds him captive at his will. Now, the Saviour must be mighty in wealth—the treasures of his merit must be inexhaustible, otherwise he could not pay man's enormous debt. His atonement must be mighty in value and virtue, or it could never have satisfied the demands of divine justice, so as to effect the liberation of the prisoner. And he must be mighty in strength and influence, or else he could not baffle the power of Satan, and win over the heart of the poor slave into his holy service

3. We remark that the natural condition of man is a state of moral *impotency*. In reference to this the great apostle of the Gentiles says, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." He is utterly incapable of rescuing himself. He has lost the divine image, and consequently has lost his moral beauty and excellence; he can not find a substitute for it in all his invented *artificials*, or his imagined good qualities. He has lost his spiritual liberty, and therefore has lost the very elements of his happiness; and he can not redeem it by any sacrifice whatever. "The redemption of his soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever," as regards any provision of his own. He has lost the divine favor, and, consequently, has lost all claim to the protection of his Maker; and it is infinitely beyond his power to regain it. O, the great loss of man through sin! It is enough to make angels weep. To his case may be applied the doleful cry of Jeremiah with respect to the desolations of Jerusalem and the temple, "How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed! the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street." Is it not truly lamentable and heart-rending to behold God's lieutenant on earth the abject slave of Satan?—the honorable and noble creature, man, reduced to the most degrading, filthy, and loathsome offices?—he who wore the precious and glittering diadem of holiness and happiness, cast into the dungeon of impurity, corruption and misery?—he who was created in God's image exchanged into that of a demon? Awful reflection!

4. Another doleful feature of man's state by nature, is his *insensibility* to misery and exposure. He is unconscious of his danger. This characteristic of his condition exhibits it in a still more wretched and deplorable aspect. Although he is in the power of Satan, as a slave in the possession of a pitiless tyrant, yet is he insensible to the degradation of his position. Though he stands, as it were, on the precipice of eternal perdition, yet is he unconscious of his imminent peril. He is asleep under the influence of moral lethargy. Though the fell disease of sin is rapidly devastating his soul, yet he feels not his ruin. He labors under the fearful malady of *spiritual* insanity. He thoughtlessly laughs at things which *should* make him weep bitterly. He scorns and sneers at truths which *should* overwhelm him with fear and trembling. He treats with perfect contempt those things which *might* prove of substantial and eternal benefit to his soul. He is *morally* mad. These are the real features of the wretchedness and misery of man's state by nature. He is fallen! He is fallen! What shall become of him? Shall we give him up as *eternally* lost? Shall we entomb him in the grave-yard of despair? Shall we commit him to the dungeon of irreparable misery? No, no. Is there hope of his recovery? Yes. Look! Behold! Gaze! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah; this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?" Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! for the glorious personage authoritatively replies, "I that speak in righteousness and am mighty to save." This naturally leads us to what is expressed in the text, even the all-sufficiency of Christ's power to save man from his lost and ruined condition—"*mighty to save.*"

II. Now observe CHRIST'S POWER TO SAVE THE WRETCHED AND THE LOST. This appears evident if we consider three things.

1. His pre-eminent qualifications as a Saviour.
2. The nature and extent of the salvation which he accomplishes.
3. The examples of his saving power as exhibited in the Scriptures.

We observe 1. That he is mighty to save, because his qualifications for the stupendous undertaking are incomparable. His qualifications are twofold, personal and official.

Let us notice his *personal* qualifications. "Great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh," in order "to seek and to save that which was lost." God and man have been united together in his person; the Son of God has become the Son of man; the supreme nature in heaven, and the most excellent upon earth, have been linked together; for what purpose? That he might be "mighty to save." Heaven and earth; eternity and time; finitude and infinitude; the Creator and creature, have been inseparably united in his person. He must be "mighty to save." As man, he was capable of bleeding and suffering; for "without shedding of blood there is no remission." As God, he was sufficiently able to sustain the tremendous weight of divine

wrath—a burden which would have unavoidably crushed the whole human race, nay, the whole universe of intelligences, had it come in contact with it, to the very depths of hell. As man, he was capable of dying in our room and stead; as God, he was able to impart infinite value and merit to his death. As man, he entered into the very territories of death, and permitted "the king of terrors" to bind him in his iron chains; as God, he broke them asunder "as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire," and rose triumphantly, having deprived the governor of the prison of his keys. "I have the keys (says he) of hell and of death." "Mighty to save."

Let us again briefly observe his *official* qualifications. He sustained the office of a Saviour by divine appointment. He has been delegated, authorized, and commissioned to save by the supreme Governor of the universe; hence he says he was anointed, and sent "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." He has received his diploma from the highest authority. An official power has been reposed in him. The high authority of God's exalted throne rests with him: hence the salvation of sinners is represented under the emblem "of a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God." He appeared upon earth for the sublime purpose of destroying the works of the devil; and besides, he has accomplished all that was necessary, in respect to *merit*, to save sinners. He has "magnified the law, and made it honorable." He has endured the punishment due to sin, and thereby became the propitiation for sin; he has triumphed over man's spiritual foes; he "hath abolished death;" and he has ascended into heaven as a mighty conqueror to intercede for transgressors. The stupendous work which he has already accomplished, as preparatory to our salvation, is a decisive evidence to the whole universe of intelligences that "he is mighty to save." Devils have grievously realized the vastness of his overcoming power; angels have been astounded witnesses of the exceeding greatness of his redeeming power; and the Father exultingly glorifies in the ever-glorious manifestations of his saving power, saying, "I have laid their help upon one that is mighty."

2. The nature and extent of the salvation effected by him, constitute an indisputable evidence of his mightiness to save. He is mighty to save, in the first place,

From the *curse of the law*. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." Infinite power is embodied in God's curse. It was sufficiently mighty to hurl legions of angels from the heights of celestial happiness, and plunge them into the depths of hellish misery. It was powerful enough to open the windows of heaven with one hand, so to speak, and with the other to burst asunder the fountains of the great deep, in order to drown a world of rebellious men with an overflowing deluge. It is so mighty as to be capable of inflicting irreparable de-

struction, in the twinkling of an eye, upon all the hosts of obstinate rebels throughout the vast dominions of God. Moreover, when its fiery cloud burst upon the head of the Saviour, it came in contact with its superior, inasmuch as its devouring flames were extinguished with his blood; and his office now is, to save sinners as brands plucked from the burnings.

He is almighty to save from the *dominion*, *pollution*, and *defilement of sin*. He does not only save from the guilt of sin involved in the curse of the law, but also from the reigning power and contaminating influence of sin. The strength of man's corruption is terrific: hence it is called "the law of sin and death." Its power is utterly invincible to all human effort and skill. Sin is stronger than the energetic and persuasive powers of reason—stronger than the agonizing pangs of a guilty conscience—stronger than the potent ties of the most endeared friendship—stronger than the forcible restraints of scientific knowledge—stronger than the prevailing edicts of earthly potentates—nay, it has survived the most horrible and desolating judgments of Jehovah himself. It enfetters men in its iron chains in spite of the light of reason—in spite of all the accusations of conscience—in spite of the bitter tears of the dearest friends and relatives—in spite of respectability and renown—in spite of the ameliorating efforts of philosophers and the rapid advancement of science—in spite of the resolute enactments of human governments; yea, in spite of the frowns and inflictions of the divine government. My fellow-sinner, beware of the delusive and destructive power of sin, or it will drag you to the bottomless pit, from the midst of all your earthly comforts. But, "who is this that cometh from Edom," etc. His name is Jesus; ah! he is mightier than sin; for "he saves his people from their sins." "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men." "Our Redeemer is strong, the Lord of hosts is his name."

He is almighty to save from the *power and malice of Satan*. In reference to this the inspired apostle says of himself and his brethren, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." Satan is represented under the different emblems of a "strong man armed;" and a "roaring lion." As a "strong man armed," he watchfully and diligently "keepeth his palace" in the heart of the unregenerate man; but, blessed be God, Jesus is "stronger than he." He comes upon him in the chariot of the gospel—storms the palace by the cannons of conviction—overpowers the tyrant—drives out the usurper—divides his spoils, and then takes possession of the mansion, so that henceforth, he dwells therein by his Spirit.

He is almighty to save from the *sting of death*—the *power of the grave*, and the *wrath to come*. Death is a mighty conqueror. He is not only "the king of terrors," but the terror of kings. He has irresistibly driven the most powerful potentates that ever flourished from

their royal palaces into the small, cold, and dismal "house appointed for all living." He has easily triumphed over the most renowned conquerors that ever displayed their skill on the field of battle, and he has caused the morbid worm to crawl upon their brow. The most robust giants that ever signalized themselves by their undaunted courage and strength, have been crumbled to dust by his mighty and chilly hands. And besides, he has a poisonous sting, with which he envenoms the soul to irretrievable destruction. And the grave is the strong prison in which he incarcerates the human family—there they are, as it were, securely deposited and locked up, bound in the chains of mortality, while the power of God's anger is sufficient to consume all the sources of the soul's comfort, and cause it to weep and lament throughout the untold ages of eternity.

But, listen! a greater than death and the grave is here. Here also is one whose atonement is an ample refuge from the destructive storm of divine wrath. He has gloriously triumphed over the former; and has completely appeased the fury of the latter. He loudly exclaims in reference to his people, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Let us address him in the forcible words of the poet:—

> "Death of death, and hell's destruction,
> Land me safe on Canaan's shore:
> Songs of praises,
> I will ever give to thee."

Finally, the salvation which he effects for believers, includes the elevation of the soul into the full and eternal enjoyment of heavenly bliss and glory; the resurrection of the body from the tomb of mortality; and their united glorification in the mansions of immortality and joy. "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working," or as the Welsh version renders it, the *mighty* working, "whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

3. Let us notice the examples of his saving power as exhibited in the Scriptures. We shall classify them under three distinctions—sinners of all ranks and stations—of all character and description—in all circumstances and emergencies.

He has saved sinners of all *ranks* and *stations*. We shall mention only one instance of each kind. He has saved a *king*—David, the king of Israel. He has saved a *prince*—Abijah, the son of Jeroboam. He has saved a *prime minister*—Daniel, in the Chaldean court. He has saved a *lord-lieutenant*—Joseph, in Egypt. He has saved a *chancellor of the exchequer*—the mighty eunuch under Candace, queen of Ethiopia. He has saved a *member of the Congress or Parliament*—Nicodemus. He has saved a *chamberlain of a royal city*—Aratus. He has saved a

counselor—Joseph of Arimathea. He has saved an *attorney at law*—Zenas. He has saved a *physician*—Luke. He has saved a *collegian*—Saul of Tarsus. He has saved a *collector of taxes*, the chief of them—Zaccheus. He has saved a *toll-collector*—Matthew. He has saved a *mechanic*—Aquilla. He has saved a *jailor*—the one in Philippi. He has saved an *unfaithful servant*—Onesimus. He has saved a *beggar*—Lazarus. "Mighty to save."

He has saved sinners of every *character*. He has saved an *idolater*—Manasseh. He has saved a *voluptuary*—Solomon. He has saved a *worldling*—Zaccheus. He has saved a *blasphemer and persecutor*—Saul of Tarsus. He has saved a *backslider*—Thomas. He has saved a *harlot*—the woman of Samaria. He has saved a *thief*—the one on the cross. He has saved murderers, nay even his own murderers. His blood was sufficiently efficacious to wash away the stains of guilt stamped on their conscience, by shedding his own innocent blood. It is more than probable that many of his executioners were numbered among the three thousand souls saved on the day of Pentecost. Just observe the description given of the atrocious characters which he saved at Corinth: "Fornicators, idolaters, effeminate, abusers of themselves with mankind, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers and extortioners: and such *were* some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."—"Mighty to save."

He is mighty to save in all *circumstances* and *emergencies*. He saved Thomas from the powerful grasp of unbelief. He saved Peter from under the destructive claws of the roaring lion. He saved Solomon from the enchanting delusion of carnal pleasure. He saved Daniel from the of ferocious beasts. He saved Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the burning, fiery furnace. Such were the displays of his power on their behalf, that, on the one hand, he peremptorily ordered the devouring element to consume their bands and fetters, and, on the other hand, restrained it to singe a single hair of their heads, or even to pass its smell upon their clothes. The fire had no power over them, because the mighty Saviour was present with them. He saved Jonah from the whale's belly. He saved the thief on the cross from the very jaws of destruction, and snatched his soul into paradise, as a trophy of his victory over the powers of darkness. In short, the immensity of his power will not be fully developed, until the unnumbered multitudes of the redeemed shall be exhibited to the universe of intelligences at the final day.

But what is necessary in order to realize the saving power of Christ in our own souls? We must be conscious of our lost and perishing condition; we must renounce all confidence in human merit, and surrender ourselves, as hell-deserving sinners, to his care and custody. May God grant us a heart to believe in him, being "fully persuaded that he is able to keep that which is committed unto him against that day." Amen.

DISCOURSE LVII.

WILLIAM REES.

The Rev. Mr. Rees is a minister among the Congregationalists. His father's and mother's names were David and Anne Rees, who lived at a farm called Cheribren Isaf, in the parish of Lansanan, Denbighshire, North Wales, where William, the subject of our sketch, was born in the year 1802. He is, therefore, in his 55th year.

He entered the ministry about the year 1830. In 1831 he received and accepted the unanimous call of the Congregational church in the town of Mostyn, Flintshire, N. W., where he performed the onerous duties of his office with great acceptance and success.

In the year 1837 he accepted the unanimous and urgent invitation of the church assembling in Swan-street, Denbigh, N. W., as the successor to the late devoted and faithful servant of Christ, the Rev. D. Roberts. Sometime about the year 1847 he accepted the unanimous and importunate call of the Congregational church assembling in Great Cross Hall, Liverpool. About the year 1852 he resigned his charge at this place, and accepted an invitation from another church of the same persuasion and in the same town, assembling at Salem Chapel, where he now remains. In all the above places, he has been owned by his Master as a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

His published works are, "A Memoir of the late celebrated and renowned preacher, the Rev. William Williams, of Wern;" "An Essay on Natural and Revealed Religion;" "Providence and Prophecy," which has been published in English. In our author, there is, like Moses, a happy combination of the preacher and the poet. Several of his bardic productions have appeared in a volume entitled, "Caniadau Hiraethog; or, the Songs of Hiraethog,"—"Gwilym Hiraethog," being his *Bardic* name; the term "Hiraethog" being borrowed from a mountain of that name, near his native place. The most eminent of his poetic compositions is his "Ode on Peace," which is a distinguished *prize* poem.

Mr. Rees is a tall, slender man, long face and neck, with a prominent forehead, body well-proportioned, and features deeply marked with the small pox. He has suffered the loss of one of his eyes, probably by the ravages of that disease. He is a man of original genius and philosophic mind, cultivated and refined by hard study and close application. His self-possession, intonation, attitude, fluency, eloquence, and elevated sentiments render him one of the most renowned orators of the day. The following beautiful, condensed discourse will interest the reader, and give an idea of the peculiarities of his style.

SORROWING SOULS AND STARRY SYSTEMS.

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names."—PSALM cxlvii., 3, 4.

IN this Psalm, the hand of Deity is seen everywhere: building up Jerusalem, and gathering together the outcasts of Israel; administering relief to wounded souls, and guiding the revolutions of stars; exalting the meek, and casting down the wicked; covering the heavens with clouds; pouring the fructifying showers upon the earth, thus clothing the hills with verdure, and producing supplies for man and beast; blessing the country with protection, plenty, and peace, and sending his "words"—his moral influence—swiftly through the earth. In truth, his agency here is traced the universe through: in the bright sky and the green fields, in the showers and the hoar frosts, in the life of the lower creation, and in every thing pertaining to the individual, social, and religious history of man. The birth of religion consists in the soul's waking up from the dream of common life, to the conviction that God works in all things. Its first words are, "Surely, God is in this place, and I knew it not."

Notice here, *God's relation to sorrowing souls and the starry system.*

I. HIS RELATION TO SORROWING SOULS. "He healeth the broken in heart." There are broken hearts and wounded souls in this world. The flowing tear, the pensive look, the deep-drawn sigh are everywhere symptoms of sorrowing souls. The whole human creation is groaning: there are hearts broken by *oppression*, *disappointment*, *calumny*, *bereavement*, and *moral conviction*. All this sorrow *is of human origination*. It springs not, as a necessity, from the constitution of things—it comes not through the regular working, but the positive infraction of God's laws. Misery is the creation of the creature, not of the Creator. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed *thyself*," etc. God works here to remove all this misery—to heal and restore. CHRISTIANITY is the restorative element he applies; it is the balm of Gilead; it is the tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations.

II. HIS RELATION TO STARRY SYSTEMS. "He telleth the number of the stars." Astronomy informs us that one hundred millions of stars may be seen through the telescope in our sky, and that each of these is the center of a system, and has therefore a sky of its own, incalculably deeper and broader than these vast heavens that encircle us. In this supposition, there is involved a number of "stars" which no arithmetic can compute, and which baffle all imagination in the attempt to appreciate. But this, it would seem, after all, is as nothing compared with the immeasurable universe. Yet these stars, though they cover immensity, thick as grass on earth's soil, or as sand on ocean's shore, are all known

to God. "He telleth the number," etc. He knows the age, productions, size, velocity, influence, and tenants of each. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by name." He marshals them as the general his battalions. "He binds the sweet influence of Pleiades, and he looses the bands of Orion. He bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and he guides Arcturus with his sons."

Looking at men in relation to this subject, they fall into three grand classes:

1. *Those who deny God's active relation to both souls and stars.* These comprehend two distinct sections of theoretic infidels—those who deny the existence of God altogether, and those who admit his existence, but deny his superintendence in the universe; the latter regard all the phenomena and changes of nature, as taking place, not by the agency of God, but by the principles or laws which he impressed upon it at first. The universe is to them like a plant: all the vital forces of action are in itself, and it will go on, until they exhaust and die.

2. *Those who admit God's active relation to stars, but deny it to souls.* They say that it is derogatory to infinite Majesty to suppose his taking any notice of broken hearts. He has to do with the great, but not with the little. What is man to the world in which he lives? He is as nothing compared with its towering mountains, majestic oceans, and mighty continents. And, then, what is this globe to the system of which it is a part? A dew-drop to the ocean—a ray to the sun! It can not be that the infinite ONE would condescend to notice this man-atom!

There are two or three thoughts which make this objection appear very childish. One is, that *man's great and small are but notions.* When I say that a thing is great, all I mean is, that it is great to me. I call the tiny leaf on which I tread *little;* but to its insect population it is a vast universe. I call this globe great; but to the eye of an angel it appears but a mere spark in the sky. To God there is nothing great nor small.

Another is, *that what we consider small, are influential parts of the whole.* Science *proves* that the motion of an atom must propagate influence to remotest orbs; that all created being is but one great chain, of which the *corpuscle* is a link which, if touched, will send its vibration to the ultimate points. In the moral system, facts show that the *solitary thought* of an obscure man, can shake empires, produce revolutions, and reform society. *Analogy* suggests, and Christianity favors the supposition, that man is influentially connected with the whole of the great spiritual universe, and that "to principalities and powers may be known," through humble man, some wonderful things.

Another thought is, *that, even on the assumption of our conception of magnitudes being correct, we have as much evidence to believe that God is as truly at work in the small as the great.* The countless myriads of

existence revealed by the microscope, indicate as much of God as the telescopic universe unfolds.

Again, *there is good reason to believe that human souls, though in suffering, are greater than the stars in all their splendor.* These stars know nothing of their own natures; we know something of ours. They can not think of us; we can think of them. They are unconscious of the splendor that surrounds them; we are awed by it. They know nothing of the hand that made them, and rolls them in their spheres; we know something of the feeling of his very heart. They have no power to alter their course, or to pause a moment in their career; we can say what the great sun can not say—"No"—to the Eternal. They are made for us, not we for them. "They shine to light our path, and point our souls to God." A *soul*, then, broken and wounded though it be, is greater than these stars.

Still another thought may be noticed, namely, *that there is higher evidence to believe that God restores souls, than that he takes care of stars.* The highest proof is *consciousness.* I infer, from my understanding, that God governs the heavenly bodies; but I *feel*, that "he healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." This thought gives to its objection a contemptible insignificance.

3. *Those who profess faith in God's active relation to both, but who are destitute of the suitable spiritual feeling.* Antecedently, we should infer that, wherever there could be found a thinking moral nature like man's, fully believing in this twofold relation of God—his connection with the heavenly bodies, and with all pertaining to the history of itself—there would be developed in that nature, as the necessary consequence of that faith, *life*, *humility*, and *devotion*. There would be *life;* for how could such a mind really believe that God was everywhere in the universe, and always with him, and be dull and dormant? There would be *humility*. David, when he lifted up his eyes to the nocturnal heavens, and saw the moon walking in her brightness, and the stars circling away in their luminous spheres, was overwhelmed with the sense of his own littleness, and exclaimed, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" *A proud soul has no faith.* There would also be *devotion.* "An undevout astronomer is mad;" but an undevout believer in God's connection with the universe and man, is impossible.

To what class, my friend, in relation to this subject, dost thou belong? Thou wouldst probably revolt at the idea of belonging to either of the former two; but the latter, for many reasons, is worse than either: it is to play the hypocrite, and disgrace religion. Get, then, the true faith in the subject—the faith that will produce this true *quickening*, *humbling*, *devotionalizing* effect—and thou shalt catch the true meaning of life—feel the world to be a temple radiating with the glory, and vocal with the praises of God; and then thou shalt step on *the true* line of human progress, and feel the *proper impulse* to advance, for it is only as thou advancest that thou canst live spiritually or be happy.

DISCOURSE LVIII.

THOMAS AUBREY.

This eloquent Wesleyan Methodist preacher was born at Pen y Cae, twelve miles from Merthyr Tydvil, Glanmorganshire, South Wales, about the year 1802, and was never educated in any college, although he attended the national school for some months. His parents were poor, and he had to work for his living when very young. He worked at the rolling-mills of the great iron-works at Merthyr Tydvil, until he was near 18 years of age, when he was converted under the ministry of Rev. John Williams, and joining the society, commenced preaching, and was received on probation to the regular work of the ministry—all in about six or eight months.

Says one who labored with him many years:* "When I first knew him, he was about 25 years of age, about 5 feet 8½ inches in height, very slender; large bones, dark-brown hair, and great muscular strength. His eyes are dark-brown, very lively, strong, and piercing; forehead broad, not high, yet projecting considerably; and very high cheek-bones. His voice at that time was very much like a female's voice at the commencement of his discourse; but getting a little excited, as he generally did in about twenty minutes, his voice would change, and become strong, clear, and very melodious, and he seemed to have almost a perfect command over his powers of articulation. He has a commanding appearance, is now stout, and would weigh more than two hundred pounds."

"I believe his first appointment by conference was to labor in the city of London, where he remained one year. Since then, he has traveled in the most important circuits in the North and South Wales districts. He labored six years in Liverpool. Most of his time was spent in North Wales. He is now in his third year in the city of Bangor, North Wales. Two years ago, he was elected chairman of the North Wales district, which is a very important position."

Mr. Aubrey is a self-made man: not the most learned, but probably the most eloquent of the living Welsh clergy. He writes but little—always preaching extempore, and with uncommon power. He is a good English scholar, a correct theologian, and a man of a *great soul.* Among his weaker brethren, he is said to make himself their equal; and when on the platform among the English classic scholars, and surrounded by the celebrities, he would be looked upon as *their* equal also, and superior to many.

The following elaborate discourse of Mr. Aubrey is one of the few he has published. No labor has been spared in its translation (now for the first time), and it will be read with interest and profit.

* The Rev. John Ellis, New York city.

CHRIST AND HIS WORK AWAKENING PRAISE.

"And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."—REV., i. 5, 6.

As needy creatures and subjects of innumerable mercies, to be engaged in prayer and praise is our "reasonable service." These holy exercises are to be inseparably connected in all our intercourse with the Most High, during our existence in the present state. Whenever we approach the throne of grace, to supplicate new tokens of his favor, we should always maintain a lively consideration and a feeling sense of our obligations to him for blessings already received. We never feel less inclination to have compassion upon a miserable and necessitous beggar, than when the impression is deeply made upon our mind, that he is an ungrateful creature. And, on the other hand, we are never more ready to extend a helping hand, than when we have reason to believe that the individual who solicits our aid will thankfully acknowledge the smallest gift. It is true that our ways are not always God's ways; nevertheless, the way in which he has been pleased to encourage our expectation of new mercies at his hands, is by our cultivating feelings of gratitude for past favors and making an appropriate use of them. Just hear the language of inspiration: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Phil., iv. 6. We find the Apostle John, in the text and the context, offering his sacrifice of prayer and praise. Under the terms, "grace and peace," he earnestly implores that the seven churches of Asia Minor should be filled with all spiritual blessings, adequate to their varied wants. And, at the end of this address, he ascribes, most cordially and pathetically all the praise and glory to God, for all his benefits, and especially for his redeeming mercies, tracing them to their great sources—even the love of God to man.

In the text three things are presented to our notice:

I. A striking representation of the eternal Son of God in his mediatorial character.

II. A lively description of the work which he accomplishes in that capacity.

III. A fervid ascription of praise to him, as the Author and Finisher of the work.

But let us notice:

I. The striking representation comprised in the text, of the mediatorial character of the eternal Son of God.

The apostle exhibits him under official titles. He calls him "JESUS,"

which is synonymous with the name Joshua—even a Saviour. And yet it is in vain we look to any creature for the full extent of what is involved in the term, inasmuch as he alone "saves his people from their sins." Joshua of old was certainly famous for his achievements and exploits. He led the Israelitish forces along, from victory to victory, and thereby wrought *temporal* salvation for the nation; but he could not apply the blessings of a *spiritual* salvation to any of them. This belongs exclusively to Christ. The most extensive acquirements, however excellent or exalted; and the fullest measure of grace, however influential and effective, could not adequately adapt a creature for the great undertaking of saving souls from sin and its awful consequences. Sin involves in its nature such dire malignity as to baffle all human and angelic powers. No power but that of divinity could possibly save from sin. Now, as the divine perfections are not transferable to a creature, so, "none of them can by any means redeem his brother; nor give to God a ransom for him." But our Jesus is "mighty to save." He has revealed the way of salvation in his doctrine; he has purchased the blessings of salvation in his death; he has shed his blood "for the remission of sins," bearing them "in his body on the tree;" so that, "with his stripes we are healed." He also administers salvation, being "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him." All power in heaven and earth has been committed unto him, for the express purpose of completing the salvation of "every one that believeth."

"*Christ*" is the next title under which the apostle addresses our Lord. This term signifies, the Anointed. When Jesus is designated as the Anointed, long after the ceremony of anointing with oil had ceased among the Jews, it must be understood of his consecration by God to the highest office, of which the ancient custom under the Mosaic dispensation, was only a feeble type or shadow. He has been set apart by a holy anointing to the performance of a more important office than any ever sustained by a creature; and indeed no created being would have been capable of the responsibilities embodied therein. He is the only mediator between God and man; and, independent of his mediation, no intercourse whatever could have existed betwixt God and human sinners.

Now, observe; John was not satisfied with a general apprehension of Christ's mediation; hence he descends to particulars, denoting the different offices involved in his mediatorial character: "*the faithful witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth.*

Here let us remark, that these titles are ascribed to Christ, with reference to his triple office as Mediator—*Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*.

These offices were completely united in him. They were separately bestowed, among many, under the old dispensation: David was a king and a prophet; Melchisedec a king and a priest; and Samuel a priest and a prophet. The three distinct offices were never united in any

individual whatever, until they met together in Christ. It is highly gratifying to the mind to trace their connection as represented in several sections of the inspired writings. In Isaiah ix. 6, 7, Jesus is denominated a "Counselor," a Prophet; "the everlasting Father," or the Father of the everlasting age; as "the Priest of our profession;" and "the Prince of Peace," on whose shoulders the government is laid, as our King. In Isaiah, lxi. 1, we find that he was anointed "to preach glad tidings unto the meek," as Prophet; "to bind up the broken-hearted," by removing their guilt, as Priest, and "to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to *them that are* bound," as King. In Isaiah lxiii. 1, he is pointed out in his triumphant exploits, as a mighty Conqueror; but in the declaration which he announces of himself, his prophetical and priestly offices are lucidly exhibited: "I that speak in righteousness, and mighty to save." In John, xiv. 6, also, he designates himself, saying, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." He is the way as Priest, the *truth* as Prophet, and the *life* as King.

1. In the text, his *prophetical* office is distinctly pointed out in the appellation, "*the faithful Witness.*" Some eminent critics affirm that the original word here for witness signifies a *martyr.* This rendering of the term conveys the idea of a testimony, sealed and ratified by intense suffering and painful death.

A "witness" is one who reveals that which had been previously unknown, or one who verifies and elucidates more fully what had been already stated. Christ has been given "for a Witness to the people," in both these respects. He has furnished us with a complete revelation of the divine will and mind, concerning the great things of salvation—the truths to be credited, the blessings to be received, and the duties to be performed, in order to be wise, holy, and happy.

The character, the excellences, the purposes, and appointments of Jehovah are exhibited in his doctrine with such splendor, glory, and affability, as to call forth the exercise of gratitude, reverence, and love toward him. "No man hath seen God at any time;" yet, "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath revealed him."

Again, how short and simple, and yet comprehensive and liberal, is the way of man's restoration to the divine favor, delineated in the following passages: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." In the doctrine of Christ, the divine plan and design of man's salvation are most clearly developed. Man is represented as entirely fallen, as utterly polluted, and completely ruined; that

his plea of claim, on the ground of righteousness, as well as his hope of forgiveness, have been cut off and swept away forever, not only by the heinousness and enormity of his transgressions, but also by the very depravity of his nature; that repentance, however deep, and sacrifices, however costly, are altogether ineffective, and that by faith in the death of Christ alone, he can be delivered from the condemnation of death, and be endowed with the regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Spirit, to meeten him for the enjoyment of eternal life in a future state; and henceforth pardon and everlasting life are freely and fully offered to "every one that believeth."

Moreover, Christ, as a witness, "hath brought life and immortality to light." It is true that human reason, independent of divine revelation, is capable of producing arguments of some strength, in favor of the *probability* of the existence of a future state; but *probability* is no *certainty*. And if you appeal to reason in reference to the circumstances or the mode of existence, and the character of the society which these shall be, it is entirely silent. All the propositions of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, concerning it, were only hypotheses and suppositions. Cicero says, that having solemnly contemplated its claims, and closely investigated the philosophic arguments advanced in its favor, he was led to believe the veracity of the doctrine; nevertheless, whenever he turned his mind from the subject, all appeared to him as a dream or vision. Socrates designates his views of it as *hope:* he would not positively affirm its existence; and it is quite evident from his writings, that he and Plato rested their belief in it on the traditions of their ancestors.

And it is worthy of our notice that the doctrine of a future state was very darkly revealed in the Jewish Scriptures. It seems to have been reserved to distinguish and crown the message of him who, in his own person, is "the way, the truth, and the life." We do not assert this to be the chief end of his appearance, although it was an important part of the glory involved in that design, inasmuch as "he hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." It is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, without which the whole fabric would inevitably fall. When Christ, the Lord of all, came to our world, the manger was his cradle, and the stable his palace; and why so? Because his "kingdom was not of this world;" consequently there must be another. And besides, on what principle are Christians exhorted and urged fearlessly to brave the bloody cruelties of their enemies—who dragged them bound into dark prisons, who pitilessly nailed them to a cross, who unrelentingly tore them to pieces on racks and wheels, and who employed ten thousand different modes of accumulating the severity of their pains—rather than deny their religion and turn their backs on Christ? Well, it is on the ground that the utmost power of their embittered foes could not reach further than the body; while One existed who, after the body should be dead, was able to destroy the soul in hell.

The doctrine of a future state has been clearly and pathetically set forth by our Redeemer, in the history of the rich man and Lazarus, where we are taught that the former, subsequent to his death, lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments; while it is said of the latter, that he was carried of the angels to Abraham's bosom. Christ has thus summoned spirits both from heaven and hell to corroborate the truthfulness of this doctrine, so that we read it in the light of the burning flames of hell, and in the shining beams of heavenly visions.

Again: the resurrection of the body from the corruption of the grave, is another doctrine which has been fully developed by the teaching of Christ. "Ye do err," says our Lord to the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection of the body, "because ye know not the Scriptures and the power of God." Here our Saviour draws a powerful inference in favor of the resurrection. If it is within the limits of the divine power, and if he has revealed in the Scriptures his decree concerning it, the accomplishment of it is certain beyond a doubt. *First*, it is evident that God is possessed of a power sufficient to raise the dead. None who admit his divinity can reasonably reject this doctrine. He who was capable of calling the world into existence out of nothing, must unquestionably be able to raise the dead. He who has given life, had also power to restore it. Hence the performance of it rests upon his will: it is therefore highly important that we should solemnly appeal to the revelation which he has made of his will and determination respecting it.

And then, too, our Saviour rests his argument upon *revelation*. As the Almighty God has, in the Scriptures, promised to raise the dead, and as he is faithful to all his stipulations, he will doubtless accomplish it. And notwithstanding the gloom which enveloped the Old Testament revelations concerning it, our Lord derives his argument from the writings of Moses, the only authority acknowledged by the Sadducees; "but as touching the resurrection of the dead," says he, "have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Here our Lord grounds his argument upon the relation which God sustained to the patriarchs as their God. Hence it appears that the God of heaven has stipulated in his word, as *their* God, ultimately to complete their happiness; which can not be effected without first perfecting their nature by the resurrection of their bodies from the dead.

And, besides, "he is the God of the *living*;" one part of their constitution being held captive under the grasp of death, he must, in order to vindicate his character, restore it from the territory of death, and endue *it*, as well as the soul, with immortal life. Thus, in the character of Christ as a prophet, the highest wisdom and authority are blended together, and displayed with incomparable splendor.

2. The Apostle John speaks of Christ as sustaining the *priestly* office; wherefore he calls him the "*first-begotten from the dead.*" This definition necessarily involves his death, otherwise it would not be said that he was the first-begotten from the dead. Elsewhere he is called "the first-born of every creature," *i. e.*, the supreme prince of created intelligences—the "first-born among many brethren," *i. e.*, the head and Saviour of the church, his mystical body.

In the text he is called "the first-begotten from the dead." This title is given him, not because he was the first who restored himself to life by his own power. In this sense, he is as much the *last*-begotten from the dead, as the *first*. Nor is it applied to him because he was the *first* ever delivered from the strong grasp of death, for we find in Scripture history that several had been raised from the dead prior to the death and resurrection of Christ. But the title is applied to him, first,

Because his resurrection from the dead forms a clear and decisive evidence of the supreme excellency of his character. The great apostle of the Gentiles says that "he was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead." It was not by his resurrection that he was *made* the Son of God; but it was by that auspicious event that he was *declared* to be the Son of God. In his public ministry, he insisted upon his claim to the title, and in his resurrection, his claim was vindicated and substantiated.

He is also called "the first-begotten from the dead," on account of the high authority which he obtained over "hell and death." When he appeared to the "beloved disciple," in the great, but amiable character of God-man, he announced himself, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." To be in possession of the keys of the invisible world, denotes his exalted and absolute power—his royal charter. He entered the territory of mortality, that he might not only deprive death of its reigning power, but also that he might "destroy him who had the power of death, even the devil," and attain supremacy over them all. He burst asunder the iron barrier of the grave, and rose triumphantly as the Lord of death, as well as the administrator of life.

And he is called "the first-begotten from the dead," to denote the superior excellency of that life which he enjoyed posterior to his resurrection. This life comprises perfect freedom from all the sinless infirmities of his human nature, and a life which could not be terminated by a stroke of death. The resurrection of others was somewhat like an untimely birth, for no sooner did they open their eyes upon the immunities of life, than they began to close them in the dismal gloom and melancholy of death. But when he, who is "the first-begotten from the dead" arose, he left behind him all the sinless infirmities with which he had been encompassed, as totally as his shroud and napkin, so that they cling to him no more: for, says the apostle, "knowing that Christ being raised

from the dead, dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him, for in that he died, he died unto sin once, but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God." Christ being the first who arose from the dead to the enjoyment of a life of immortality, he has a legal right to the title "first-begotten from the dead."

Moreover, the chief design of the appellation, is, to denote the priestly character of Christ. Now, mark, the first-born of every family under the old dispensation had a *right* to officiate in the sacred office of priest. Under the Mosaic economy they did not *personally* perform the sacerdotal functions, nevertheless they were solemnized by their representatives—the Levites, whom the Lord set apart to minister before him in the room of the first-born of the other tribes. (Num., iii. 12.) But prior to the appointment of Aaron's order of priesthood, the head of each family officiated as the domestic priest, and the chief of each tribe as the tribal priest. The priesthood, as well as the dominion, was hereditary. Now, inasmuch as Christ is "the first-born among many brethren," and "the first-begotten from the dead," he has an indubitable right to officiate as the "High Priest over the house of God."

3. He is further exhibited in the text in his *kingly* capacity: "The Prince of the kings of the earth."

This definition of his character imports, first,

The supremacy of his authority. That the empire of the creation pertains to Christ as a divine person, can not be denied. He made all things, and he sustains all things, and as the idea of governor can not be separated from that of creator and preserver, he who stands in such relation to the creator, must be in possession of a superior and undeniable right to govern and rule the whole; "his kingdom ruleth over all." Now, his dominion as mediator is as absolute and universal as that of his divinity. The Father "set him at his right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church." All, all are reduced under his authority and dominion as mediator. "Thrones" lay prostrate before him and adore him; "authorities" humbly submit to his authority and cheerfully obey his orders; "principalities" in deep humility and reverence take off their crowns in his presence, and lay them down at his feet. "All the angels of God worship him." All the glorious and blessed inhabitants of heaven are subject to him.

And it is deservedly worthy of our remark, that while he robed his glory with the infirmities of humanity, such manifestations of his majesty and glory shone forth, as clearly proved his possession of a supreme nature and an universal dominion. He *is born*, and the heavenly choir, with triumphant acclamations, celebrate the praises of the child "wrap-

ped in swaddling clothes." He *is circumcised*, and honorable and aged saints, under supernatural influences, own him as their Saviour, and then desire to "depart in peace." He *is baptized*, and the curtains of heaven are withdrawn, and the Holy Ghost descends upon him in the form of a dove. He *is tempted of the devil*, and angels minister unto him, as his lords in waiting. He *is an hungered*, and yet feeds thousands at his will. He *sleeps*, and awakes to still the tempestuous storm, and silence the boisterous waves of the infuriated sea. He *weeps*, and summons the dead to life from the fast grasp of putrefaction. He *is distressed*, and a voice thunders from heaven, "I have glorified thee again." He *is taken a prisoner*, and twelve legions of angels revolve in the air, impatient to rescue him. He *is put to death*, and he throws open the portals of paradise. He *is laid in the grave*, and the angel of the Lord is despatched to roll back the stone, in order to clear the way of him who could not be holden by death, and whose flesh was not to see corruption. Every thing was forced to admit his majesty and acknowledge his authority. But the representation which the Apostle John gives in the text extends no further than his supremacy over *earthly* things, conditions and powers—"the Prince of the kings of the *earth*." O earth! earth! although thou art said to be one of the least of the myriads of worlds which roll and traverse the infinity of space, yet thou hast been highly exalted above them all; thou hast been greatly honored beyond them all; for it was in thee that the Lord of glory appeared in his new dress, even human flesh!

2. We notice further, the supreme excellency of his perfections. "The Prince of the kings of the earth." He has no equal—no compeer—no successor. The highest majesty and the lowest humility; the infinitude of God and the tenderest sympathy of man are blended together in his person, and yet they are not mixed or confounded; distinct, and yet united; conjoined, and yet unmixed. All the perfections which are essential to the exalted character which he sustains, and indispensable for the due administration of his government, meet in him. His might is all-sufficient to counteract every evil design, to overrule every degree of excess and irregularity of the creature, to maintain and strengthen his authority, and to render all his appointments effectual and irresistible. His wisdom is complete, nay, infinite, all things being naked and open unto his all-seeing eye. The distinct relation of every circumstance, and the influence of every measure, are perfectly comprehended within his infinite conception, undisturbed tranquillity abides in his bosom, inasmuch as all his administrations are effective. How easy then he sustains his honor; how completely he fills his title, and how effectually he accomplishes his work.

And let us also observe, that the titles denote the suitability of the Mediator to meet the moral necessities of our fallen and depraved nature. The misery of human nature comes from ignorance, guilt, and

pollution. The darkness of man's ignorance is such as nothing but divine wisdom could dispel; his guilt is so great that no sacrifice except that of the eternal Son of God could cancel it, and his corruption is so deep that nothing except the grace of God could overcome it. How fit then to man in such a condition must the Redeemer be, with "the key of knowledge," "the blood of sprinkling," and "the scepter of righteousness." He fills the mind with the light of the knowledge of God's glory, as a prophet; the conscience with "peace which passeth all understanding," as a Priest; and furnishes the soul with a title to "all the fullness of God," as a King.

II. We proceed to consider the lively description in the text of the great work accomplished by Jesus Christ as Mediator.

The language presents to our notice two things in reference to the work:

1. The *moving principle* of the work—"unto him that *loved* us." "God is love." "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." This great principle pervades the bosom of the Son, in all its purity, and perfection, as well as that of the Father, and is the grand source of our salvation, whence the clear and refreshing streams of mercy and life flow toward us. Of the Redeemer it is said, "Who loved us and gave himself for us." In Christ love has become incarnate. In him we find love, living, breathing, speaking, and working among men. What was his birth, but the incarnation of love? what were his sermons, but the addresses of love? what were his miracles, but the wonders of love? what were his tears, but the sympathies of love? what was his crucifixion, but the pangs of love? what was his resurrection, but the triumph of love? and what is his intercession in heaven, but the pleadings of love?

Here let us briefly remark upon the attributes of this love:

It is *self-moving*, and consequently it must be infinitely above measure, and beyond all obligation—it is *divine*. The affection of a creature toward a fellow-creature must, of necessity, be finite and be regulated by the standard of self-love; nothing being involved therein which is of independent and self-controlling character. But the love of our Lord Jesus Christ rises incomprehensibly higher than such circumstances; "for he loved us, and *gave himself* for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor." Now, in this language of self-possession and self-control, we hear him say, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Thus it appears evident he was not forced by any external power or authority.

The love of Christ is *unspeakably great*. It is infinitely beyond all human and all angelic comprehension, and leaves behind it, at an immeasur-

able distance, all created conception. Who can form any adequate estimate of the greatness of his love, in sacrificing, as it were, the purity and happiness of the heavenly state—divesting himself of his royal robes, in order to take up his residence in our sinful and miserable world? What moved him to make such a sacrifice? It was his boundless and unfathomable love. Who can comprehend the nature and extent of the sufferings which he endured as the appointed sacrifice for sin? When we contemplate not only his bodily pains, but his mental agonies, and reflect upon his foreknowledge of all the circumstances therewith connected, his love appears incomparably great in cheerfully undertaking to endure all for the purpose of promoting our eternal felicity.

Let us also briefly notice *the objects* of Christ's love. Without adverting to the different theories which have been brought forward in order to account for the selection of our little world as the arena of the developments of such stupendous operations of divine love, it is enough for us to believe in the great fact, to contemplate its marvelous contents, to obtain its invaluable blessings, and leave aside the why and wherefore, until the magnificent and penetrating light of eternity cast its reflections upon the wise appointments and deep mysteries of heaven. But still, some self-exalted *magi* have boldly dared to deny the fact, asserting that our globe is so small, compared with the universe, and that man is so insignificant, contrasted with the globe, as to render the notion of divine love preposterous and absurd. But let them account my nature as insignificant as they may, the eternal Son of God has *clothed himself with it.* Let them reduce the world, by their delighted calculations, to a mere speck in the universe; I am certain that God tabernacled therein, traveled upon its dust, breathed its air, died upon one of its hills, and, after his ascension into heaven, sent "another Comforter," the *Paraclete*, or the great Advocate, who "reproves the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," and "takes of the things of Christ, and reveals them to men," until they are finally brought to the complete enjoyment of his salvation, in eternal glory and bliss. "He hath loved *us*."

Secondly, the saving *character of the work*, "And hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings," etc. Here we have to notice the great evil from which Christ saves believers, and the high honor to which he promotes them.

Let us offer a few remarks upon the dire evil from which he saves believers.

Observe, then, the redemption and deliverance *itself;* washing us from our sins. If we should esteem sin in the same light as the holy God views it, we should discover that it deserves all the threatenings which the great God denounces against it; and, in the review of ourselves, we should feel some earnest as a premonition of eternal woe. The man who has not been aroused to a proper sense of his ruined state

wonders that sin is threatened with everlasting punishment, while the man who has been truly awakened by the Spirit of God, is overwhelmed with admiration at the possibility of forgiving a thing so heinous and filthy. But, blessed be God, "a fountain hath been opened for sin and for uncleanness;" "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;" and all who have believed in Christ sweetly testify in the language of the text, "He hath loved us, and washed us from our sins."

This washing or purification is effected first, by the justification of their persons. This act consists in absolving them from their obligation to suffer the punishment due to their sins, and in elevating them to the rights of the innocent, so that they stand in God's estimation, as regards his administration, as if they had never transgressed.

Secondly, this cleansing is effected by the sanctification of their nature. This great work consists in the overthrow of the dominion of sin in the heart; the eradication of all the roots of corruption therein, and the shedding abroad of the love of God, as the productive principle of gracious tempers and feelings in the soul inwardly, and holy fruits in the life outwardly. Such cleansing is indispensable to our eternal felicity in a future state.

And let us briefly notice the *means* employed in effecting this salvation, "his own blood." The inspired writers of the New Testament invariably direct us to the blood of Christ, as the basis and medium of the bestowment of all spiritual blessings. Scarcely would the apostles even mention any saving benefit, without referring to the blood of Christ as the medium of its communication. If a sinner be justified before God; if his polluted conscience be purged; if he be redeemed from his vain conversation; if the soul be raised to a high state of perfection, it is through the blood of Christ that he obtains these invaluable benefits. If we obtain victory over the powers of hell; if our garments be white in heaven; and if we be privileged to join the redeemed throng on the hills of the heavenly Canaan, the burden of our anthem, in celestial rapture, will be, "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins, be glory and dominion forever." The meaning evidently is, that all the merits of our salvation concentrate in the blood or the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

2. Let us notice *the high honor* to which they are promoted: "and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father."

They are made *kings*. To possess a kingdom is the highest grandeur known among men. Kings occupy a higher position than their friends; they are generally esteemed worthy of high respect, and universal obedience; but how insignificant is this earthly glory, when contrasted with the honor conferred on believers. Genuine Christians may, with propriety, be called kings on account of their exalted character. Their souls are delivered from the dominion of sin by the elevated principles of holiness; they sway the scepter of righteousness over their own

lusts; they oppose all the hostile attacks of Satan and the world; they act worthy of the royalty of their nature and the nobility of their birth.

Think again of the immensity of their possessions. All things are theirs—the earth and its fullness are at their service; life, with all its advantages, is theirs—"things present and things to come." Christ and God, with all their excellences, are theirs. In virtue of their union with Christ, they are made one with him—"the Lord of glory." They are of noble birth, being "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man; but of God." The world does not discern the height of their glory *now;* nevertheless the period is approaching when their exalted state will be exhibited and recognized in the presence of the whole universe of intelligences.

They are promoted to the sacred office of *priests.* They are a holy priesthood; separated from the world, and consecrated to the service and glory of God. They have an unction from the Holy One, and under its influence they live and act for God. Like the priests of old, they are admitted into the immediate presence of God, and maintain a near communion with him. They are not satisfied with a mere approach to the altar of God—the symbol and medium of the manifestation of the divine presence:—but they "come unto God their exceeding joy." They have "boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus; by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the vail; that is to say, his flesh." They minister in holy things, and offer "spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

Like the priests of old, they are maintained by that which made atonement. Their fullness is in Christ; he is their altar, and "his flesh is meat, indeed, and his blood is drink, indeed."

Not only are they kings and priests, but they sustain these high and sacred offices in relation "to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." They are kings in the empire whose supreme governor is Jehovah; they are priests in that temple, where he only is acknowledged as the supreme object of praise and adoration.

III. Let us now proceed to consider the third division of the text: The fervid ascription of praise to Christ as the author and finisher of our salvation, "Unto him—be the glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen."

The term "glory," in its first and principal meaning, signifies that which constitutes the grandeur, splendor, and excellence of any object. In this sense it is here ascribed to Christ; because every thing that is excellent, amiable, and exalted, in the greatest fullness, and the highest perfection, is to be obtained in and through him; wherefore he ought to be magnified and praised.

The term "dominion" imports supremacy and power. We are assured

by the prophet Isaiah, that, "of the increase of his government and peace, there shall be no end."

The praise ascribed to the Saviour in the text, includes,

1. The great admiration and love which overwhelm the minds of believers, in contemplating the majesty and glory of redeeming love. These feelings of wonder and affection are not the emotions of a dark and ignorant mind; but the result of sound knowledge of, and indisputable interest in, its benefits. Every thing connected with the subject under consideration, is eminently suited to awaken such feelings of adoration. The love of Christ surpasseth knowledge; the plan of salvation is a system replete with stupendous wonders—love without end, and grace beyond degree

When believers contemplate the depth, height, length, and breadth of Christ's love, they can not help exclaiming in adoring and admiring praises, "to him be the glory," etc. That love must be exceedingly deep which brought down the Son of God from the throne of glory into the manger at Bethlehem—from the bosom of the Father to his prostrating agony in the garden of Gethsemane—from a state of dominion in glory to the sleep of death in Joseph's new tomb. The love of Christ must be incomprehensibly deep and high when it "raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, and setteth them with princes, even the princes of his people." Its depth and height are immeasurable. It is so deep as to reach lower than the depth of the misery to which divine wrath has threatened to plunge the sinner; and so high as to raise him to a state of the most elevated and exquisite honor and happiness, of which a creature is capable. No wonder, then, that believers break forth in admiring acclamations, saying, "To him be the glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen."

2. The praise ascribed to Christ in the text, includes a powerful and an absorbing desire that his love and its blessed influences should be known and felt throughout the world. "Unto him that hath loved us" to him be ascribed the highest glory, dominion, and adoration—and to him be presented the lowest submission by every human heart throughout the world, and that forever and ever, Amen.

It is the incumbent duty of all those who have believed in the Saviour —those who have realized the tokens of his love—those who have been washed in his blood—those who have been made kings and priests through his merits, to manifest their exalted privileges and their exquisite happiness, and to declare the inestimable value of an interest in Christ, not only in word but in action, by a holy and devoted life.

Again, all those who sincerely love the Saviour, fervently desire that others should feel the same emotions of love. Such heavenly principle can not be concealed in the heart. In whatever heart the living spark exists, it is sure to show itself on the lips and in the life of its possessor. And I am happy to tell you, that this holy and heaven-born principle will

ultimately fill every heart, every family, every country, nay, the whole world, and under its sweet influences men will invariably love one another, and the earth will appear as one of the heavenly mansions. For this every true Christian earnestly prays, in the language of the sweet singer of Israel, "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory," Amen and Amen.

3. The praise ascribed to the Saviour in the text, forms a specimen of the adoration presented to him by the church on earth; but which will be more perfectly offered by the redeemed throng in heaven. "*Ido ef y bydo y gogoniant*," or "to him be the glory." Let us magnify Christ our Saviour; let us pay our tribute of regard and gratitude at the foot of his glorious throne, and in offering up our thanksgiving, let us humbly acknowledge his infinite Majesty. "To him be—the dominion." Let us kneel in the dust before his original, exalted, and unlimited authority, by which all things in the natural and moral world, in time and eternity, are ruled and governed. Let us dread the Almighty arm which sustains this high authority. To his power we owe all our spiritual triumphs, and to his dominion all our heavenly possessions are due. Let us give him the glory of all that we are, and all we possess. "To him—forever and ever," when all the eras of time will be entirely swallowed up into the immense circle of eternity. When the soul, which in its present garment of flesh, is alarmed at the vicissitudes of an unstable earth, shall, after witnessing the general conflagration of the material world, stand in the immediate presence of the Divine glory, with ineffable joy for countless ages, *then*, amid all the unutterable felicity, and the inconceivable and unending purity and glory, *Calvary* and the *Cross* shall never, never be forgotten—the source of all celestial bliss and glory. No! no! The song of praise will, forever and ever, continue the same:

"'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love."

Let us heartily consecrate ourselves to the service of the Redeemer, and he will promote us to all the honor and felicity of heaven. May this be our happy lot; and let the reader, as well as the writer, say, Amen, and Amen.

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